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Nov 19 1912

The power of [illegible] an interest to the most trifling or pa[illegible] pursuits, in which our whole attention and faculties are engaged, is one of the greatest happinesses of our nature. The common soldier mounts the breach with joy, the miser deliberately starves himself to death; the mathematician sets about extracting the cube root with a feeling of enthusiasm; and the lawyer sheds tears of admiration over Coke upon Littleton. It is the same through human life. He who is not in some measure a pedant, though he may be a wise, cannot be a very happy man.

By Their Conversation.

Hazlitt thought it a bad sign when you could not tell a man's profession from his conversation, unless the man were incredibly modest. "Such persons either feel no interest in what concerns them most, or do not express what they feel." And he went so far as to say: "A lawyer, who talks about law, certioraris, nolle prosequis and silk gowns, though he may be a blockhead, is by no means dangerous." No, but is he not to those unacquainted with the vocabulary and the routine of legal proceedings a bit of a bore?

Physicians have long been famous for enjoyment of good living and anecdotage, and the best and most successful are not given to chattering about diseases, remedies and surgery. Musicians, as a rule, talk about nothing but their trade. There are noteworthy exceptions, as Dr. Muck, Mr. Paderewski, Mr. Loeffler, Mr. Rosenthal, but the great majority of virtuosoes are happy only when inviting praise for their own skill or showing why other virtuosoes are inferior to them. The composer thinks that his ivory tower is the omphalos of the world. Is a man, who has made a fortune, say, in vinegar or axe holves, necessarily interesting when he expatiates on his beginnings and final triumph? Yes, if he tells his story simply, for the life of every man is romantic, though he work in a brickyard. Hazlitt to the contrary, there is a keen pleasure in wondering how the secretive man next you makes his living. In the old days, it was often enacted by law that dress should reveal the wearer's profession, and even women, who were business women centuries before there was talk of equal rights, were compelled to wear a costume that they might not be mistaken for their more fortunate sisters.

Without Distinction.

There is little or no distinction in dress today. A poet may be mistaken for an accountant, and a philanthropist for a broker. In the villages of this state 50 years ago, the clergyman, the lawyer, the physician were easily identified by cut of coat, or arrangement of collar and cravat, or by the stock, which had not yet disappeared. We remember a fine old crusted specimen in Pittsfield. He had some property, did nothing as an adviser or producer, and dressed accordingly. He had a blue coat with gold buttons for his Sunday best. His stock was a masterpiece. His dinner table was set for a dozen, whether he expected guests, formally invited or asked to take pot luck—and the pot was large and full. At appointed hours in the day he would take by the clock a glass of rum and water. At table he would say: "Sir, a glass of wine with you." Did he read? There were few books in the house and his eyesight was clear and far-reaching. We suspected him of an acquaintance with Mr. Pope and Mr. Addison.

There was no mistaking a clergyman in those days, when the minister was a man of authority and boys trembled as he passed them at play. No self-respecting lawyer was seen without a stovepipe hat and suit of solemn black. And when men, old or young, went to a city tailor, there was no light conversation, no easy acceptance or rejection. In the "Memoranda" of Barbey d'Aurevilly you read "Selected waistcoast, an important matter. Tried on pantaloons and ordered an overcoat, a serious business, almost a religious affair."

A Female Hamlet.

Mme. Judith, the play actress, died Oct. 28. Julie Bernat was a famous woman on the stage and off it for many years, yet see how fleeting the fame of a favorite, for nothing has been said about her in the newspapers, although we learn that a marble cross has been raised in Norwich cemetery with this inscription: "Jem Mace, Champion of the World." (Mace was born and bred in Norfolk, but his powerful body rests in Liverpool.) Mme. Judith played Hamlet years ago, and there is a picture of her as the Prince of Denmark in her entertaining memoirs, published in 1911. It is a book of gossip and anecdotage about the men and women she knew, from Rachel to Gambetta. She was a handsome woman and must have had a pretty wit; for when a manager demurred at the terms she named and said: "Ah! you are like Rachel; it is easy to see you are both Jewesses," she replied: "I beg your pardon: there is a great difference between us—Rachel is a Jew, and I am only a Jewess." With her husband, M. Bernard, she made the French translation of "No Thoroughfare," which was brought out in Paris as "L'Abime," under Fechter's supervision. There are many amusing descriptions of persons in her memoirs which were written by Paul Gsell. It says that George Sand at 43 took no care of her body or her clothes; that she was, in fact, slovenly, dirty. The book is a malicious one, nor should we advise its adoption as a classbook in a select school for the daughters of our "best people."

The Grand Opera Singers of Today.

Mr. Lahe at once disarms criticism by saying in his preface that the book is not intended to be used "as a text-book or as a work of accurate history." He also admits that here are some singers who should be mentioned and have not been. He might have added that he includes some singers who do not interest in any way the public and whose art is insignificant or nil. He shows a fine sense of humor, when he says of the contradictory criticisms included: "Such contradictions only emphasize the difficulties of the singer." The singers are grouped under these heads: The Metropolitan Opera House under Grau, and under Conried; the Manhattan Opera House; the Metropolitan under Gatti-Casazza and Dippel; the Boston Opera House; the Chicago-Philadelphia company. The book is first of all eminently readable and there is a fair mixture of facts, opinions and gossip. Errors, typographical or misstatements, will inevitably creep into a book of this nature. Thus Emmy Destinn's real name is Kittl, not "Rittl." Where did Mr. Lahee learn that Miss Marcel "became Mrs. Felix Weingartner" in 1911? This will be news to the Mrs. Weingartner, the conductor's second wife, who was the Baroness von Dreifus. Lillian Grenville, whose real name is Katherine Goertner, was born in New York city, not "in Canada." Why does Mr. Lahee spell the tenor Constantino's name "Constantineau"? The statement about Mr. Bakianoff on page 377 is unjust; furthermore, it is not in strict accordance with the facts. But the book will please many who are not fussy about accuracy and prefer "light reading" to tabulated statements. There are many good illustrations and there is a full index.

THE GRAND OPERA SINGERS OF TODAY. By Henry C. Lahee. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Nov 10 1912

Mme. Adeline Genee will dance next Saturday night in the ballet scene "La Camargo" and also in the ballet scenes from Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable." The Herald published last Sunday a description of the former ballet in which Mme. Camargo, the famous dancer, is represented as saving the life of a soldier whom she had known as a little girl in her happy village and weeping over the peasant costume of her childhood. It is a pretty enough story, but fictitious. To begin with, Mme. Camargo was not a villager, not a peasant's daughter; she was born in Brussels and her father, a member of a highly respectable Spanish family, was a dancing master.

Books About Dancers

Excellent lives of ballet dancers have been published in France within the last half-dozen years. Edmond de Goncourt's life of Marie Madeleine Guimard was published long before then. It is a dull book, too stuffed with uninteresting "documents." This cannot be said of Gaston Capon's "Les Vestris," Auguste Ehrhard's "Fanny Elssler" or Emile Dacier's "Mlle. Salle." They are valuable additions to the literature of the theatre; they give a picture of the times; they furnish the necessary statistical information; they are studies of the women who danced their way to fame.

A life of Marie Anne de Camargo by Gabriel Letainturier-Fradin was published four years ago, but it is a disappointing book. It is only a story of her amours written in an inflamed style as if for export purposes. It is of little importance even as a licentious romance.

Instead of giving an annotated catalogue of her lovers, let us today inquire into the art of Mme. Camargo, a predecessor of Mme. Genee. What were the characteristics of her art? Was she really the equal of her rival, Marie Salle, whose name should be written with an acute accent over the final "e" of her surname?

Before Camargo and Salle were rivals in the public favor, the dancers at the Paris Opera were obliged by a decree of 1714 to dance in costumes provided for them and they were not allowed to invent and wear other costumes. According to a tradition that went back to the "ballet de cour," each costume should be characterized by accessories or ornaments that spoke to the eye. The World, personified by a woman, was clothed in a sort of geographical map, with France on the heart, England and Germany on each side, Italy on one of the boots, and on her back were "the unknown southern regions." Music wore a tunic in the shape of a bass viol and had a head dress fashioned like a guitar. Furthermore, the dancers wore panlers, and "tonnelets," keg-like arrangements of cloth of gold or silver around their legs, which impeded them in their movements. Their bodies were pinched by whalebone stays. Their skirts were long. The dance preserved the solemnity, stiffness, and coldness of the court.

The Art of Camargo

It is recorded of Mme. Camargo that she added a bewitching gayety which was all her own to distinction and fire of execution. Her figure was very favorable to her talent; hands, feet, legs, stature, all were perfect; but her face, though expressive, was not remarkably beautiful, and, as in the case of the famous harlequin Dominique, her gayety was only a gayety of the stage; in private life she was sadness itself. This last statement of Castil-Blaze might be disputed. She drew crowds to the Opera. She had her sworn and fierce partisans. Articles of dress were named after her, and a shoemaker made a fortune out of her, for the noble dames of Paris insisted on being shod a la Carmago. She was introduced at the Tuileries.

By fanciful and daring improvisations in the dance she shocked the conservative who would have died for the old traditions. They characterized her as an "admirable gigotteuse," a "grande croqueuse d'entrechats." A "gigotteuse" was what we call today a high kicker, a cutter of capers. In the "entrechat" the dancer springs up and crosses her feet several times in the air. It is said that Camargo was the first to cut an "entrechat," and it was in 1730. She crossed her feet in the air only four times; 30 years later Miss Lancy crossed hers six; later eight crossings were achieved. Baron insisted that he had seen a dancer cross sixteen times, "but don't think for a moment that I admire such gymnastics, or your pirouettes."

It is also said that introducing the entrechat she was the first virtuoso at the Opera who wore drawers. For this she was laughed at by her sisters on the stage. Some time afterward one of them, Mariette, met with a sad accident and unwillingly posed for the ensemble in the face of the public. She was loudly applauded, but the police then made the rule that no actress or dancer should come upon the stage of any theatre without the calecon. This afterward was replaced by tights and after that came the "tutu."

It appears, by the way, that the pirouette was not seen at the Paris Opera until Ferville and Miss Heinel brought it from Stuttgart.

The Two Famous Rivals

Marie Anne Cuppi de Camargo first aroused the enthusiasm of the Parisian public in 1726 when she was 16 years old. Marie Salle made her debut in the following year. The latter had more fineness than vivacity; she was graceful rather than nimble; she was the heiress of the noble classic manner. Camargo was an astonishing virtuoso, a "caperer," as some sniffed.

Noverre, who revolutionized and ennobled the ballet, wrote severely about this "gigotteuse." "I have seen Miss Camargo dance. Some writers have wrongly described her as graceful. Nature had refused her what she should have had; she was not pretty; she was neither tall nor well made; but her dancing was light, lively, full of gaiety, brilliant. The 'jetes battus' sometimes called pigeon-wing), the 'royale,' the entrechat cut without rubbing of the feet together, all these movements which, today stricken from the catalogue of the dance, had a seductive brillance, were executed by Miss Camargo with extreme ease. She danced only to lively music, and she was graceful only in rapid movements; but ease, agility and gaiety replaced grace. She was intelligent, and she exercised it in choosing an active, agitated genre, which did not allow the spectators time to anatomize and perceive the faults of construction."

And Noverre said of Marie Salle: "She replaced glitter by simple and touching grace; free from affectation, her face was noble, expressive, full of soul. Her voluptuous dancing had finesse and lightness; it was not by bounding and capering that she touched the heart."

And so Voltaire in a celebrated madrigal declared that Camargo was brilliant and Salle, ravishing; that the Nymphs leaped like Camargo, but the Graces danced like Salle. And there are the lines of Pope and Gay, who made the acquaintance of the latter in London.

I know her now, the sylvan goddess cries,
Aeneas saw her once in such disguise,
Delusion vain! her grace, her easy mien,
Her ev'ry step discloses beauty's queen.
But soon the laughing nymphs the fraud confess'd,
For they to grace her feast, had Salle drese'd.

It should not be forgotten that Miss Camargo was the first to shorten the dancer's skirt, so that the feet could be seen to the ankle and the spectator could follow the scheme of the steps. Voltaire, who like Noverre, favored Miss Salle, said that Miss Camargo was the first to dance like a man.

A Peaceful Ending

Miss Camargo left the stage and died in 1770. There is a curious tribute to her in the "Correspondence Litteraire" of Grimm and Diderot (May, 1770).

"Death has taken from us two retired virgins of the Royal Academy of Music vulgarly called the Opera. They have long been dead to the theatre and their honorable old age was supported by the fruits of their youthful work. The names of Camargo and Carton will be eternally celebrated in the annals of the Opera. Mademoiselle Camargo, sister of Cupis the violinist, known in the green room by a thousand brilliant adventures, immortalized herself at the Opera as the establisher of the dance with capers which Mademoiselle Allard has carried in our day to a high degree of perfection and glory. It was Camargo who first dared to shorten her skirt and this useful invention, which allowed amateurs to judge intelligently the legs of dancers, has since been generally adopted; but it came very near occasioning a very dangerous schism.

"The Jansenists of the pit cried heresy and scandal, and did not wish to brook the shortened skirts. The Molinists, on the contrary, maintained that this innovation brought us nearer the spirit of the primitive church, which was vexed by seeing pirouettes embarrassed by the length of petticoats. The sorbonne of the Opera had difficulty for a long time in establishing sound doctrine on this point of discipline which divided the faithful. At last it was suggested"—here I am obliged to paraphrase a little for the original is in a free-thinking vein—"a compromise which put everybody in accord; it was decreed that skirts should be shortened; but it was decreed at the same time, as an article of faith, that no dancer should appear in the opera hoose without drawers.

"This decision has since become a point of fundamental discipline in the orthodox church by the general acceptance of all the powers of the Opera and the faithful who frequent these holy places. I had the pleasure at arriving in France to find Camargo still on the stage, but she was in her autumn and was entering upon her winter. She has lived since in a peaceful and honorable retirement, with a half dozen dogs, and a friend who out of a thousand and one lovers remained constant. To him she bequeathed her dogs. He has given her a magnificent burial, and everybody admired the prevailing color, white, symbol of virginity, which women not married have a right to claim for funeral ceremonies. Since Camargo left the Opera, dancing of all sorts has made so great progress that her agility, so marvelled at in her time, would have obtained only very moderate applause in comparison with Mademoiselle Allard and other leapers less light-footed than this last; but to go down to posterity depends wholly on finding oneself in the epoch of shortened skirts."

It has been said that Camargo died in poverty. The story is absurd. M. Dacier in his life of Salle gives a list of plate and jewelry left by Camargo, and contrasts it with the modest inventory of Salle's possessions. But Marie Salle, in a debauched period, was conspicuous for the sobriety of her life, and scandal, raging in its quest, could content itself only with a vague and baseless rumor. Let us add that in Camargo's cellar were found 484 carafons of Burgundy, 104 of Spanish wines and 22 of different white wines, while in Salle's there were only a few bottles.

Genee in "Robert the Devil"

And Mme. Genee will dance "the ballet of 'Robert le Diable!'"

"Robert toi que J'aime!" There was a time when concert sopranos put their trust in this, "Ernani, fly with me!" and Harrison Millard's "Waiting." Meyerbeer's opera is practically unknown to the younger generation, who, however, still read in Berlioz's treatise about the spectral effect of the bassoons in the scene where the nuns rise from their tombs.

When the old Duke d'Ivry and Lady Kew met and talked together confidentially, Thackeray said: "Old scandals woke up and naughtinesses rose out of their graves, and danced and smirked, and gibbered again, like those wicked nuns whom Bertram and Robert le Diable evoke from their sepulchres whilst the bassoon performs a diabolical incantation." As a matter of fact, there is more than one bassoon in this incantation.

Has the opera been performed in Boston since October, 1877, when Mmes. Pappenheim, Wilde, Phillips and Charles R. Adams, Carleton and Tagliapietra were in the same company?

The ballet music is at the end of the third act. Robert, ruined at play and despairing of winning the hand of the Princess Isabelle, listens to his father, the fiend Bertram, who urges him to pluck a magic bough in a ruined convent, which will give him power over any woman. This convent was founded by St. Rosalie, but the nuns at last fell into grievous sins. Bertram invokes them from their tombs. There is a bacchanale interrupted by the entrance of Robert. There are three scenes of seduction—by the wine cup, by the dice and by love. Robert succumbs and plucks the bough. The part of Helene, the abbess, was the first danced by Marie Taglioni.

The music to "La Camargo" is written by Dora Estelle Bright, to whose music, inadequately played, Mme. Genee danced in "The Dryad," at the Colonial Theatre, May 5, 1911. This composer, an Englishwoman, was born in 1863 and took prizes at the Royal Academy of Music. She appeared successfully as a pianist in German cities in 1889, and has

... [illegible] pieces, two ... and songs

Philharmonic Concert Today

The Philharmonic Society of New York will make its third appearance in this city this afternoon in Symphony Hall. It visited Boston with Mr. Mahler as conductor. Last season it came with Mr. Stransky, the present conductor. The history of the Philharmonic is long and honorable. Devoted to the presentation of master works by classic and modern composers it has been the first in the United States to bring out many of the most celebrated compositions. The list of its conductors includes men of international renown. Mr. Stransky, who won his reputation chiefly in Berlin, has established himself firmly in New York.

The Philharmonic brings as soloist Mischa Elman, the violinist, of whose magnetic power and remarkable facility there is no need to speak.

The program is one that may well commend itself: Weber, overture to "Euryanthe"; Beethoven, Symphony in C minor No. 5; Brahms, violin concerto (Mr. Elman), Liszt, Symphonic poem "Tasso."

Miss Tina Lerner's Recital

Miss Tina Lerner, the young Russian pianist, first came here unheralded, but at once excited comment by the peculiar beauty of her touch, the sureness of her technique and the charm and distinction of her interpretation. Coming again, she confirmed the good impression already made. During her absence from this country she has played in European cities with marked success and without [illegible] taken a commanding position among pianists.

The program of her concert on Thursday afternoon in Jordan Hall will be as follows: Mozart, Larghetto; Weber, Rondo brillante; Schumann, sonata in F sharp minor, op. 11; Chopin, three etudes; Strauss-Tausig: Waltz Caprice "Man lebt nur einmal"; Liszt, Sonetto del Petrarca, No. 123, and Spanish rhapsodie.

Mr. Denghausen's Song Recital

Alfred Denghausen, baritone of this city, will give a song recital in Steinert Hall on Friday evening. He is well known here as a virile, intelligent and [illegible] singer, a good musician, an artist of lofty aims and serious purpose. The program is one of unusual interest; it is here given in full. The [illegible] is made up of old German [illegible], the second by more modern [illegible] composers, the third of songs by Russians. It is a pleasure to find [illegible] and Moussorgsky represented. Their songs are too little known. I believe that Mrs. Emil Paur [illegible] to sing songs by the former. [illegible] Helen Hunt at one of her [illegible] brought out a characteristic [illegible] Moussorgsky.

[illegible] (1152), Ein Schoen [illegible] (1555), Gaillarda Hans Leo [illegible] (1601), Holde Phyllis (1742), Herr Jesu Joh. Seb. Bach; [illegible] Staendchen, Jos. Haydn; [illegible], L. Van Beethoven; [illegible] Liebesbotschaft and Fruehlingsglaube, Schubert. Aus den Oestlichen Rosen, Balsazaar, Schumann; [illegible] Brahms; Staendchen, Strauss; [illegible] Der Musikant, Hugo [illegible]; Not with Angels, Rubinstein; Of the Dark Forest and the Sleeping [illegible], Borodin; O Come to Me, [illegible] and Divination by Water, [illegible] of the Poor and Siege of [illegible], Moussorgsky. Carl Lamson [illegible] the accompanist.

Selden Miller's Concerts

Selden Miller of Philadelphia will give three piano and song recitals in Steinert Hall, Tuesday afternoons, Nov. 19, Dec. 3 and Dec. [illegible]. The first will be devoted to piano [illegible] songs by Schubert and Schumann, the second to piano pieces and songs by MacDowell and Grieg, the third to piano pieces by Brahms and [illegible].

Mr. Miller obtained his early education [illegible] Episcopal Academy, Philadelphia. [illegible] of 14 he was "interim" [illegible] at St. Clement's church. At [illegible] of 17 he went to China in a [illegible] vessel for his health. On the [illegible] voyage the ship was driven into [illegible], and there he took part in a [illegible]. Arriving at Philadelphia he [illegible] known as an organist and choir [illegible] and held important positions. As a pianist, he has appeared as soloist with the Philadelphia orchestra in [illegible] cities, and in chamber concerts in Philadelphia, New York and [illegible]. He has also conducted choral [illegible].

[illegible] three years ago he began to [illegible] his voice. He has studied [illegible] Florence as well as Philadelphia [illegible] New York, and he has [illegible] compositions in [illegible]

[illegible] only, [illegible] that, and head [illegible] original [illegible] paragraph [illegible] point of likeness [illegible] contrast [illegible] the composers. His [illegible] are short, seldom lasting more than [illegible] and a quarter.

Mme. Bernhardt's Birthday

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt celebrated her birthday—she was born in 1844—with pomp and ceremony at the Savoy Hotel, London, and London newspapers just received give full accounts of the speeches by Lady Bancroft, Earl Beauchamp, the French ambassador, Sir Herbert Tree and Mme. Bernhardt, who was presented with an address signed by "nearly 100,000 admirers in all parts of the world." Lady Bancroft described Mme. Bernhardt as the successor of Siddons, Rachel and Ristori; the ambassador described her debut in "Passant" when she was unknown, for he had witnessed it; and here is Mme. Bernhardt's speech:

My Dear Friends—I cannot find words to express all that is in my heart. This is one of the sweetest moments of my life. My joy today is perfect. It is more than 30 years since my dear English public received me with open arms. Not only am I very happy today, but I am also very proud of the [illegible] brought that [illegible] has commenced l'Entente Cordiale and our ambassador, M. Paul Cambon, [illegible] pardon me if I believe that I have been [illegible] small stone to the marvellous [illegible] of which [illegible] is the glorious architect. [illegible] thank you once more for the [illegible] have shown me, and I hope that our hearts will always remain united in the two noble passions of life, l'Art et la Patrie.

The Pall Mall Gazette said: "She spoke her English with a pronounced French accent, but every word was perfectly distinct and the last phrase was given as a thrilling cry. It had all the effect of one of her great passages of acting on the stage; and the recollection of it remains the most vivid memory of a remarkable occasion."

Mr. Filson Young was moved to moralize: "When, with considerable awkwardness and English angularity, we laid our tribute at Sarah Bernhardt's feet yesterday, the triumph of the occasion impressed me less than its pathos.

"Some such sense is unavoidable when one contemplates a woman who, both in her person and her art, has been wholly dedicated to joy, hurrying toward that wintry age to which 'never-resting Time leads Summer on.'

"It is all very well to make pretty speeches about eternal youth; delicious and beautiful as was her demeanor, we all knew in our hearts that this most desired of all women of her time had reached the stage when the most vivid consciousness of power, the most unmistakable guerdons of triumph, must be replaced by memories; and inevitably—in the case of anything so pagan as the career of an actress—the thought struck chill.

"Truly the great actor deserves these tremendous tributes, which sometimes seem exaggerated when we compare them with the laurels of greater men and women. For he is immortal only in his life-time. The writer has his book, the painter his picture, to live and speak for him when he is gone; but when the actor goes he goes utterly. How just and natural it is, then, that while he is still here we should not spare our praises or rewards, nor fail of our assurances that his labors are valued and applauded. There is no posthumous fame for him."

Notes About the Stage

Mr. Titterton complained that "Une Nuit de Noel" in which Mme. Bernhardt appeared, did not give her great opportunities. "The part of the Vivandiere is too colloquial for her; in familiar colloquy her dignity and tragic force tear the dialogue to pieces."

Louis Bouwmeester has been playing at the Palladium, London, in "The Grip." He took the part of Farmer Hardouin, 80 years old, a paralytic, dumb, but able to see and hear. He was once famous for his grip, the grip of the Hardouin. His son, Hippolyte, is 50. The wife of Hippolyte, half his age, has a lover and the father sees their endearments. "Below the farmhouse are huge dark, deep cellars the stairway is perilous: it breaks beneath the weight of a manservant, who saves himself by clinging on to the rafters. Hippolyte is out of the house, but the wife is warned to tell him of the danger. Whereat she smiles. You can imagine the denouement; you can imagine our horror as we watch the father vainly striving to warn his son, as we—and the father—watch Hippolyte descend the staircase, pause, reascend and finally disappear; you can imagine how we—and the father—wait for the cry and the crash, you can guess how the paralytic comes to life again, seizes the murderess in the Hardouin grip and strangles her, and how in awful, broken syllables he tells his tale to the returning servant." Bouwmeester gave "a powerful and loathsome picture of senility, disease and helpless agony, we were not spared a whimper, a slobber or a gape. A thrilling piece of work, and the climax when Jean Marie arises in his staggering might is titanic. His make-up was ghastly in an untidy, old [illegible] way."

[illegible] the old American [illegible] Gibbs who [illegible] his [illegible] then sells it at a high figure, to an unsuspecting New York banker. We had no idea that such innocence prevailed in American [illegible]. However, if any one could make us believe it, it is M. Gemier who is superb as Timothy. The thesis of the play is certainly remarkable, but not devoid of charm. The wife of the hero (Gibbs Junior) ruins her husband because it is better for his morals. Here is the reverse of the wife's action in 'Samson' and some other modern plays. Incidentally, it establishes a contrast between what the author apparently regards as French and American ideals. But as M. Gerbidon is French, he gives the 'beau role,' of course, to his countrywoman. She is all tenderness and charm, as incarnated by Mme. Andree Megard."

Mr. Dawbarn also writes that the critics are unanimous in praising Bernstein's "Le Detour" in its revived form. "It has the charm, as well as the impetuosity, of youth about it. It paints life as it is, and enforces the truth that one escapes, with difficulty, from one's early surroundings. Jacqueline, who is own sister to Guy de Maupassant's Yvette, is, though naturally honest, affected by the circumstances of her birth. Though she makes a long detour, in marrying respectably, fate is too strong for her, and she returns to the original 'milieu.' Bernstein is too great an artist to moralize, but peeping out of his play is evidently a plea for toleration. In judging we must know the environment of the judges, which is essentially the French way. Consciously or not, the theatre has had a great influence on ways of thought, and a broader standard of conduct has been established. 'To live one's life,' however strongly it may be challenged ethically, seems to emerge as one of the doctrines of the modern theatre. M. Jacques has the courage of his convictions. He continues to give us plays of the forward school at the Theatre des Arts. It is an open secret that he has sacrificed a fortune in this work. The latest play, 'Marie d'Aout,' to which I have referred in previous notes, is full of merit, which compensates for a certain naivete. The author, M. Leon Fraple, has given us a pathetic picture of humble life. In his cafe waitress, who is discharged 'because she is low-spirited,' and his old cashier, who steals to save his son, the dramatist has given us types such as Dickens loved to paint. The play is lugubrious, but there is psychology in it, even if the author has difficulty in communicating sentiment."

Notes About Music

Coleridge-Taylor left estate of the gross value of £874. The net personality has been sworn at £756. A concert on an imposing scale will be given for the benefit of his wife and children in the Royal Albert Hall on Nov. 22. The program will consist entirely of the dead composer's works.

Knoblauch's play "Kismet" will be published in London as a book.

Melchior Lengyel's drama "Tai-Fun" "Typhoon" will be made into an opera, music by a German not named, with Marguerite Sylva as the heroine.

Mr. Bendell played the piano for 47 hours at a stretch in the happy town of Potchestroom, South Africa.

The Pall Mall Gazette found the dialogue of "The Dancing Mistress," the new musical play in London, extraordinarily dull. Mr. Monckton's music was described as tuneful, gracefully and "resourcefully scored." The Pall Mall admitted that an audience overflowing with high spirits found the piece precisely to its taste and "received it all with boisterous applause, pointed conspicuously with appreciative howls of young ladies in the pit and gallery, who shrieked "Brayvow!" on the entry of each stage favorite, and even went so far as to add the intimacy of 'Brayvow Gertie!' 'Brayvow, Gracie!' and 'Brayvow, Joe!' on the appearance of Miss Gertie Millar, Miss Gracie Leigh, and Mr. Joseph Coyne. To those who are old-fashioned enough to regard the female voice as unadapted to such ebullitions, these sounds were perhaps a little ungrateful."

Nov 11 1912

We take pleasure in printing the following Nature Note. It appeared in the Post and Gazette, which appears in Elizabethtown, Essex county, New York, every Thursday. M. Maeterlinck and other bee-masters should be interested in the extraordinary lifting powers of their favorite insect.

HONEY IN WESTPORT CORNISH.

As H. E. Braman was repairing cornish to his tenement house in Westport he found honey bees, taking up about 60 lbs. of honey. This recalls that the cornish of the old Judge Charles Hatch house in Westport furnished quite a quantity of honey a few years ago.

As for the spelling "cornish," derived from the Italian pronunciation of "cornice," it goes back to [illegible], but "oronix" is a still older form.

[illegible] His [illegible] about [illegible] numerous [illegible] drinks, which we did not [illegible] exhibited [illegible] M. Thieblin [illegible] writers at [illegible] Winter place, but one night after the play, some of his [illegible] invited him to a supper at [illegible] of his Parisian [illegible] ordered [illegible] French toast [illegible] compliment to the guest of the occasion. M. Thieblin looked at the dish critically, tasted of it, and remarked: "Well, I am a Frenchman, but I never tasted French toast before."

Personally Served.

Later, with some of the [illegible] lights of the old Boston Courier he enjoyed a chance at Taft's, Point Shirley, though the [illegible] of the cooking there did not appeal to him. "The broad everything," he said, "[illegible] not vary the serving with a [illegible] something [illegible] that sort." The [illegible] Taft believed in simple cooking of [illegible] birds and water edibles. He held that the natural flavor of [illegible] were preserved by his method. "Good 20 cent butter," he was wont to say, was the proper dressing for what [illegible] called turbot. I never learned what the joke was concerning the price mentioned, but I knew there was one by his smiling. And with what pride used to display the contents of well-filled, old-fashioned ice-chests before his guests sat down to table! M. Thieblin was pleased with this also with the hospitable way the host met his patrons at the door and bade them farewell at the same place. The French visitor was charmed with what he called the cachet of originality of the tavern and wrote about it in the New York Sun, in a poem modeled after Thackeray's "Ballad of Bouillabaisse." Of it I recall only the lines:

A great, huge block of timber,
Without a portico or plea,
Where you can get all kinds of dinners
Of Yankee game and Yankee fish.

Remark the rhyme. It reminds one of Thackeray's.

Limavaddy inn's
But a humble bait-house,
Where you may procure
Whiskey and potatoes.

I lost track of M. Thieblin long ago, but a salad made by him at [illegible] with harmonizing liquids, was a heavenly feast to be remembered. Taft, too, has disappeared, one of the last of the old-school landlords who manifested a personal interest in each of his guests.

Dorchester, Nov. 12, 1912. [illegible]

"Off" and "Near."

As the World Wags:

As you seem to take an interest in animal pictures, I will call your attention to a picture in this morning's Herald on page 4 where the artist has pictured a yoke of oxen hauling a log of wood. If you will take a look at it you will find that the driver is on the offside of his team. A few weeks ago there was a picture in one of the magazines of a Conestoga wagon, with the teamster on the off side of his team. Both of these pictures are incorrect from a practical point of view, and neither of them could be taken from a photograph. The driver always sits on the off side of the wagon, but he always walks on the near side of his team and when he rides on the wheel horse it is always on the near or left hand side of the team.

It is interesting to note in connection with this that the rules of the road differ in the different provinces of Canada. In Quebec and the provinces east the rule of the road is to turn to the left thus following the English and French law, but in Ontario and the western provinces the rule is the same as the American—turn to the right. The driver in both cases sits on the right so that he can use his whip hand easily.

S. P. SHARPLES.

Boston, Nov. 8, 1912.

PHILHARMONIC

By PHILIP HALE.

The Philharmonic Society of New York and Mischa Elman, violinist, drew an audience yesterday afternoon that filled Symphony Hall. Many stood. The program was as follows: Weber, overture to "Euryanthe"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5, C minor; Strauss, [illegible] Scene from "Feuersnot"; [illegible] concerto for violin (Mr. Elman); Liszt, Symphonic Poem, "Tasso." Two orchestral [illegible] strange in [illegible]

[illegible] on [illegible] Mr. [illegible] exactly a year yesterday—and the program was devoted wholly to music by Wagner, although it was said at the time that this program was not of the conductor's making, that he wished to play one of Beethoven's symphonies. Yesterday he had his way.

The characteristics of this orchestra are well known to concert goers. Chief among them are plasticity, a well-established routine proficiency, a sonority that is brilliant when brilliance is required. The various choirs are well-equipped, though our old friend Mr. Reiter is still inclined to play solo in ensemble. The strings are incisive rather than oily; the wood-wind as a body has precision, and the flutes and bassoons are especially good; the brass has tonal quality even in fortissimo passages. New York may well take pride in this orchestra, and not only on account of its long and honorable history.

The program contained no sops for a Sunday afternoon audience, but the audience of yesterday was enthusiastic without partiality. Even the performance of the well-worn "Euriganthe" overture was so enjoyed that Mr. Stransky was obliged to bow several times in acknowledgement, and the concerto of Brahms, which cannot justly be described as ear-tickling or hair-raising, was applauded as though Mr. Elman had poured molasses and lighted rockets, pinwheels, and a set piece with a soaring American eagle. All this showed that a huge miscellaneous and holiday audience will enjoy good orchestral music provided the performance be interesting. Mr. Elman's full, rich, beautiful tone and his amazing sureness in technic made many forget, while they were under the spell of the violinist, the inherent dryness and forbidding austerity in many of Brahms' pages.

Mr. Stransky evidently wished to dot all the "i's" and cross all the "t's" in the symphony. He was not always willing to trust Beethoven's own expression, and so he then emphasized, italicized, over-elaborated, gave undue importance to measures that have little significance in themselves, as though he read in them en esoteric meaning. Now, he was not sensational in this; he was painstaking, serious and sincere; but what was the result? In his desire to give an elastic and emotional interpretation, to avoid the cold accuracy and choking rigidity of an academic reading, he often checked the flow of musical ideas, and little details were brought out so prominently that they disturbed the long melodic line to which they should have been subordinated. This was particularly noticeable in the second movement, although the first movement and the Scherzo did not escape injury. The Finale was played with marked effect, nor did the interest flag after the first pompous and triumphant announcement. In fact, Mr. Stransky's talent was more fully displayed in this Finale than in the preceding movements.

It has been said that a singer should sing his pauses. This truth was established long before Mr. Plunket Greene's printed advice to his erring brethren and sisters on the concert stage. But the pauses may be so long and so frequent that the song, weary of waiting, impatient et repeated interruptions, disappeers and will not be coexed back.

When there is the desire to be continuelly effective, and the striving is apparent, climaxes are discounted. There are portentous hints that disappoint; the effect that should be like a thunder-clap has been anticipated

It is enough to say thet the orchestral performance was almost always interesting, often brilliant. Mr. Elman's treatment of the concerto was engrossing, and not merely through the rare sensuousness of tone and consummate virtuoso ease. He is to be thanked for refusing to gratify the insatiate appetite of encore-fiends.

Nov 12 1912

The Rev. Sylvester W. Beach in his sermon at Princeton, N. J., last Sunday likened Mr. Woodrow Wilson to the prophet Habakkuk. This undoubtedly pleased Mr. Wilson, his family and many in the congregation, and yet Habakkuk is reckoned among the minor prophets and Voltaire remarked that a man with such a name was capable of anything.

A Forgotten Idol.

The Herald noted the death of Mme. Judith, the actress, who died on Oct. 28, or, some foreign newspapers state, on Oct. 27. We read in a foreign journal that Miss Bernardine Hamaekers, "a famous singer of the Paris Opera during the Second Empire, has died in a hospital at Brussels from wounds inflicted by herself owing to destitution." She was born at Louvain in 1836 and sang at the Monnaie, Brussels, and in various European opera houses as well as at Paris. She was a celebrity, not a great singer, not a remarkable interpreter, but her upper tones were brilliant and she could trill for a minute by the watch and with extraordinary accuracy. Her father, an old soldier, kept a humble tavern Bernerdine, who had ten sisters—one of them became the [illegible] of the Second Empire. The Duke de Morny first observed her and presented her with a victoria and a cloak lined with sable. She flaunted this cloak with the fur outside until the duke said to her: "The other side, my poor child, the fur looks ugly shown in this way." The Emperor sent her a set of emeralds and she sang at the baptismal mass of the Prince Imperial.

In Full Splendor.

Her chestnut hair was bushy; her complexion transparent, and Roger de Beauvoir said that her teeth were a keyboard which called for chords. This was in the Fifties and Sixties. She was a woman of five o'clocks and late suppers. Whom did she not know in those days and nights? The Prince of Orange, otherwise known as "Citron," Auber, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Dr. Veron, who was once defined as "belly, vanity, and a cravat"; Egyptian pashas, wasteful Brazilians, Jerome Bonaparte, the old Prince Demidoff, who, still greedy, with trembling hands splashed sauces over the table cloth, his clothes and the dress of the woman that ventured to sit next him. Miss Hamaekers knew them all—statesmen, the people of the stage, the idlers, native and visiting, but once she loved a man for himself and not for his wealth or position; a man who saved her when the four ponies that drew her carriage ran away. This love lasted a whole summer. She had a palace in Paris, a chateau at Fontainebleau; she rented the country seat of the president of the Jockey Club or the estate of the Marquis du Hallez. When Miss Hamaekers's brother died, Auber insisted that she should not wear mourning at his house, for mourning saddened him.

The End of All.

Her horses, carriages, harnesses were the wonder of Paris. Gold rained on her and she threw it away with superb indifference. One of her adorers was a frenzied gambler, and she kept nothing from him. Her fortune melted. In 1876 she was singing at the Monnale, where she received f.4000 a month, a salary then regarded as almost fabulous. In 1884 she left the stage. M. Frederic Loliee, seeking material for his entertaining book, "La Fete Imperiale," was heart broken when he learned that she had lost or destroyed the intimate letters written to her by dukes, marquises and deep thinkers. For some years she kept these letters in baskets down in the cellar. "I would go to the cellar with my maid," she wrote, "and plunge my hand into a basket and pull out two handfuls. There was the same song in every letter, the same eternal song. Ah, those letters! All delightfully blackguerd, one no more than another." Reading this, M. Loliee fell to moralizing: "What remains of all this luxury? Ashes. She could say of all the past brilliance, 'Here lies the sough of the wind.'"

One on Venus.

Miss Annie S. Peck is known to thousands as an indefatigable and intrepid climber of mountains, but she has other claims on universal admiration. The Rev. E. Hez. Swem of Washington stated that the female type of the future would be thick necked, broad shouldered and so on, in consequence of the devotion of the American woman to athletics. Miss Peck replies: "It's all nonsense. Why think of the ankle exercise I've had, yet my ankles are small. They have it on the Venus de Milo. Mine are eight inches around and hers are nine. And where are my large hips and my large neck? Look at them." A flippant reporter would have answered: "They are where they belong, ma'am"; but the serious representative of the New York Herald "regarded critically the outlines of a figure which the owner said measured 36 bust and 26 waist."

A Long-Felt Want.

A new and revised dictionary of monkey language, compiled by M. Yves de Lagé, has been published by the French Academy of Sciences. It contains grammatical notes and favorite songs of monkeys in notation. This is a step. What is really needed is a "Dictionary of Slang and Profanity Known to Apes, Baboons, Chimpanzees and Gorillas et Large and in Captivity."

Castle Square—"Mme. X," a drama by John Raphael from the French of Alexander Bisson.

Fleuriot	Wilson Melrose
Noel	John Craig
Raymond Fleuriot	Donald Meek
Lareque	Frederick Ormonde
Dr. Chesnel	Carney Christie
Paulissard	Walter Walker
Merkel	Al Roberts
Victor	Egbert Munro
Fontaine	Alfred Lunt
Presiding Judge	George Henry Trader
Valmorin	Frederick Ormonde
Clerk of the Court	Stowell Bancroft
Usher of the Court	Russell Clarke
Foreman of the Jury	Raymond Greenleaf
Helene	Florence Shirley
Marie	Laurett Browne
Rose	Mabel Colcord
Jacqueline Fleuriot	Mae Young

'ENCHANTRESS'

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Enchantress," opera comique in two acts, book and lyrics by Fred. de Gresac and Harry B. Smith, music by Victor Herbert. Produced by J. M. Gaites at Washington, D. C., Oct. 9, 1911.

Vivien Savary	Kitty Gordon
Mamoute	Hattie Arnold
Marion Love	Mayme Gehrue
Princess Diana	Ida Fitzhugh
Princess Stellina	Helen Goff
Princess Stephanie	Venita Fitzhugh
Princess Poppy	Edith Featherstone
Princess Fiorla	Frances Ray
Princess Hortense	Ethel Karey
Prince Ivan	Harold Forde
Troute	Ralph Riggs
Poff	Marshall Vincent
Miloch	Harrison Brockbank
Ozira	William Harcourt
Mina	Katharine Witchie

Years ago there was an opera entitled "The Enchantress" and a chorus "Ever be happy and light as thou art, Pride of the pirates' heart" was roared lustily in the "opening load" of negro minstrel shows and by college glee clubs. The story of this opera and that of Mr. Herbert's operetta are not one and the same, and instead of e male chorus that will long be popular, there is a pretty Madrigal for five women. We say "Mr. Herbert's operetta," for his music is the most prominent feature of the work. Success here depends on the music, the famous back and costumes of Miss Gordon, and the nimble legs and surprising disguises of Mr. Riggs.

There is a story and it is told clearly though slowly and at considerable length. A prince is bound by the laws of his country to marry a princess when he comes of age or he must forfeit the throne. There is a plot against him in the court, for certain ministers fear that women will divert him from affairs of state. It was so with his father and with his grandfather. It was an amiable family weakness. The minister of war, therefore, uses Vivien, an opera singer, by whom the prince is fascinated, as a tool. She loves the prince now became king and will hear of nothing but marriage. He is ready to abdicate that he may wed her. To this she will not consent. Her hero must not be weak and forgetful of his people. When she discovers the use to which she has been put she feigns a passion for the minister of war, tills him with champagne, steals the abdication that the king had signed, and tells the monarch that his duty is toward the nation. The comic detective then announces that Vivien is by birth a princess.

There are other characters; the princesses who take the place of the ordinary female chorus, Marion, an American heiress introduced only to sing lively songs and to dance; our old friend, the chaperon of the prima donna, with reminiscences of former gaiety and with a present and burning desire to marry; the regent, a gay old boy; and Vivien's maid, provided as a dancing partner for the agile Mr. Riggs.

As far as the libretto goes, the second act is much better than the first, which, in fact, is slow in action and without comic relief. There is a commendable effort to depart from the later traditions of musical plays. There is no self-satisfied irritating "star comedian" delaying the action by his wheezes and topical songs; there is no chorus of show girls prancing about, now under colored lights, and now in semi darkness. There is an evident and praiseworthy attempt at an "opera comique."

But Mr. Herbert has been more successful than the librettists in this. His music is melodious, expressive, dramatic. Whether it be music of sentiment or of a light and gay nature, it has character, distinction. The liveliness is without vulgarity. In the dance music and in the rollicking ditty there is always the suggestion of a well-equipped musician amusing himself and yet respecting his art. Does a tune approach the common-place? There is a harmonic progression, a delicate touch in the instrumentation, that at once removes the reproach. There are ensembles that are masterly.

The operetta was handsomely staged. The company was at ease, but not so familiar with the lines that there were careless or perfunctory moments. Miss Gordon's costumes were rich and in the second act the scantiness of her bodice would excite envy in the artistic soul of Miss Mary Garden. Miss Gordon's beauty is now characterized as "opulent." It would be folly to question this characterization. She pleased by this frankness of expression, by clearness of enunciation, and by her absence of self-consciousness. In more than one way, last night, in song as in liberal bodily display, she reminded one of Miss Garden.

Miss Goff sang "I Want to Be a Prima Donna" with great animation and true humor. Miss Gehrue delivered her ditties effectively, and the Madrigal was well sung by the Princesses. We have already alluded to the dancing of Miss Gehrue, Miss Witchie and Mr. Riggs.

Mr. Forde had not an aristicratic bearing, but he sang manfully and in tune. Mr. Riggs was amusing and not in an aggressive manner.

Mr. Herbert himself conducted with his well known energy, authority and taste. He spoke a few words after the first act. It is a pity that this act is not more interesting. There was a large audience and it appreciated the excellence of the music.

PANTOMIME SEEN AT B. F. KEITH'S

"La Somnambule" Played by Company of 10—Varied Program Given.

"La Somnambule," a French pantomime in which a company of ten holds the stage for 20 minutes, with no word being spoken during that time, is the head-line attraction at B. F. Keith's this week. It is composed and staged by G. Molasso and is quite the equal of any of his previous productions. The story, as acted out most effectively in pantomime with Miss Nina Payne as the star, is of the small surprise party given by Mons Martel in honor of his wife's birthday. And among the guests is Count Antoine, who forces his attentions upon Mme. Martel, and after leaving the apartment with Mons Martel for a game of cards et the party's termination subsequently returns, enters the room of his friend's wife, who makes her escape and, slamming the door behind her, locks the count within, then falls in a faint, incidentally falling downstairs. Just about this time the husband returns home finds his wife semi-conscious upon the floor and Count Antoine desperately battling the door to make his escape. There's a shooting, the escape of Count Antoine into darkness and the outer world, after which Mme. Martel explains that it was not her fault, that she was in no way guilty and the curtain falls with the Martels—Mons and Mme.—fondly embracing each other.

Ray Cox, carrying a much different act than when she used to appear at Keith's a few years ago with her catchy coon songs and absolutely perfect southern dialect, is another of this week's stars. There's no reference to either coon songs or to ragtime in the sketch that Miss Cox has, which is devoted to a number of songs of her own writing in one of which she realistically describes, with the assistance of a stage airship, the trials and tribulations of a person who 'aviates' for the first time.

Exceedingly good is Robert Fulgora, a character impersonator. His work is of the best, true to life in every detail, and the more surprising for the changes are made while he is standing within full view of the audience, the pulling of just a string changing his entire costume from that of Napoleon, for instance, to a typical southern marketwoman. Albert Von Tilzer, who has given to the world several of its most popular songs of the day, including "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," "Smarty," "Dearie," and a host of others equally well liked, sings some of his new compositions, but those do not begin to make the hit that followed when Mr. Von Tilzer seated himself at the piano and urged the gallery and the orchestra as well to join in the singing of his biggest successes. Mr. Von Tilzer didn't find it necessary to extend the invitation a second time.

Tom Dingle and the Esmeralda Sisters in a dancing specialty; Forrer & Edgirett's posing horse and dogs; the Harvey-Devora Trio in grotesque dances; Graham Moffett's Scotch players—and they really are Scotch, too—in "The Concealed Bed," and Powers' Brothers, muscular marvels, make up the rest of the bill.

BOSTON THEATRE—"My Best Girl," musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf. Music by Clifton Crawford and Augustus Barratt. Orchestra directed by Mr. Barratt. First time here.

Harry Perkins	Harrison Garrett
Mrs. Bolivar	Florence Edney
Col. Bolivar	John Hendricks
Beatrice	Florence Mackie
Samuel Brown	W. J. McCarthy
Capt. Denton	Harry Fairleigh
Gus Bludge	Frank H. Belcher
Daphne Follette	Maud Raymond
The Little Stranger	Coralinn W[illegible]
Richard Vanderfleet	Mr. Crawf[illegible]
Dora Lane	Rita Stanw[illegible]

St. James Theatre: Besier's "Don," a play in three acts.

Canon Bonnington	William [illegible]
Gen. Sir [illegible]	Charles Abbe
Stephen Bonnington	Theodore [illegible]
Albert Trompsett	Dudley [illegible]
Mrs. Bonnington	Kate [illegible]
Mrs. S[illegible]	Adele [illegible]
Ann Sinclair	Beth [illegible]
Elizabeth Trompsett	Mae Grey [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible] THEATRE [illegible] Widow [illegible] three acts. Music [illegible] Book [illegible] Victor Leon [illegible] English [illegible] by [illegible] [illegible] by George Marion.

[illegible]

[illegible] "Merry Widow" clearly dem- [illegible] at the Majestic Theatre last [illegible] that it has lost none of its [illegible]

NOV 13 1912

APOLLO CLUB'S FIRST CONCERT

The Apollo Club of Boston gave its [first] concert of this season last evening [in] Jordan Hall. Miss Florence Hinkle was the soloist. The program was as [follows]: Von Weinzerl, "Shine Forth O [illegible]"; Hacker, "Lullaby"; Schubert, "[illegible] Thou Art Repose"; Brahms, "Fare- [well], Faint Heart"; Lacome, "Estudian- [tina]"; Huhn, "Cato's Advice"; Parker, "[The] Lamp in the West"; Shelley, "[illegible]"; Kremser, "Night Greet- [ing]"; Mohr, "In the Temple of Muse." [Miss] Hinkle sang these songs: Hue, "J'ai [illegible] reve"; Massenet, "Chant Pro- [vençal]"; Bachelet, "Chere Nuit"; Liszt, "[O] Komm im Traum"; Cornelius, "Im [illegible]"; Purcell, "Come Unto These Yel- [low S]ands"; Salter, "Her Love Song." [A l]arge and appreciative audience was [present] last evening. The program was [var]ied and enjoyable, while the club [sang] with its usual taste and finish under Mr. Mollenhauer's able direction.

Miss Hinkle, gratefully remembered [for] her work as soloist with the [Men]delssohn choir of Toronto, again displayed her art in song. Last even- [ing] her voice, beautiful in quality, was [ar]tistically controlled. Her intonation was delightfully pure, her phrasing in- [te]restly musical and her enunciation [di]stinct. An imaginative singer, her [tones] and phrases were emotionally col- [or]ed. There was authoritative expres- [sion] of sentiment without extravagance. [She] was at her best in Bachelet's "[Ch]ere Nuit" and Liszt's "O Komm im [Tra]um."

The next concert will be on Tuesday [eve]ning, Jan. 7. Earl Cartwright, [ba]ritone, will be the soloist.

[illegible] I beheld things with astonishment, the [illegible] brought in dinner—a pound of rump- [steak] [illegible] a quart of green peas, two cuts of [illegible] a tankard of strong beer and a pint [of] wine, with a fine appetite, I soon dis- [illegible] my mess, and over my wine, to help [illegible] began to sing the following lines.

Traditional Inns.

[Mr.] Frank Schloesser finds that the in- [illegible] of motoring has not brought [illegible] it through the British Isles a re- [vival] of "the good old coaching inns of [our] forefathers, with their liberal meals, [illegible] plain wholesome cooking and mod- [erate] prices." Some would say that [the] good, plain, wholesome cooking" [of] English country inns is largely leg- [endary]. A good many years ago George [illegible] S[illegible], who wrote with sur- [prising kno]wledge about cookery, squar- [illegible] the circus, the identification of the [M]an of the Iron Mask, the precise age [of] a ballet dancer, in fact concerning [all] things knowable, besides other [illegible] was asked by Charles Dickens to [illegible] the condition of English inns. [illegible] an article in which he gave [illegible] account of the cookery in the [illegible] the mail coaches. He described [the p]allid, flabby fish, the greasy hell [br]oth served as soup, the meat over- [done] [or u]nderdone, the execrable wine [and] the bottomless ale, the watery vege- [tab]les and the doughy bread—we shudder [at] the recollection and rejoice that the [illegible] containing this article is mislaid [illegible] quotation is impossible. But [let] us forget the cheerful descriptions [i]n Dickens' novels—what a wonderful [des]cription of a stew in "The Old Curi- [osit]y Shop"—and hearken to Mr. [Schlo]esser's complaint

Motor Cars and Country Hotels.

[What] [illegible] the tourist find in the Eng- [lish] [illegible] inns of historic fame? [illegible] a good, plain dinner, and is [illegible] to pay for it." What does he [get]? According to Mr. Schloesser, an [illegible] canned soup which tastes like [boi]led blankets, a few stale sardines, a [illegible] that is either cooked to leather or [illegible] raw, a sodden pancake and a bit [of] [illegible] [ridic]ulously foreign. For this [illegible] is charged five shillings.

[Le]t us look at home. Are the country [illegible] any better since motor cars fr[equen]t [the] roads? The answer would be: [Gene]rally speaking, No; and the prices [are] higher. We do not refer to such [well e]stablished and well known inns [as] the Equinox, the Woodstock, or the [illegible] Walpole, where high prices have [illegible] and the cookery and ser- [vice] [illegible] justly celebrated. Go down [i]n [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] in [illegible] and [illegible] where [illegible] [illegible] is prepared and served in p[illegible] [illegible], where the potatoes are mealy, the [illegible] as Caesar wished his wife to [be], bread that is fit to eat, eggs that would satisfy a bishop and not merely the curate in the story, pastry that is not leaden, tea or coffee that is fit to drink. Is it easy in Boston to find in a hotel a piece of corned beef worthy the name?

An Old Romance.

As the World Wags:

Can you, or any of your readers, give me any information concerning a book called "The Amber Witch"? It is usually found in the back of Beckford's "Vathek"—I know not which is the more remarkable of the two masterpieces. It purports to be an old German manu- script, found and edited by one W. Meinhold, the original, according to him, being written by a former pastor of his parish. In spite of a preface of care- ful explanation anent the authenticity of the MS. I have a mystic conviction that the whole is a work of fiction. I can find no mention of Meinhold in any literary dictionary, nor of "The Amber Witch."

W. W.

Boston, Nov. 6.

You will find a sketch of Johann Wilhelm Meinhold's life in Meyer's Kon- versations Lexikon. Brockhaus (Ger- man) and the Britannica know him not, and the account in Larousse is faulty. A pastor with decided leanings toward Catholicism, he was born in 1797 and he died in 1851. The romance to which you refer, "Maria Schweidler die Bernstein hexe," was published at Leipsic in 1843. It purported to be from a manuscript written by Maria's father, Abraham, and found in the church archives, but the story was of Meinhold's invention and the literary archaisms were deliberate. Meinhold wrote another romance, "Sido- nia von Bork, die Klosterhexe," but it did not excite so much interest. He had peculiar views concerning Biblical his- tory and his polemical writings are numerous. You will find translations of his once celebrated romance into Eng- lish—one or two more recent than the one to which you refer—in the Boston Public Library.

The Lever Fund.

And now there is an another appeal to Americans. They are asked to con- tribute to a fund for putting the grave of Charles Lever in at least a respect- able condition. Lever was British con- sul at Trieste and is buried there. Sir Richard F. Burton, who succeeded him as consul in the city of stenches and a high death rate, also died there, but his body after lying awhile in the Trieste cemetery was conveyed to England and placed in a queer tomb at Mortlake. Americans are forgetful and forgiving. If they subscribe to the Lever fund it will be in grateful thought of "Charles O'Malley" and the long line of novels ending in "Lord Kilgobbin," and not in memory of the man who poured out his hatred of the United States and his contempt for Americans in his monthly contributions to Blackwood's Magazine.

NOV 14 1912

B. P. [illegible] writes to The Herald: "I note that one of your contemporaries speaks of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson as 'the daughter of a long line of English cler- gymen.' Is this phrase allowable?"

Some might describe it as an example of poetic license and quote Tennyson's "daughter of a hundred earls"; for it is not probable that Lady Clara Vere de Vere is to be associated with polyandry, though the Homeric scholiast wrote that Pan was the son of Penelope's suitors. The fussy might prefer "a daughter in a long line," etc. Anything is better than that snobbish and vile phrase, "the first lady of the land."

By the way, here is an example of ultra-modern slang in Shelley's "Revolt of Islam": "She is some bride."

Snitcher and Snitching.

Apropos of words and their uses, the New York Sun is publishing letters con- cerning the words "snitch" and "snitch- er" meaning "to inform" and "an in- former." A correspondent in New Jer- sey says he knew the words in the Seventies. One boy would say to an- other: "I'll get you after school for snitchin' on me." We never heard the word as a boy in Massachusetts, New Hampshire or Vermont. The discussion moved us to drink at the fountains of slang and dialect.

To snitch is thieves slang, and snitch or snitcher is a good old term. Pardon us for referring to a poet, once highly esteemed on the European continent as in England. In a footnote to "Don Juan" (xi. 19) one Byron quotes a stanza of a song which was popular in his early days:

On the high toby-spice flash the muzzle
In spite of each gallows old scout;
If you at the spelken can't hustle,
You'll be hobbled in making a Clout.
Then your blowing will wax gallows haughty,
When she hears of your scaly mistake,
She'll surely turn snitch for the forty—
That her Jack may be regular weight.

Snitch, the noun, also means a flip on the nose, also the nose, in the plural, handcuffs. "Snitching" [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] man [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] things [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] or [illegible] [illegible] In [illegible] a [illegible] cross, [illegible] [illegible] sneezing is called the snitch[illegible].

"A Perfect Woman."

A young lady somewhat loosely de- scribed as physically the most perfect girl ever to enter the University of Michigan is "tall and slender, straight and without very great curves." She is "modest and gracious with a low sweet voice." And now after this description comes the unexpected: She is the daughter of Mr. Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora, N. Y. Miss Hubbard's lung ca- pacity is given as 218. Mr. Hubbard's is not given, but is known to thousands.

News from the East.

We talk familiarly about the cross and the crescent, but why did the Mo- hammedans adopt the latter as a sym- bol? It is the badge or emblem of Turkish Sultans. The attribution of it to the Saracen in the time of crusading and to the Moors of Spain is a histori- cal and chronological error. There is this sentence in Puttenham's book on English poetry (1589): "Selim, Emperour of Turkie gave for his device a croissant or new moone, promising to himself in- crease of glory and enlargement of empire." Was this the first or second Selim? But before any Selim the cres- cent was the symbol of Byzantium. It is stated that Byzantium first assumed the crescent after its preservation from the attack made by Philip of Macedon in 339 B. C. 'Twas a night without a moon. The howls of dogs revealed the attack —therefore, the dog was long privileged in Constantinople—and when the cit- izens rushed to their posts, a meteor dis- closed the Macedonians. The citizens then erected a statue to Hecate, the torchbearer, and struck coins, bearing her symbol, the crescent moon. This symbol was adopted by the Christian Byzantine empire, and afterwards by the Turks. Others say that the symbol is a direct inheritance from Byzantium's mythical foundress, Keroessa, the daughter of the moon-goddess, Io-Hera. There is a curious chapter about cres- cents, horns and horseshoes in Elwor- thy's "The Evil Eye." (See also Dr. Lawrence's "Magic of the Horse-Shoe.")

"Crescent" for crescent-shaped roll of bread is called by the Oxford Diction- ary an Americanism, but the form of bread is known in Paris, Vienna and other European cities. The Daily Chron- icle tells the origin of the Viennese roll. The Turks besieging Vienna in the 16th century drove mines under the walls. The bakehouses were then in the walls under the fortifications. The sound of mining was heard by the bak- ers, who gave the alarm. To celebrate the event they adopted the Turkish em- blem as a shape for bread.

In Bulgaria the women dislike to be domestic servants. Widows are about the only ones who will serve, and they insist on bringing their family with them, and on being introduced to all visitors and shaking hands with them. Furthermore they leave if they are re- buked in any way. It should not be forgotten that the Bulgarians have threatened Constantinople more than once. In 813 the great Krum washed his feet in the Bosphorus. They no doubt needed it.

NOV 15 1912

TINA LERNER GIVES RECITAL

Young Russian Pianist Shows Velvet Touch and Polished Technic.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Tina Lerner gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a highly appreciative au- dience of good size. The program was as follows: Mozart, Larghetto, Weber, Rondo Brillante; Schumann, Sonata in F sharp minor. Chopin, Three Etudes, C sharp minor op. 10, F major op. 25, G flat op. 10. Nocturne, in F sharp min- or. Tausig, Valse Caprice on Strauss's 'Man Lebt Nur Ein Mal'; Liszt, Sonetto del Petrarca No. 123, Spanish Rhapso- die.

Miss Lerner has a velvet touch and a rounded and polished technic. She has sufficient strength, and she does not force tone. She plays with delightful ease. It is a pleasure to look at her even when she invokes a storm of bravura, for she is always mistress of herself. Her repose—and this word is not synonymous with coldness—is ad- mirable. The grace of her behavior to- ward the audience enlarges the pleasure of hearing her.

And again she showed that a pi[anist] is not necessarily a fearsome [i]nstrument, [illegible] to be [illegible] [illegible] noted [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] not [illegible] [illegible] k [illegible] she played the piano [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible]

Nor [illegible] Miss Lerner [illegible] the [illegible] away with h[illegible] [pre]serves [the se]nse of prop[o]rt[ion] [illegible] [illegible] the style of t[illegible] Thus, for example, [illegible] Mozart's Larghetto has [illegible] the beauty of a [illegible] Weber's Rondo was played in the [illegible] spirit of the composer [illegible] fleetness and brilliance as [illegible] to [illegible] of contemporary hearers.

There will always be dispute about the inherent worth of Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor. Many will say with Vincent d'Indy that Schumann, a genius in his shorter pieces for the piano, was ill at ease when he attempted to con- struct a monumental work. Take this sonata. The one movement that re- veals the true Schumann, the compos[er] of music that Hoffmann dreamed but did not write, for his own music that has come down to us is singularly formal and academic, is the Aria, and this was played by Miss Lerner with the appro[pri]- ate aloofness from material thoughts, with rapt, passionless ecstasy, with the intimacy of confession. Her perform- ance of the whole sonata was m[aster]ly, but Eusebius in this composition is nearer to us than Florestan and the Aria is the soul of Eusebius.

In the first of Chopin's etudes the playing of chords was curiously stiff and rigid, and there were a few mo- ments when Weber's Rondo was not definitely rhythmed. The performance of the etude in G flat was a tour de force and in Tausig's Caprice and Liszt's Spanish Rhapsodie she showed herself a virtuoso of the first rank. But why does Miss Lerner waste her talent on the Rhapsodie, which in this form, in Busoni's arrangement is themat[ically] and in workmanship the [illegible] of desolation? What she [illegible] was no doubt brilliant a[illegible] but I prefer to remember her [illegible] the music of Mozart and Schumann, the nocturne of Chopin, a[nd] [illegible] the Petrarch sonnet, which, alas! in Liszt's mind, had more than the traditional fourteen lines.

LINCOLN RECITAL

Miss Rubner Assists in Rendi- tion of Program, Engross- ing Hearers.

Miss Katherine Lincoln, assisted by Miss Dagmar de C. Rubner, gave a re- cital last evening in Steinert Hall. Miss Edith Bradford was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Handel, "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me," "Qual Farfalletta"; Wolf, "Auf ein Altes Bild"; Franz, "Blaetter Laesst die Blume Fallen," "Ach, Wenn Ich Doch ein Immchen War"; Cornelius Rubner, "Mondnacht"; Staub, "L'Heure Dé- licieuse"; Laparra, "Un Grand Sommeil Noir"; Pierne, "Le Moulin"; Mor[illegible] "Rose des Roses"; Widor, "Le [illegible] Appel"; Hook, "Listen to the Voice of Love"; Bantock, "In the Harem"; Dag- mar de C. Rubner, "Pierrot"; Clough- Leighter, "The Thought of You"; Co- tinet, "The Red, Red Rose." Miss Rubner played these pieces: Rach- maninoff, prelude, "Polichinelle"; Rim- sky-Korsakow, "Romance"; Ravel, "La Val- lee des Cloches"; Debussy, "Arabesque"; Courtlandt Palmer, Prelude.

Miss Lincoln's voice in the middle reg- ister is agreeable and lends itself well to emotional expression. The upper tones are not so fine in quality. They are inclined to be wiry, and when forced are shrill. Last evening the singer dis- played the results of skilful training. Her intonation was sometimes [illegible] [the]n and her tones occasionally breathy. Her phrasing, although musical and in- telligent, was so carefully prepared and each climax so deliberately anticipated that there was a consequent loss of spontaneity and effectiveness.

As an interpreter Miss Lincoln showed poise and the ability to differentiate the expression of sentiments, but in the intimate relationship existing between singer and hearer in a small concert hall she was conventional rather than frankly communicative. Nor has she yet mastered the art of suiting tonal quality to each song and of establishing and maintaining the mood of a com- poser. She was at her best in the songs by Franz, Laparra, Pierne and Bantock and in Miss Rubner's charming "Pierrot."

Miss Rubner is a young woman of marked talent and individuality. Her tone is rich and full, and when occasion demands brilliant. Her technic is well developed. She has the ability to play a melody. Her playing of Ravel's piece was imaginative and impressionistic while her fleetness was revealed in Courtlandt Palmer's showy, if tickling, prelude.

There was a large [and] interested [audience] [illegible]

[illegible] through a [illegible] filled with [illegible] red sculptures, [illegible] he [illegible] the hint of tranquility and [illegible] should meet each morning, as [illegible] countries, and spending the day together [illegible] depart at night, as into foreign [illegible].

A Matter of Sleep.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, who must always be talking, had much to say about sleep at an educational conference, where the sane were predisposed toward sleep. Sleep to the sleepers! We infer this, for the reporter said nothing about a lack of attention or any stertorous and unseemly punctuation of Sir James's remarks. Sir James has settled by his tables this matter of sleep: Thirteen hours for children from 4 to 6 years of age, at least 11 to children from 7 till 9; 10½ to children from 9 to 14; 10 to children from 14 to 17; 9½ to youths or maidens from 17 to 21; nine to young men and women from 21 to 27, and eight hours to all at later stages.

Of course this table of hours provoked comment and furnished copy for discursive writers, with digressions concerning sleeplessness, with appropriate quotations, from lines of Shakespeare and John Webster to extracts from the tortured James Thompson. And our old friend, the sentence beginning "One hour's deep and dreamless slumber is worth, etc.," did not disappoint us by refusing aid to the needy writer.

Tired and Tiresome.

We all know the man who requires only four hours sleep; brags of it, and says: "Look at Napoleon Bonaparte!" We also know the man who, like Li Hung Chang, dislikes a 10 o'clock in the morning train, and finds his brain in working order only between 10:30 P. M. and 2:30 A. M. Our Napoleonic acquaintance is the more tiresome of the two. He looks as though he slept only four hours; he acts the part; while we suspect the other man of sleeping snugly at midnight and not arising till noon.

As men are never weary of talking about their poor health, remedies discarded or proposed, a new physician who discovered life-saving plants on the left bank of the Congo, lists of food to be avoided, so they think their friends are interested in hearing about the horrors of the night and exaggerated descriptions of dreams. There is always some amiable ass to put this question at the breakfast table: "Did you sleep well?" or "How did you pass the night?" or "Did you have pleasant dreams?" Then the floodgates are opened.

Only Half Awake.

We read in a foreign journal of a fortnight ago that certain Swiss physicians prescribe the number of hours for sleep in accordance with the altitude: thus in the lowlands seven hours will do no harm while in the mountains five are more beneficial. These physicians frown on the practice of remaining a-bed in the morning, after the first stirring of the body and the mind. They say, as soon as sleep falls, get up. The Duke of Wellington was of their opinion; he maintained that when it was time to turn, it was time to jump out of bed. And yet this dozing in the early morning is one of the most delicious of sensual pleasures. It is a joy to hear the whistles blow and know that others are already on their way to work after a hurried breakfast by gas jet or kerosene lamp. It is a joy to hear far off the rumble and roaring of an express train and think of the wretches in shocking promiscuity, suspended as in Mahommed's coffin, restless in the mephitic air. Your own labor of the day is not yet a reality. For a few minutes you are a millionaire but free from the cares and responsibilities of property. Even the pile-driver in the next street is not seriously disturbing. Its persistent, recurring strokes leads you to ponder the lucrative technic of formidable pianists.

Nature and Art.

We read now and then of sleepers who cannot be roused at the end of a night or a month; of others who sleep almost constantly for a year. Their performances were anticipated long ago and not only by the Seven of Ephesus and Rip Van Winkle. A London newspaper in 1711 published this advertisement: "Nicholas Hart, who slept last year in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, intends to sleep this year at the Cock and Bottle in Little Britain." This Hart had a fit of sleeping every year from Aug. 5 to Aug. 11, and thus he supported himself. On the 11th in the morning he would call for a little small beer. There is also the case of Mr. William Foxley, pot maker for the Mint in the Tower of London, who fell asleep on April 27 15[illegible], "and so continued sleeping, and [illegible] not be wakened with pin[illegible]g, or otherwise burning [illegible] till the first day of term [illegible] 14 [illegible]s and 15 nights." How [illegible] brains and lifeless bodies [illegible] those to whom [illegible] mandrake, hen[illegible] [illegible] wormwood, the fat of a [illegible] distilled to the feet, lovage water, strained liquor of litargy, the ointment of hare's blood, the condite fruit of wild rose, the roots of sow thistle are as fire crackers or mosquitoes. Nor would they find sleep on the bed of leather resting on a pool of quicksilver, which lulled the fretful and haunted monarch of the East.

Nov 16 1912

Symphony Orchestra Presents Works by Sibelius and Chabrier.

By PHILIP HALE.

The fifth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Every seat was occupied. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 1, E minor	Sibelius
Solemn Overture	Glazounoff
Concerto for Piano No. 2, G major	Tschaikowsky
"Espana"	Chabrier

The symphony of Sibelius had not been played here since Jan. 5, 1907, when Dr. Muck brought it out. Then it made a marked impression by its savage strength, by its lack of sensuousness, by its ominous mutterings—"ancestral voices prophesying war"; by the rough jocosity of the scherzo; by the grim honesty of the musical thought and the individuality of the expression. At times the influence of Tschaikowsky is evident, especially in the second movement where there are melodic ideas and formulas of instrumentation that remind one of the Russian; but this influence is not deep or abiding. Sibelius has his own voice, and his music was inspired by the desolate moors, the wind-swept pines of his own land and the folk songs of the rugged independence of his own people. He has taken pains to say that he has not used folk songs as themes in his orchestral works; but his themes smack of the soil. Nor is his music so national in character that it becomes parochial, only to be enjoyed by Finns.

This symphony is heroic music; heroic in its melancholy, the sadness of remote and primitive men; heroic in its lamentation; wild, almost brutal in its few moments of rejoicing. It is the music also of stern and forbidding nature, and the instrumentation is often as that of a brewing storm or the moaning or fury of the winds. The music is of the far North, as though strange gods were worshipped by hyperboreans who did not fear them.

Such are the impressions on hearing the Symphony after a lapse of years and after knowing other compositions of this man, whose talent is indisputable but who has not yet shown himself a master in the composition, the arrangement, the ordering, the one inevitable expression of his ideas. It is not in his character to realize that strength is not necessarily incompatible with beauty.

This first symphony and the violin concerto are no doubt to be preferred to other and more sophisticated work of Sibelius that we have heard, and so the fantastical symphonic poem, "Stenka Razin" of Glazounoff, with its startling originality, and also its crudities, is far superior to the later smug and academic compositions—among them the Overture played yesterday—with thin, weak ideas and facile and conventional development detected through the pompous and gorgeous orchestral dress. The original title, "Festival overture," is more appropriate than "Solemn overture" as we understand the adjective, though the French word may be applied to public ceremonial exercises. "Occasional overture" would perhaps be still better. The overture is not unlike other music written expressly for an occasion.

And as the symphony of Sibelius is of the North, so the dazzling "Espana" of Chabrier is of the South, with its sensuous or defiant melodies, its intoxicating rhythms. There are few pages in the literature of music that are so picturesque. And how admirably this rhapsody is made! Would Charpentier have written "Napoli," Ravel his "Rapsodie Espagnole," or Debussy his "Iberia," if Chabrier had not shown the way?

Concertos, like books, have their fate. The barbaric and fascinating concerto in B flat minor by Tschaikowsky has caused his second concerto to be forgotten. Mme. Schiller played the latter in Boston in 1882. Mr. Siloti played it at a Boston Symphony concert in 1898, played the second edition revised and shortened by himself. Mr. George Proctor revived it yesterday, using Siloti's version with an additional cut in the chief and dull cadenza. He might well have omitted the whole of this cadenza. The concerto itself is not a grateful work. The first and the third movements, which contain a few charming ideas, might pass if they were played by a pianist of formidable strength and blazing temperament, yet the musical hearer would not then be deceived as to the inherent emptiness. The second movement with its solo for violin and counter-figures for solo 'cello is at the best only salon music, and this section is too long and prominent.

Mr. Proctor was more fortunate yesterday in the purely lyrical passages than in the pages demanding storm and stress, and yet any attempt at markedly virile [illegible] must mightily [illegible] exposed the clearly the commonplace structure. In the lyric passages he displayed a singing tone, musical taste and a refreshing absence of sentimentalism. He was more effective in the bravura pages of the last movement than in those of the first, but the concerto as a whole is not for a pianist of his characteristics.

The performance of the orchestra was of the highest order. Dr. Muck's reading of the orchestral pieces was not only poetic, dramatic, and fired with imagination; it showed keen appreciation of the genius of widely differing schools.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Mozart, "Jupiter" Symphony, Beethoven, Concerto for Violin, Fritz Kreisler, violinist; Beethoven, "Leonora," overture No. 3. Inasmuch as Reger's Concerto in the Ancient Style, which had been announced, contains much work for solo violin, the performance will be deferred till later in the season.

Denghausen Renders German and Russian Melodies of Three Centuries.

By PHILIP HALE.

Alfred F. Denghausen gave a recital of German and Russian songs last night in Steinert Hall. Carl Lamson played sympathetic accompaniments. The program included the old German songs Liebeshoffnung, Ein Schoen Tageweis, Holde Phyllis, Hassler's Gaillarda, Bach's Liebster, Herr Pesu, Hayden's Staendchen, Beethoven's Busslied; these more modern songs: Schubert, Liebeshotschaft and Fruehlingsglaube; Schumann, Aus der Oestlichen Rosen and Balsazaar; Brahms, Minnelied: Strauss, Staendchen; Wolf, Verborgenheit and Der Musikant; these Russian songs: Rubinstein, Not with Angels; Borodin, Song of the Dark Forest and the Sleeping Princess; Balakireff, O Come to Me; Moussorgsky, Divination by Water, Cradle Song of the Poor, and the Siege of Kazan.

This concert was heartily enjoyed by an audience of good size. Mr. Denghausen was obliged to repeat two or three of the songs, and, recalled at the end, he added to his already generous program.

His performance was characterized chiefly by a fine appreciation of the nature of each song; of the mood of the poet as translated by the composer, and by variety of tonal expression. Thus the songs of the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries were sung with the appropriate simplicity and artlessness; that of Bach with faith and subdued fervor; and in Beethoven's Busslied, there was the emotion demanded by the text.

In the second group Mr. Denghausen allowed Schubert's songs to sing themselves. Not even his intelligence could give dramatic force to Schumann's "Balsazaar," a singularly tame and unimaginative setting of Heine's poem. Strauss's Serenade, as it was sung, took on new beauty, for the invitation was as though it were under the rose, and there was no incongruous passionate intensity. Mr. Denghausen was fortunate in his comprehension of the other German songs. There was genuine interpretation.

The final group was the most interesting, for the majority of the songs were unfamiliar and some of them were remarkable. It was a pleasure to hear the oriental music of Rubinstein, with its languor and exotic flavor. Borodin's wondrously beautiful "Sleeping Princess" has been sung here before, but it is not so familiar as it should be. It is worthy of being ranked with the finest songs of Wolf, Gabriel Faure, Duparc, Loeffler and Debussy. The other song of Borodin is an affair of declamation and is not so effective. Balakireff has written more characteristic melodies than the one chosen. We know too little of Moussorgsky in this country. Of the several cradle songs Mr. Denghausen selected not the most tragic, not the most ironical, but one of great pathos. In "Divination by Water" the composer's music does not italicize the text and there is a lack of inspiration; but "The Siege of Kazan" is superb in its barbarity, and Mr. Denghausen sang it with marked vigor and fire. When will some singer acquaint us with Moussorgysky's songs [illegible] "Chambre d'Enfants"?

And then they go off much in licker
And hit the fust feller they come to,
All night long in this sweet little village
You hear the soft note of the pistol
With the pleasant screak of the victim
Whose been shot prehaps in his gizzard.
And all day hosses is running
With drunken greasers a-straddle
A hollerin and hoopin like demons
And playin at billiards and monte
Till they've nary red cent to ante.
* * *
Oh it's awful this here little plais is.

Gunmen Again.

As the World Wags: Many thanks for your information regarding the New York gunmen, published in The Herald two weeks ago. It is cheering to know that the metropolitan gangster is only what Abe Potash via Montague Glass would call a ganef, a schnorrer, a low-life. Against my better judgment I had come to suppose that "gunmen" were akin to the old-time gunfighters, white men (Western sense), quick on the draw and accurate on the pull. So a gunman is only a Jew full of hop. Glad news! The gunfighter of the old days didn't know what dope was and he didn't know what fear was. He might get full of red liquor occasionally, but he was always a sterling performer with the Colt's 44, Bat Masterson to the contrary notwithstanding.

Willing Workers.

I have known a number of gun artists, although the type is of necessity fast disappearing. Many are still alive and doing excellent work across the border. Old man Titus, for instance, was 85 years old back in 1896, a white-haired, mild-mannered murderer of the old school. An ex-confederate, he had served with Quantrell's guerillas and knew the James boys intimately. When I knew him he was carrying what looked to be the first Colt's ever made, but he could roll a tomato can up hill with it. Sailor Jack, Pacific Slim, Dutchy, Chris Munson, Red Davidson, Barley Bean and a dozen more were notoriously quick workers in southern Mexico in the late nineties. Ten years earlier there were scores of good willing shots in the Klondike and they all had their records. Even I have a pair of notches on the handle of the old Gat recording the demise of the Luna brothers, Pedro and Flores.

By the way, a gun or pistol in the vernacular of the under world, and particularly among yeggs, is a "rod."

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Boston, Nov. 14.

The Scholiast.

It was a New Yorker, Mr. Witherspoon, who told some of us as we were discussing sociological problems at the Porphyry that on the East side of his city a "gunman" is a dope fiend, a degenerate through dope, and when stuffed with it ready to kill at sight and at random. The New Yorker also said that now in East side slang a hypodermic syringe is a "gun." We do not swear to the truth of his statements. He may have been amusing himself in the village. However, he did not say that the gunman of the East side was necessarily a foreign Jew.

Nor does it follow from his explanation that a gangster is a "ganef." In his own world he is a more heroic figure. For we take it that your "ganef" is the same as gonof, or gonoph, or gnof—that is, a thief, specifically a pickpocket and a clever one. The original Hebrew word is in Exodus. When it comes to "schnorrer," you have us. Is "low life" synonymous with "low pad"? What glorious terms there were, in the old vocabularies of outdoor crime! "High pad," "high toby man" and what a fall to "road agent"! As far back as the 16th century high pad or high toby, or high toby splice meant the highway.

The Rule of the Road.

Mr. Sharples wrote to The Herald recently about the rule of the road differing in the provinces of Canada: "In Quebec and the provinces east the rule of the road is to turn to the left, thus following the English and French law." Yet we read in Parisian newspapers protests against the proposal that vehicles in the city—the word vehicle here does not mean a drama, comedy, farce, or musical comedy—shall no longer keep to the right, but to the left. M. Clement Vautel, for instance, says that the only reason for this reform is that the English keep to the left. "Never, now, does Paris give the lead; she is content to follow. We have adopted Greenwich time, Belgian clock faces, Bavarian cubism, Russian dances, and Hottentot music. We are now to drive on the left as in London, and doubtless soon we shall walk on our hands like the inhabitants of the moon." It has been suggested that the Parisians could very well manage moving by the right as at present if the drivers could be persuaded to respect the policeman with his uplifted hand.

Nov 16, 1912

A Play for Suffragists and Antis.

The sub-title might be "a tract in dialogue form." The farce is entertaining reading, but wholly without action. The women characters, however, are shrewdly drawn, although the suffragists will no doubt say that Mary Henrietta Thorn is a gross caricature, and Sophie Slavinsky, the "minor partisan," and an usher in a theatre, is an impossible creature. The author is often witty in her satire and she spares neither the high nor the low; men as well as women are her victims. Not the least amusing page is the one descriptive of the Society of Colonel Caudlers. The scenes are in New York, but they might be laid in any large city, although we doubt whether a pig with trimmed ears and an elaborate blanket would be taken about as a pet except at Newport in the summer, or possibly in New York. The book is amusing throughout. Whether it will turn any woman suffragist from her [illegible] way is another question.

WOMEN FOR VOTES: A Farce in three [illegible] By Elizabeth Hughes. E. P. [illegible] & Co.: New York.

MME. GENEE AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

Adeline Genee, assisted by Miss Schmolz, Mr. Volinin and other dancers, appeared last night at the Boston Opera House before an audience that filled the house in every part. She was first seen in a little ballet, "La Camargo," scenario by C. W. Wilhelm, music by Dora Bright. Mr Stirling took the part of Louis XV., Mr. Volinin that of Gaston Laroche, the soldier, and Miss Seale that of Gaston's mother. The ballet was produced at the Coliseum, London, last May.

The simple story of this ballet has been already told in The Herald. It is of a fictitious incident in the life of Camargo, for a time the glory of the Paris Opera, famous for her agility as a dancer and her amorous adventures as a woman. She saves the life of the soldier, a playmate of her youth, by dancing a new dance before the King. He in his ecstasy, promises any gift she may demand. She asks for the pardon of the soldier; not for the head of her rival Salle.

Miss Bright's music has little significance or melodic or rhythmic charm. The story allows Mme. Genee to show her ability in pantomime rather than her finely developed technic, according to the traditions of the old school. While the spectators, who are only aroused when there is an exhibition of the toe skill or of a series of entrechats, were probably thus disappointed, lovers of the pantomimic ballet found great pleasure in observing the fine art of the dancer. Her interpretation, with its coquetry, its elegance, its easy changes from lightness to a sadness that was not deep or poignant, was in true 18th century spirit.

A group of dances followed in which Miss Schmolz showed youthful beauty of face and figure in an adagio; Mr. Volinin, his skill in a mazurka, and the two also gave pleasure in a duo. Then followed a Polka from Drigo's "Millions d'Arlequin," danced by Mme. Genee and Mr. Volinin, in which Mme. Genee was kittenish in her humor and a delight to the eye.

The ballet scene from "Robert the Devil" brought the end. Henry Miller sang Bertram's invocation. The effect of the scenic was lessened by the nuns rising from their tombs in a specter bluish light; they walked on the stage as though they were taking a prescribed and sanitary midnight stroll, and in the three ballets of Drunkenness, Gaming and Love, Robert—the part was taken by Mr. Volinin—the tenor hero of the opera, gallantly assisted Helena in her tours de force. But all this was of little consequence, for Mme. Genee has never danced here more seductively and brilliantly than in these scenes. Here again her mobile face entered into the fascination exerted by her graceful postures, her significant gestures and her admirable technic. After the hopping, bounding, "natural," "educative," "symbolical" and "interpretative" dancers, untrained and lawless, whose strength if not their beauty was in nudity below the waist, it is a pleasure to see the traditional costume, also the traditional art that admits of beauty in motion and repose, and is in the higher meaning of the word interpretative. The Russian school is wonderful; not for a moment to be underrated; but the academic school, when represented by Mme. Genee, may justly claim respect and admiration.

Mr Glaser conducted the Boston Opera House orchestra for the dancers. Nahan Franko conducted the overtures to "Ruy Blas" and "The Marriage of Figaro"; a ballet suite of Rameau arranged by Mottl, and "L'Arlesienne," suite No. 2.

Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann" will be added to the repertoire of the Boston Opera House on Monday, the 25th, the opening night of the fourth season.

This fantastical opera was performed in Boston for the first time by the Manhattan company on April 2, 1909, and the chief singers were Mmes. Zeppilli, Trentini, Doria and Messrs. Dalmores, Renaud and Gillbert. Mr. Charlier conducted.

The opera was performed by the Manhattan company on March 31, 1910, with Mmes. Trentini, Duchene, Gentle, and Messrs. Devries, Renaud and Gilibert as the chief singers. Mr. de la Fuente conducted.

The opera has also been performed in English by the Aborn company at the Boston Opera House.

[illegible] the [illegible] Opening [illegible] Opera Night

[illegible] Some may wonder that this opera [illegible] chosen for the opening night [illegible] Walpol the [illegible] of Offenbach with [illegible] To them his [illegible] justly [illegible] will [illegible]

[illegible] Beethoven [illegible] when the journey [illegible] of the composer [illegible] mighty fiddler [illegible] full goat skin, [illegible] strings, [illegible] wildly [illegible] drunk [illegible] of [illegible] some fantasy of Hoffmann [illegible] birds were frightened and flew skyward, the moon split her face in laughter and the stars giggled behind the clouds the [illegible] "The planetary which served as tune [illegible] rhythms, system only revolved to frisky rhythms, and the earth itself, like a mad top, hummed comically about the terrified sun. En avant la musique! And the old edifice crumbled in dust all around the music'an."

This was written, however, before Bergerat heard the music of "Contes d'Hoffmann." Nor did Bergerat remember the tender and beautiful melodies in the operettas abased by him, who is at heart and often with his pen a Rabelaisian. He forgot the song of Fortunio, Perichole's letter "Dites l'..." in "La Grande Duchesse," the romance in "La Princesse de Trebizonde." And at the end, after Offenbach's death, "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" was produced, one of the most remarkable operas, in choice of subject, in dramatic and musical treatment, in the literature of the lyric stage.

The Horror of This "Joyous" Opera

They who find this opera only a gay and amusing work have eyes and they do not see; they have ears and they do not hear. There have been fine things written about it, but none more appreciative and sympathetic than the little essay that appeared in the Pall Mall Gazette when there was a revival at the London Opera House in last April.

"The most remarkable feature about 'Les Contes d'Hoffmann,' and one which is unique in the whole of opera-literature, is the extraordinary delineation of demoniacal power. The only attempts that are in any way comparable to it are Tschaikowsky's 'Pique Dame' and the 'Wolf's Gorge' scene out of 'Der Freischuetz,' but neither Weber nor the Russian composer can be considered serious competitors in this respect. Beginning with the bizarre in the character of Coppelius, the note develops into one of serious foreboding when, in the Venice act, Dapertutto appears, and culminates in sheer terror on the advent of Miracle at Crespel's house. This last scene, which is indeed the climax of the opera, is filled with a Satanic wildness of inconceivable power. Like some fantastic nightmare the oppressive atmosphere seems to weigh heavier and heavier on the paralyzed imagination, till, in mocking answer to Hoffmann's anxious call 'Un Medecin!' Miracle leaps forward to the dead girl's side, and with his triumphant sneer, 'Present! Morte!' the tension is released.

"The credit for this tremendous effort must be divided equally between Barbier and Offenbach. The bold originality of design displayed in the two trio—first, Hoffmann concealed, and Miracle pursuing the old father, clinching his ominous medicine phials, then the phantom portrait and Miracle with violin, coercing the frightened girl—is clinched by the final spectacle of Miracle laughing demoniacally over the dead body, with the grief-stricken father and lover on either side. At the same time, the music passes from a mood of wild, fantastic terror to a piled-up climax of stupendous power."

Three Singers or One

When the opera was first given at the Opera-Comique—it was in 1881—the Venetian act was omitted. The parts of Stella, the singer, Olympia, the automaton and Antonia were taken by one woman, Adele Isaac; but when the opera was revived at this theatre last year the missing act was restored, and the four women were impersonated, a singer for each one. Some years ago Mme. Sembrich was anxious to take the parts of Olympia and Antonia. The brilliant music sung by the automaton and the emotional music of Antonia appealed to her alike. The opera, however, was not produced at the Metropolitan while she was of the company.

At the Boston Opera House there will be a singer for each of the women. The disposition of these parts might excite academic discussion. Some might say that each woman is a distinct individual, others would answer that the four were only phases of Hoffmann's one love; and that the demoniacal influence working against Hoffmann in the person in turn of Coppelius, Dapertutto and Dr. Miracle is impersonated by one man, as by Taskin, when the opera was produced; as Mr. Renaud, when the Manhattan opera company visited us, and as it will be by Mr. Marcoux a week from tomorrow.

The Herald will publish next Sunday an account of the history of this opera, of certain curious circumstances attending the composition and production and of tales by Hoffmann that have inspired dramatists and composers.

Saint-Saens on Offenbach

[illegible] Many years ago Saint-Saens wrote an article about him which, although it does not do the dead composer full justice, is nevertheless acute and picturesque:

"Without being a great musician, Offenbach was a great musical personality. His influence over the taste of his time was profound, entirely out of proportion to the worth of his [illegible] this reason there was something [illegible] baleful influence. When you [illegible] the important position held by operetta in the world you would think that you were witnessing the sudden [illegible] of the [illegible] that you were looking at a disorderly dance led by a [illegible] Mephistopheles, a [illegible] man in decadence. Operetta undertook the task of dwarfing everything, of debasing everything, and it succeeded. It did still more. It gave to the civilized universe a taste, a desire, and almost a passion for everything that is vile and little. To-day its work is over. It was no longer the convulsions of its [illegible] when it struggled for existence and drolly fought to gain its place in the sun. Become practically bourgeois it stretches itself at ease in the little [illegible] down which it was conquered, as [illegible] as a goldfish in its familiar globe. And this takes the place of dramatic art and poetry and music in the eyes of the great [illegible]

"Now the illustrious founder of operetta had surely not foreseen the [illegible] destiny, nor would he [illegible] with justice that he was coolly [illegible] and prepared deliberately his [illegible] work.

"As many others, he was a victim of circumstances, and he had not searched out the path he followed. His beginnings had been very modest. Some still remember a little Offenbach, a cellist, who made you believe by the force of his wit that he had talent, and directed the orchestra of the Comedie-Francaise in the fabulous times when that theatre had an orchestra. Offenbach had then written some tunes; they were a little thin, to be sure, but they were piquant and original. They had obtained with [illegible] a deserved success. But he dreamed of opera comique, and he must have felt in him a furious need of activity, if you can judge by what which he afterwards did, enough to make of him an extraordinary man. M. Villemessant has told in his memoirs how this activity was paralyzed after the manner of many others by the prudence of a celebrated manager. Offenbach was one of those who did not know how to wait, and in his impatience he founded the Bouffes-Parisiens. Now supposing the manager had been less timid or more farsighted: Offenbach, with his impulsive nature, his marvelous instinct for dramatic resources, would have infused new blood into opera comique. Under the influence of the surroundings his muse would have worn another face; or the surroundings, far from strengthening his talent, would have stifled it. But, however that might be, opera comique was not killed by operetta.

"Delivered over to himself, the maestro, Offenbach, as they called him with a rather ironical emphasis, followed the natural bent of his spirit and gave himself to the furious caricature, to irreverential and diabolical parody. He knew one great pleasure: he was absolutely free. Manager of the theatre where his pieces were played, he did not have to submit to the ideas of another, and the pullings and haulings which all authors know were spared him. A foreign idea however good it may be, always injures a work. It removes the naturalness and the frankness of character. Offenbach frankly wrote in his own fashion, and in this is there always a great chance of success. You must join to this an admirable scent, the art of putting each artist on his own plane, and getting as much as possible out of him while respecting his natural aptitude.

"At this epoch, when there was not yet any theatre for operetta, artists [illegible] in the opera-comique theatres. [illegible] were duggazons and light sopranos and all manner of suitable persons, and it was easier to recruit a good company than it is today. And so the artists were seen in the first days of operetta. Tautin for example, whose marvellous virtuosity and diabolical dash contributed not a little to the success of 'Orphee' and other masterpieces of [illegible] Miss Chabert, who [illegible] chaste [illegible] the embonpoint of [illegible] the couple [illegible] Desiree, the joy of a whole generation, and Pache the tall man, the indispensable, who, after having searched his way at the Comedie-Francaise, created at the Bouffes-Parisiens John Styx in 'Orphee,' and the little clerk in the 'Chanson de Fortunio.'

"That was the golden age of the opera-bouffe, which was modest then, and if it had been known how to keep its place, there would have been no reason for censuring it.

"There was in a corner of Paris a little theatre where one could laugh with waistcoat unbuttoned. Was it not charming? The great public found a great joy. The fastidious plucked there piquant audacities, [illegible] which [illegible] indulgent toward grossness and [illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible] La Belle Helene [illegible] The most [illegible] said sweetly [illegible] when 'La Grande [illegible] must have [illegible] and the world [illegible] Duchesse,' which [illegible] kings, generals and [illegible] high to low, was adored [illegible] whom it lasted till the [illegible] Sovereigns coming to Paris [illegible] on their way, that [illegible] a box. They took [illegible] and [illegible] ran from the [illegible] to see La Grande Duchesse. [illegible] was no longer any talk of the [illegible] Francaise, or of the Opera, or of the Opera-Comique. There was in Paris only the Theatre of the Varietes [illegible] was the only [illegible] Offenbach the only composer.

"Now these [illegible] the glory is [illegible] was born [illegible] its work. [illegible] habit [illegible] has settled down, has [illegible] and has finally [illegible] the latter [illegible] to avert, the genre [illegible] occasionally struck against [illegible] from [illegible] gained by the [illegible]

"The [illegible] of Offenbach [illegible] rapidity of his execution were [illegible] He literally improvised. His scores [illegible] written in fly specks [illegible] He had a system of abbreviations which he [illegible] the [illegible] his [illegible] to make a [illegible] this system [illegible]

[illegible] no mention of 'Les Contes d'Hoffmann.' Although [illegible] volume [illegible] the article written [illegible] of the position [illegible]

"[illegible] should it be forgotten [illegible] in earlier days delighted [illegible] the part of Calchas in [illegible] of 'La Belle Helene' [illegible] the painter Regnault or [illegible] that of Helen and [illegible] Paris.

How Offenbach Lived and Worked

[illegible]

[illegible] of sugar. The next [illegible] he said, the [illegible] the best [illegible] displeased the [illegible] the death of [illegible] Riche. He neither [illegible] he found the most [illegible] a cutlet and a [illegible] Bignon's. The [illegible] and his repast was [illegible] coffee and milk [illegible] cake no [illegible] the way, if there [illegible] and returned [illegible] we saw [illegible] the entrance of the [illegible] steps of the [illegible] and [illegible] This was the [illegible] restless [illegible] perhaps [illegible]

[illegible] Librettists [illegible] to [illegible] occupation [illegible] liked to [illegible] burst of laughter. [illegible] severely critical of his own work, and did not hesitate to cut out the most successful page if it prolonged unduly the scene. Thus sacrifices were sometimes made after the first performance, for entire scenes of "Orphee" were cut out, even up to the 15th performance.

He was of an extremely sociable nature, and from the day when he settled himself in the rue Laffitte his acquaintance grew larger and larger week by week. There were extraordinary musical and literary performances, in which such men as Duprato, Delibes, Halevy, About, Cremieux, Bizet, Gevaert, took part. His Fridays became an institution of Paris. The wife did the honors of the salon, and his daughters were allowed to appear only after their 16th birthday. One woman who belonged to the artistic world was admitted regularly—Emma Pleary. Gustave Dore did prodigious tricks with cards. There were burlesques of celebrated operas, and memorable was the performance of "Faust" in which Albert Wolff was Marguerite, Delaille Faust while Joncieres, in the orchestra, played at the same time the piano and the cornet. Each first performance of Offenbach's works was celebrated by a supper, in which his intimate friends participated. At Etretat as well as Paris Offenbach was always surrounded by good company, and it was at Etretat that he celebrated the 25th anniversary of his marriage when Stop, the caricaturist, was dressed as Punch, and the married couple wore village costumes.

Hanslick of Vienna, who liked imparitally the early and mad operettas and "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," once saw Offenbach working in Paris with the librettist Cremieux. "Offenbach sat at the piano and sang what he had composed the day before, and if he found four lines too few for this musical thought, Cremieux wrote them; or, did he wish to strike out two lines, Cremieux declared that they were necessary, and insisted that they should be retained. Each was jealous for his own work, but at the end the two were united, their goal and their interest were the same, and each knew that he could not succeed without the assistance of the other. The very eagerness of debate often led one or the other to new and fortunate ideas, which would not have occurred to either alone. As Offenbach said, 'Poet and composer must live together in intellectual wedlock. As long as I am at work on a new opera, I am married to the poet. I am unhappy if he stays away from me for a day. Even if he brings me nothing new, I must see and talk with him each day.'"

Concert Givers of This Week

Miss Rosalie Thornton, who will give a piano recital tomorrow, is a Virginian who has studied in Boston.

Mr. Berthald is well known here. Singing at the Castle Square one night (April 2, 1895) as Prince Charley in De Koven's "Rob Roy," he was hastily summoned to the Boston Theatre to take the part of Lohengrin when that opera was given by the Damrosch Company, Rothmuhl, who had been announced, was hoarse, and Alvary could not be found. Thus the performance was saved. Mr. Berthald had not sung the part since he had left Germany some years before. He then joined the Damrosch Company and visited Boston again in February, 1896, when he appeared as Siegmund and Walter von Stolzing and created the part of Dimmesdale in Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter." On May 1, 1897, he sang here with Mme. Calve when she appeared here for the first time in concert.

A sketch of Selden Miller's life was given in The Herald of last Sunday. His programs are unusual in that he alternately plays piano pieces and sings.

Mr. Hayes, a tenor prominent among singers of his race, with his associates, will give a concert. The program is one of high grade and Coleridge-Taylor and Burleigh figure appropriately among the composers represented.

Lovers of Scottish music will go to Tremont Temple to hear Miss Scotney of the Boston Opera House and Howard White.

Mr. Copeland is well known as a pianist of singular individuality and peculiar [illegible] who has devoted his talent chiefly to the interpretation of Debussy's music.

Mrs. Helen Hills is also well known as a concert singer and her programs are interesting to fellow-singers and the general public.

Miss Anne Van Barentzen, pianist, will give her first public concert in this city. She was born in Boston in 1897. Her mother, a musician, gave her the first lessons. When she was four years old, it was [illegible] on account of her [illegible] she should be a violinist, [illegible] six she played in public [illegible] up piano practice [illegible] by Beethoven at [illegible] eight. The next [illegible] to the Paris Conservatoire [illegible] she was [illegible] restraining [illegible]

[illegible] played in [illegible] the first prize were awarded. On N[illegible] of that year she played at Colonne concert Weber's Concertstuck and Liszt's 6th Rhapsody. She made a European tour, and when she was in Berlin where she studied [illegible] with Dohnanyi, and also continued [illegible] with other teachers. In 1912 she had the honor of playing at the closing concert of the Ho[illegible].

New Plays in Paris

Charles Dawbarn saw Hervieu's new play in Paris and wrote as follows to the Pall Mall Gazette:

"Balkans and 'Bagatelle,' Balkans and a patriotic play. The one is a contrast, the other perhaps a consequence. 'Bagatelle,' the new play by M. Paul Hervieu at the Francais, merits its name. It is light and it is delicate. Its dialogue is filigree. But its intrigue is boring. One grows tired of the eternal theme, embroider it how you will. Exquisite writer, profound philosopher and observant psychologist, M. Hervieu cannot infuse a passionate interest, where there is none, into the illicit lovemaking of a country house. And when two couples become afflicted in this way the result is overpowering.

"The chief plot—for the play is as convoluted as the Hampton Court maze—concerns the happiness of a couple. The wife overhears a rendezvous given by her husband to her 'best friend,' and in despair and vengeance for treachery prepares to imitate him. She encourages the advances of his confidant. Intrinsically honest, she has no intention of betrayal and fixes the trysting place, indeed, with the object of discovering the others and bringing them to book. But the true—the coincident meetings in the boudoir of the suspected lady—smacks of farce rather than comedy. The double rendezvous provides the curtain to the second act.

"The third rises on a scene which the art of Hervieu renders dignified and dramatic; but it contains the elements of a Palais Royal situation. The aggrieved wife appears and denounces the pair for their conduct, present and intended, and the coming of the male friend to keep his appointment provides the lady with a new weapon of offence. The sight of four persons simultaneously gasping with emotion and presenting pictures of woe is again a little extravagant. Despite the literary quality of the language and the subtlety of the symbolism, there is something lacking in the action.

"Moral in the sense that the intrigue comes to naught, and that a loving wife recovers a wayward husband, revealing to him the lurking horror of a 'bagatelle,' which is tragic treason, the atmosphere of the play is yet acrid. The 'sauce piquante' spoils the dish. One of the characters is positively odious. A white-haired persecutor of the sex, he is indefatigable in his search for conquest, and remains impervious to rebuke. We feel we must defend the French Smart Set from M. Hervieu. Even the most fatuous can scarcely be so unutterably impossible. The best talent of the Maison de Moliere has been mobilized for the three acts, which are relentlessly played with Mme. Bartet as the 'honest' heroine."

He also saw "Coeur de Francaise."

"Cannon in the Balkans, military ardour at the Ambigu. 'Coeur de Francaise' is a stimulating drama of the patriotic sort. It helps in the forging of 'the new temperament.' There is the tramp of feet and the roll of drums as echoes of the great strife between Cross and Crescent. Germaine, who enshrines France in her heroic bosom, is a feminist of the romantic type. She 'teaches school,' but that does not prevent her from being a patriot, though the occupation seems fatal to generous instincts in some masculine cases.

"From her girls' lycee she proceeds as gloriously as any soldier to the seat of war. Her efforts to recover her father's aviation plans (stolen by a German spy) land her in a fort. But the French heart that beats beneath the Paris blouse never says die—and she is rescued by her lover. An agreeable feature of the play is its freedom from prejudice. The subject is impartially treated. Every German is not odious, nor is every Frenchman perfect. Spirited and well written, 'Coeur de Francaise' attracts the crowd and threatens to rival 'La Flambee.' It proves that the dramatic play, especially when responsive to a national mood, is the magic magnet."

Notes at Random

Hall Caine is at work on a play based on his latest book, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me." It will be produced by Klaw & Erlanger, so the Daily Chronicle says, in New York next fall.

From the Bristol Festival Kreisler seems to have carried away a remarkable and unusual "tribute." It consisted, we read, of a "capacious wreath of bay leaves," contributed by residents in Bath and Bristol. Attached to it were two long scarves of black and yellow silk, on which appeared the legend, "Master of the Magicians," as well as the names of Beethoven, Brahms, and other composers, with a few bars quoted from their violin concertos. The ribbon had also worked on it a cavalry sabre and spurs, and a violin and bow—symbols of the recipient's [illegible] who was the [illegible] the hall [illegible] two [illegible] The [illegible] 'Master of the [illegible]' gives one to think. One [illegible] but that in the [illegible] ago we saw Kreisler described as 'Ajax defying the lightning.' Such flights of fancy are apt to be very disconcerting, and even distressing, to the more unimaginative critic who cannot get beyond, say, 'the distinguished violinist.' However, with Mr. Kreisler's permission, we will dub him in future "Master of the Magicians." After all, 'tis but a step from St. George's Hall to Queen's Hall.—Daily Telegraph.

A play by the ex-censor G. A. Redford, was produced in London Oct. [illegible] It is described as "a very feeble little one-act affair of the amateur curtain raiser standard."

"It was called 'Contrasts' and showed a stockbroker husband and his artistic wife, whose 'spirit was chafed by the dullness of propriety.' They are described as having 'not a single idea in common.' The wife, Ethel, has engaged in a flirtation with a poet named Pottle. On the advice of a gardener, who avers that 'the same stick will do to beat a woman, a child or a dog,' the husband, whose name is Bertie, decides to 'put his foot down.' This he does and then hides behind a curtain, from which coign of vantage he overhears his wife refuse Pottle admission. Reconciliation between Ethel and Bertie follows in due course. The play was at any rate mild and harmless. Its only importance was its unimportance, considering the fact that its author was permitted for so many years to enjoy an autocratic power of life or death over playwrights of ability and experience."

Riccardo Zandonai, the composer of "Conchita," has completed a new opera, "Melenis," and is at work on D'Annunzio's version of "Francesca da Rimini." It is said that he intends to write the music for an opera completely founded on one of Scribe's comedies.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson is producing a revised edition of "Caesar and Cleopatra." A prologue spoken by a Greek chorus has been added "combined with 15 minutes' instruction in Roman history. This prologue is characteristically Shavian in satire, especially as concerns the 'compulsorily educated.'" The original third act in which Cleopatra is thrown into the sea and carried by Caesar to land and a lighthouse has been restored.

A singular play, "Just the Thing," by "Charles Frederick," has been produced in London. The Referee gives the following account: "It is obvious that when a playwright, greatly daring, deliberately names his play 'Just the Thing' he is asking the waggish kind of critics to tell him that his play is not so. The point being so obvious, of course I shall not labor it. I will merely say it was a pity that the author of this three-act comedy, who was billed as 'Charles Frederick,' was not able to use the title he selected after he had tried the play under its present name in the provinces—namely, 'As Others See Us.' That title would have fitted the piece perfectly. The comedy—I prefer to call it a farcical, a very farcical, comedy—is written round the idea of a young fellow who, though engaged to be married, shelters a beautiful locked-out young lady in his flat for the night, lending her not only his bedroom, but also his pajamas. For a good while of the next day the girl runs about the man's living-room in these garments till the bedroom door lock gets broken and she cannot get back to dress! You can imagine the alarms and excursions that set in when callers begin to call, especially as the visitors include the girl's father and mother, her glum fiance (who is studying for Holy Orders), and her shelterer's own betrothed, who is the prudish and prismatic sister of the pet in pajamas. A whole typhoon of lying 'explanations' supervenes until, at the end of the volcanic second act, the truth comes out and the couple defy the entire crowd. The third act showed the denounced pair settled down 'in double harness' and Devonshire. Here they varied their billing and cooing by taking it out of their former denouncers, especially the heroine's previous fiance. As will be seen, the root idea of 'Just the Thing,' namely, the spun-out bedroom business, is neither novel nor is it much more edifying than it has been in sundry plays and sketches of late years—and months. The author, however, deserves credit for some of his characterization and for the dialogue, which was smart, but over-charged with Scriptural quotation and vain repetition."

Nov. 8 . '12

FIRST PENSION FUND CONCERT

Symphony Hall was filled last night to its utmost capacity at the first concert of the season in aid of the Symphony Orchestra's pension fund. With Dr. Muck conducting, a program entirely of Wagner's music was given as follows:

Overture, "Rienzi."
Overture, "The Flying Dutchman."
Introduction and first scene (Bacchanale), act 1 "Tannhauser" (Paris version.)
Prelude, "Lohengrin."
Prelude, "Tristan and Isolde."
Prelude, "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg."
Funeral [illegible] "[illegible] of the G[illegible]"
Prelude, "P[illegible]"

Reginald [illegible] composer [illegible] "Parsifal," [illegible] a [illegible] of the [illegible] tions. Th[illegible] by the great [illegible] aid of the fund [illegible] regular Symphony patrons, but also of a large sprinkling of the general public to do its utmost in interpreting Wagner's different [illegible] of work.

The musicians are always [illegible] responsive to the inspiring leadership of Dr. Muck, but last evening they seemed to be especially on their mettle and the result was a concert long to be remembered by those who heard it. Hearty applause followed each number and at the close of the first section of the program a huge laurel wreath was brought forward and [illegible] to Dr. Muck. He graciously waved toward the orchestra the plaudits that accompanied this testimonial and the [illegible] stood up to acknowledge the warm response that came from the audience.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

Names, Not Numbers.

The London journals inform us that a suggestion has been made in the Coventry Revision Court that a tax should be levied on the names of houses—in other words there is a proposition to tax house names out of existence. As all travellers know, there are miles of little red brick houses in the suburbs of London, each house with a name on a post or wall, and these names are often ludicrously incongruous. There stands the little, shabby house, with every evidence of vulgarity; curtains in hideous taste, often with oyster-shell decorations on each side of the path, and the word "Grosvenor" or "Balmoral" stares you in the face. Mr. Scruggs or Mr. Higginbotham thus lays claim to distinction; he prefers "Chatsworth Villa" to No. 23 —— street. Meanwhile the Duke of Portland, according to the Postoffice Directory, lives at No. 3 Mayfair. There is a practical side to the question: Time is wasted in looking for a person in an unnumbered house, and the men that prepare voters' list find their work multiplied.

Incongruous Titles.

Some admit the foolishness of the great majority of these names, but say that foreigners are more fantastic. There is a villa in Basle that bears a name arrogant in its humility: "Klein aber Mein," which might be paraphrased: "An ill-favored thing, but mine own." There is reference to pruning titles, as that given by Gustave Dore to his house at St. Cloud: a stave of music with the notes C, E, B, A, C, D, (do mi si la do re) which means Domicile a Dore. Few men in any country who have made money in trade give an emblematical name to their city or country house, or remind the passer-by of the origin of their wealth by an escutcheon on a post or the driveway bearing, say, a beer keg, a demijohn (rum or molasses), a cake of soap, or a flask of Cuspidoria, a popular patent medicine. Why not have the indentification of the owner complete?

As soon as the Fergusons had obtained a lot by the sea and put up a house which Ferguson refers to as a bungalow—but the house is not a bit like one—there was a family council. Mrs. Ferguson wished to call the place Ravensholm. Mr. Ferguson raised the objection that crows are not ravens, and a salt marsh is not necessarily a holm. It is unnecessary to add that he was overruled. Ravensholm it is, and Mrs. Ferguson's letter-paper bears the name and the effigy of a raven that might have been the one seen by Mr. Poe one night in the bleak December. Nor is Mrs. Ferguson alone in her desire for an inappropriate name. Mrs. T. Percy Spriggs speaks of her place in Gunquawkit as "The Cypresses." The trees are scrub pines.

A Victim to Mineral Waters.

A story told by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle about the pleasure taken by George Meredith in seeing his guests enjoy their wine is going the rounds and appears as a "plug" in nearly every well-conducted newspaper. A story told by Henry Murray, who visited Meredith is still better: "One of the guests at dinner would drink nothing but mineral water, and Meredith warned him against that habit with an intense solemnity. He told a story of a fellow student at Duesseldorf when he was studying medicine there, who fell a victim to his unbridled thirst for mineral waters. He died suddenly in agony, asking that the autopsy should be performed by his friend George Meredith. 'When I made the first incision, the glitter of the stalactites in the poor fellow's gastric cavity positively blinded me. I had to wear blue glasses for months after!'"

The Mosque of Mosques.

Fear has been expressed [illegible] Christians of the Balkan stat[illegible] do harm to St. Sophia if t[illegible] enter Constantinople. Mr. [illegible]

[illegible] with [illegible] reporter, [illegible] of the Subline [illegible] hat an another day, being [illegible] hailed a [illegible] to [illegible] (about $1) to the [illegible] was allowed to enter [illegible] Mohammedan [illegible] proceeding. George [illegible] at the beginning of [illegible] had no difficulty in [illegible] noted the goodly portico [illegible] that visit it upon [illegible] well as the Turks leave [illegible] before they do enter." The [illegible] him so that he [illegible] describing it: "Sancta [illegible] exceedeth not only the [illegible] whose pattern they were [illegible] but all other fabrics whatsoever [illegible] the whole universe. A [illegible] to describe it exactly; [illegible] mine, my eyes that have [illegible] but condemn my defective [illegible]"

Quantum Mutatus.

[illegible] Joaquin Miller is said to be regaining his old-time vigor, having been [illegible] months at the door of death, and [illegible] his recovery to eating [illegible] with honey three times a day. [illegible] member of the sensation [illegible] his "Songs of the Sierras" [illegible] the book first appeared. The poet [illegible] London and was a lion with [illegible] and [illegible] boots in "literary [illegible] ladies of high [illegible] "A true [illegible] How interesting." [illegible] as though he fed on raw [illegible] and hominy. And [illegible] and honey. Shade of [illegible] Can it be? Meat or honey, [illegible] Miller's first book was his [illegible]

[illegible]

M. Rolland has just finishing his tenth novel "Jean Christophe." [illegible] reminds us of a story told long [illegible] in the time of serials we read them [illegible] passed. An eastern drummer [illegible] one night in a village of Ohio. [illegible] were ringing madly. There [illegible] bonfire on the green. The sheet-[illegible] band was playing a quickstep. The [illegible] him there would be fireworks and an oration later. 'But why [illegible]' asked the drummer. '[illegible] you heard? 'Judith Shakespeare' [illegible] at last concluded.' 'Yes,' [illegible] stranger, frowning and with a [illegible] but 'Nature's Serial Story' [illegible] continued."

[illegible] that the original of "Jean [illegible]" is a living person, as M. [illegible] insisted a year ago, but [illegible] in France, not in Germany? Ac-[illegible] to M. Seippel, the original's father was a musician who tried to compel his son to follow the same career. [illegible] quarreled with his father and [illegible] to Germany. There he wrote [illegible] and much biographical [illegible] he found out that his father [illegible] and he began to compose [illegible] year or two ago he returned [illegible] and was reconciled to his [illegible]. M. Seippel, however, did not [illegible] his prodigy by name.

Mr. Ysaye and Boston.

[illegible] Eugene Ysaye, the celebrated fiddler, otherwise known as "the poet of the violin," having landed at New York after an absence of eight years, talked [illegible] with Mr. Meltzer about skyscrapers, art, concertos and the "ideal [illegible] music," which to his mind is [illegible] where "impulse and culture [illegible] merged in one." Mr. Ysaye [illegible] "In Boston culture discourages impulse. The Bostonians live to [illegible] their emotions on ice." This is important, if true. True or false, it is [illegible]. It looks as though Mr. Ysaye remembers the disgracefully small attendance at his recitals here in Symphony Hall eight years ago. There was [illegible] culture to appreciate his art, but there was not the impulse to attend the concerts.

The "Most Perfect" Girl.

The Baroness Rose Posse of Boston [illegible] to remark that Miss Miriam Hub-[illegible] of Michigan University is not the [illegible] physically perfect girl. She knows at least six girls who would "measure [illegible] with Miss Hubbard and need not be [illegible] to vie with Venus herself for [illegible] awarding apple, if any Bostonian [illegible] be persuaded to break through the [illegible] of reserve and play the part of [illegible]. But the Baroness knows one [illegible] perfect" girl: Miss Van Tassel, of [illegible] who is five feet nine inches in [illegible] weighs 149 pounds, and admits [illegible] measurements: 36 bust, [illegible] waist and 37 hips. Miss Van Tassel [illegible] years old and as yet has not [illegible] desire to shine [illegible] comic [illegible]

Divinely Tall.

[illegible] wrote a few days ago to the [illegible] complaining bitterly because he is very tall. Women take an [illegible] advantage of him. "While [illegible] hanging may be a hardship [illegible] am somewhat inconvenienced [illegible] utilized as a clothing or [illegible] them during the fre-[illegible]

[illegible] him [illegible] tremendously [illegible] need all the small amount [illegible] that I occupy." [illegible] does not [illegible] whether [illegible] reasonably furnished with [illegible] difference. A traveller [illegible] that he would give hundreds of [illegible] to have a commanding figure [illegible] could impress hotel clerks and [illegible] the best there was in the inn.

When Tennyson described Helen, a daughter of the gods, divinely tall, he remembered the opinion of the Greeks that tallness was a great beauty in women. Penelope told her housekeeper that there was no use in her washing her body and anointing herself with oil, "for the gods who possess Olympus have destroyed my beauty since he departed in his hollow ships." Then Minerva gave Penelope immortal gifts, that the Greeks might admire her. "She made her taller and larger to look upon; and she made her whiter than sawn ivory." Does not Aristotle in his "Ethics" say: "Beauty implies a large bodily conformation, while small people are neat and well made, but not beautiful?" On the other hand Ovid, the Roman, more than once sneered at Andromache because she was so tall.

Close Resemblances.

It is a question whether our friend Golightly is pleased or offended when he is mistaken in the street for a prominent politician of this city. As a rule when there is a resemblance between two men and it is made the subject of conversation neither one feels himself complimented. The Duke of Wellington was told that a certain Mr. Jones, a highly respectable tradesman, made it his boast that he was frequently mistaken for the Iron Duke, whereupon the Duke replied: "Dear me, that's very curious, for I'm not aware that I've ever been mistaken for Mr. Jones."

Nor was this more unkind than Bismarck's speech to Li Hung Chang calling upon him at Friedrichsruh. "So they have called your excellency the 'Bismarck of the Far East,' eh? Well, I want to tell you I cannot ever hope to be termed the Li Hung Chang of Europe."

"PASSERS-BY"

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Passers-By," a play in four acts by C Haddon Chambers. Charles Frohman's Company. First produced at Wyndham's Theatre, London, March 29, 1911.

Mr. Peter Waverton	Charles Cherry
William Pine	Frank H. Westerton
"Nighty"	A. G. Andrews
Samuel Burns	Lewis Edgarde
Margaret Summers	Alma Belwin
The Lady Hurley	Ann's Esmonde
Miss Beatrice Dainton	Charlotte Ives
Little Peter	Edna Hugarth

The play, cast in a conventional mould except in the matter of exposition, introduces three uncommon characters—"Nighty," the cabman, who has views on eugenics; Burns, an embankment loafer, whose motto is that work is for the workingman, and Miss Beatrice, the most extraordinary of the three. Peter and Margaret are old acquaintances; the valet, amusing as he is, has amused in other plays, especially those of French derivation. So, too, the Lady Hurley is a common type in English comedy and melodrama. But Burns is delightful in his attitude towards the prosperous, in his sublime optimism, in his desire to be let alone, and we can easily forgive him his descent into melodrama when he lures Little Peter away by his promise of catching rabbits.

Mr. Peter is a self-satisfied, well-to-do young man who, bored one night and returning unexpectedly, finds his valet entertaining a cabman. He at once dismisses the servant, but, restless, recalls him and asks for an explanation. Pine, the valet, tells him that he, as a student of life, is interested in passers-by. Peter looks out of the window and sees Burns picking up things in the street. Burns must come in. The cabman, too, must be a guest. The dialogue in this act is unusually entertaining, never farcical in its extravagance. The cabman says that the poor wretches like Burns never had a chance. Give the children more light and air. Burns does not consider himself a down-trodden specimen of humanity. He is as self-satisfied as Peter himself.

The fog without is as pea soup. Pine sees a woman coughing on the door steps. She, too, comes in. Peter recognizes her as his lost love, Margaret, a governess at his home. They had loved each other; but Lady Hurley, his step-sister, had dismissed her, lied to Peter and intercepted letters. He now learns that Margaret had a son by him and is contented with earning six or seven shillings a day. But Peter is betrothed to Beatrice.

That he may see his boy, Margaret brings him to Peter's apartment twice a week. She knows of her lover's betrothal and invents a sweetheart for herself, one Henry Robinson. Burns has become an under servant, having been run over by a milk cart and [illegible] through the [illegible] immense [illegible] by his [illegible] cheerful [illegible] Burns [illegible] to [illegible] there [illegible] When [illegible] he [illegible] the three [illegible] for he expected and loved her. [illegible] make escape with the [illegible] watching all night with the [illegible] mother, sounds her and [illegible] her own course. When Peter comes back with his son, she gives him the "chuck." She says that she is fond of him, but they are not suited to each other. Margaret is a noble woman, and Peter surely loves her. Thus there is a happy ending, though the valet probably is not wholly satisfied.

Now Beatrice, slangy, amazingly frank, undoubtedly loves Peter. The fact that he has a child by another woman does not disturb her; nor is she surprised because Margaret instead of being repentant glories in her motherhood and is radiantly happy though a working woman. She has no hysterical fit. She chokes for a moment when she hears the truth, and then insists on bringing Margaret and Peter together in orthodox union. An extraordinary young woman, with her views, her questioning, her calm acceptance of facts that according to the laws of the society in which she moves should shock her beyond measure. Margaret with her maternal happiness, her unwillingness to complain, her secret adoration of the father of her child, is in comparison prosaic.

Mr. Chambers in his play has stretched once or twice "the long arm of coincidence," pulled it almost from the shoulder, but he has put on the stage some very human characters. His material, real and fantastical, familiar and novel, is well worked. His dialogue is fluent, almost always to the point and aiding in the presentation of character. It is amusing without being flippant, without the aid of paradox. The sociological views and the position taken by Margaret, who has not the slightest desire to pose as forsaken and repentant, might well lead to academic discussion, but the expression of these views does not check the course of the play.

The performance was excellent in all respects. It would be hard to say which impersonation was the most natural and lifelike. Mr. Cherry was a well bred, easy-going Peter, with a sense of humor and with the frankness that had won the love of Beatrice. Mr. Edgarde acted with a fine display of realism and admirable discretion the part of Burns that might easily lead to extravagance. Mr. Andrews and Mr. Westerton were equally good in portraiture of character. Miss Belwin was attractive by her gentleness and simplicity; Miss Esmonde played effectively the most conventional part in the drama; Miss Ives was a natural and convincing Beatrice, whose behavior, represented by another, might appear inexplicable. Stage children, to restrict Charles Lamb's saying, are usually unwholesome companions for grown persons. Little Peter last night was an exception.

'PASSING SHOW'

SHUBERT THEATRE—New York Winter Garden Company in "The Passing Show of 1912," a musical cocktail in two acts and seven scenes.

The captious censurer settled comfortably in his seat to experience his quantum of enjoyment. Probably he felt some sting of conscience. But others, less carping, experienced equal enjoyment and manifested it by more noticeable signs. None were really shocked, except those having great, very great compunction. But this is not to the discredit of the show, nor, indeed, any evidence that it is entirely void of effervescence, ebullition and mischievousness. Not a bit of it. It is fairly saturated with much of these carbonating elements. Only, the ingredients are admixed in delightful proportions and their effects are not too inebriating. In consequence, only the most cavilling propriety need be abstemious of this musical cocktail.

It is called "The Passing Show of 1912" and, in so far, suggests the notability of things theatrical. Indeed, it undertakes to perpetuate the memory of those many, many plays which cost us laughs and tears and two dollars per. It makes us glad that we saw them, glad that we paid our two dollars to see them; for without having seen them, our enjoyment of the present show would be cut down by half. But, having seen them, we may laugh and we may weep—from very laughter—over the sacrilegious metamorphoses they have undergone. All the heroes, heroines, low comedians and great tragedians—as many as there are—were reviewed by the audience last evening. And, if they were garbed in foreign fashion, twisted their vernacular with relentless regularity, they were recognized just the same, because they kept the audience in an eternal uproar.

The other half of the show, the larger half, which, but for natural differences in tastes, would be the whole—the other half one may enjoy without having once seen a show before [illegible]

[illegible] was [illegible] to [illegible] too small and [illegible] audience, where [illegible] wanting to corral them. But the [illegible] wore an evil [illegible] in his [illegible] and the show continued.

It was a "fine" show undoubtedly one of the best of its kind seen in Boston for many a night. It was grandly varied and, in consequence, satisfied the tastes of the most exacting. There was action, constant action in the stage. Bit after bit was delightfully served and the supply of surprises seemed inexhaustible. Chorus succeeded chorus, each newly costumed and none appeared twice in the same attire—probably because there was much that was scanty, but that's neither here nor there. Certain it was that each number betrayed competent direction and constant rehearsing. But there was talent, too, much talent.

First in order of merit was Adeline, a wee mite of a dancer with a great big knowledge of art. Seldom is one privileged to witness such exquisite and unerring technique as was displayed by this dancer. Probably one detected no large amount of imagination. Yet even so important an element as this may be disregarded when there is present such exquisite technique as is the happy possession of Adelaine. She was ably seconded by Mr Hughes, who is delightfully suggestive and pleasingly nimble. Enjoyable also was the pantomime that served as a curtain raiser to the show proper. Gesture is unconventionally only in the exceptional artist. "The Ballet of 1830" was conventional in its method but diverting in spite of that. Miss Gr[illegible] Ville Moore, as the vampire, and Mr. Agoust, as the lover, were compellingly and really suggestive in the conventional way.

Miss Trixie Friganza and Mr. Charles J. Ross were eminently resourceful with the make-up box. They were untiring in their effort to please and succeeded handsomely. They did so much, played so very many parts and played them all so well, that record of them would be voluminous. Moon and Morris are nimble among the nimblest and amusing in addition. So they earned all the applause that was liberally dispensed in their favor.

Altogether a "bully" show.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Great Divide," by William Vaughn Moody, staged under direction of William [illegible] Walsh.

Ruth Jordan	[illegible]
Philip Jordan	Dudley Hawley
Polly Jordan, his wife	Miss Ethel Terry
Mrs. Jordan, his mother	Valerie Valliste
Winthrop Newbury	Harry Fear[illegible]
Dr Newbury, his father	Russell Clarke
Stephen Ghent	Theodore Friebus
Lon Anderson	Charles Abbe

TALKING DOG HEADS BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Easily the best act at B. F. Keith's this week, even though it isn't accorded the head-line position upon the bill, is a sketch entitled "The Attorneys," presented by William A. Weston & Co. The sketch is refreshingly novel in its nature and, in addition, is extremely well presented. The curtain goes up on what appears to be an attorney's office with innumerable letter files, bookcases etc., scattered about the offices. In the course of the act almost all of these pieces of apparently office furniture prove to be various sorts of [illegible] instruments from which the [illegible] of five produce surprisingly sweet music. The selections run from the classical to the popular and back again. Weston himself plays the part of a German client of the attorneys and was called before the curtain several times at the conclusion of the act.

"Don," the $50,000 German talking dog, accompanied by his German mistress and lastly, but by no means leastly, by the well known Loney Haskell, is the supposedly star attraction of the bill. Don speaks in German—six words there are that he utters upon the command of his mistress—and possibly it is because they are in German that they are not more generally understood. But Mr. Haskell, in his 10-minute introduction of "Don," scores heavily. He says, in the course of his praises of the dog's wonderful articulation, that several times he has himself appeared in Boston, although never before as "a human apology for a dog." Loney fits into the combination very nicely and helps it out a lot.

Joseph Hart's production, "An Opening Night," one of George V. Hobart's sketches, seen in Boston before, tells the story of the [illegible] upon finding [illegible] gone, with no [illegible] [illegible]

down t[illegible] to the [illegible] a certain [illegible] There are [illegible] pany in all, with H[illegible] stuttering druggist, [illegible]

The [illegible] fr[illegible] across the water, intr[illegible] three well-trained high school horses and the other starters upon the bill include the Morissey Trio, in songs and dances; Karl Rosina, in feats of magi and of sleight of hand; M'Intyre and Groves, who manage to kill 15 minutes without doing very much although they say a lot.

BERTHALD SINGS IN 3 TONGUES

Barron Berthald, operatic tenor, assisted by Adolph Glose, pianist, gave a song recital last evening in Steinert Hall. Mr. Berthald sang these songs: Chadwick, "Oh! Let Night Speak of Me"; Hadley, "The Rain Is Falling"; Parker, "Love in May"; Campbell-Tipton, "Spirit Flower"; Wagner, "Dich Seligste Frau," and "Winter-Stuerme," from "Die Walkuere"; Strauss, "Allerseelen"; Cornelius, "Komm Wir Wandeln"; Wolf, "Der Genesene an Die Hoffnung," "Fussreise," "Heimweh"; Puccini, "E Lucevan le Stelle," from "Tosca"; Massenet, "Ouvre tes yeux Bleus"; Debussy, "Nuit d'Etoiles"; Delbruck, "Eternelle Chanson"; Hahn, "Mai." Mr. Glose played these pieces: Wagner, Brassin, Magic Fire Music; Brahms, Scherzo, Op. 5; Chopin, Nocturne and Valse.

As an opera singer Mr. Berthald has had an honorable career. An excellent Lohengrin, he also created the part of Dimesdale in Damrosch's "Scarlet Letter."

Experienced and effective singers in opera are often heard at a disadvantage in the concert hall. There is the traditional broad treatment of resonant phrases and there is a corresponding lack of finesse in tonal gradations and nuances. But the qualities that distinguish an accomplished concert singer would lose in effect on the operatic stage.

Last evening Mr. Berthald's program was cleverly selected. The songs were of such a nature as to make a direct appeal to the audience, while the operatic arias served to display the singer's skill in the branch of his art with which he is more completely in sympathy.

On the whole Mr. Berthald's performance was generally effective. He sang with fervor and sincerity, if at times he miscalculated the acoustic properties of the hall. His enunciation in all three languages was commendable, while his interpretations revealed dramatic intelligence and the ability to establish and consistently maintain the mood of the composer. The songs by Chadwick and Parker were sung in a romantic spirit. "Allerseelen" was impressively given, and the pensive sadness of "Nuit d'Etoiles," one of Debussy's less exotic and more frankly melodious works, was artistically reflected.

An audience of good size was hearty in its expressions of appreciation.

Nov 20 1912

YESTERDAY'S CONCERTS

Programs Enjoyed in Steinert and Jordan Halls.

By PHILIP HALE.

Selden Miller of Philadelphia gave the first of three concerts yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program included piano pieces and songs by Schubert and Schumann: Schubert Impromptus, B flat, A flat and E flat, and Moment Musical, C sharp minor; Der Lindenbaum, Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman, Die Allmacht, Wohin? Schumann—Fantasie from "Kreisleriana," B flat; Caprice after Paganini, E, Aria from Sonata, novelette, D minor; Thre Stimme, Ded Hidalgo, Mein Schoener Stern, Fruehlingsnacht.

Concerts of this nature are unusual. Many years ago Mr. Henschel at a Symphony concert conducted and sang, and one of his compositions was on the program. Great was the joy of the faithful. Some remember a concert or two given by Mr. Petersilea in which he played the piano and sung songs by Schubert—a melancholy occasion.

Mr. Selden is evidently a musician of taste and serious purposes, rather than a piano virtuoso or a brilliant interpreter of songs. His proficiency as a pianist is greater than as a singer; that is, his piano technic, while not highly developed, is surer, and readier in response to aesthetic demands. In some ways his playing is still amateurish; thus he has a slap-dash use of the left hand in striking chords, and he is inclined to an abuse of the damper pedal, but he appreciates the intention of the composer, his tone is agreeable in melodic and running passages [illegible] rather dry in those demanding full strength. Inasmuch as he is not a [illegible] of great pretension, and plays [illegible] to sympathetic friends [illegible]ng room, it is not

a [illegible] re curio[illegible] the exact c[illegible] of his technic or discuss the emotional quality of his readings.

He is less successful as a singer, except in the matter of honest intention. The voice itself is not one of marked beauty, not brilliant, or eminently virile, and he has yet to learn tonal emission. The voice sounds best when the tones are in his middle register and the music calls for mezzo forte. The lower tones are guttural, and other tones yesterday were frequently throaty.

A small audience was friendly disposed. The program of his next concert on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 3, will be devoted to music by MacDowell and Grieg.

Last evening in Jordan Hall, Roland W. Hayes gave a concert. He was assisted by William H. Richardson, baritone; Roy W. Tibbs, pianist and Mrs. Maud Cuney Hare, accompanist. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. Coleridge-Taylor and H. T. Burleigh were appropriately prominent among the composers represented. Mr. Hayes sang "Onaway! Awake, Beloved" and Mr. Richardson "True is All Iagoo Tells Us" from the "Hiawatha" trilogy and Mr. Hayes sang two songs by Burleigh "O Love of a Day" and "Just Because." The other vocal selections were Flegier's "The Horn," "Cielo e Mar" from "Gioconda," a duet from "Forza del Destino," Cadman's "Moonlight Song" and Rummel's "Ecstacy." Mr. Tibbs played Tausig's arrangement of Bach's organ toccata and fugue in D minor, Glazounoff's etude No. 1, Liszt's "St. Francis Preaching to the Birds" and "La Campanella."

Mr. Hayes, a tenor, has an unusually good voice. The natural quality is beautiful. It is a luscious yet manly voice. Mr. Hayes sings freely and with taste, though in his youthful enthusiasm he occasionally last evening forced an upper tone. Such maltreatment was not frequent. With patience and still further study, he should go far.

Mr. Richardson is also singularly blessed by nature. His voice is resonant, firm, commanding, yet smooth and even throughout a liberal compass. He, too, sang fluently and with marked authority.

The pianist showed facility and strength in the toccata and fugue and greatly pleased the audience by his interpretation of the other pieces.

The trouble is that from the Bible to Bradshaw, things of infinite variety are called by the common name of Book. They all look very much alike; the things common to them all are visible things. It is the invisible—the art behind the words, the motive behind the art—that makes the difference between one book and another, and makes it possible to touch the foulest things with a clean, or soil the fairest with an unclean, hand.

No Longer Ignorant.

Mr. Halliday Witherspoon in his delightful dissertation on gunmen and gangsters spoke of a "schnorrer." In footnotes to his dissertation we had the courage to admit our ignorance of the world. After a man passes the roaring 40's this courage comes to him. If it does not his case is hopeless.

And now we no longer burst in ignorance. Ky-ind friends have come to the rescue.

Mr. Emil Schwab writes: "Schnorrer—beggar, sponge, pique-assiette."

"F. B. C." writes at greater length: "As the word 'Schnorrer' seems to puzzle you, I am wondering if you do not remember 'The King of the Schnorrers,' by Israel Zangwill, a unique and quite interesting book published possibly eight years ago. If my memory serves, a 'schnorrer' is a professional beggar. Read the book, you'll enjoy it."

Concerning "Schnorrer."

But there are so many books to read, and we have not yet finished the first volume of the "Enclycopedia Britannica." We did not have time to read "Trilby" until three summers ago in a Maine camp, when it rained all day. Not that we are unappreciative of "F. B. C.'s" advice; we have put Mr. Zangwill's novel on the list of books for old age, for diversion in some Old Man's Home, when the weather forbids golf; when backgammon and jack-straws pall.

It is a curious fact that "schnorrer" in his entertaining "Lon dihismen "Slang and its Analogues." Baumann, in his entertaining "Lon di nismen (Slang and Cant), gives "Schmarotzer" and "Rassauer" as the synonyms of "sponger." Dr. Murray and his merry men admit "Jewish beggar" as the only definition, and say that "schnorrer" is a Yiddish variation of the German "schnurrer" from "schnurren" (slang), to go begging. Now the German "schnurren" or "schnorren" in the 18th century meant only to snore or snarl. (See Ludwig's "Teutsch-Englisches Lexicon," Leipsic, 1765.) In modern German this verb "schnurren" means to whiz, whir, hum, to sing through the nose, purr, and in slang, to beg. Muret-Sanders include "schnorren" and "schnorrer" as Jewish-German words meaning respectively "to beg" and "beggar."

Nowhere, Mr. Witherspoon, do we find "schnorrer" as a synonym for "ganef" or "low life."

In the Mosque Again.

"S. M., Jr.," write apropos of Mr. Bryce's statement that when he visited Constantinople he was informed that if a Christian went unaccompanied by a native into the Mosque of St. Sophia he would be violent[illegible] is a queer statement from Mr. Bryce or anybody else. In '85 when I was in Constantinople I visited the beautiful St. Sophia. Service was going on, the worshippers rising and falling like the waves of the sea. I did not even take off my shoes, but put slippers over them and I paid my medjidie. I was not torn to pieces enough to notice it, nor had I heard of such a risk. As there were many visitors at the time, a lot evidently entered without fear."

"Balmy" and "Chuck."

There are two fine specimens of London slang in "Passers-By." The valet thinks his master "balmy"; in other words that he has a loose slat, that there are bats in his belfry. Some months ago an animated correspondence was published in this column. The question was whether a man is balmy "on" the crumpet or "in" the crumpet; a nice point, not definitely decided.

Miss Beatrice tells Peter that she gives him the "chuck," dismisses his suit, breaks her engagement, turns him down. How does the old song go? "And I shall get the blooming chuck as well as 14 days."

What a stumbling block the noun "chuck" must be to a foreigner! There's the chuck made by a cock or hen, or by people calling them or inciting a horse; the familiar term of endearment used by Shakespeare; a sudden blow under the chin; a toss from the hand; a pebble used in the game of check-stone, or a marble used in taw; a lump of wood, bread, meat; a boat-chock; a contrivance for holding work in a lathe or drilling machine; a cut of beef from the horns to the ribs; a fowl; a game of marbles, or the human throat, or credit, or food, provisions—what's the use?

The Case of Mr. Fairholt.

Frederick Fairholt wrote an excellent book about tobacco, perhaps the best on that subject; his rare collection of smoker's literature was sold at auction in London not long ago; yet he himself was practically an abstainer from the weed. His father worked in a tobacco warehouse and the son was for 14 years in the same employment. He remembered as a boy "rolling in the tobacco leaf as country children roll in a hayfield, and playing at hide-and-seek in empty tobacco barrels." Perhaps for this reason he did not find enjoyment in smoking, but, a liberal soul, he "had no narrow notions on a pleasure in which I cannot participate, but rather an honest detestation of that want of Christian tolerance which has induced some persons to denounce a harmless indulgence as if it were a moral evil."

Nov 21 1912

YESTERDAY'S CONCERTS

Debut of Miss Van Baerentzen—Mr. Copeland's Recital.

By PHILIP HALE.

George Copeland gave a piano recital last night in Jordan Hall. An audience of good size was most appreciative. The program was as follows: Bach, Sarabande and Passepieds I. and II.; Mozart, Adagio from Sonata No. 6; Scarlatti, Sonatas 1, 5; Liszt, Etude; Chopin, Polonaise with the Mazurka Intermezzo; Enesco, Pavane (first time); Debussy, Nocturne, Soiree dans Grenade, Poissons d'or; Spanish Dances 8 and 9, Grenados (first time); Albeniz, Seguidillas (first time); Jongen, Soleil a Midi (first time).

It is always a pleasure to hear Mr. Copeland play the music of old days, for it suits the finer qualities of his peculiar and indisputable art. Last night he caught the spirit of Mozart's Adagio, with its romantic song which the ornamentation in the "gallant" style does not disturb, and the music of Scarlatti was played with the serene fleetness that was becoming.

Mr. Copeland's exquisite touch is always a delight, and it enhanced the beautiful simplicity of Bach as well as the impressions and imaginings of Debussy.

He gave a fine performance of Liszt's etude, a performance conspicuous for brilliance and elegance. That of Chopin's Polonaise was not so distinguished, although the mazurka selection was played in a fascinating manner.

Enesco's Pavane is composed in the ultra-modern manner, but it has not the indefinable charm of Ravel's. It is rather labored—in its fitfulness and irregularity. Mr. Copeland has acquainted us with a good many Spanish dances. Whatever name is signed to them, they recall the once favorite ditty: "All coons look alike to me." How much more of the atmosphere of Spain is in Debussy's "Soiree dans Grenade" with its hints and suggestions! The gray of Debussy's pieces was naturally a chief feature of the concert, for if Debussy, the composer for the piano, is great, Mr. Copeland is his prophet.

Miss Aline van Baerentzen gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a large expectant and enthusiastic audience. The program included Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, Chopin's Ballade op. 42, nocturne op. 15 No. 2, Polonaise op. 53, Brahm's' variations on a Theme by Paganini, Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 11.

It was surely not the fault of Miss Baerentzen that she was flamboyantly announced as "The Pa[illegible] of the piano," for, although she can play louder than many strong men, her face and her behavior show her to be a modest girl.

In 1909, when she was 11 years old, she was one of five to whom first prizes were awarded at the Paris Conservatory. She played that year at a Colonne concert and afterwards went to Berlin, where she receiveo the highest honor when she was graduated from the Hochschule. As a child she was a prodigy.

Her performance yesterday revealed the fact that she has an extraordinary facility for one of her years. It also revealed the fact that her sense of rhythm is not unfailing, witness her playing of the polonaise, that her technic at times is yeasty; that the aesthetic and emotional sides of her art are not fully developed, and this was to be expected. The question is, with the advantage of uncommon mechanical proficiency, will she be able to work out her musical salvation?

Technic is only a means to an end. However musical Miss Van Baerentzen may be in certain respects, her interpretation yesterday was chiefly a display of facility with an abuse of strength. When she is older, she will no doubt learn that to appeal to the mind and the soul is more than to excite amazement by an easy triumph over mechanical difficulties. She is too young to express the sentiments and emotions that come only with the experience of years, the experiences of joy, sorrow, suffering; all that which accompanies the development of womanhood.

She has yet to master the secrets of rhythm; to realize the necessity of grasping a composition as an organic whole; to know that undue force is not true strength. And it would be well for her to cultivate a sense of humor, for if she had this now she would not play Brahms's variations in their appalling length in the hearing of the public.

Let us hope that her musical gift will ripen with the years. It would be a pity if injudicious friends should persuade her that she is already a "great pianist."

"GOSHEN, N. Y., Nov. 19—A new state's witness in the case against Burton W. Gibson darkfaced the hopes of the defence today."

Great is the English language! "It is the medium that shall well nigh express the inexpressible."

Not the Same.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of your note about close resemblances. A few years ago a little illustrated sketch appeared in one of the comic papers of an Englishman who had employed a guide to point out the interesting sights of Boston. The scene was in School street near the old bookstore. A figure was coming down the opposite side of the street and attracted the attention of the Englishman. "Who may that be, my man?" "That," answered the guide with emphasis, "is the famous Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes." But—it was Gen. Ben Butler.

Newton, Nov. 19. H. G. M.

Minnie Hauk.

Minnie Hauk, who died last Saturday in Munich, was once famous in this country as Carmen, and there are many who still remember her with pleasure. Her name was Amelia Hauk and she was born in New York in 1852. When she was 12 years old she sang in a concert at New Orleans. The New York journals in their obituary note state that she made her first appearance in opera in Brooklyn when she sang Norma and they give the date 1869. As a matter of fact she took the part of Prascovia in "The Star of the North" as a member of Maretzek's company at Tripler Hall, New York, Nov. 30, 1866; and as "Mlle. A. M. Hauck" was singing in opera at the Academy of Music, New York, in March, 1867. She sang in the United States and in Europe in many parts—parts as dissimilar as Amina and Carmen, Violetta and Cherubino—but she will be remembered as the Carmen brought by Col. Mapleson to this country. She had been exciting Brussels by her performance in Bizet's opera and the gallant colonel resolved that she should be the heroine in London. It was not easy for him to produce "Carmen" at Her Majesty's Theatre, for Campanini sent back his music saying that he could not appear in an opera where there was no long and romantic solo and his only duet was with the seconda donna. Del Puente returned his music with the remark that it must have been intended for a chorus man. Mme. Valleria pouted at the idea of h[illegible] being cast as Micaela and sugges[illegible] Miss Bauermeister or one of the ch[illegible] The receipts for the first two or [illegible] performances were miserable [illegible] looked as though the "artist" w[illegible]

... wrote of Mina ... a ... as a ... in ... and thus getting the music into the heads of the British public."

The End of All.

... thought the Carmen of Minnie Hauk coarse. (What would they have said to the Carmen of Mme. Maria Gay?) The people heard and saw her gladly, and she put the Carmen of Marie Roze, a singer of a finer type, into the shade. The Europeans applauded her in this and other parts. In the course of her career she had been an honored member of the Royal Opera House in Berlin and of the Imperial Opera House in Vienna.

In 1891 she came back to the United States. At the Metropolitan she was heard as Selika and Carmen. Probably her last appearance in Boston was in ... Hall on April 7, 1891. There was an "operatic concert with scenery and costumes." She and Campanini and Del Puente took part in selections from the first, second and fourth acts of "Carmen," and she and Mme. Poole, with ... Ludwig, Gorsky and Clark, were heard in the second act of "The Flying Dutchman." Mme. Sophie Zela, a Norwegian, then made her first appearance in this country as Marguerite in the garden.

It was a melancholy occasion. Mme. Hauk was then fat and clumsy. Campanini and Del Puente were the shad... of their former selves. Yet the ... public applauded, forgetting the present in gratitude for the past.

... Hauk was still singing in Europe as late as 1896. She had married ... von Hesse-Wartegg, and they ... In 1894 they went round the world.

One of the best portraits of Minnie Hauk was that drawn by Joseph Keppler for Puck. There was a touch of caricature, but the likeness of this Carmen was admirable, and there was full expression of the spirit that animated the impersonation.

In the Court Room.

We like to think of Gen. Keifer wearing a dress suit when he addressed the supreme court. The incident takes us back to the good old days when the majesty of the law was not merely a sonorous phrase. In the old court town in western Massachusetts the sheriff wore a blue coat with gilt buttons and there was a button on the side of his plug hat. When he had escorted the judge to the bench he hung this hat on a slender ... that ran up from his box. In this ... room when the Florence Sewing Machine Company brought suit against the Singer, the Grover & Baker and the Wheeler & Wilson in combination—the suit that lowered forever the price of sewing machines—Judge Abbott of Boston donned a dress coat before his speech to the jury. Judge Hoar for the plaintiff made no change in dress.

Thus brought up with a feeling of awe for court proceedings, we were ... some years later in Albany, N. Y., at the absence of dignity even when the ... court justice was sitting. We ... with his feet ... while a lawyer was making a motion.

Nov 1912

PIANO RECITAL BY PROCTOR

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. George Proctor gave a piano recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a warmly applausive audience of fair size. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, Sonata op. 110; Brahms, Capriccio in B minor, op. 76; Chopin, Barcarole; Schumann, toccata; Groendahl, two concert etudes op. 11; Debussy, Soiree dans Grenade"; Balakireff, "Islamey."

The program was well arranged and the concert was about the right length. It lasted an hour and a quarter. Any chamber concert, whether it be a piano recital or by a string quartet, that lasts over an hour and a half is a weariness to the flesh and the spirit. It is true that the program included the great sonata which Vincent d'Indy says is the only one in Beethoven's third manner that is not dedicated to some one: "Beethoven could dedicate only to himself this musical expression of a confession in his own life"; and it also included "Islamey," which was once thought to be one of the most difficult ... for a virtuoso, as Lycophron was thought most difficult to translate, ... the difficulty lay in the obscurity of the author's allusions. ... say that only the great- ... of these two com... ... completely ... great ... always with us, perhaps ... for constant dwelling ... the ... is not comfortable or healthful ... while are these works to be neglected.

Nor in hearing the sonata are we bound to remember M. d'Indy's argument: that this sonata throws us into the crisis of the composer's life when his mental sufferings were at last dispelled by his faith and will"; that it portrays the bitter struggle against utter prostration, and the return to life and hope is celebrated by an exultant hymn. But this sonata is, first of all, music, and if it be clearly played, with a sense of structure and proportion, with a pure and expressive tone, it may still give pleasure to those who have not been told that the sonata is a drama of mental conflict transcribed into music.

There were excellent features in Mr. Proctor's performance of the sonata, those just mentioned, and clean polyphonic playing in the fugue. He did not attempt to make too much of the Scherzo. As for the marvelous song of lamentation in the Introduction to the Fugue, what pianist has ever played it as we all think it might be played seeing it on the page? At any rate, Mr. Proctor did not sentimentalize it. The melody was thus of the old Italian school comparable to the immortal Lament of Monteverde; not of Donizettian lachrymosity.

His performance of the pieces by Brahms, Schumann and Groendahl were features of a pleasant concert. The first of the etudes would be improved by cutting out the superfluities. The second is brilliant and captivating. Mr. Proctor's playing of Debussy's impressionistic sketch was too ... too deliberate. Only one ... of recent years really played Chopin's Barcarole, and his name is Vladimir de Pachmann. Mr. Proctor was successful in this, however: he made the sections hang together.

MISS SCOTNEY AT TEMPLE

A crowded house and noticeable enthusiasm were the features of the opening concert in Converse Hall last evening of the 1912-1913 season in the Tremont Temple course. Miss Evelyn Scotney, the popular soprano of the Boston Opera House, was the bright particular star of the evening. She gave the fine old Scotch songs so artistically that she aroused her audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and was obliged to grant encore upon encore before it would be satisfied.

Miss Ellen Keller contributed a number of violin selections. Howard White, bass, was heard in several songs setting forth the glory of the Scottish clans. Carl Lamson was the accompanist and played in his usual finished style, contributing materially to the success of the evening.

The second concert in the series comes Dec. 12 with an evening of Irish melody, M. J. Dwyer, tenor, Miss Edith Barnes, soprano of the Boston Opera company, and Miss Lucile Folsom, harpist, being the artists.

Old age superbly rising! Ineffable grace of dying days!

De Senectute.

As the World Wags:

As to the hardening of the arteries and the sleeping sickness, I have had them both in a mild form for some years past. The former enables me to drink coffee at any time and in almost any quantity with impunity. My stiffened arteries refuse to pump blood into my brain in too great streams at the behest of an artificially excited heart. The sleeping sickness, on the other hand, enables me to find needed rest at any moment. Does a bore prose long in my ear, I catch catnaps between his wearisome sentences. I put my head down on my desk at any moment of the day for a brief period of lethean refreshment, and at night I sleep as if I had really rid myself of the final particle of inherited Presbyterian conscience. When helping pay the Elevated Company's dividends as a strap-hanger, I sleep in security so tightly held by my standing neighbors that no jolt throws me from my feet.

In fact, there is nothing so pleasant as dying at the top. It is the sole recipe for growing old gracefully. A modified memory as to the things of yesterday does not prevent one's recalling all the delightful masters of English read in youth. Jeremy Taylor, Bunyan, DeFoe, Fielding, Swift, Cobbett, are remembered with delight, and Mr. Robert Chambers goes in at one ear and out at the other. One may wear old clothes without exciting disapproval, and say "Damn" in company, with the certainty that one's unconventional manners will be set down to the idiosyncrasies of the Sixties. "Wait till you come to Forty Year," sang Thackeray, but he was at least 20 years too early. The real joy of life is to be found between 85 and 100. Youth is a delusion and middle age a snare. Hail to white hair and the slippered pantaloon!

Boston, Nov. ... EGBERT TRIPPIT.

... of ... Do you know ... you ...

Opera in English.

There has been much chatter of late concerning the necessity of operatic performances in English. We have received a fantastical letter on this subject from a brilliant Bostonian self exiled in Switzerland.

"Whatever American composers may do to the public with their operas, it is not in it with the scorching revolt on of apostasy I should make, had I any old command of type and printer's-ink, in a violent manifesto against all opera whatsoever in the English language. I have been saved from inflicting this wound upon the public heart! But really we Anglo-Saxons are just throwing away our most precious artistic birthright; for centuries the English speaking peoples, on both sides of the Atlantic, have been blessed beyond all others, in being saved from Opera (with a capital O) in the vernacular. And now the blooming idiots are laying it made to order! By the Piper that played before Moses, does any English or American composer now living, be his musical formula Donizettian, Wagnerian, or Debussian, fondly imagine for a moment that he has genius enough (it would take more than any ten now dead musicians ever had) to set music to an English text and thus immediately thwart every known or knowable purpose of Opera—by reminding the audience of Oratorio? Isn't the English language, and hasn't it always been, sacred to Oratorio? When any miserable foreigner (like Handel and Mendelssohn) had the cheek to write an oratorio in his own profane tongue, was it not immediately translated into English? Did not Handel go to England especially to save himself the expense of such translation? What man who knew anything ever tried to write an opera in English? Poor Weber, to be sure, but he was far gone in consumption, and not in his right mind—moreover the whole musical world forthwith set itself to forgetting that 'Oberon' was written to an English text, and so did homage to his memory. I suppose the Americans may be excused by some Monroe-doctrine enthusiasm."

Foreign Notes.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, undergoing a cure at Budapest, rises at 3:30 A. M. and breakfasts immediately after cold water treatment. His cook is obliged to get up at 2 A. M. A few days ago cooky went to the larder to bring in the cold meat. To his horror a large ham had disappeared. A chimney sweep had carried it off, but this is not the point. Any emperor or any citizen who at the age of Francis Joseph can eat cold ham before sunrise is worthy of undying admiration in the form of a statue. Possibly Rodin could work the ham into his scheme for a masterpiece.

In the Fen district, England, graphically described by Hilaire Belloc, a covey of partridges put up by a keeper flew some distance and suddenly and unanimously dropped into the water and were drowned. This brings up the question whether animals commit suicide? There have been striking instances that would seem to give the answer "Yes." What saith the apostle? "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together," and although he adds, "until now," the whole creation is still agroaning. Some years ago a dog went to the historic Frog pond in the Common and held his head under the water until he was dead. Why should not many horses be tempted daily to kill themselves? Men and women have committed self-slaughter because their pride was wounded. What are the feelings of a horse when he learns that his tail has been docked?

Nov. 23, 1912

AT SYMPHONY

Fritz Kreisler Gives Masterly Performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto.

MOZART'S "JUPITER" HEARD

By PHILIP HALE.

The sixth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon. Dr. Muck conducted and Mr. Kreisler was the solo ... The program was as follows:

... Mozart ... Beethoven ... Brahms

The symphony of Mozart is 124 years ... It is not dramatic, as we now understand the word, ... in ... there ... by ... now ... in ... and ... now ... this symmetry, this ... proportion, ... expression ... delight ... a source of wonder to ... Or is it that ... called taste or style which ... such differing composers as Rossini and ..., Debussy and ... Strauss find as a chief charm ... of Mozart's music? Debussy finding this also in the music of Bach ... searches for it in the music of Beethoven.

But to some the serenity of Mozart, a serenity observed even in allegro and minuet, is more disquieting than the ... agitation of another. The ... with Bacon, there is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. They seek for this strangeness, and, failing to discover it within the body of the music, imagine an esoteric meaning, a perfect euphony ... their nerves. To them Mozart's symphony is an amiable endeavor, the fitting expression of a courtly but ... time period, or the "Jupiter" is dismissed as having only historical interest.

The transition was not abrupt ... from the symphony to the concerto so wonderfully played by Mr. Kreisler. ... many things in the world about which nothing can be said ... this symphony and ... Beethoven. As for the ... first two movements are ... in the literature of the violin and Mr. Kreisler by his ... and consummate skill put the ... abreast of that which preceded. There are performances that, in the ... of their beauty, ... themselves, so that the players ... master hand and the chief ... whom they assist are all as ... It would be an impertinence to ... about Mr. Kreisler's technical skill ... this never seemed so imposing ... yesterday, especially in the cadenza ... his own invention. Or of what ... would be the heaping of one superlative upon another in the rearing of a ... cal monument?" Such eulogy would ill become the ... dignity, nobility ... but flaming spirit of the performance. In the routine of concerts there is ... and then a great event brought about by the fortunate conjunction of ... conductor and orchestra ... together in perfect artistry so that the musical thoughts and expression ... Beethoven assume new and fresh ... ening shape.

The "Leonore" overture ... the opera for which it was written. The whole drama lies in this overture without disturbing minor characters and scenes, without conventional duets ... without the inevitable reminder of stage manager and costumer. In the opera there is the sublime scene in the prison, but what do we not have to sit through before this thrill and transport! The performance of the overture brought the end of a concert that would be memorable in the musical annals of this city.

The program of the concert next week will be as follows: Brahms, Symphony No. 2; Dvorak, concerto for violoncello; Schumann, overture to "Genoveva." Otto Urlack, the assistant conductor of the orchestra will be the solo violoncellist.

VARIED RECITAL BY MRS. HUNT

Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt gave a recital last evening in Jordan Hall. Isidore Luckstone was accompanist. The program was as follows: Cherubini, "Ave Maria"; Handel, "Oh, Sleep Why Dost Thou Leave Me?" Purcell, recitative and aria from "Dido and Aeneas", Hardy, "The Mermaid's Song"; Clara Schumann, "Ich stand in dunklen Traumen"; Beethoven, "Lied aus der Ferne"; Strauss, "Befreit," "Heimliche Aufforderung"; Perilhou, "La Vierge a la Creche"; Hahn, "Tous Deux"; Carpenter, "Il pleure dans mon coeur"; "Looking-glass river"; Luckstone, "Que Je T'Oublie", "La Belle Marotte"; Faure, "Nell"; Hue, "Sur L'Eau"; ... the "Pardonne-moi"; Henschel, "... My Bairnie"; Old Irish, "... Creena", Moussorgsky, "Hopak"; ... "O happy Bird." There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

... admirable ... of M... displayed ... art ... she ... eminently ... of a ... in ... Her attack ... a ... pulse ... of breath ... the ... of pure ... her ... of ...

[illegible] ... Les Viergé[illegible] ... [illegible] of [illegible] was d[illegible] impre[illegible] ... [illegible] sympathetic accompaniment [illegible] song and arrangement of "J[illegible]" gave [illegible] pleasure to [illegible] audience and both were repeated by Miss Hu[illegible]

Mr Quincy Kilby reminds us that Minnie Hauk brought her own company to the Boston Theatre late in 1891 and began on Nov. 30 an engagement of two weeks. To be sure—to be sure! We remember that company—how could we ever forget some of the performances! Miss Hauk was seen and heard as Carmen, Santuzza, Zerlina, perhaps in one or two other parts—and she sang three German songs at a Sunday night concert Dec. 13.

In this company were Mme. Basta-Tavary and Montariol. The former was past her prime. At Munich she had pleased mad King Ludwig. He gave her a solid and brilliant thumb ring and commanded a portrait of her as Elsa to be painted for his private collection. We saw her on the stage of the opera house at Munich in 1884. Her Carmen was not unlike a bottle of ginger pop, but as the Page in "Gustave III." she was plump and pleasing. She sang here at a Symphony concert, and in October, 1893, she brought her own company to the Globe Theatre, and on the 31st gave tho first performance of "Pagliacci" in this city. The opera was sung in English and the performance was ludicrously bad. Mme. Basta-Tavary also sang the music of Donna Elvira when Lassalle took the part of Don Giovanni at Mechanics Building.

Montariol was a tenor of great promise, fiery in song and action. He joined the company of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau. By his dash and spirit he made Tybalt in Gounod's opera a person of importance, and his David in "Die Meistersinger" (the opera was sung in Italian) was the best ever seen here. In 1894 he died.

Brutes and Suicide.

We spoke yesterday of brutes committing suicide. De Quincey has a curious note on this subject. He argued that brutes cannot suffer from intellectual passions, or from very complex derangements of the nervous system, "so that in them the motives to suicide, the temptations to suicide are prodigiously diminished. Nor are they ever alive to the sublime attractions of the grave." Brutes are cut off from "the vast world of moral and imaginative sufferings entailed upon men." Some might dispute these propositions—without granting that brutes live hereafter. The Mohammedans believed that irrational animals will be restored to life at the resurrection, that they may be brought to judgment and have vengeance taken on them for the injuries they did one another while in this world, and a few animals are represented as happy in paradise, among them the dog of the Seven Sleepers and Ezra's ass. Francis Jammes wrote a charming sketch of a paradise for animals, a paradise if only for the reason that there was no man there.

A Few Conditions.

The wife of Mr. Ichiba, a Japanese author, died last April "after 10 years' patient endurance of the literary temperament," and he at once bethought himself to secure another. He left a standing order at agencies and begged his friends to be on the lookout. There were certain conditions to be observed, and with regard to them Mr. Ichiba was adamant as was young Mr. Smallweed in the matter of gravy. These conditions are applicable to dwellers in all lands and might well be considered by those purposing to enter into holy matrimony;

1 The lady must have passed through all the various conditions of life and the various phases of society from A to Z, as only by ripe experience can perfection be attained.

2—Except the clothes she should stand up in she should have no worldly possessions whatsoever.

3—She must be severed from her family entirely.

4—She must contract to keep the kitchen and bathroom absolutely spick and span and ready for instant use.

5—Her style of hair dressing must be a la mode Japonaise—no foreign frills, pads, switches or toupets to be permitted

6—She must stand five feet high in her tabi, and her limbs and body be of a proper plumpness as to face, features and other points, these are not to matter.

After looking over 47 candidates with a cool, discriminative eye Mr. Ichiba made up his mind to venture it with a woman of 28 years. There were no guests, no priests, middlemen and registrars at the marriage ceremony. Mr. Ichiba went out and bought two pints of saki. After the ceremony and the draining of the wedding cups he went to the front door and announced in a clear voice that there was no need of waiting any longer—he did not propose to spoil his wedding day by a reception. Thus was the c[illegible] of Mr. Ichiba admirable to the e[illegible]

Sung in London.

The p[illegible] song of the s[illegible] in London, they say, is "Patricia." It is described as "racy and lilting." The chorus goes.

Oh, won t you be my own Patricia?
Come to church, Miss Flynn, and when you come
out agin,
You'll be my own, my own Patricia;
And there'll be Mister Pat—tall silk hat—
Bob-tail coat—green cravat—
With Mistress Patricia Malone!

The tune may be better than the words.

On the Day of Days.

This being the day of days, let us ponder an "appreciation" of football found in "The Anatomie of Abuses" by one Philip Stubbes:

"Whosonever scapeth away the best, goeth not scot free, but is either sore wounded, craised and bruised, so as he dyeth of it or else he scapeth very hardlie, and no meruaile, for they have the sleights to meet one betwixt two, to dashe him against the harte with the elbowes, to hit him under the short ribbes with their griped fists, and with their knees to catch him upon the hippes, and to pick him on the neck, with a hundred such murthering devices; and hereof groweth envie, malice, rancour, choler, hatred, displeasure, enmitie and what not els; and sometimes brawling, contention, quarel-picking, murther, homicide, and great effusion of blood as experience teacheth."

This is even bitterer than the letter written by Mr. N. H. Dole, which The Herald recently published.

Nov 24. 1912

Offenbach Work Will Open Season's Opera

By PHILIP HALE.

OFFENBACH'S "Contes d'Hoffmann" has been chosen for performance tomorrow at the Boston Opera House, the opening night of the fourth season, when this opera will be added to the repertoire. How many who saw the performances given at the Boston Theatre when Mr. Renaud gave a remarkable impersonation of Hoffmann's evil genius masquerading as Coppelius, Dapertutto and Dr. Miracle, were familiar with the tales of Hoffmann? How many now could pass an examination if a paper were presented after the manner of Calverley's famous "Pickwick" paper, to test the acquaintance with the "Serapion Brueder," the "Nachtstuecke," the "Fantasiestuecke" or the longer stories, as "The Golden Pot," "The Devil's Elixir," or the Adventures of Murr, the Philosophic Cat.

Yet there was a time when Hoffmann was better known in Boston. Carlyle's translation of "The Golden Pot" was published here in 1841, and English versions of other tales were published here in 1855-'56-'57. Musicians now associate the name of Hoffmann with his description of Johannes Kreisler, the Kapellmeister, which inspired Schumann to write his "Kreisleriana"; by his strange tales. "Ritter Gluck" and "Don Juan"; by his early appreciation of Beethoven's genius.

The Real Hoffmann.

He himself was an extraordinary man: jurist, assessor, caricaturist, teacher of music, opera conductor, composer, critic, writer of fantastic tales highly imaginative, mysterious or with "horror the soul of the plot." He knew all vicissitudes of life, drank to the injury of his body and died in Berlin in 1822 having suffered agony from the disease of the spine that made Heine's last years in Paris conspicuous in the annals of human woe. Beethoven wrote to him in 1820: "You take, as I am bound to believe, some interest in me. Allow me to say that this from a man gifted with such remarkable powers is highly pleasing to me." The music of Hoffmann, operas, incidental music for plays, orchestral, church and chamber music, songs, are now forgotten, although his "Undine," produced at Berlin in 1816 and highly valued by Weber, was edited by Hans Pfitzner and published six years ago

Hoffmann's influence in the literary world was for a long time unmistakable. He was especially appreciated by the French, and there were many translations of his stories into that language. One edition was illustrated by no less an artist than Gavarni.

Origin of the Opera.

Offenbach's opera was based by the librettist, Jules Barbier, on a fantastic drama in five acts, "Les Contes d'Hoffmann, by Jules Barbier, and Michel Carre, produced at the Odeon, Paris, March 21, 1851. The chief comedians were Mme. Laurent, who took the parts of Stella, Olympia, Antonia, Giulietta; Pierron, Hoffmann; and Tisserant, who took the parts of Lindorf, Coppelius, Miracle and Dapertutto.

Three years before that performance La Revue et Gazette Musicale announced "Les Contes Fantastiques d'Hoffmann," with music by Mlle. Juliette Godillon. She was organist of the cathedral at Meaux. Her music was for the piano and there were accompanying illustrations of scenes in the stories drawn by Charles Bour. According to the Revue (April 23, 1848) the music must have been as fantastical as the tales and the illustrations. For example the "Ballad of Coppelius the Alchymist" contained a waltz and also a march to portray the ominous step of the Sandman. In the music for "The Lost Looking-Glass Reflection," the young husband Erasmus leaves home for Florence to a waltz tune; then there is music depicting the orgy, and a melody richly accompanied for Giulietta, the courtesan. In the musical illustration of "Annunziata" there is a description of the Carnival at Venice.

Based Upon a Drama.

The drama produced at the Odeon in 1851 is in five acts. The first is a prologue. The scene is in " a German tavern" kept by Luther. Now the wine shop frequented by Hoffmann in Berlin was Lutter and Wagener's. It was in the Charlotten Strasse and was still in existence when I was a student in Berlin in 1882.) As the curtain rises, music from "Don Giovanni" is heard behind the scenes. A colossal tun inscribed "Au tonneau de Nuremberg" opens, and the Muse comes out and recites verses. She speaks of Hoffmann, who loves her when drinking in black cellars. From his strange romance, which set the wise a-dreaming, she will tear out three pages. Suddenly changed into a student who calls for drink of the best, she proposes a toast and leaves the stage. The prologue is about the same as in the opera, but Hoffmann, of course, recites the beginning of "Klein-Zach"—he does not sing it.

The second act is entitled "The Automaton," and in this act Olympe is supposed to sing. Her song was played behind the scenes by an English horn.

In the play, the act entitled "The Song of Antonia" precedes "The Lost Reflection," and this act resembles closely the one that treats the same subject in the opera. Antonia sings; her mother's voice persuades by song, and the ritornelle of Schubert's "Marguerite" is heard. When it comes to "The Lost Reflection," the scene is Florence, as in Hoffmann's story, not in Venice. Hoffmann sings in this act. In the play, Giulietta dies, having drunk, by mistake, the poison prepared by Dapertutto for Hoffmann's friend and sage adviser, Frederick.

The fifth act is an epilogue "Stella." Hoffmann is again in the cellar. How he hates the memory of the three women! Giulietta is the courtesan whose love blights the flower of youth. Antonia personifies the aesthetic egoism that thinks only of art in tears, grief, passion. Olympia is the vain girl, cold, heartless. What to him, then, is Stella the singer, who again has a fancy for him? Let her amuse herself with Lindorf, who in turn was Coppelius, Dapertutto, Dr. Miracle. Hoffmann is borne away helpless, and Stella, rejected, smiles on Lindorf. The scene changes to Hoffmann's chamber. The Muse reappears. She comforts him. It was necessary for him to suffer, to love. Now he must cease to be only a man: he must be a poet. "Hoffmann, I love you!"

Play Inspired Gautier.

The performance of this play moved Theophile Gautier to write an article in which he discussed eloquently the art of Hoffmann. Gautier saw in Hoffman not a fantastic poet, but a violent realist. (Thus there were lovers of paradox before Mr. Chesterton.) The characters remained impressed on the mind, as if they had been encountered outside the book. "They have something of 'already seen' that greatly disturbs you, 'known' voices murmur in your ear. You experience the impression of a dream that persists after awakening, and reading invokes in you a host of images which succeed and disappear as light shadows, which seem to come from one's own heart. When Hoffmann begins to tell a tale, everything goes along most naturally. He pretends to paint with a brush, as true as that of a Flemish master, real interiors where all the objects are represented in detail; there is the huge iron stove; the table of polished oak; the scarlet wine gleams in the rummers; the good beer of Munich foams over the tall bumpers; the burgesses lean on their elbows and drink and smoke. Nothing is more simple; but soon the stove rumbles with a strange and guttural sound, the mist grows thick, shadows gather in the corners, where chimeras begin to make faces; little by little the honest faces of the Philistines grow deformed, enlarge or diminish, as though a caricaturist were at work on the human face. Look at that person; his eyes are encircled with bluish webs, his nose crooks, his mouth grows deeper, his neck reddens. The aulic councillor of a moment ago is now a vulture dipping his beak in a glass. This massive Berliner swells, and is blown up to the size of a hippopotamus; that one over there, thin and frail, becomes a fox and his fur collar is of his own skin. The cellar is transformed into a menagerie as in 'Saint Sylvester's Night.' Now all this is not natural, and we are far from our starting point, but what infinite art, what clever preparations and what probability in the incredible! How all the fibres of the imagination are stretched from the beginning! Despite the apparent tranquility of the narrator, you divine that there is something coming! How restless, agitated we are at the first sigh of the wind in the corridor, at the first cracking in the wainscot! A piano string breaks and vibrates in its closed box, a rose falls from its stem and loses its leaves, two little red spots come into a young girl's cheeks, and behold, you are hurried away into the invisible world at the will of the poet."

Gautier added that Achim d'Arnim, Brentano, Richter, Chamisso were infinitely more fantastic than Hoffmann, but of a fantasy that made them unintelligible to Frenchmen, whereas the success of Hoffmann in France was due to this power of portraiture, this profound observation, this ability to give real form and substance to the strangest fancies.

He praised Mme. Laurent for her remarkable talent in playing the four roles, "for you understand that these four figures represent the different phases of the same love."

The play is written in verse and prose. "In lyric moments the line changes into the hexameter, and the action which walked now flies. This mixture is agreeable."

Play and performance pleased in 1851 and the employment of the electric light, rare at the time, added to the fascination of the spectacle. A critic at the time said with regard to the mixture of prose and verse: "This drama gives simply for result an opera comique."

And so the dramatists thought of changing their play into a libretto. One was prepared—Carre was then alive—and the composer Hector Salomon was invited to compose th

HOFFMANN

ADELE ISAAC

M. TASKIN

[illegible] He was a musician of fair [illegible], born at Strassburg in 1838, who had composed ballet music, operas, symphonies, chamber music, 200 songs or more. Pougin in his supplement to the Dictionary of Fetis mentions among five dramatic works in Salomon's portfolio, "Les Contes d'Hoffmann." He died in 1906.

An excerpt from this opera of Salomon was performed at one of the Trocadero concerts in August, 1878, during the International Exposition. It was entitled, "Hoffman's Dream"; it contained a chorus of Willys and a bacchic song which was sung by Mme. Brunet-Lafleur.

We are informed by Messrs. Noel and Stoullig that Salomon was at work on his opera when, learning that Offenbach wished to set music to the same libretto, he gracefully withdrew. If this be true, here is a rare instance of self-abnegation, the very pink of courtesy. However this may be, Offenbach's opera was accepted by the Theatre Lyrique.

This theatre disappeared with M. Vizentini. Offenbach then had correspondence with the director of the Imperial Opera House at Vienna, but before sending his music, he invited "all Paris" to hear excerpts with piano accompaniment in his rooms. There was a chorus of amateurs and the soloists were Mmes. Franck-Duvernoy and Lheritier and Messrs. Auguez and Taskin. This performance was so successful that Carvalho, who was one of the hearers, accepted the opera for the Opera-Comique. This is the story as told by Messrs. Soubies and Malherbe.

Offenbach Adopts Idea.

But when did Offenbach begin to write this opera which he did not live to score? Albert Vizentini was director of the Theatre Lyrique in 1877 and in "Les Annales du Theatre" of that year it is stated that when he was obliged to abandon the theatre, he was prepared to produce among other operas Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann," with Miss Heilbron in the chief part, or rather four parts, and Mme. Engally, Bouhy, Lherie and Grivot. Now Vizentini was also director of the Theatre Lyrique—the operas were given in the Gaite—in 1876, and it is stated that he then purposed to produce four new operas by Offenbach. Andre Martinet in his life of Offenbach, says. "The 25th of June (1875) brought the official announcement of the sale of the Gaite to M. Vizentini. The new director does not intend to discard music. 'Le Voyage dans la Lune,' a revival of 'La Belle Helene,' and 'Les Contes d'Hoffmann' have their place in his prospectus." The date is wrong. The announcement was published on Nov. 18, 1875.

At any rate there was talk of this opera as early as 1875. How much of the music was composed then it is impossible to determine. We know that when Offenbach returned to Paris from Etretat in the fall of 1879 he worked on "Les Contes d'Hoffman" and "La Fille du Tambour-Major." He was in bed suffering acutely from the gout. Superstitious and awakening superstition in others, for he was reputed to have the evil eye, and there were musicians who would not play under his direction, he worked feverishly, as in a race against death. It was his darling wish to compose a romantic opera and see it produced at the Opera Comique.

Private Performance.

The private performance of "Les contes d'Hoffmann," to which reference has been made, was on May 18, 1879. Offenbach then determined to rewrite the part of Hoffmann for the tenor Talezac. The part was originally intended for the baritone Bouhy. It was proposed that the four women should be played by Mme. Bilbaut-Vanchelet; but Offenbach preferred Adele Isaac. When the opera was at last put in rehearsal at the Opera Comique, sick as he was, he was taken there to hear Miss Isaac sing the Romance, to hear the duet of Hoffmann and Antonia. He was at work on the last act, Oct. 3, 1880, when he suddenly put his hand on his heart and fainted. He died on Oct. 5. At the funeral service at the Madeleine, Talezac sang music adapted from pages of "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," and on Nov. 18, at a memorial concert, the famous Barcarole was sung by Mmes. Isaac and Ugalde and the Opera-Comique chorus, but the accompaniment was only for two harps and piano.

The vocal part of the opera was complete when Offenbach died. There was also the piano accompaniment and he had indicated the instrumentation. The delicate task of scoring the opera was undertaken by Ernest Guiraud.

At the last rehearsal the opera seemed too long. It was determined to cut out the whole of the act that told of the loss of the looking-glass reflection. The Barcarole was interpolated and a romance for tenor and a duet introduced in the third act.

The first performance was on Feb. 10, 1881. The cast was as follows: Hoffmann, Talezac; Lindorf, Coppelius; Dr. Miracle, Taskin; Crespel, Belhomme; Andres, Cochenille, Frantz, Grivot; Spallanzani, Gourdon; Luther, Troy; Stella, Olympia, Antonia, Adele Isaac; Nicklause, Marguerite Ugalde; Une Voix, Miss Dupuis; La Muse, Mme. Mole.

The success of the opera was immediate. There were 101 performances that year. Miss Isaac was inimitable as Hoffmann's loves. She was an accomplished singer, an actress, a virtuoso of fine taste, and her triple creation in Offenbach's opera was when she was at the zenith of her fame. She left the stage about 1892 after twenty brilliant years at Brussels, Liege, Lyons, and in Paris at both the Opera-Comique and the Opera. When the opera was revived at the Opera-Comique, Nov 13, 1911, the four parts were not confided to one singer. Mmes. Vix, Vauchelet and Tissier each took one, and the "Looking-Glass" act was restored. Mme. Lafargue took the part of Giuletta.

Taskin's sinister, demoniacal Dr. Miracle was the crowning triumph of a most honorable career, and the actor was so pleased with his creation, so proud of it, that he had his silhouette in the costume and attitude of Dr. Miracle stamped on his letter paper. Talezac was then one of the idols of the Parisians. It was a brilliant cast.

And only a short time before his death, Offenbach, caressing his greyhound, to which he had given the name "Kleinzack," said sadly: "Poor Kleinzack! I'd give all that I have to be at the first performance."

"Les Contes d'Hoffmann" finally went to Vienna. It was produced at the Ring Theatre in December, 1881, and 24 hours afterward the theatre was burned with a terrible loss of life. For this reason the opera was slow in making its way in Germany. A year or two after it was performed at a theatre in Berlin devoted to operetta. There was talk of a performance at the Royal Opera, but descendants of Hoffmann objected because the composer and author was represented by the librettist as a tosspot and wastrel. Offenbach's work is now known and loved throughout Europe.

It is time to speak of the tales from which Messrs. Barbier and Carre derived their drama, and the former in turn the libretto of the opera.

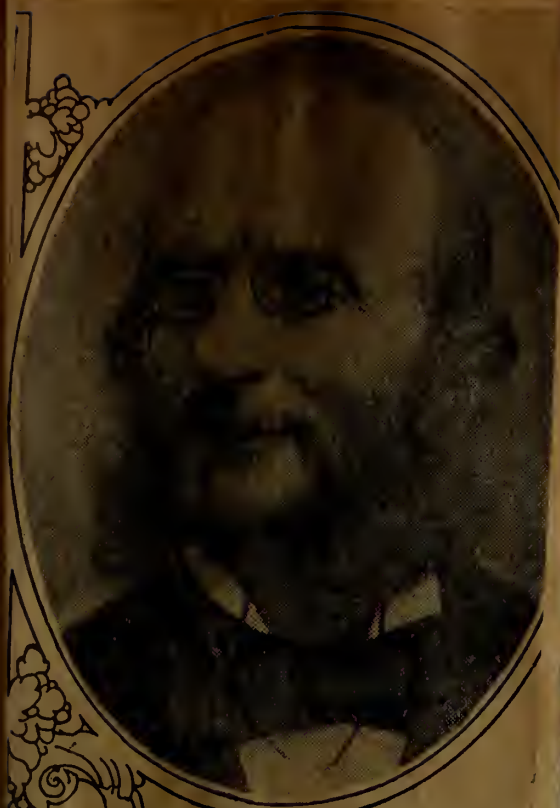
The opera begins as in the drama with a scene in Luther's wine cellar, but there is no appearance of the Muse. Instead there is a chorus of [illegible] sprites sung behind the scene. This is usually omitted. Mr. Caplet has used some of this music in connecting this act with the second; it is heard while the stage is darkened, so that after Hoffmann cries out: "The name of the first was Olympia," the spell is not broken by a wait. but there is this little intermezzo and then the room in Spalanzini's house is disclosed. The prologue is practically the invention of the librettist.

The second act is based on Hoffmann's grisly tale, "Der Sandmann," which as the first of his "Nachtstuecke" was published in 1817. In the opera the doctor introduces to his guests his daughter Olympia, a skillfully made automaton, who can move her arms and head, sing and dance. Hoffmann, in love, dances with her. There is a fearful noise. Coppelius, the old optician, who has been cheated by Spalanzini, defrauded of the money due him for making Olympia's eyes, breaks the puppet and the guests mock Hoffmann. In the opera the act is gay and amusing.

Hoffmann's story, on the contrary, is one of mystery, horror and madness. Nathanael as a boy had been frightened by a strange visitor, one Coppelius, a councillor in the town. Whenever he called, the mother wept and the father, disturbed, secreted himself with his visitor for strange experiments. The mother told her boy that Coppelius was the Sandman who put children to sleep. An old nurse gave a fearful picture of this Sandman, a far different character from the one in "Haensel and Gretel" or the one that moved Brahms to write a song. "He is a wicked man," said the nurse, "who comes to children when they will not go to bed and throws a handful of sand in their eyes, so that they start all bloody from the head, then he puts them in a sack and carries them to the crescent moon for his little children; they sit there in the nest and have hooked bills, like owls, so that they can pick out the eyes of naughty boys and girls.' The boy surprised Coppelius and his father in the laboratory, and the old man shrieked "Now we have eyes—eyes—a fine pair of children's eyes." One night when the two were at work, there was an explosion. The father was found dead. Coppelius left the town.

Appearance of Olympia.

Nathaniel grew up became betrothed to Clara and went to another town where he studied with a famous physician, one Spalanzani, an Italian by birth, who guarded jealously his daughter, Olympia, by report a ravishing beauty. One day a pedlar of barometers and spectacles named Coppola, called on Nathaniel, and begged him to buy a pair of "beautiful eyes." Nathaniel, horror stricken thought he recognized Coppelius. Spalanzini assured him that the Coppola was a friend from Piedmont whom he had known [illegible] [illegible] Nathaniel, [illegible]



OFFENBACH

VANNI MARCOUX

EDMOND CLEMENT

ELIZABETH

BERNICE FISHER

LOUISE EDVINA

standing with Clara, saw Olympia seated in a window. He gazed on her in admiration. Coppola entered and again begged him to buy "beautiful eyes." Nathaniel bought a lorgnette which enhanced the beauty of the girl across the way. The eminent Prof. Spalazini gave a ball to introduce this daughter. (The scene is practically that of the opera, but the catastrophe is different.) Nathaniel's visits after the ball were frequent, but Olympia offered him little encouragement. She would only say "Oh" and "Ah" and "Good night." When he called bearing a betrothal ring he heard a frightful noise. Coppola, who was in fact Coppelius, and the distinguished physician were pulling Olympia apart in their wild anger. Coppelius bore off the automaton; but Spalanzini had saved her eyes. They, bleeding on the floor, looked upward steadily at Nathaniel.

Nathaniel, mad, was taken to an asylum. The faithful Clara thought him finally restored to reason. Walking together before their departure to a country house, it came into Nathaniel's head to climb the church steeple. He looked from on high at a curious gray bush that seemed to move. Putting on the glasses of Coppelius, he saw Olympia and shouted: "Hellish automaton, go back to the devil that created you," and he tried to throw Clara over the railing. Her brother saved her. Nathaniel uttered savage cries. Just then Coppelius joined the people below who were staring at the belfry. "Let him alone, he'll come down of his own accord." Nathaniel leaped to the square, and was dashed to pieces. Coppola disappeared. Some years afterwards Clara was seen in a far distant village, married and happy.

Digressions of Opera.

In the opera Dapertutto is a soldier of fortune, a knight of industry, and the home of Giuletta is Venice.

Hoffmann's story, "Die Geschichte von verlornen Spiegelbilde," is the fourth in the series "Die Abentheuer der Sylvester Nacht," which in turn is the second part of the "Fantasie-Stuecke in Callot's Manier." These "Fantastical Pieces" were first published in four little volumes at Bamberg, 1814-15.

Hoffmann in this weird series tells of his entering a Berlin tavern on New Year's eve. He is sick at heart with an ironical disappointment in love. The noisy crowd in the tavern are talking of the finest oysters and wine. Suddenly a voice is heard without: "Will you kindly cover your looking-glass!" The host laughs; he exclaims mockingly: "A[illegible] Gen. Suwarow comes late [illegible] and covers the mirror [illegible] little [illegible]re man enters, with a curious brown cloak. He shivers. "Cold, cold, how cold it is! It's very different in Italy." There is strange talk. Hoffmann later that night finds this apparition at his lodgings. To his amazement, as they stand before a looking-glass, Hoffmann sees only his own reflection. The next morning the guest disappears and leaves the story of his extraordinary story.

His name was Erasmus Spikher and he farewelled wife and little son to visit Italy. In Florence he gave himself up to pleasure. (In the opera the scene is in Venice, probably for the purpose of introducing a barcarole.) He fell madly in love with Giulietta, a courtesan. One of her friends was a Dr. Dapertutto, skilled in the preparation of poisons, a sinister person, with the reputation of a charlatan. Spikher in his jealousy killed a rival. It was necessary for him to run away from the city. Giulietta, caressing him, begged him to leave his looking glass reflection behind him as a lasting souvenir, and Erasmus, crazed with amorous confession, gave it to her.

Mirror Did Not Reflect Him.

On his way to Germany he entered an inn and took his seat at table before a looking glass. The waiter saw to his amazement that while the guest was surely in the chair, the looking glass showed the chair empty. Driven from the inn, for he was suspected of being Satan or one of Satan's own, he took the precaution of asking, before entering an inn, that mirrors should be veiled, hence he was called Gen. Suwarow, for the general had the same habit.

Erasmus arrived home and was careful to keep away from mirrors. His boy, however, rubbed the father's face with soot and, crying "See how black you are, papa!" held up a pocket looking glass. When he did not see his father's face in it he burst out weeping and ran to his mother. Erasmus left the house and thought of his Giulietta. "I have only you in the world! Take me forever!" Suddenly Dr. Dapertutto was by his side. Yes, Giulietta would be his forever, if he would only consent to poison the wife and the child, and Dapertutto gave him a phial. Erasmus went home. Why should he not take advantage of the phial? Just then a dove pecked at the cork and fell dead. Erasmus threw the stuff out of the window and wept. At midnight he saw a vision of Giulietta, and she came to his arms. He begged her for his reflection. No, she could not give it back until he broke all the ties that bound him to the world. If he would only sign a parchment giving Dapertutto authority to do this and swear to belong to her, body and soul, forever! Dapertutto appeared, clad in red, with an iron pen. A vein in the hand of Erasmus burst and the blood jetted forth. "Sign, my love!" And he would have signed had not the ghost of his mother stood between him and Giulietta. Erasmus tore the parchment. He made the sign of the cross and the demons vanished.

His wife pardoned him, but on condition that he should journey in search of his reflection. He journeyed alone. Later he met Peter Schlemihl, who had sold his shadow. They tried to come to an agreement, but in vain. In 1814 when Hoffmann wrote, Erasmus had not recovered his reflection.

It will be remembered that in the drama Hoffmann kills Schlemihl in Venice.

Story of Antonia.

The story of Antonia, known in French, as "The Cremona Violin," or "Antonia's Song," has no title in the original. The story of Rath Krespel is told by Theodor in the preface to "Die Serapions-Brueder," first published at Berlin in 1819-1821.

Hoffmann's story and the act of the dramatists has very little in common. In the first place Dr. Miracle is wholly an invention of the dramatists.

Hoffmann through the mouth of Theodor, one of the members of the joyous Serapion Club, first gives a long description of the Councillor Krespel, a learned jurist, a practised diplomat, but a most eccentric person. He built a singular house bizarre in outward shape, with doors and windows high up, most comfortable within. He had a passion for collecting violins, which he would buy, play only once then take to pieces.

This Krespel had a daughter, Antonia. He had married the mother in Italy. She was a famous singer with a violent temper. Once when desirous of being fondled, she found Krespel fiddling, and in his ecstasy he unintentionally grazed her cheek with his bow. She shouted: "Beast of a German!" and smashed his fiddle. He threw her out of the window and went back to Germany, where he remained. Antonia was born after he left, and he did not see her, although she and her mother, who sang in German opera houses and still inflamed passion, were once in the town where he lived. The wife died of a lung trouble on the eve of Antonia's wedding day. Antonia then came to him. He was thinking of his lost Angela one evening when Antonia began to sing a melancholy air. The voice was that of her mother. "No!" cried Krespel, embracing his child, "If you love me sing no more. That breaks my heart. Never sing again!" Day by day she grew paler and paler. The physician warned Krespel that if she should sing she would not live six months. The very brilliance of her voice was a danger signal. Then Krespel gave Antonia her choice: She could marry her lover, the musician, and live as a singer only for a short time, or she could be her father's comfort for many years. She threw herself into his arms. The lover followed them to another town. Antonia begged to see him and then she was willing to die. "Well, let it be according to your wish." The lover entered the room. Antonia sang, and Krespel played until purple spots appeared in the girl's cheeks. He stopped and signed for the musician to leave. Antonia shrieked and fainted. For a time she seemed better. Devoted to Krespel, she helped him take violins to pieces and make new ones. He was about to pry into the secret of a famous violin of Cremona, when Antonia said: "What! That one, too?" Krespel had the desire to spare it, and he began to play. "That is my voice," cried Antonia. "I still sing!" And more than once she would say "I wish to sing," and then Krespel would play melodies of

[illegible] beauty. Late one night [illegible] heard the claveoin in an adjoining room. He tried to rise from [illegible] but something held him. It seemed to him that his daughter was singing, first feebly, then louder and louder. And in his chamber there was a strange light, and he had a vision of Antonia in the arms of her betrothed. Their lips touched, and yet the song continued and the claveoin was played. At daybreak he ran to her room. She lay on the sofa with closed eyes and with smiling face, hands folded piously, as though she were asleep and dreaming of celestial [illegible] but she was dead.

At the funeral Theodor saw Krespel with crepe hanging from his little cocked hat. A fiddle bow hung from his belt in place of a sword. He was as one crazed, returning from the burying ground. He called Theodor [illegible]in. Crepe covered the violins in the cabinet. The Cremona violin made by an unknown master was no longer there. A crown of cypress was in its place. The violin was in Antonia's coffin.

The fourth season of the Boston Opera House begins tomorrow night. Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann" will then be added to the repertoire. The story of the origin of this delightful opera, with an account of the tales that inspired the drama produced in [illegible] and afterward the opera, will be found in another section of this issue.

The other operas of the week do not call for comment. They are familiar and popular. As singers unknown in Boston except by report will appear here for the first time, let us speak a few words concerning their past achievements.

Three Singers New to Boston

Mme. Louise Edvina was born in Montreal of French descent and her family had long been established in the province of Quebec. She had a convent education. Part of her [illegible] was spent in Vancouver, where her father was acting French consul. She married Cecil Edwardes, the brother of Lord Kensington. Circumstances compelled her to utilize her voice and she went to Paris, where she studied singing with Jean de Reszke. In February, 1908, she sang at one of Reynaldo Hahn's concerts in Paris and excited attention, so that soon afterwards she signed a contract with the directors of Covent Garden, where she appeared as Marguerite, July 15 of that year. Since then she has sung frequently at Covent Garden—last April she took the parts of Floria Tosca, Maliella in "The Jewels of the Madonna," and Louise, and also at the Opera Comique, Paris, and at the [illegible] Milan. Her voice is described as [illegible] and singularly limpid, and her acting is said to have distinction.

Miss Lucrezia Bori, who will take the part of Mimi on Wednesday night, says that she is 23 years old. She is of Spanish parentage and was born at Valencia. Her father was an army officer, and it is said that her real name is Borgia and she is descended from the woman, who, according to some, was a monster of wickedness, and according to others, a noble dame of high character and a ministering angel to the poor and oppressed. Miss Bori went to school in Spain and she studied singing there, then she studied further in Milan and made her debut at the [illegible] Rome, as Micaela. This was about three and a half years ago. Her [illegible] include Puccini's Manon, Massenet's [illegible], Boito's Marguerite, [illegible] Goose Girl in "Koenigskinder," Madama Butterfly, Violetta, Nedda, and other parts, among them one in Strauss's "Rosenkavalier," which [illegible] in Naples at the composer's request. When the Metropolitan Opera Company visited Paris in [illegible] she was chosen to take the part of Manon Lescaut in Puccini's opera—her associates were Messrs. Caruso [illegible] [illegible]mato, and it was in this opera that she made a successful debut at the Metropolitan, New York, the 11th of [illegible] month. I understand that Miss [illegible] sung at Buenos Ayres as well as in Italian cities.

[illegible] Leon Laffitte, the tenor, who will take the part of Rodolfo on Wednesday night, was born at Saint Genies, France, on Jan. 2, 1876. He entered the Paris Conservatory, and in 1898 took [illegible] prize for singing as a pupil [illegible] second prize for opera as [illegible] of Melchissedec, and a first [illegible] opera-comique as a pupil of [illegible]. On Oct. 1[illegible], 1898, he made his debut at the Paris Opera as David in "Die Meistersinger of Nuremberg." His appearances were as follows: [illegible] 12, Faust; May 29, Laerte[illegible] created the part of Kadio in

[illegible]

A Singer Trained Here

Miss Gertrude Rennyson is well known here. A native of Norristown, Pa., she was graduated from the New England Conservatory in 1895. She studied with Augustus Rotoli and after graduation studied further in Paris.

Returning to the United States she gave a concert in Boston on April 3, 1902, with Philip Dalmas, baritone, and Victor da Prato, violinist, and she then sang arias from "Herodiade" and "Helle," a group of French songs and in a duet. She visited Boston for three years, 1902, 1903, 1905, as a member of Mr Savage's English grand opera company and took the parts of Marguerite, Elsa, Micaela, Lady Harriet, Elisabeth, Tosca, Desdemona, Aida, Leonora, Sieglinde.

Miss Rennyson has sung in various German cities; among them Bayreuth. She was for a time at the Imperial Opera at Vienna—she signed a contract for five years in 1908—and she has sung in London once or twice under the name [illegible]

Henry Russell Addresses the Public

The Herald has received the following letter from Mr. Henry Russell, managing director of the Boston Opera House:

"In matters operatic, optimism usually is better after achievement than before it. At least it is safer. And yet, existent conditions as regards the coming season at the Boston Opera House seem to justify indulgence in the sincerest optimism even now before the first performance is given. That public interest in the operatic offerings is [illegible] and also wider in its reach than it has been at the commencement of any of the previous years, is evidenced in an unmistakable and substantial way. The subscription sale has been heavier than for any of the preceding three seasons, and the sections of the house in which many of these subscriptions have been taken give reason for especial satisfaction. It is not alone the more expensive places that have been more heavily subscribed for, but the demand for seats in the balcony and the gallery has been quite unprecedented in the experience of the Opera House. This demand certainly warrants the conclusion that a large section of the public which heretofore has been either indifferent to the work being done by the company, or unable to patronize it, has now awakened to the opportunities offered and is availing itself of them. We are to have for our season not only an increased public, but as regards a certain portion of it, a new one. And nothing is subject for greater rejoicing on the part of all who are solicitous for the welfare of the Opera House as an ainstitution than is this widening of the actual public interest in what is being accomplished there. The directors as well as I myself realize that one of the most serious problems we have to solve is that of attracting to the performances people who have not been here before. We have found in the past that the attending of only a few performances usually will make of a person a regular opera patron. The difficulty is to get that person to the Opera House for the first time. That accomplished, the performances themselves will bring him again. Therefore it is that the increased number of new persons which our subscription sale assures us is the cause for such hearty satisfaction.

Repertoire for the Season

"As to the operas planned for the year they have been selected with as wide catholicity as the constitution of our organization will permit. It is impossible to give everything, of course, in one season, or to have every school represented. But I feel that both the French and Italian schools are to be worthily exemplified in what we have planned and that our selections from the German, albeit necessarily limited, are not without value. As for the novelties they are as numerous as the length of time makes feasible. It would be easy to promise more, but the keeping of promises is preferable to the non-fulfilment of them. 'The Tales of Hoffmann' might seem at first glance a somewhat light offering, but the manner in which we hope to do it will, we believe, make any such estimate unjustifiable. The work which will be presented on Monday night will be in the spirit and manner of the 'opera fantastique,' which the composer intended and desired. At least such is our purpose. It will be fantastic opera, but it will be grand opera not opera bouffe.

"'Louise', 'Jewels of the Madonna' and 'The Secret of Suzanne' certainly [illegible] feel is [illegible] country, [illegible] comes not only [illegible] but as the [illegible] the opera. As for 'Don [illegible] the Imperial [illegible] which in itself [illegible] presentation of it [illegible] but right that at an art institution [illegible] as the Boston Opera House [illegible] should be produced every year at least one of the great classic masterpieces. The public should have the opportunity of witnessing performances of [illegible] operas, and an opera house should recognize as an obligation and an art duty the preparing and presenting of them.

Ensemble Rather Than a Star

"The company that has been assembled for the season is one of the best we yet have had. There are many singers of eminence and of fame in the list and the casts will in every instance contain as many of these established artists as is in keeping with the artistic purpose governing every production made at the Opera House. That purpose is now, as it has been in the past, the obtaining of the best possible ensemble regardless of the celebrity or salary of the particular singer appearing. I do not in any wise overlook or belittle the value in any performance of skilled and eminent artists, but I cannot but regret and also vigorously oppose any custom or tendency which has as its ultimate end the glorification of the personality of the singer at the expense of the artistic rounding out of the operatic representation as a whole. The leading opera houses of the United States have in the last few years made marked progress toward the eradicating of the old-time star system—the system by which one or two high salaried and widely advertised singers sufficed to make a grand opera performance, all the other factors therein being of most inferior quality. Artistic ensemble has been achieved through not alone the engaging of soloists of more nearly even capability—a capability remarkably high, but obtaining throughout—but also by the careful upbuilding of chorus, orchestra and stage settings, the three fundamentals of which every performance that lays claim to any art worth must be builded. This grade of excellence has been achieved through a great deal of hard work and by the expenditure of vast amounts of money. Any disposition therefore on the part of any one to graft the old-time star system on our present one of well-rounded ensemble, is certainly to be most energetically opposed. The importing of any artist and by paying him an absurdly extravagant sum making a notoriety of him which leads the general public to regard him as the sole factor of worth in a performance, is the returning of the old-time system. It is bad for the artist as such, it is bad for the securing of healthy operatic growth and conditions in this country, and it certainly is bad for the taste and understanding of the public."

'Cellist and Assistant Conductor

Otto Urack of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be the 'cello soloist at the Symphony concerts on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. He will play Dvorak's Concerto and on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 1, as assistant conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will conduct the orchestra which will assist in the concert given by Fritz Kreisler.

Despite his youth, Mr Urack has had a noteworthy career, which has culminated in his appointment as the first assistant conductor the Boston Symphony Orchestra has ever had. He was born in Berlin in 1884 of Hungarian descent. In the Royal High School of Music, Berlin, he studied the 'cello under Hausmann, chamber music under Joachim and composition under Kaempf. From 1903 to 1910 he was principal 'cellist of the Royal Court Opera in Berlin, and since 1908 he has been solo 'cellist of the Festival Orchestra in Bayreuth. During the season of 1911-1912 he was the principal conductor in the Municipal Opera in Barmen, Germany, where he had charge of all the Wagnerian performances and produced there Strauss's 'Salome,' 'Electra' and "Der Rosenkavalier," giving 15 performances of the last named. Previous to that he conducted opera in Bucharest, Sofia and Belgrade.

His success in Barmen was sufficient for [illegible] to secure a five years contract with the Royal Court Opera in Berlin, but from this contract Dr Muck secured his release in order that he might come to Boston. Last spring when there was a question of a successor to Mr Schroeder, Dr Muck recommended Mr Urack at once. There had always been a plan to fortify the Symphony Orchestra with an assistant conductor, and Dr Muck formerly recommended Mr Urack for this post.

Mr. Urack has composed an opera "Signor Formica," which will be produced this season at Breslau, a [illegible] opera, two string [illegible] and [illegible] smaller w[illegible]

[illegible] American Play in London

[illegible] ers, [illegible] Liverpool Rep[illegible] [illegible]ed in London [illegible]. The Pall Mall Gazette [illegible] a shoddy [illegible]

[illegible] us gl[illegible] [illegible] lover [illegible] Mandover M[illegible] New York. At last [illegible] loves him. Yet she [illegible] passionate advances of [illegible] Atherton [illegible], who sends her rapturous letters reeking with perfume [illegible] Daddy gets wind of the affair and [illegible] to take her away to Switzerland. She allows Atherton a last interview [illegible] bed room at half past eleven at night'—so that she may talk [illegible] like a mother.' Here the young [illegible] who is suffering from [illegible] which involves hemorrhages, is shocked at the news of [illegible] that [illegible] falls to the floor, [illegible] at the mouth [illegible] Daddy was the idea [illegible] is meeting her lover [illegible] and goes raging around with a pistol. As he [illegible] to his brother and partner, [illegible] thur Mandover, 'When the crisis [illegible] the most civilized of us [illegible] a [illegible] age after all! I [illegible] one—a primitive man!' The dormant [illegible] in us [illegible] us! It's mastering me. I'm proud of it!' Presently he returns and [illegible] he discovers what has happened in his wife's bedroom. He [illegible] informs her that [illegible] is quite calm and proceeds to talk at [illegible] clenched teeth and to glare ferociously. He also refuses to save the [illegible] poet. He could, if he liked, but he won't, so there! [illegible] tells him the loathes him and [illegible] such an effect upon [illegible] out crying on [illegible] feeling better [illegible] into the bedroom [illegible] Here, his doctor's instinct proves [illegible] much for him. He saves the [illegible] man's life, returns to his wife [illegible] clares that she loves him [illegible] the curtain falls on what is [illegible] to be a happy ending.

"Is this quite the [illegible] of thing we are expecting our English [illegible] theatres to trouble about [illegible] as stageworthy as anything [illegible] Would any such American [illegible] make such an appointment [illegible] room at 11.30 P. M. [illegible] Mandover relieve his feelings [illegible] wounded [illegible] by [illegible] 'sob' over his brother's [illegible] Would any distinguished American surgeon, on his [illegible] that his wife had been receiving letters from [illegible] decadent poet, go tearing about [illegible] at midnight with a pistol [illegible] slay that [illegible]? Would he not [illegible] call upon the young [illegible] peacefully next day, and tell him tranquilly but firmly that if he wrote any more of his perfumed letters [illegible] would get [illegible] head rather [illegible] (And how many doctors [illegible] have parks round their [illegible]) [illegible] any normal women—even [illegible] ing from 'nerves'—call [illegible] butcher one moment, [illegible] loathed and detested [illegible] minutes later, in his [illegible] his brother that of course [illegible] loathe or detest him, [illegible] a butcher, but that [illegible] distressing [illegible] maternal instinct? [illegible] dover did [illegible] said [illegible] night. They may [illegible] enough in the original [illegible] exceedingly natural [illegible] into English. If the [illegible] given [illegible] in the [illegible] those violent [illegible] might have been a most amusing [illegible]

The chief actors were [illegible] Smith, Norman McKe[illegible] Braithwaite and Muriel [illegible]

Various Random Notes

In the prospectus of the Twelve O'Clock Concerts [illegible] London, it is stated [illegible] the first military concert ever given in London was [illegible] 1752 by a woman known [illegible] as Mrs Mary Midnight.

Harold Gorst [illegible] in London [illegible] "The Musical Training of Amateurs and Audiences" says that England is [illegible] backward stage of musical development as compared with other countries, that England has no national music (folk song excepted) and no national [illegible].

At St. Petersburg the music that Mozart wrote for the ballet "Les Petits Riens" has been adapted to a [illegible] scenario by Michael [illegible]

Reminiscences of L[illegible] [illegible] biographer of Liszt will be published under the title "[illegible]" The volume will contain unpublished letters [illegible] Bulow and others.

Violinists may [illegible] Theodore Dubois has written a [illegible] Widor a [illegible] in [illegible] four movements, and [illegible] will [illegible] duce the [illegible]

Fritz Kreisler [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] kurtueistr[illegible] Rudolf Lothar's [illegible] music is of the mo[illegible] drama, with nothing in the nature of a recitative, and very little [illegible] of an aria except perhaps [illegible] song. The music is also described as "highly eclectic," and the composer remembers impartially Strauss and Puccini. Nevertheless the opera met with a distinctly favorable reception.

Mme. Carreno celebrated on Nov. 6 in London the 50th anniversary of her debut as a pianist in New York by giving a recital. "It has been observed that some measure of the extreme masculinity of her style has lately not been so noticeable. Whether she is beginning to feel less physically robust or not one cannot say, but it is quite certain that her playing does not suffer in the slightest degree by any modification, or by the remarkable extent of her public career. Nothing after all can deprive an artist of magnetic power, and Mme. Carreno sends forth her musical personality in all its interesting and compelling phases, as she has always done."

A symphonic work, "Vers la Princesse lointaine," by Canteloube, produced at a Colonne concert, excited the attention of critics, if not the general public. The music is said to be poetical in the expression of the troubadour Geffroy Rudel's love for Queen Melissinde. The composer is a pupil of d'Indy and some of his works have been performed at concerts of the Societe Nationale.

Sir Herbert Tree is considering offers to take his "Henry VIII." to New York next fall.

A Surgeon on the Stage Cecil Clifton's one-act play "The Gold Thread," produced at the Court Theatre, London, Nov. 7, has an unusual plot. We quote from the Pall Mall Gazette:

"Mrs. Innes, a young wife, is in great distress. Her husband has fallen over a balcony to the pavement below and has been seriously injured. Indeed, his death is virtually certain unless the eminent surgeon, Mr. Hanson, F.R.C.S., will consent to perform a certain operation, and at once. He duly appears, and is willing to operate—for a hundred and twenty guineas. As it happens, however, Mr. Hanson is not only a great surgeon, but also a highly-interested investigator of people's actions and motives and a profound disbeliever in feminine veracity. Accordingly, before he undertakes the operation, he decides to discover precisely how this accident to Mr. Innes has occurred; and this he does by means of a keen cross-examination of the wife. As a result, he discovers that the husband has been a sheer brute; that Mrs. Innes, in a moment of righteous anger, had given him a push, and that the fall over the balcony had been the result. In short, Mrs. Innes has accidentally proved a murderess. Under all the circumstances, however, the question to be decided by Mr. Hanson is: Should such a life as that of Innes be prolonged? Mr. Hanson decides that it should not; he also promises Mrs. Innes that he will hold his peace, and, on his departure, leaving the wife with the happy prospect of being in an hour or two a relieved widow, the curtain falls."

"The Dusty Path" A one-act comedy, "The Dusty Path," by Wilfred T. Coleby, was produced at the Playhouse, London, on Nov. 5. The Times said of it:

"Miss Rous plays the rather ungrateful part of an emancipated middle-aged lady who, after a preliminary canter as a writer of tracts, has thrown religion overboard ('We women are so changeable,' she says) and adopted the career of a public speaker and writes on the tyrannous behavior of man and the church towards her down-trodden sex. For about 20 minutes Miss Seyler as her favorite niece deludes her (and possibly some of the audience) with the idea that although she has become a mother during her aunt's absence in America she has not gone through the ceremony of marriage with the father of her baby. In fact that she is practising exactly what her free-thinking relative spends her life in preaching. The apparently unpremeditated trick is rather a shallow and artificial device on the part of the author. But it serves its purpose of making the elder lady see how foolish her negative gospel becomes when it is acted upon by some one that she cares for. And in the end it turns out that the supposed irregular husband is really her niece's brother-in-law and not the father of her child, and she breathes again, and, let us hope, returns to the writing of tracts, or some equally harmless occupation.

Mr. Egerton as the bewildered brother-in-law does the little he has to do (including the bl[illegible]ing of a cricket-bat) quite nicely, and Miss Seyler patters through her part, which contains one or two amusing lines, with great vivacity. As for the moral of the play, that, with all deference to Mr. Coleby's little practical joke, was even more effectively brought home to us by the innocent bundle of long clothes that represented the baby. For it served as the type of many b[illegible] and the unanswerable objection [illegible]

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Song recital by Mme. Schumann-Heink, assisted by Edward Collins, pianist. See special notice.

Mechanics building 8 P. M. Sousa and his band. See special notice.

MONDAY—Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Harp recital by Miss Edith Martin, harpist, assisted by Howard White, 'cellist. Pieces by Zamara, Gounod-Zamara, Fuchs, Popper, Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Moszkowski, Alvars, Godefroid, Noren, Friml.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Alice Eldridge. Bach, Prelude E flat minor; Haydn, Sonata, D major; Chopin, Five Preludes, op. 28, Nocturne op. 48, No. 1, Mazurka F sharp minor; MacDowell, improvisation, op. 46, No. 4, "Marchwind"; Arensky, Basso Ostinato; Ganz, Etude Caprice; Noyes, tone poem; Debussy, La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin; Liszt, Sonnetto del Petrarca, Rakoczy March.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Seventh Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Seventh concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

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Schumann-Heink Delights Great Audience at Concert in Symphony Hall.

Mme. Schumann-Heink gave a song recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. She was assisted by Edward Collins, pianist, and Mrs. Katherine Hoffmann, accompanist. According to the program she sang these songs: Beethoven, Die Ehre Gottes, Vom Tode, Bitten, Ich liebe dietz, Neue Liebe, neues Leben; Schumann, In der Fremde, Mondnacht, Fruehlingsnacht; Schubert, Liebesbotschaft, Ere-Koenig; Franz, Im Herbst, Gute Nacht; Strauss, Traum durch die Daemmerung, Befreit; Reger Waldeinsamkeit; 17th Sinnerliedchen; Ronald, Down in the Forest; F. T. Salter, Cry of Rachel; 17the century, Where the Roses Bloom.

Mr. Collins played Chopin's Ballade, G minor, Berceuse, Scherzo, C sharp minor; Liszt's Liebestraum, No. 3, and La Campanella.

The audience crowded the hall in every part and many sat upon the stage. The popularity of these concerts is a gratifying symptom of the taste of the public, for the artists are of the highest rank, not merely virtuosos given to sensational display, and the programs appeal to the trained musician as well as to the type of listener known as one "fond of music."

It is not necessary at this late day to inquire into the reasons why so many are eager to hear Mme. Schumann-Heink. She has a noble organ of liberal compass; when she is so inclined, she can sing as a mistress of bel canto; she can be intensely dramatic by song alone and within the confines of the concert hall; furthermore, she is womanly, and this to an unusual degree among opera singers who sing in concerts; she herself has passed through the experiences of life that mould and animate the true artist. There are times when her vitality and enthusiasm carry her a little beyond the boundary, but these occasions are now infrequent. It is enough to say that yesterday she was in the vein and gave rare pleasure to an audience that was as enthusiastic as it was large.

The program was one that showed her versatility as an interpreter, ranging from the exquisite lyricism of Schumann's "Mondnacht" to the dramatic picture of the Father's wild ride and the passionate despair of Rachel; from the majesty of "Die Ehre Gottes" to the simplicity of "Waldeinsamkeit," for Reger, one of the most complex of composers can be simple.

Unusual prominence was given to Beethoven. Neither he, nor Mozart in spite of his "Violet," is to be ranked among the great composers of songs. On the other hand Hugo Wolf, one of the greatest of song writers, was amateurish as an orchestral writer; Franz wrote practically only songs; and there are some who believe that the songs of Brahms will outlive his symphonies.

The program was agreeably diversified by the piano pieces played by Mr. Collins.

SOUSA'S OLD MARCHES

The swinging rythm of old-time Sousa marches sounded in Mechanics Hall last evening, to the delight of a large audience gathered to hear the famous "March King's" band. Under the leadership of Mr. Sousa, the band gave a varied program.

The opening number was the overture "Tannhauser." Herbert L. Clark won enthusiastic applause by several cornet soloes, and Miss Virginia Root, soprano was very pleasing in a rendition of the aria from Massenet's "Esclarmonde." Miss Nicoline Zedeler, violinist, played "Jota Aragnese."

Mr. Sousa presented for the first time in Boston to a general public his new "Federal March," which was very well received. In addition to the several other numbers on the program, he gave a very humorous interpretation of the popular song "Everybody's Doing It," using such contrasting instruments as a double bass horn and a piccolo with amusing effects.

The leader was generous with encores using his older marches, which seemed to please [illegible] the other selections. This was the last of a series of concerts given by Sousa in this part of the country under the direction of John Graham.

In spite of the complimentary obituary notices, Minnie Hauk is not dead. At least her husband, the Baron von Hesse-Wartegg, says that the report of her death was false and "caused him much annoyance." This reminds us of the Vermont farmer whose wife died. He was telling a neighbor about it the next day. "Why," said he, "I never felt so mortified in my life."

Old Sennacherib.

We were much interested in the account of the inscriptions carved by order of Sennacherib high up on a mountain rock in Turkish Kurdistan; inscriptions and sculptures on the Judi Dagh. As a boy at family prayers or in church, we always rejoiced at the sound of his magnificent name, although we did not then know that it meant "the Moon-God has increased brothers." When we were a little older, we spoke in school, "the Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold," chiefly because the poem was short and easily committed to memory. "The angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred fourscore and five thousand." The wonder was how he did it. There was no suggestion in the Sunday school that this mortality was due to the bubonic plague, for our teacher, a tall thin woman with gold bracelets and a slight mustache, had not read the version of the tragedy in Herodotus with the introduction of destroying mice.

One of our playmates for some reason or other bore patiently the nickname Sennacherib. Who gave it to him, and why? We never knew but "Sennacherib" today is one of the chief officials of one of the most important railways in New England.

Apropos of the Bubonic Plague. The Harrovian, the Magazine of Harrow School, publishes some "howlers" from recent examination papers and among them is this: "The Black Death was terrible for the laborers, because they were forced to do all the work that was left by the thousands that died."

An Enviable Life.

On Feb. 20, 1771, there died at the Louvre, Paris, a French gentleman named Jean Jacques d' Ortous de Mairan at the age of 93. He kept his faculties to the last and was esteemed and honored by the scientific and polite society of the period. He was also one of the Forty Immortals. Many thought his lot enviable.

But soon after his death, a cool observer wrote concerning him as follows: "A sound mind, a good head, a marked evenness of temper, much moderation in the passions or rather no passions, enough feeling to deserve the esteem of those who walked with him in the same social circles, and to contract those ties of regard and politeness which sufficed him, which in truth have not the charm of friendship, but do not bring with them any obligation; not enough warmth in his soul for him to feel the need of a masterful attachment of a friend who disposes at his will of the peacefulness, serenity, happiness or unhappiness of our days; add to all this great prudence and foresight, great attention to his own wants and necessities, a system in all that he did; behold the elements in the character of M. de Mairan. Methodic in everything, there was in his mental outfit a sort of pedantry that was not wearisome: also a species of egoism that was not offensive, because it was masked by consideration for the courtesy and the usages of society."

A blameless man, a philosopher, as some would say. And yet reading this dissection of his character, a dissection more cruel in the original French, who would envy the life of Jean Jacques d'Ortous de Mairan?

Athletes of Old.

An English translation of the "Life of Apollonius of Tyana" by Philostratus has just been published. In it we find this story: "The Aeeans on their way to Olympia address the athletes thus: 'If ye have labored so hard as to be entitled to go to Olympia and have banished all sloth and cowardice from your lives, then march boldly on; but as for those who have not so trained themselves, let them depart whithersoever they like.' Here is advice that might be recommended to the British Olympic Council and all other foreigners who are disturbed because American athletes are so ungentlemanly as to undergo a course of training."

No Afternoon Tea.

Louise Cowperthwaite Lawrence has written a letter to the New York Times urging that a hot water urn with electric attachments be placed in any office or store so that employes can "secure a refreshing hot drink" at any hour without loss of time. She does not believe in the proposition that afternoon tea should be served to employes, for afternoon tea includes sandwiches, buttered toast, sometimes jam, and in a tired stomach starts immediate and unpleasant fermentation. Personally we should favor a keg of beer or ale kept at a proper temperature, but this mode of refreshing a jaded employe and obtaining from him the greatest and most cheerful service will probably not appeal to the majority of employers.

Against the practice of drinking tea, with or without buttered toast, many men whose views of life are worthy of consideration might be quoted. Cobbett was especially bitter and begged young men to free themselves from the slavery of the tea and coffee and other slop kettle. Jonas Hanway wrote a pamphlet in which he declared that tea-drinking sapped the vigor of Englishmen and spoiled the beauty of the women. But do not think that the "tea-fuddle" known in New South Wales and Queensland is a debauch. It is a means of raising money, usually at a church fair. The names of subscribers at a shilling apiece are pasted on tea cups, which are jumbled together on a table. If a subscriber, blindfolded, picks up the cup that bears his name he obtains a prize.

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He was a gentleman fond of his bed and also of his Madeiran wicker-work arm chair. He read a little; but when excited, which was rare, he would declaim loudly against the practice of "lecture" as worthless, touching the main enjoyments of human life—eating, drinking, visiting friends, and attending the theatre. According to him, the summum bonum of human life was to lie upon his back smoking cigarettes and looking at the moon or all the stars. He once, but only once, gathered energy to sermon me upon the subject of over-curiosity. I had remarked that the thermometer stood unusually high. "To me," quoth Don, "it is hot when I am hot; it is cold when my body feels cold. What do I want to know more?" Perhaps that Don was not so far wrong.

To Fit the Case.

The Detroit News-Tribune says: "Now that the women have come into their own in Michigan we will have to create the following titles: Governess, mayoress or mayorette, alderwoman, congresswoman, coroness, constablette, presidential electress, senatress." But the majority of these words are already in use and some have been in English literature for a long time.

Alderwoman, aldress, aldermaness, meaning an alderman's wife, are old words.

Congresswoman may be new, but what is the matter with congressist, a male or female member of a congress, or congressionist, already in the language?

There is no need of constablette. Constabless is as old as 1386.

Electress has usually been applied to the wife of a German Elector, but the Spectator used it as meaning a female elector as far back as 1869. Some might prefer electrice, or electrix.

Beginning with the 15th century the word governess meant a woman who governed a province, kingdom, religious institution. The Princess Keelikolani was described as "the Governess of Hawaii."

Then there is mayoress, wife of a mayor. But the North American Review in 1895 looked into the future and saw "mayoresses" of cities.

Senatress is old. "Heliogabalus made the first senatress, he erected a little Senate of women, which met on Colles Quirinalis" (Gurdon, 1731). "There were no terms in the Latin language to signify senatress, dictatress or even empress." (Murphy, 1793.)

When Rosa Leland took control of the leading theatre in Albany, N. Y., the newspapers spoke of her as a manageress. This irritated her, and she insisted on being called the manager of the Leland Opera House.

A Delicate Object.

Some have characterized Constantinople as the most beautiful city in the world. George Sandys seeing it in 1610 wrote: "Walled with bricke and stone, intermixed orderly; having foure and twentie gates and posterns: whereof she doe regard the land, and nineteene the water; being about thirteene miles in circumference. Than this there is hardly in nature a more delicate object, if beheld from the sea or adjoyning mountaine: The loftie and beautiful Cypress trees so entermixed with the buildings, that it seemeth to present a City in a wood to the pleased beholdere. Whose seven aspiring heads (for so many hills and no more, they say it is seated) are most of them crowned with magnificent Mosques, all of white marble round in forme, and coupled above; being finished on the top with gilded spires, that reflect the seames they receive with a marvellous splendor." Hans Christian Andersen ranked Constantinople first, then Stockholm, Edinburgh, Lisbon.

But only yesterday a man of fine taste who had seen many cities said that of all towns Liege was the most beautiful and the most desirable for a dwelling place.

The [illegible] Spot.

[illegible] who was born in Missouri ... [illegible] ever shines and the ... all the happy year ... was born in Kentucky, ... of Clay, the home of oratory, ... gallant men. Still an... born in Virginia, the home of ... the birthplace of states... the state of chivalric deeds and ...

...-haired and sallow-faced man, ... of the party and had been ... a short black pipe, lift... "And I was born in the ... of America."

"... what?" they said.

"... Maine," he replied; "... a razor-strop."

Tu Quoque.

... Brueschulte, a German journ... this country, said while he ... in Pittsburgh that it is ... so many American men wear ... you gulp down beer, prefera... which is injurious. There ... surpass you. Any one who ... cold beer is bound to have ...

... the beer at Munich, and is ... Munich beer in German ... a lower degree of tem... than in the great majority of ... in this country?

... not more spectacles and eye... proportion to the number of ... worn in Germany than ... States?

... that beer consumed in ... quantities, here or in Germany, ... cold or at a reasonable ... may affect even the strong... so that the bravest tosspot ... as trees walking?

[I]DA REEVE AT B. F. KEITH'S

[illegible] who is making a ... tour this season, is at ... this week, where, at both ... performances she re... triumphs she has already ... New York, Philadelphia, Chi... and the few other cities in which ... appeared under the Keith man... Miss Reeve is billed as "Lon... own comedienne" and, unlike ... of the so-called comediennes from ... other side, her work is refined and ... favored her audiences yes... with five or six songs, all of ... distinctive and written expressly ... walls in the afternoon she gave ... a charming dance. This, ... omitted in the ... It was certainly not because ... not ... "Because I'm ... The ... the Happy ... perhaps, her biggest hits.

... this ... almost from start ... one of unusual merit and ... Kenney and company in ... "Proposal" have a decidedly ... comedy in which the head ... position, after compelling the ... to propose to the stenog... who is always late at the office ... in love with the lady him... though he has previously fixed ... honeymoon ... California and $100 for side ... Hanging about the walls of ... office are mottoes ... them being "Only Married ... business" and "Do it Now ..."

... company, in which three ... pickaninnies are introduced, ... down the house, no better ... of its kind ever being seen at ... Earlier in the sketch ... the little pickaninnies sang ... "Chuck" Reisner and ... in a sketch, "It's Only ... have something that is ... from the ordinary, the new ... graceful dances that ... being one of the ...

... and Harry Madison ... "Shopping Tour," in ... some pleasing ... Wynn tried hard ... in getting a lot ... and Gloom." Among ... were Johnny ... Caron in "Fun in ... and Baldwin, just ... world tour in ... they introduced a lot ... juggling and difficult club ... and Lyons and Albino, nov...

'CONTES D'HOFFMANN' OPENS OPERA SEASON

By PHILIP HALE

A fantastical performance of a most fantastic opera, an opera that is unique in the repertoire of the stage, opened brilliantly last evening the fourth season of the Boston Opera House. Offenbach's "Contes d' Hoffmann" was performed for the first time by this company in the presence of a very large, expectant and greatly interested audience.

The cast was as follows

Hoffmann	Mr. Clement
Le Conseilleur Lindorf	Mr. Marcoux
Coppelius	Mr. Marcoux
Dapertutto	Mr. Marcoux
Le Docteur Miracle	Mr. Marcoux
Spalazani	Mr. Giaccone
Crespel	Mr. Blanchart
Andres	Mr. Cilla
Cochenille	Mr. Cilla
Pitichinaccio	Mr. Cilla
Frantz	Mr. Cilla
Maître Luther	Mr. Silli
Nathanael	Mr. Dias
Hermann	Mr. Chasseriaux
Schlemil	Mr. Everett
Stella	Miss Sharrow
Giulietta	Miss Amsden
Olympia	Miss Fisher
Antonia	Mme. Edvina
Niklausse	Miss Leveroni

The chief features among many of this performance were the scenery and costumes, and the impersonation of Antonia by Mme. Louise Edvina, who then sang for the first time in Boston.

The manner in which this opera is "mounted" is most creditable to Mr. Russell the managing director and to Mr. Urban, the general stage director, who has shown a fancy that is comparable to that of the composer and librettist. Yet there are details in this remarkably sumptuous, imaginative, Hoffmannesque production, that may well excite discussion.

The first scene, that of Luther's wine cellar, in its realism that has the necessary and saving touch of ideality, with rare effects of lighting, is wholly admirable and beyond all praise.

The scene of Spalanzani's reception room with the decoration of the walls and the furnishing is a delight to the eyes. This room, however, is on a second stage, so that Spalanzani and the automaton he calls his daughter receive their guests by not receiving them. The invited men and women are below them on the true stage. Hoffmann and Nicklausse are the only ones honored by a close approach to host and hostess, until Coppelius sneaks his way. The guests hear Olympia sing as though they were on the floor of a concert hall. There is no general dancing in the Waltz finale. The guests—as though they were of the inconspicuous bunched in a newspaper account of a "social function" as "among those present"—waltz below the second stage and the brilliance of the scene is thus dimmed. Should not this episode in Hoffmann's life be presented scenically in a more realistic manner? The peculiar shudder incited by Hoffmann's tales is the gradual transformation of the baldly realistic into the wildly fanciful, the amazingly grotesque, the supernaturally terrible. It may be said that this second and raised stage is in keeping with the visionary character of three acts, for there is a double stage until the return to the cellar. But the title of the opera is not "Les Reves d'Hoffmann." In the cellar, the poet, heated by wine, does not tell what he dreamt, he tells what actually happened to him. When he saw and heard Olympia at the ball, he was only one of many guests.

The design of the scene for the Venetian night is extremely beautiful; rich in contrasting colors, with a suggestion of Paolo Veronese's gorgeousness with a reminder of Aubrey Beardsley, who might have designed the second act, and there is the sight of the water and the star-sprinkled Italian sky beyond. There is too much in the foreground. The front is cluttered, so that there is little suggestion of space and air; so that there is posturing on the part of the actors, but little opportunity for action. There is over-elaboration in the equipment.

The cool and virginal chamber in which Dr. Miracle works out his Satanic purpose and the tragedy of Antonia passes is finely imagined, though some might wish this room so planned that Dr. Miracle might more effectively make one of his sudden appearances through a blank wall; for although this learned leech was apparently a man of authority in the neighborhood and enjoyed a thriving practice, he had surprising tricks, if we may trust the stage directions of Jules Barbier, the librettist and one of the dramatists of the play of 1851, and among these tricks was the disconcerting habit of rising and sinking through the floor when he was least expected, of entering through a chamber wall after he had been ejected through a door which was at once locked behind him.

Now whatever may be said concerning the advisability of the raised stage in the ball room scene, or concerning other features of the production that are in the ultra-modern direction exemplified in the management of the stage by Max Reinhardt and Gordon Craig, all are working according to this method this must be gladly allowed: this production is not only unusually interesting; it aids in suggesting the peculiar atmosphere of strange beauty and of diablerie that gives the tales of E. T. A. Hoffmann a unique place in literature and sets Offenbach's opera apart from other lyric works in which the mysterious and the supernatural are leading motives.

The sinister Lindorf, who appears in other malignant shapes to wreck the happiness of Hoffmann, as Coppelius the pedlar of "lovely eyes"; as Dapertutto who robs Hoffmann of his looking glass reflection, persuades him to murder and then restrains him as Giulietta, the Courtesan, glides by on the gondola and in the arms of another, as the horrible Dr. Miracle with his uncanny absent treatment of the consumptive maiden and his dance to the music of the medicine flasks clinked like castanets in one of the most dramatic trios known to the stage; these shapes, likewise Olympia, the singing puppet, the Wanton revellers in Venice, the despairing Crespel, and Hoffmann himself adventurous in his pursuit of the ideal, all move and have their being in the appropriate atmosphere of beauty, now that of the 18th century with its rococo taste, now that of a Venetian purple and odorous night, and again the beauty of German domestic peacefulness.

Mr. Caplet, who rehearsed and conducted the opera, conceived the happy idea of connecting the prologue with the first act. When Hoffmann exclaims to the tosspots in the cellar, "The name of the first was Olympia," there is now no wait to break the spell. Certain measures from the opening chorus of wine sprites, which is usually omitted, are sung behind the scenes and with orchestral measures lead to the rise of the curtain on Spalanzani's reception room. The effect is thus greatly enhanced. Unimportant songs for Niklausse and Frantz, songs of gaisty in the early Offenbachian manner have been omitted. The opera now begins, after the short orchestral prelude, with the entrance of Lindorf and ends with Hoffmann, as he grows more and more intoxicated, looking with indifference on the singer Stella as she leaves the cellar with the councillor, while the students and townsfolk chant their bacchanalian ditty. We should like to see the last act as it stands in the edition which omits the Venetian act. The Muse consoles Hoffmann and foretells his fame, there is then a rather long scene between the poet and Stella.

At the dress rehearsal on Saturday night the lights were not turned up after the death of Antonia. There was music until the curtain arose and disclosed Luther's cellar with the crowd listening to the end of Hoffmann's last story. It is a pity that this plan was not followed last night. The spell was at once broken, and the dead Antonia was resuscitated for a curtain call.

And now a few words about the character of the performance.

A gorgeous production is not all that's desirable in a performance of this opera. Offenbach was a born melodist, as were Handel, Mozart, Rossini, Schubert, Stephen C. Foster, all men whose melodies are characterized first of all by irresistible spontaneity. For Offenbach was more than the ironical musician of the Second Empire to whose mad tunes the gods of Olympus, grand duchesses, servants disguised as aristocrats, viceroys, brigands, street singers, strolling players, danced frenetically the can can. From the very beginning, as in "Fortunio's Song," he wrote tender, graceful and affecting melodies. It is enough to recall "Dites lui" in "La Grande Duchesse," Perichole's Letter the Romance in "La Princesse de Trebizonde"—seldom is one of his operettas without one air charming by its simplicity and direct appeal.

In "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" there is a continuous display of melodic wealth. This music must be sung, and sung well, as the characters call for well-graced or imaginative actors. And to the automaton Olympia the composer gave a florid air that taxes the ability of an accomplished coloratura singer. It is well known that Mme. Sembrich when she was still a brilliant virtuoso as well as a mistress of the Lied, was anxious to take the parts of Olympia and Antonia.

Frieda Hempel was engaged by Mr. Russell to take the part of Olympia, but by reason of sickness, or for some prima donna reason, she has not yet arrived in this country. It fell, then, upon Miss Fisher to replace her. This lyric singer is a charming Micaela and a delightful Gretel. She is to be commended for her bravery in taking a part that is not vocally suited to her. Her impersonation of the automaton was amusing and she was a pretty figure in the fantastic scene.

Miss Amsden bore herself with dignity rather than as a voluptuous temptress. A handsome woman in repose there was little warmth of tone in the ... and in the Barcarole the two female voices did not blend. In the barcarole at the beginning and at the ... [illegible] ... were not ... [illegible] ... for the ... [illegible] ... been ... volume and ... with ... Mr. Marcoux ... ability, was ... Lindorf, ... and Dapertutto ... Dr. Miracle ... the three ... were not so strongly ... did they stand out ... as those of Mr. ... Dr. Miracle ... been mistaken at ... for ... Mephistopheles in Gounod's ... and the two are not the same. Dr. Miracle should suggest the charlatan, the mesmerist, the natural bone-setter with a dash of the diabolical. No doubt he was in league with Satan who had given him extraordinary powers. This Dapertutto and Miracle last night were too much alike. The former is swashbuckler in the drama and the opera and we prefer to see him swaggering in officer's costume. We also prefer to see a Dr. Miracle of greasy, repulsive false and horrible good nature.

Mme. Edvina was a most sympathetic Antonia. She acted with ... and maidenly warmth. She sang effectively, but it would be fairer to inquire into her vocal art after a second hearing.

Messrs. Blanchart, Giaccone and Cilla were conspicuous among those who took the minor parts. The male chorus was excellent. Mr. Caplet was generally fortunate in his views of the proper tempi, but the chief male trio in Crespel's house would have been still more sinister if the pace had been a little slower and the rhythm more strongly marked.

The opera on Wednesday night will be Puccini's "Boheme." Miss Bori and Mr. Laffitte will sing for the first time in Boston. The other chief singers will be Miss Dereyne and Messrs. Polese, de Segurola and Pulcini. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"[illegible] the Boys," a comedy in four acts by George Ade. The cast:

Samuel Morewood	[illegible]
William R...	[illegible]
Thomas Jeffer... Morewood	[illegible]
Major Bellamy Didsworth	[illegible]
...as Ford	[illegible]
... Bartholomew	[illegible]
... Bigbee	[illegible]
William Holto...	[illegible]
...ie Brayton	[illegible]
...y Donelson	[illegible]
...	[illegible]
...	[illegible]
... Prentice	[illegible]
... Beesley	[illegible]

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Shakespeare's "[illegible]" ... the following cast:

Othello	[illegible]
Iago	[illegible]
Cassio	[illegible]
Duke of Venice	George [illegible]
Brabantio	[illegible]
Gratiano	[illegible]
Lodovico	[illegible]
Roderigo	[illegible]
Montano	[illegible]
Messenger	[illegible]
...	[illegible]
Desdemona	[illegible]

Shakespeare ... presentation ... deserves ... the Shakespearian production ... now and then attempts ... Square. In the ... generally achieved ... and whereas ... must often be put before ... without ever a dress rehearsal ... not expect perfect smoothness ... night, the performance ... marked by very little ... lines or business.

"Othello," as a play hardly needs ... or analysis at the ... the casual critic in this day and ... nation. Suffice it to say that the ... of the play, as given ... by Mr. Craig's players, ... and yet at the same time ... well the continuity of the ... of the settings are of ... —especially the ... "the Sagittary" in ... whereas ... certain ... seems to take rather ... minded a view of the ... the production from a ... point of view is ...

Mr. Craig's reading of the ... deserves warm praise, marked as ... by dignity, expressiveness and ... clear enunciation. He was ... at ease in the part, and ... interpretation was throughout ... strikingly original, consistent and ...

Miss Young was ... ona, her interpretation ... and in certain scenes ... as well ... Walter ... excellently the part ... tio Desdemona's ... despised ... dignity was Mr. ... the small part ... Browne was ... and ... [illegible]

[illegible] respect [illegible] one the im[illegible] rou[illegible] A go[illegible] loyed [illegible] though it was not to [illegible] easy vi[illegible]

"The Master of the House" Has Its First Performance in Boston.

MAJESTIC THEATRE — First performance in Boston of "The Master of the House," a comedy in five acts by Edgar James.

Frederick Hoffman	Malcolm Williams
Anna	Grace Reals
Harry	A. M. Botsford
Beatrice	Mary Servoss
Alston	Forrest Robinson
Mr. Valentine	Craig Miner
Barbara	Helen Reimer
Mrs. Curtis	Eva Randolph
Bettina	Florence Reed
Theodore Sevigne	Lawrence Eyre
Senator Stevenson	Benjamin Graham
Rose	Ella Rock

So many times we have been told that "there is no fool like an old fool" but to Mr. James we must be grateful for a new exposition of the fact, and the audience which filled the Majestic for the opening performance did not seem bored.

The first impression of the stage was worth several pages of exposition. It showed the growth of the family in the old house, from modest beginnings to ease and wealth, but decidedly the comfort of a self-made American man whose success had depended on his own efforts. A few rather obviously expository lines gave the key to the situation, and we were off on what our dramatists and novelists tell us is the usual sad condition in American homes; the impatient head of the household tyranizing over the subdued members, who forgive him anything, on the plea of his business cares. But into this home is coming another factor, not quite so universal; the busy wife has engaged a seeming guileless maiden to help her with household duties. Instantly she wins father and son, dull in his reaction from college, and both find that, after all, life may be worth living.

There is clear, fresh acting on Mr. Botsford's part, as the son Harry, and a definite, rounded characterizing of the father by Mr. Williams. In the nervous scenes in which he cuts off his wife's sentences and all but cusses the housekeeper, he is admirable, as he is, too, when he plumes himself under the hand of the skilful flatterer.

Miss Reed pouted and looked pretty, but there was a too audible suggestion of the unpleasantness to follow, in her voice. However, she carried the act to a laughing curtain, which promised much.

Miss Read, as the wife of the "master," was calm from end to end. When after five months of watching, she determined that her son's happiness could not be endangered by the presence of the fascinating Miss Curtis in the house, her cool manner seemed almost unreal. Her husband's nervous outbreaks showed his feeling in the matter; the boy should be disinherited, the girl should stay. But with the same intensity, Mrs. Hoffman gave the girl her dismissal. And then it was, in this scene, and the one immediately following that Miss Read did her most delicate acting. The kitten showed hidden claws; and as she defied the woman who had "hurt" her, we came to feel that there was something serious in the lives of these people.

But almost before the feeling had formed, the thunder-bolt was hurled. The master of the house, in the skillful hands of what seemed to him an innocent girl, confessed that he loved her and bade her trust in him. If Mr. James's foresight had not led him to make Hoffman most impulsive, we would not have believed the extraordinary way in which he calmly proposes to divorce the wife of his youth. Perhaps the good acting of Alston, the lawyer, helped here as it certainly did later.

Mr. James has the knack of setting his stage, and in the third act we find Hoffmann and his new wife in a disordered apartment in New York. Alston, the faithful friend, watched with delightful serenity and the facial expression of a master the confusion that seethed round the misguided man. Miss Reed fu[illegible] and [illegible] watched, now and then raising her voice to a pitch which suggested delirium, and always she harped on money, until in one last outburst she confessed that [illegible] motive in marrying the man she pretended to love was her comfort. And Mr. James, seeing a spade, did not hesitate about naming it. Mr. Williams formed the curtain down in a speech of repudiation which can only be excused by the excessively impulsive character he portrayed.

There is little to do once the fool sees his folly, except to end everybody happily, and the fourth act does it without slackening of speed or emotional values. A [illegible] Hoffman returns to his family [illegible] "master" [illegible] rea[illegible] the way of beo[illegible]

[illegible] But does [illegible] have much bearing on [illegible] question. Whether or no, he has given us a good play, that makes us laugh as well as choke down a lump—and that's the main thing.

Nov 27 '9

Miss Alice Eldridge Plays Varied Program to Friendly Audience.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Alice Eldridge gave a piano recital last night in Steinert Hall. Her program was as follows: Bach, prelude, E flat minor; Haydn sonata, D major; Chopin, five preludes, nocturne, C minor, op. 48, No. 1, mazurka, F sharp minor; MacDowell improvisation, op. 46, No. 4, Marchwind, op. 46, No. 10; Arensky, basso ostinato, op. 5, No. 5; Ganz, etude caprice, op. 14, No. 4; Noyes, tone poem; Debussy, La Fille aux Cheveux de lin; Liszt, sonetto del Petrarca, Rakoczy March.

Miss Eldridge who, at an early age, excited attention in Boston by uncommon musical proficiency and fortunately for her and the public, was not paraded as an infant phenomenon, has returned after serious study in Europe.

It is unusual in these days to see a sonata by Haydn on a program. Pianists occasionally play his Variations—Mr. Paderewski made much of them when he first visited this country—but the sonatas are neglected, and undeservedly. Vincent d'Indy some years ago reminded virtuosos of these compositions, and wondered why they ignored the brilliant and charmingly musical sonata in E flat, the one dedicated to Mme. Bartolozzi, the wife of the celebrated engraver. No one would wish to hear all the 35 that have been published, but there are half a dozen that would interest the public.

Miss Eldrige's program, which was pleasantly varied and not pretentious, does not in other respects call for comment. She has gained in facility since she was last heard here, also somewhat in musical taste. She should remember that the ornaments in Bach's music should not be forced upon the attention; they are only incidental, as are the arabesques of Chopin.

It would be too much to say that her playing is yet romantic or poetic. Her Chopin was rather matter-of-fact. At her present stage she is most effective in pieces characterized chiefly by brilliance, as the "Maerzwind" of MacDowell.

There was a very friendly audience of good size.

Mrs. Mary Kenney O'Sullivan is reported as saying that bow-legged children are due to low wages and consequent lack of nourishment. We are more inclined to share the opinion of the sailor who made his apology in Thomas Hood's poem:

> There's some is born with their straight legs by natur—
> And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
> And some that should have growed a good deal straighter,
> But they were badly nursed,
> And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
> Astride of casks and kegs.

If little children are allowed to walk too soon their legs will resemble a parenthesis, whether the children are stuffed or starved. Painters and sculptors say that the great majority of female models, and women in general, are knock-kneed. Is it better to be knock-kneed or bandy-legged? This is another subject for academic discussion. We should be glad to receive letters, provided they are written in good faith and in a serious spirit.

The Elocutionist Abroad.

As the World Wags:

Illustrating the culture of the teacher of elocution that is abroad in our land, I quote from a letter recently received: "I do not like Winter's 'Much Ado About Nothing' which you sent me, so did not order them. I have found the cover of the copy you sent me—the 'Twelfth Night.' It was by William Warren. It was good. Perhaps I would like his plays better than Winter's."

Boston, Nov. 25. F. E. C.

Mr. Johnson at the Opera.

As the World Wags:

Since I wrote you I have received my dress suit from the New York tailor, and you will be glad to know that it fits me so nicely that I have determined to raise the price of my lectures on subjects of sociological interest. I wore the suit for the first time last Monday night at the opera. I was somewhat surprised that the society reporters did not mention me "among those present," but perhaps it is just as well, for my printer, a grossly commercial person, has been dunning me for a trifling sum and refuses to con[illegible]

[illegible] magnum opus [illegible] only [illegible] tion.)

I think I know more about [illegible] overrated but hi[illegible] pr[illegible] pieces of Herbert Spencer [illegible] like this, I realize my limitations and shall not attempt any critical analysis of the performance. Whenever Spencer wrote about music he framed an erroneous hypothesis or uttered a criticism that seemed absurd to professional musicians.

No, although Mr. Urban's scenery fascinated me, I was chiefly interested, as a sociologist, in the dress, behavior and conversation of the audience. On that night I gathered valuable material for my aforesaid colossal work. It would wrong my subscribers if I were to publish these notes in a daily newspaper, but I may be permitted to make at least two observations.

Foolish Fashions!

I. How foolish is fashion! The ideal coat for a theatre, opera house or concert hall is a dinner coat, Tuxedo, whatever you choose to call the tail-less garment, that was probably devised by a Manx tailor. When you sit, tails are in the way. Nothing is more ridiculous than the sight of an orthodox citizen carefully parting or spreading his coat tails as he is about to take his seat. Sitting on the tails does great harm to the coat. Yet Fashion decrees that the clawhammer should be worn.

II. I regret the fact that the opera hat, the Gibus, crush, accordion, is now voted middle class, if not actually low and vulgar. Unless you sit in a box—and this always reminds me of a box-stew, often with a lobster in it as well as oysters—a plug hat is sadly inconvenient. If you put it in the aisle, an usher may kick it. If you place it under the seat, some nervous person behind you in a burst of musical enthusiasm may put his foot in it. It is a nuisance to hold it. Whereas the Gibus, invented for operatic purposes, answers admirably. I hasten to add that I have a Gibus, also a plug hat which was constructed for me in 1889 and is now as imposing as when it first came to me. Therefore I discuss this subject in a purely sociological, and not an envious, spirit.

Again I ask: Will any one of your readers, can any one supply me with a biographical sketch of the excellent Mr. Gibus? Mr. Nathan Matthews, to whom I am greatly indebted, once told me that he had seen a sketch—I think he said he had notes about Mr. Gibus, but had mislaid them. It is easy to obtain authentic information about the Mad Hatter—we know how he behaved at the famous dinner party with Alice—but Mr. Gibus is still a Great Unknown. If I only knew his initials! I might then form some idea of his character and personal appearance.

HERKIMER JOHNSON

Boston, Nov. 26, 1912

A Bulgarian Dish.

Housekeepers who wish to surprise their guests by providing a dish that is not familiar and is now pertinent by reason of geographical, military and historical interest should serve Kuvani Itukovi. Here is the recipe:

Crush the bodies and shells of a quart of crayfish in a marble mortar, empty them into a marmite with a good tumblerful of Chablis or hock; add three cloves and simmer for 20 minutes, stirring all the while. Then strain off the liquor into a saucepan, into which put the peeled tails, a grating of nutmeg, two walnuts of butter, rolled in flour, and a dose of salt and paprika. Toss this about for 15 minutes and then serve on slices of toast.

Nov 26 1912

MISS BORI WINS FAVOR AS MIMI

By PHILIP HALE.

It is said that the family name of Miss Lucrezia Bori, who sang last night for the first time in Boston, is Borgia, and that she is a lineal descendant of Lucrezia Borgia, the infamous one according to legends, Hugo's tragedy and Donizetti's opera, but famous, if rehabilitating historians are to be believed, for her righteous influence in government and her countless deeds of charity.

Neither the voice of Miss Bori nor her art is steeped in operatic crime. Her tones do not stab; they do not poison. She has the inestimable advantages of youth and beauty. She has an expressive face and the charm is not broken when she sings; her figure is graceful; may the day when exercise of lungs and diaphragm results in an outward and unseemly development that rivets attention be far distant.

Her reputation had preceded her. Applauded in Italian opera houses, She was called to Paris where she took part in a performance given by the visiting Metropolitan company. A short time ago we all learned of her success in New York. She did not come to Boston wholly as a stranger.

She will undoubtedly and deservedly be a favorite here. The voice is a pleasing one, a warm one though there are a few white notes. It is a voice that is peculiarly adapted to lyrically emotional parts. It is used freely and with skill.

The opera in which she appeared was Puccini's "Boheme." Mr. Moranzoni conducted and the cast was as follows:

Mimi	Miss Bori
Musetta	Miss Dereyne
Rodolfo	Mr. Laffitte
Schaunard	Mr. Pulcini
Marcello	Mr. Polese
Colline	Mr. De Segurola
Benoit, Alcindoro	Mr. Pini Corsi
Parpignol	Mr. Giaccone
Doganiere	Mr. Olshansky

Many sopranos have been seen here as Mimi since Mme. Melba impersonated the grisette when Mr. Ellis produced Puccini's opera. Some of them are remembered gratefully; few if any came to grief, for as long as the music is sung acceptably, the average audience makes no loud complaint. Mimi is not the conventional operatic and five-act heroine in distress; she is a simple soul, and provided the singer is not awkward or affected, she can walk through the part without irritating the spectator. Such singers, however, leave many cold. Occasionally a woman comes who dons the melodramatic mask. As a rule this woman who acts with undue intensity, sings spasmodically and is arrogantly shrill in a climax. Neither the character of Mimi nor the music of Puccini encourages this intensity.

Miss Bori avoided each extreme. In the first act she was simple. There was no attempt to compel admiration, but after she had sung with appropriate lightness her first phrases, the hearers were at ease. She was not merely agreeable in routine fashion: this Mimi had individuality. And what a relief it was to hear her singing in a conversational way, after the stress and fury of Messrs. Pulcini, Polese, and De Segurola, who went through the first act in boisterous fashion, aided and abetted by Mr. Moranzoni, whose reading of the score was spirited, but unnecessarily noisy and almost wholly without contrasts, to say nothing of nuances. In fact, throughout the first three acts Mr Moranzoni led with a heavy hand and more than once the singers were drowned in the orchestral flood.

In the second act Mimi has little to do, and Miss Bori did not attempt to be conspicuous. In later scenes she was quietly pathetic, though accents of despair were not wanting when the music grew more passionate. Voice, face, the droop of head, the languor of the body—there was Mimi abandoned, hopeless, loving the poet who felt obliged to part with her because she was a consumptive. But in Murger's time there was little talk about microbes, malignant or beneficent. In this act Rodolfo cuts almost as sorry a figure as Lieut. B. F. Pinkerton in "Madama Butterfly."

In song and in action—there are some who insist they are the same in operatic performances—Miss Bori was free from extravagance, the besetting sin of too many Italian singers. Her appearance in other parts is now eagerly anticipated.

Mr. Laffitte also made a favorable impression. He has a firm manly voice with brilliant upper tones. Evidently a singer of much experience, he bore himself well, played the part consistently, was sufficiently spirited in the more reckless scenes and not unduly sentimental in his dialogue with Mimi.

Miss Dereyne was warmly welcomed. She again sang the waltz in the second act at too slow a pace and in the ensemble turned Musetta into a dramatic soprano. She acted with her customary vivacity and was capricious and coquettish in keeping with the character.

Mr. de Segurola was here with the San Carlo Company. Last evening he introduced effective business as Colline, gave distinction to the part and not only [illegible] the farewell to his overcoat—a song that delays the action and also assistance [illegible] the dying Mimi. He and Messrs. Pulcini and Polese might well have moderated their vocal exuberance in the first act.

The mounting of the opera again gave pleasure, that of the second act especially.

The opera on Friday night will be "Madama Butterfly," with Mmes. Destinn and Leveroni, and Messrs. Martin and Polese.

The story of the black and white cat that was "hermetically sealed into" a wall of a vacant house in Roxbury and lived there for 16 days without food or drink recalls Poe's grisly tale, "The Black Cat," but Poe's cat howled and shrieked on the fourth day of the assassination, and there was food within the wall; there was the body of the murdered wife.

Fortunato after he had been snugly put behind the wall in the cellar where he did not taste the famous Amontillado, failed to answer the skilful Mason Montressor even before the last stone was in position, and how long did the lover in Balzac's "Grande Breteche" stir in his agony after the wife had sworn on the crucifix that she was alone in the room? Frogs and toads have been more fortunate in accidental imprisonment. There are disadvantages in being a [illegible] of creation.

The Curse of a Birthplace.

[illegible] ... is the one country in the world where men are properly [illegible]. After I had lived long enough, if I should wish to die anywhere, it [illegible] Seals, for that country is [illegible] one most of it uncultivated, [illegible] leads any one to dream of [illegible].

Did Menage ever say this? We found the remark in a volume of "Menagiana" [illegible] for a sub-title "Les Bons [illegible] et Remarques Critiques, Historiques, Morales et d'érudition, de Monsieur Ménage recueillies par ses Amis." [illegible] did not do him justice for [illegible] own bon mots are poor jokes [illegible] would not make their way even in [illegible] but the jests of others as repeated by him are not "half bad" though often [illegible] free for this prim age. "Menagiana" is to be recommended as a [illegible] book, but be sure to obtain this edition, in four volumes, [illegible] with the pages that had been stricken out by the censor neatly [illegible] at the end of each volume so that you can turn to them at once and not be obliged to hunt through the [illegible]. The anecdotes are diverting. Open [illegible] at random. Here we find that [illegible] Richelieu—known on the [illegible] stage as Richeloo—was very [illegible] Desnoyers, his valet, was [illegible] allowed to sleep in his [illegible] Richelieu went to bed [illegible] every nook and cranny. [illegible] looking under the valet's bed [illegible] bottles of wine which [illegible] had put there to solace him [illegible] watches. The cardinal, [illegible] they were poisoned, compelled [illegible] to drink the wine to the last drop. [illegible] this improving anecdote, when [illegible] Richelieu on the stage, alone, at [illegible] we wonder why he does not perform this salutary nocturnal trick.

Books for Bed and Pocket.

[illegible] Johnson in a comparatively amiable mood admitted that a few of the [illegible] "Ana" are good. He preferred [illegible] "Table Talk" to any one of [illegible] but for a bed book there is too [illegible] it. Coleridge's "Table Talk", Hazlitt's "Conversations of [illegible]", Eckermann's talk with [illegible] are more to the purpose. [illegible] Thackeray's favorite [illegible] Montaigne's essays and [illegible] Letters." [illegible] a walking, and the difference in opinion are amusing. One [illegible] would avoid poetry, fiction, the [illegible] philosophy, economics, he had a [illegible] walk with "The Citizen of the [illegible]". Stevenson urged a volume of [illegible] essays or "Tristram Shandy." [illegible] speaks in behalf of Leigh [illegible]. There is one, possibly an ironist [illegible] has a pleasant word for "the jolly [illegible] "Selected Poems" of George Meredith." Hazlitt himself did not shun fiction [illegible] witness the essay "On Going a [illegible]". Let us quote the memorable [illegible]: "It was on the tenth of April, [illegible] that I sat down to a volume of the [illegible] at the inn at Llangollen, [illegible] a bottle of sherry and a cold [illegible]." This essay itself would be [illegible] for a short walk, there are so [illegible] sentences that are more than the [illegible] of others. Mark him in the village [illegible] entered at nightfall! "What a delicate [illegible] it is, after drinking [illegible] goblets of tea, the cups that [illegible] but not inebriate, and letting the [illegible] ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper [illegible] and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions or an excellent veal cutlet!" [illegible] pocket edition of the "Roundabout [illegible]" [illegible] a cheering companion.

That Little Bill.

[illegible] journals are not always too staid [illegible] and commercial. The Grocers' [illegible] Assistant (Eng.) contains an article on the [illegible] of accounts. It seems that [illegible] England, as in this country, there are [illegible] who make a brave show, perhaps [illegible] flaunt it in the latest motor car—[illegible] to not pay the butcher and heed [illegible] bills. An English suburban butcher [illegible] adopted this plan of collecting: [illegible] a debtor will not even answer a [illegible] letter the butcher sends out [illegible] a plug hat embellished with [illegible] device: "Debt Collector," [illegible] the man stands, and sometimes sits, [illegible] the doorstep.

NOV 29 1912

[illegible] Franco's Leon Laffitte, a new [illegible] at the Boston Opera House, brings [illegible] memories of a famous name, [illegible] the boy who was not thrilled [illegible] reading "Lafitte, the [illegible] of the Gulf," when he should [illegible] studying his geography. The [illegible] his hero was sometimes spelled [illegible] sometimes with two "ff's" but [illegible] Lafitte is the one [illegible] them the Rev. J. H. [illegible]

[illegible] "The Pirate" [illegible] "Lafitte" [illegible] distri[illegible] We [illegible] and not at all [illegible] it was less sentimental [illegible] testimonials.

Poe paid his respects to the reverend gentleman in one sentence. "Now had 'Murder Will Out' been a much worse story than was ever written by Prof. Ingraham, etc." And in his curious "Chapter on Autography" Poe read Ingraham's character from his hand writing. "He appeals always to the taste of the ultra-romanticists (as a matter, we believe, rather of pecuniary policy than of choice), and thus is obnoxious to the charge of a certain cut-and-thrust, blue-fire melodramaticism. Still, he is capable of better things." His unequal chirography led Poe to predicate "an uneasy vacillation of temper and of purpose." Poe was the first American literary critic worthy the name. Some are inclined to believe that he was also the last. But we wander.

An Old-Time Hero.

There is a fine life of Lafitte in "The Pirates Own Book," and there is no better Christmas present than this for an adventurous boy, whether he longs to become a corporation lawyer, a promoter or a manager of a champion baseball club. Mark the modesty of the opening: "Jean Lafitte was born at St. Maloes (sic) in France in 1781 and went to sea at the age of 13, after several voyages in Europe and to the coasts of Africa, he was appointed mate of a French East Indiaman, bound for Madras." There is the same calmness, the same circumstantiality in the opening of "Robinson Crusoe." Note this thumbnail sketch: "Expecting that the enemy would take him for a pilot of the Ganges he manoeuvred accordingly. The Pugoda manifested no suspicions, whereupon he suddenly darted with his brave followers upon the decks, overturned all who opposed them, and speedily took the ship." When he fell in with the Queen East Indiaman, and 40 of his crew boarded, "with pistols in their hands and daggers held between their teeth," after the good old fashion.

> And, O, it is a glorious thing
> To be a pirate king.

We like to think of Lafitte taking prizes in the Bight of Benin, prizes loaded with gold dust, ivory and Palm Oil—a cargo almost as rich as one of ivory, apes and peacocks. We like to think of him lording it at Barratarla, fighting with his lieutenant Dominique and a large band with Gen. Jackson at New Orleans—observe the picture on page 76 of "Interview between Lafitte, General Jackson, and Governor Claiborne."

His Brave Ending.

Alas, this superior pirate was slain on the deck of his "long dark looking vessel low in the water, but having very tall masts, with sails white as the driven snow." Lafitte had received two wounds; the bone of his right leg was shattered with grape; there was a cut in the abdomen, but he endeavored to dag with his dagger the captain of the British boarders in his heart. His aim faltered and he struck the captain in the right thigh.

"Again the reeking steel was upheld, and Lafitte placed his left hand near the captain's heart, to make his aim more sure; again the dizziness of dissolution spread over his sight, down came the dagger into the captain's left thigh and Lafitte was a corpse."

In the Catalogue.

There have been other Laffittes, as the French general who fought in Turkey against Catherine the second, and wrote a treatise on castrametation and fortification for the school he had established at Constantinople; as Jacques Laffitte, minister of finance after whom the street in Paris was named in 1830. Laffitte the banker, of whom incredible stories of thrift are told. But the Lafitte or Laffitte of Laffittes was the Pirate of the Gulf.

Some may remember that William Everett in Congress was laughed at when he pronounced "Octopus" with the accent on the second syllable; laughed at until the laughers learned that his was the preferred pronunciation. A short time ago Mr. Churchill in Parliament pronounced Pyramus "Pieramus"; one or two spoke to him and he then said "Pirramus," whereupon there was mocking laughter and some one shouted: "Who'd go to Harrow?" But was Mr. Churchill right the first time?

Another member quoted Milton's "flown with insolence and wine," and was at once attacked for misquotation; but "flown," equivalent to "swollen," is Milton's word.

A physician once told us that he always and deliberately mispronounced "paresis" by putting the accent on the second syllable, otherwise his patients would think him unlettered.

Incorrigible Mr. Sims.

Mr. George R. Sims is now in his 66th year and yet, taking no thought of his approaching end, he persists in punning. Apropos of the prohibition in London of the original version of Reinhardt's "A Venetian Night" Mr. Sims remarks in [illegible] a German [illegible] "[illegible] will out" [illegible] article [illegible] entitled, "God's Revenge [illegible]," and thus he [illegible]

NOV 30 1912

BRAHMS'S MUSIC POETIC SUCCESS

By PHILIP HALE.

The seventh public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Second movement from Symphony No. 7 .... Beethoven
Symphony No. 2, D major .... Brahms
Concerto in B minor for 'cello .... Dvorak
Overture to "Genoveva" .... Schumann

It is doubtful whether a more poetic performance of Brahms's Second Symphony has ever been given in Boston than that of yesterday. If there has been a performance more beautiful in proportion, finish and euphony—when the music itself did not forbid perfect euphony—we have not heard it. Dr. Muck himself, with the aid of the superb orchestra, could not make the second movement wholly beautiful, for it contains inherently arid passages; but the manner in which the symphony was played—the clearness and continuity of the first movement, the ravishing poetry of the third, exquisite in its simplicity and idyllic spirit, the sustained fire of the Finale—all this was incomparable. With Dr. Muck leading, old and familiar things assume new forms of beauty; that which may have seemed jejune or insignificant when misunderstood or slighted by another conductor now has interest and importance.

This second symphony is in a different vein from any one of the other three. While pages in the first movement suggest Mendelssohn but are without his sentimentalism and his mannerisms, Brahms himself is disclosed in a sunny mood, not vexed by problems to be solved in music, not interested merely in the structure of his work and anxious as to its solidity.

Mr. Urack, who sits at the same desk with Mr. Warnke and is the assistant conductor of the orchestra, played here for the first time. Without disrespect to his talent and that of Mr. Warnke and the line of predecessors, it were devoutly to be wished that 'cello concertos would disappear from the programs of symphony concerts as concertos for bassoon, or oboe, have long been dropped. In orchestral pieces and in chamber music the cello has a grateful and indispensable role as an ensemble instrument with incidental solos. But a concerto for 'cello that lasts over half an hour! After the 'cellist has displayed his rich, full tone in a cantilena and his agility in a florid page, what is there left for him or for the audience? The peculiar timbre, delightful as it is for a few minutes, quickly palls on the hearer; the florid passages no matter how skillfully they may be performed, are as the feats of a rope dancer. And then how few concertos for 'cello are worth playing! This one of Dvorak's is not an exception. The pompous introduction and the inconsequential thematic material with solos for 'cello that follow remind one of the ancient Greek who, inviting his friends to an elaborately conducted funeral, apologized for the smallness of the corpse, that of his youngest child. Mr. Urack displayed excellent qualities and was liberally applauded.

The movement from Beethoven's symphony was played in memory of Dr. Cabot. Would it not be well when such a tribute is paid in future to ask the audience by a slip in the program book not to applaud? Such solemn tributes should be paid in reverential spirit.

A brilliant reading of Schumann's overture brought the end.

There will be no concerts next week. The program for Dec. 13-14 will be as follows. Reger, concerto in the ancient style (first time); Beethoven, concerto in G major (Mr. Godowsky, pianist); Borodin symphony No. 2 (first time).

By PHILIP HALE.

Boston Opera House. Puccini's "Madama Butterfly." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Butterfly	Miss Destinn
Suzuki	[illegible]
F. B. Pinkerton	Mr. Martin
Sharpless	Mr. Polese
Lo Zio Bonzo	Mr. [illegible]
Yakuside	Mr. [illegible]
Il Principe Yamadori	Mr. Pulcini
Goro	Mr. Giaccone
Commissario Imperiale	Mr. [illegible]
L'Ufficiale Del Registro	Mr. [illegible]
Kat Pinkerton	Miss [illegible]
La Madre	Miss [illegible]
La Zia	Miss [illegible]
La Cugina	Miss [illegible]

[illegible] that there were more operatic singers with the voice, the technical skill, and the musical and dramatic sincerity of [illegible] Destinn! The world [illegible] except [illegible] of the [illegible] illustrious art [illegible]

[illegible] has not acquainted the public with her views on the subject of diet, nor has she discussed the recent election. [illegible] a woman of "unique personality" who incidentally sings in opera.

Her voice last night was of golden quality, and the subtleties of her art and the generous outpouring of her glorious organ were never more irresistible. What infinite variety in expression! What delicacy and lightness in the playful moments! The sweetness of expression in the conversational scenes! [illegible] might have been envied by [illegible] favorite prima donna, fascinating [illegible] "La Donna Nera," or in another of his sparkling operas that first of all demand elegance in diction. And in the emotional scenes of Puccini's drama this voice was now caressing, now vibrant with passion.

Never did Miss Destinn allow the audience to forget the Japanese woman in the thought that an occidental operatic singer was impersonating her. Let it be granted that in some respects the Japan of Puccini and his librettist is no more the land of the Mikado and the Japan than the Japan of Gilbert and Sullivan. It is not necessary to dwell on this subject. The moment a country [illegible] into opera, it acquires operatic manners and customs. Opera is the most [illegible] of the arts. Let us accept the illusions, the deceptions, the [illegible]. A Japanese might look at Butterfly's room as represented at the opera last night and smile and say "It [illegible] beautiful scene, it is effective, but let me point out to you why it is not faithfully Japanese." For operatic purposes the room was Japanese, and especially so to those who had never been in Japan.

Madama Butterfly is a loving and devoted woman who, to suit the conventions of dramatist, librettist, composer, is for the time being a Japanese. Miss Destinn lived the life of this woman. She brought the tragedy—a universal, not a local, tragedy—home to the spectator and hearer.

Mr. Martin's Pinkerton is familiar to us. It is enough to say that he was in good voice. Mr. Polese was a capital Sharpless, singing the music in the right vein and with voice and art, giving definiteness to a character that sometimes seems unimportant. Mr. Giaccone was again the busy, indefatigable go-between and Mr. Pulcini again gave significance to the small part of Yamadori.

The opera this afternoon will be Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann," with Mmes. Fisher, Amsden, Edvina and Messrs. Clement and Marcoux as the chief singers.

The opera tonight will be "Il Trovatore." Miss Rennyson will make her first appearance with the company. The other chief singers will be Mme. Claessens and Messrs. Laffitte and Blanchart.

Apropos of other troubles in the east. The Herald inquired into the precise character of the Samian wine with which Byron invited the Greeks and others to fill high the bowl. According to the ancients, this wine was not of the best.

Poets are not always educative in their vinous allusions. Take, for example, the remarkable prose poem, "Shadow," by Edgar Allan Poe. "Over some flasks of the red Chian wine, within the walls of a noble hall in a dim city called Ptolemais, we sat at night, a company of seven." Some might demur at the use of the word "hall" after "walls," but the sentence is beautiful in its euphony and rhythm, a sentence that Marcel Schwob probably envied when he was on earth; but we are told by Athenaeus that there were three kinds of Chian wine; one was harsh and sharp, yet pleasing to the palate, nourishing and diuretic; one was sweetish, and the third was between the two and called "autocrates," i. e., a wine that did not bear mixing with water or with another wine. The sweetish fattened. These wines were all commended as making good blood and favorable to the health. Nor which wine did Oinos and his companions drink in Poe's strange tale?

Homer was particular in his description of the wine Ulysses poured for Polyphemus. It was black, sweet, pleasant. A priest of Apollo at Ismarus gave it to Ulysses. The priest, his dear wife, and one housekeeper alone knew of it; it was not for common servants. "Filling one cup, he poured in it up to 20 measures of water, and a sweet odor wafted from the cup, divine; then it would by no means have been agreeable to abstain."

The Grecian Spirit.

The modern Greeks put resin in their wine as did their fathers before them, believing that the resin makes the wine full-bodied and gives a racy tang to it. There used to be—we speak of 30 years ago—in Berlin—we doubt it is there still. It was frequented by students, old and young, who [illegible] Grecian spirit to [illegible]

...s were ... ness, whirring ... . We tried to like them, b t ... beer of Munich, though impo... little fortified, more so...thi g It ...s that resin, pitch, or p... turp n-is put in to che k the te...ency of wine to become vinegar Other ...gs were used for the same pu p s ...psum, vegetable ashes, b rnt n... calcined shells, almonds, parch d ... goats' milk, cedar cones, ga l nuts, ...ing pine torches and red hot irons." ...s of lead were in fashion until they ...s prohibited by law as dangerous. ... high the bowl!

Boots in the Kegs.

This reminds us of boyhood days. In he sixties and in a Hampshire county village there was a German baker. We used to go to his bakery to buy fresh crackers. There are no such crackers today, just as the true oyster cracker has disappeared. (The cracker barrel in the country store no longer stands near the loafer in pleasing proximity to the cheese.) This baker took it into his head to sell lager beer. In those days we did not say "lager" or "beer," but "lager beer," as old-fashioned people still say "a glass of sherry wine" or "a glass of claret wine." The back yard of this bakery was dignified with the title "garden" and thither we would sneak and call manfully for "lager beer." It was dreadful stuff, soapy and with a taste of resin, sometimes of leather, but to us it was the nectar of the gods. The parents found out this diversion and the interference of the selectmen was invited. We were told that lager beer was a filthy mess, and leather boots of the leg variety were cut up and put into the kegs to give a pungent taste.

An Old Complaint.

Dr. Wiley now goes about lecturing in the hope that the people will rise against the adulterators of foods and medicines. The adulterators have been busy since the first grocery store was opened. Looking over a volume of "Vanity Fair" yesterday, we found in the first number (Dec. 31, 1859) a poem entitled "The Modern Mithridates." Here are the first two verses:

O! bring my breakfast—give to me
Bread that is snowy and light of weight—
Of alum and bonedust let it be,
Chalk and ammonia's carbonate;
Sulphates of zinc and copper too,
Plaster of Paris, finely ground,
Will make it evenly white through
With the outside nicely browned.

Give me butter to eat with the bread—
Colored with saffron and turmeric
Or orpiment, richer in tint, 'tis said;
Let lard and sheep's brains make it thick;
Give me tea of a clear green hue,
Made of soapstone, willow-leaves,
Arsenite of copper and Prussian blue—
Their flavor the palate deceives.

This poem of five verses is signed "G. A.," the initials no doubt of George Arnold. In the accompanying picture a skeleton is holding a pot over the stove while a snake issuing from it bites a loaf of bread—and Satan with spread wings in the background grins horribly and rubs his hands.

Ha! you start! you think that I,
Being a man of mortal clay,
After my meal will surely die,
For these are deadly poisons, you say;
Poisons? Yes! yet one and all
Are found on every grocer's shelves—
Our bills of mortality are not small,
—But how can we help ourselves?

Against His Will.

How many subscribers among children were there in Boston to "The new missionary packet, Morning Star," in the sixties? The other day we saw a certificate dated Missionary House, Boston, June, 1866, certifying that —— —— "has contributed two dimes." Langdon S. Ward signed it as treasurer of the A. B. C. F. M. We see the poor boy handing over the two dimes, and thinking of the stick candy, Jackson balls and agates they would have bought.

Dec 1/912

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE. Verdi's "Il Trovatore." M. Moranzoni conducted.

Leonora	Miss Rennyson
Azucena	Miss Claessens
Ines	Miss Morella
Il Conte Di Luna	Mr. Blanchart
Manrico	Mr. Lafitte
Ruiz	Mr. Giaccone
Ferrando	Mr. Sampieri

Miss Gertrude Rennyson made her debut as a member of the Boston Opera Company last night, but her appearance was really a return to old friends. Those with whom she studied at the New England Conservatory of Music before she went abroad and those who remembered her in her last appearances in Boston as a member of Henry W. Savage's English Grand Opera Company within the past decade made their friendliness manifest.

She was appreciated particularly in the emotional scenes in the last act where her voice and her acting were brought out excellently.

Miss Rennyson shared the honors of the evening with Francois Leon Laffitte, the tenor, who made his Boston debut on Wednesday night. Miss Maria Claessens, as Azucena, ... her part with comprehension of ... p...ibilit...

"HOFFMANN" AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann" was performed again at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon. There was a very large audience, in fact, the house was "sold out." Mr. Caplet conducted. The singers were the same as at the performance of last Monday, and chief among them were Mmes. Fisher, Amsden, Edvina, Leveroni and Messrs. Clement, Marcoux, Blanchart, Giaccone and Cilla.

Without special reference to the nature of the performance, a few words may be said about two or three of the singers.

Mr. Clement gives distinction to any part he takes, distinction in bearing, distinction and diction. There was a time when elegance was imperatively demanded of a leading tenor at the Opera Comique, when the theatre was the capital of Auber's kingdom and before there was thought of realism or symbolism on that stage. The character of the repertoire has greatly changed—this was inevitable—but there are still traditions. Mr. Clement respects and observes the best of them and proves by his art their worth.

This is seen in his Hoffmann, and not only in the course of his amatory adventures, but also in the cellar. With what finesse he details the legend of Kleinzach! How crisp and significant his "clic clac!" and his "flic flac"! It might be said by the unthinking that the music and the text are inherently insignificant. Saying this, they would err, for though the legend has little in common with Hoffmann's tale that gave the name to it, the text is appropriately fantastic and the music has true character; and it may be added that no composer, Wagner and Debussy not excepted, ever surpassed Offenbach in stage instinct, in knowing how to attain a desired dramatic result by wedding music and words.

In this care for detail Mr. Clement shows himself the true artist, for to him nothing is actually insignificant. This phrase or that page may be in the background, but the art of preparing and maintaining a background so that it has meaning without ceasing to be a background is not observed in the impersonations of many tenors who are thinking only of the coming romanza with which to set the ladies a-palpitating or of the "scene a faire."

Mr. Clement's impersonation begins with his entrance, not with some air that is sure of applause, not with some scene that of itself is emotional.

Mme. Edvina is an ideal Antonia. Some would have Antonia virginal to the point of icicled asceticism. They have not read the story in "The Serapion Brothers"; they have not caught the spirit of the libretto or the music. The daughter of an opera singer, one famous for her violence even in her love affairs, she was a passionate maiden. The passion of purity is often more intense than that of wantonness. Before Antonia met Hoffmann—we are now speaking of the opera—her song was fraught with emotion so that it wore away her strength.

For this reason Crespel forbade her to sing, forbade her a lover. No, the voice of Antonia was warm as is that of Mme. Edvina, warm and pure, so that it melts the hearer. Add to this voice native grace in pose and movement; a simplicity in song that suits the music, some of which Mozart might have signed; the ability to portray without revealing the portraitist.

Mr. Marcoux has not yet grasped the character of Dr. Miracle. It matters not whether he reminds the spectator of Mephistophiles or of a mediaeval figure of Death; in either case he is far form impersonating Dr. Miracle, who should clink his medicine phials together as castanets and dance a strange dance before the horror-stricken father. There is no suggestion of the quack who is perversely malignant and had dabbled in the black art. We can imagine a Dr. Miracle, slightly bald with wisps of hair on each side of his head, even with the whiskers of a notary, smiling with a false smile, good natured at first with a false good nature, hypocritically anxious to save the consumptive girl. What would a mephistopheles gain by tempting this girl to sing?

Miss Fisher acts the part of Olympia, the automaton, with much skill, and avoids extravagance. She does not sing with ease the florid passages of her song.

As for the production, it is remarkable, by reason of the imagination shown by Mr. Urban in scenery, costumes, color schemes and grouping.

Dec - 1912

The program of the first Sunday concert at the Boston Opera House (this afternoon) is one of unusual interest. Two or three of the orchestral works will be performed for the first time in Boston.

An Unfamiliar Symphonic Poem

"Tamara," a symphonic poem by Mily Balakireff, was suggested by a short poem by Lermontoff, which appeared in 1841, the year of the Russian's death. Balakireff began composition in 1867; he put it aside, and in 1882 completed it. In 1869 Balakireff spoke of having composed some of it as he "danced along the street" The story is like unto the familiar one of Margaret of Burgundy and the Tower of Nesle. Lermontoff's poem has thus been paraphrased by Mr. Harris of Chicago:

"In the narrow Dariel Pass, where the river Terek roars, covered with heavy mists, there rises an ancient tower, in which there lived Queen Thamar, an angel in beauty, a cruel, wily demon in thoughts, and yet at the same time divine. At her enchanting call the passing traveller entered the tower to take part in the banquet in progress there. Shouts and cries of revelry awakened echoes in the darkness, as if at a great feast a hundred young, pleasure-loving men and women were gathered, or as if in that great tower, erstwhile forbidding the celebration of funeral rites were taking place. At the break of day gloomy silence again reigned, broken only by the foaming Terek as it hurried away a corpse. At this moment there appeared at the window a pale shadow. It waved from afar a last farewell to the loved one. That farewell breathed such tender ecstasy, the voice which uttered it was so sweet that its every accent, filled with promise, seemed to tell of near, unspeakable happiness."

The first performance of this symphonic poem in the United States was by the Chicago orchestra at Chicago, Oct. 23, 1896. There was another performance in Chicago early in 1905. The Russian Symphony orchestra of New York played it in 1908.

The story of Tamara has been used for a ballet danced by the Russian dancers at home and on tour.

A Note on Borodin's Opera

Borodin's opera, "Prince Igor," is based on a national epic poem, which tells of the expedition undertaken by Russian princes against the Polovtsi, a nomadic folk who invaded the Russian empire in the 12th century and were of the same origin as the Turks. The conflict of Russian and Asiatic nationalities delighted Borodin. He tried to live in the atmosphere of the bygone centuries; he read the poems and songs that had come down from the people of that time; he collected folk-songs even from Central Asia. But his friends discouraged him and said the time for writing operas on historic or legendary subjects had passed; that it was necessary to be operatic with a subject of contemporaneous interest. Some of the music of this opera found its way into his second Symphony, which, produced at St. Petersburg in 1877, will be played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra a week from next Friday. The opera itself was not produced until after Borodin's death. (He was born in 1834; he died in 1887.) Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glazounoff completed it, and the first performance was at St. Petersburg in November, 1890.

The overture, vocal and orchestral excerpt from this opera have been performed in several cities of this country in the course of the last 23 years; thus the overture and the march were played in Baltimore as early as the season of 1890-91 and at Brighton Beach (Seidl's orchestra) in the summer of 1890.

The composer wrote in 1875 that he had already completed a "Marche Polovtsienne" two arias, a little chorus for female voices, and the Oriental dances, "for the Polovtsi were an Oriental folk." The march and dances will be played this afternoon.

Borodin, a professor of chemistry, wrote pamphlets that excited European respect, made interesting experiments in the transformation of nitrogen bodies, invented a nitrometer, was an ardent advocate of the admission of women to higher education, and one of the three founders of a medical school for women.

An Audacious Russian Work

Modeste Moussorgsky (1839-1886), the ultra-realist, who at the age of 17 was an army officer, a dashing blade with aristocratic feet and hands, pleasingly combed hair, correct nails, fond of quoting French and playing tunes from Italian operas, suddenly determined to make music his profession. He studied with Balakireff, but he was a wild, irregular genius, and in music an ultra-realist. He led a disorderly life, was wretchedly poor, tried to support himself toward the end as a pianist, and died at St. Petersburg in the Nicholas Military Hospital.

He began work on "Bori's Godunoff," an opera founded on Pushkin's national drama. Fragments of this opera were performed from 1868 to 1870 before the composer's friends and excited enthusiasm. The opera was published toward the end of 1875 or at the beginning of 1876. It has been called the most audacious work of the Russian school. A new edition was published in 1896 and the music had been edited, perhaps sandpapered is the better word, by Rimsky-Korsakoff, so that the opera would not be so disconcerting to the genteel.

The first performance of "Boris Godunoff" was at the Maria Theatre, St. Petersburg, Jan. 24, 1874. (Three fragments had been performed at this theatre for the benefit of the stage director in February of the year before). The part of Boris was created by Melnikoff. Critics objected to Moussorgsky's ignorance of musical grammar and his lack of taste, but the mass of the people and especially the younger generation were wildly enthusiastic. There were 20 successive performances, and choruses from the opera were sung at night in the streets, and on the bridges of the Neva.

The opera was produced at the Opera, Paris, May 19, 1908, by a Russian company, composed of singers from St. Petersburg and Moscow, and Chaliapine then took the part of Boris. A production at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, is promised this season.

The historical Boris Godunoff was the regent of the Russian empire during the reign of Feodor, son of Ivan the Terrible. Dimitri, another son of Ivan, exiled at Ouglitch, was found with his throat cut near the end of Feodor's reign. The people accused Boris of the murder, for he thus became Tsar. He reigned for a short time and unhappily and died at the moment when his people in revolt were putting on the throne a usurper who pretended to be Dimitri miraculously preserved. It is now thought by many that Boris was innocent of the crime; but the historian Karamsine adopted the popular view. Pushkin made the murder one of the chief elements of the dramatic interest, and Moussorgsky followed him.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Local Plays and Players

Without going back to "The Blockade of Boston," by Gen. Burgoyne, acted in Faneuil Hall during the siege, or to John Burk's "Bunker Hill," which was produced at the short-lived Haymarket Theatre, Boston, on Dec. 26, 1797, it may be said that the Boston stage has been somewhat prolific in plays of a local character, though none of them have been performed for years here or elsewhere.

A playbill kindly sent me from the dramatic treasury of a friend recalls two of them: "Nix's Mate, or Boston in 1689," and "Rosina Meadows." They were given at the old National Theatre on Dec. 2, 1850, with this preliminary announcement: "Behold! a great and good performance for the benefit of Old Spear." The beneficiary, be it known, was not then very aged. I was at school with one of his sons when the Spear family lived on Franklin street, near Washington street. Old, as applied to him then, was merely a term of appreciation.

"Nix's Mate," on the evening mentioned, marked a revival after a three years' retirement which gave Mrs. Coleman Pope, a sterling actress, an opportunity to appear as Nameokee. "Wild roved the Indian girl!" Others in the cast were J. B. Booth, Jr., as Edward Fitzvassal—there's an aristocratic name for you—Spear as Jake Morgan and Jimmy Ring, the grandfather of Blanche Ring, as Bagnal. The name of the author of the so-called "great nautical drama" is not given, but the play may have been the work of C. H. Saunders, who adapted "Rosina Meadows" from William B. English's novel of the same name, for Charley was a facile dramatist in his way and took his own where he found it. This latter drama, by the way, was often played at the Boston Museum, and, I think, held the stage all through the fifties. On the occasion to which I am referring Anna Cruise enacted for the first time the heroine, the village maid who came to Boston to die in disgrace, and Mrs. Vincent played Patience Barton, a Yankee girl.

If you attended the performance herein indicated, supposing you were as punctual as play-goers were in the old days, you would be in your seat at 6:30 to see the beginning of six acts of drama; and if you had a coign of vantage in the pit, you would probably bring peanuts and chewing tobacco.

The Pelbys' Acting Managers

On the playbill the name of Rosalie Pelby appears as "proprietress." It marked the last year of her connection with the "Old Nash." Her husband, William Pelby, with whom she was associated in theatrical management for years, may have been dead at this time. I have a boyish memory of him as an invalid sitting in the summer time in the spacious yard of an old-fashioned house on Green street, where I also saw the managerial actress helping to shell green peas for dinner.

Dec. 2, [illegible]

[illegible] "[illegible]e" [illegible] with Mr. [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] having died, [illegible] the acting and stage manager [illegible] Mr. Pelby [illegible] the expiration of the season of 1[illegible]. Ed.)

Mrs. Pelby was wont to boast that she was the only woman, except his mother, who had spanked the Bishop of Boston, and the occurrence came about in this wise. Bernard Fitzpatrick, the father of John Bernard Fitzpatrick, the third Catholic Bishop of Boston, was a tailor, who was after employed to make and remodel garments for the wardrobe of the theatre, and the son John was sent there with the completed work. He was late because he had, boylike, stopped to play on his way, and Mrs. Pelby was so enraged at his tardiness that she took him across her knee and gave him something to remember. They both, no doubt, laughed heartily over the incident in after years.

Memories of Charlotte Cushman

In 1850 Thomas Barry, afterwards at the Boston Theatre at its opening in 1854 and for several years after, was the acting and stage manager of the National Theatre, but in '85[illegible] he was succeeded by J. B. Wright, when Wright, Fenno and Bird were the lessees of the playhouse and a bill of that period from my already [illegible] correspondent announces on Nov. [illegible] the benefit of Miss Charlotte Cushman. [illegible] she gives evidence of her versatility. She is set down to perform Mrs. Haller in "The Stranger," that German forerunner of "East Lynne," and Juliana in "The Honeymoon." She was no doubt sufficiently gloomy as the penitent wife of Kotzebue's play, but I must say that I never liked her in comedy and as the rebellious spouse of the Duke Aranza she must have overacted, as she did in Mrs. Simpson in "Simpson & Co." in later years. Her Queen Katherine in "Henry VIII." and her Meg Merrilies in "Guy Mannering" were unapproachable and her Lady Macbeth was a thrilling interpretation. Her Nancy Sykes, too, was strictly true to the [illegible] that Dickens drew. Some liked her Romeo, but I did not. To me she was neither man nor woman. When she played it to her sister Susan's Juliet the family resemblance between the two actresses must have made their joint performance queer, to say the least. But I am glad I never saw it.

In the distribution of characters for "The Stranger," I find the name of Miss Julia Pelby. She is given the part of Annette (with a song.) She was the younger daughter of the Pelbys, but she never possessed the fine dramatic qualities of her sister, Mrs. Anderson, though she was accounted a fair singer. She went to San Francisco later on, where she became the second wife of Jacob [illegible]n [illegible], with his first wife, at the [illegible] Museum.

[illegible] to the playbill is as follows: [illegible] [illegible]al, and will shortly be produced with entire new scenery, appropriate dresses, decorations, etc., a new [illegible]y altered and adapted from the [illegible] of Victor Hugo for Miss Cushman by John Brougham, Esq., entitled 'The Actress of Padua.'"

During this engagement Charlotte Cushman was playing within a few [illegible] walk of her birthplace in the old [illegible]. I wonder if she thought then she would have a Boston public school named in her honor. She took her farewell of the footlights at the old [illegible]e Theatre in this city, and she died at the Parker House within a stone's throw of the site of the old Tremont Theatre where she made her debut on the stage in 1[illegible]5. Perseverance and [illegible] made her a great actress, when she lost her singing voice, and thrift made her a rich woman. The development of her genius may not have taken a direction that would be approved by the Pilgrim Fathers from whom she claimed descent, but she is among the [illegible]rt[illegible].

JOHN W. RYAN.

[illegible]hester, Nov. 27.

Concert Notes of the Week

Mr. Kreisler, who in his catholic taste is happy when he discovers some old manuscript, will play a concerto by Antonio Vivaldi, this afternoon. This Vivaldi, a distinguished violinist and composer, who developed the solo violin concerto shaped by Torelli and Albinoni, was born in Venice about 1680 and died there in 1743. Like his father, Giambattista, he was violinist of St. Mark's. He was also director of the conservatory "[illegible]edale Della Pieta," for Young, Unmarried Women. Many of his works have been published. It is probable that for some years Vivaldi was the musical conductor for the Duke Philip of Hesse, **living at Mantua. Bach made arrange**ments of Vivaldi's violin concertos—for organ, for piano, and also other arrangements.

Mme. Clementine De Vere Sapio, who will give a song recital on Thursday afternoon has often been applauded here in opera and in concert. On Sept. [illegible], 1880, she appeared at the Opera in Paris as Marguerite de Valois in "Les Huguenots." She had been singing [illegible] [illegible]. Later that year she took the [illegible] of the countess in Rossini's "Comte [illegible] [illegible] m[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]t compan[illegible] [illegible] phony concert[illegible] [illegible] and her beautifully p[illegible] [illegible] peculiarly effective in the [illegible] also part of the 9th symphony. When [illegible] Symphony Hall was dedicated, Oct. 1[illegible], [illegible] and Beethoven's Mass was performed, Mme. De Vere Sapio was the solo soprano. She has sung here in other concerts as at a Young People's [illegible] Concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, March 5, 1890; at Handel and Haydn concerts, etc. As a member of the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau company, she gave pleasure as Mi[illegible] (April 8, 1897)—no one has sung her [illegible] since then the air in the third act as she sang it and as a member of Mr. Grau's company in December, 1899, her Donna Elvira (Dec. 9) was warmly praised, while her Susanna (Dec. 14) was charming in every way. In 1902 she married in New York Mr. Sapio, well known and esteemed as conductor and composer. She now returns from a long sojourn in England, where she has won additional fame in opera, music festivals and concerts.

Mr. Conesio, who will be the pianist at the Kneisel concert on Tuesday night, has played here before with the Kneisels and as an ensemble player displayed a sure technic and musical intelligence and taste.

Mrs. Rider-Possart, pianist, will play here for the first time on Wednesday afternoon at the concert of the Zoellner quartet.

Disraeli and His Wife

While "Disraeli" is at the Plymouth, the subject of the statesman's marriage should interest all those who have seen his devotion to Mary on the stage. The second volume of W. F. Moneypenny's Life of Disraeli was published a little over a month ago. We quote from a review of the book published in the Daily Telegraph (London):

"Disraeli's famous maiden speech in the Commons is the chief interest of the opening chapter, which is followed by a full discussion of the circumstances of his marriage. Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, who was 12 years older than her second husband, had been left a widow with a house in Park lane and an income which although substantial, was very far from reaching the figure at which some popular estimates have placed it. According to Mr. Monypenny's note, her income was, in fact, 'at first, apparently, about £4000 a year, and rather more later.' Apart from Disraeli's own confession, that his first advances to the lady were prompted by no romantic feelings, the evidence concerning his attitude immediately preceding his proposal and acceptance, and all the subsequent history of the union, indicates that his heart was deeply concerned in the affair. That, notwithstanding this fact, he was content to accept a public view of his union as originating in financial necessity, is, as the biographer observes, quite consistent with the man's nature. Referring to Disraeli's composition of his epic drama 'Alarcos,' in the autumn of 1838, Mr. Monypenny says: 'Love had driven him to poetry'; and, at least, the production of that poetic work coincides with the concluding period of Disraeli's courtship. On Oct. 9 he wrote to Mrs. Lewis 'Was inspired by your letter. Worked very well at the tragedy.'

Other letters on succeeding days are in the same strain. 'Health, my clear brain, and your fond love;—and I feel I can conquer the world.' It would be easy for an unprincipled and able adventurer to use this style of language with intent to deceive the lady, but we have no warrant for believing that Disraeli was capable of such calculating duplicity. And there remains the fact, worth something as testimony to stirred emotion, that he wrote the poetry.

"The correspondence grows more and more romantic, the lover, apparently, more and more eager. On Jan. 22, 1839, he writes: 'Sweetest and dearest of women, our united loves shall flow like two rivers,' and on the following day, 'All my hopes of happiness in life are centered in your sweet affections, and I wish only to be the solace and glory of your life.' In February there was a quarrel which, after a long and histrionic letter from Disraeli, the traditional lover's letter of passionate 'farewell,' was speedily composed. On Aug. 28, 1839, the day after Parliament was prorogued, the marriage took place at St. George's, Hanover square, and no hint of a shadow resting on its happiness during a period of more than 30 years that elapsed before Mrs. Disraeli's death was ever forthcoming. In her well-known utterance, 'Dizzy married me for my money, but if he had the chance again, he would marry me for love,' the biographer finds but a laughing assertion of the woman's knowledge of Disraeli's true motives, 'which made it possible for her to adopt the world's point of view.' That the marriage relieved, but by no means ended, Disraeli's **financial embarrassments this history bears witness.**"

[illegible] " writ[illegible] [illegible] kindly [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]nc Porte [illegible] a [illegible] the Turkish [illegible]rn[illegible] I know [illegible] in old books the words [illegible] [illegible]d with reference to the port or [illegible] of Constantinople. And who was St. Sophia?"

"Sublime Porte" means "sublime, high or lofty gate." Gate refers to the ancient place of audience, at the gate of the tent, or the King's gate. The word "sublime" is an honorific not a literal attribute.

"Sublime Porte," then, is the official title of the central office of the Ottoman government, comprising the office of the grand vezir of the ministry of foreign affairs, and of the council of state. To speak of Turkey or of Constantinople as the Sublime Porte is to speak without understanding.

All this we learned from a dictionary which is within reach of the humblest.

As for the famous church or mosque of St. Sophia, it was not named after any saint. The correct designation, Agia Sophia, means "House of Divine Wisdom." There is a legend that soon after the foundations of the church had been laid by Justinian, a boy, watching the workmen's tools, was visited by an angel, whose wings reached to Heaven. And the angel said: "Go and tell the Emperor that this church is to be named 'The House of Divine Wisdom.'"

In the World of Music.

According to the Copenhagen correspondent of the London Daily Mail, Mr. Mitnitzky, the Russian violinist, having received a letter from the Black Hand demanding a sum of $250 is now so nervous that he appears on the concert stage in a solid iron and steel cage.

There were two performances of Richard Strauss's "Salome" in Los Angeles last month and yet no earthquake engulfed singers, orchestra and audience, nor was there any perturbation of Nature. Perhaps the advance circular disarmed the threatening elements and appeased prudishly inclined citizens and citizenesses. "No low morality in the coming production of 'Salome.' Tarquinia Tarquini subdues the startling parts of the drama with her refinement and gentleness and makes the opera acceptable to the most puritanical." The circular should be read in full. We make room for the following quotation: "As long as the most objectionable features of the opera seem to be the dance of the seven veils, by which Salome is supposed to provoke the lust of Herod, and also Salome's display of degenerate love over the severed head of John the Baptist, we want to reassure the public that Miss Tarquini, a living example of refinement and gentility, works her way so delicately and decently over these two scenes that in her many performances of Salome she has never given the least cause for the slightest unfavorable remark."

"Over the Hill."

The word "poorhouse" is being abolished in Illinois through the work of Mrs. James Fesler, the secretary of the auxiliary board of Visitors for the State Charities commission. "County Home" is substituted.

"Over the hill to the county home."

The line limps. Yet there are poorhouses that are singularly attractive to the passer-by. There is one on Cape Cod that looks roomy and far more comfortable than some of the summer hotels. When bicycling was the rage all the male inmates who had the use of their arms and legs were provided each with a machine. Going by this poorhouse one day with Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the distinguished sociologist remarked that the table was bountiful and of good quality. "It's a quiet, restful place," said Mr. Johnson, "and I am looking forward to spending my last years there or accepting a position on the staff of the Youth's Companion."

Adv.

There are men and women who never read advertisements in magazines and newspapers. They thus deprive themselves of information and enjoyment. The advertising pages of a magazine are usually more instructive and romantic than those of the "literary section" and the illustrations of ladies using bath tubs, hair restorers, dress shields, corsets, tooth washes and union undergarments and of young men approving cocktails, collars, and ready-made suits are apparently drawn by the artists who portray the heroes and heroines of the short stories and the serial.

The London Times published recently this advertisement:

"MOLLY-CODDLING TENDENCIES of PRESENT GENERATION, especially heresies as to food and drink, call for drastic measures unless country is to drift to dogs. Those in sympathy please communicate. Not money is wanted, but personal effort in arranging lectures, open-air meetings, writing pamphlets, letters, etc.—M—, the Times O[illegible] E.C."

For [illegible]

[illegible] Yor[illegible] [illegible] le[illegible]ter con[illegible] also [illegible]use[illegible] in the dea[illegible] One correspondent [illegible] [illegible]e a[illegible] with [illegible] [illegible]ges stuffed with meat [illegible] and that [illegible] [illegible]pe[illegible] w[illegible] fried, or pork chop gravy [illegible] taken and when the covers gave [illegible] ea[illegible] the last plate with butter [illegible] [illegible]es on them, and later with [illegible] Albany, N. Y., 35 years ago, the [illegible]st people" of the city, whether they were of Dutch, English or Irish descent, always ate sausages with buckwheat [illegible] on the same plate, and they [illegible]d them [illegible]s with maple syrup. But where are the stomachs of yesteryear?

A Close Observer.

[illegible] Hubert J. Cashalton, who has been 10 days in New York, and therefore has a right to speak as one with authority on phases of life in the metropolis, admits that he has seen there more beautiful young women from 1[illegible] to 25 years old than in any other city. "After that the women appear to incline toward plumpness and [illegible] the symmetrical lines, which is a pity. Piffle! And the gallant major b[illegible] to the Indian army, and the or[illegible] like their women with curves rather than with lines.

RUSSIAN MUSIC AT OPERA HOUSE

BY PHILIP HALE.

The [illegible]t of the Sunday orchestral concerts at the Boston Opera House took place yesterday afternoon. The players were brought forward so that the [illegible] ranks were directly over the orchestra pit. This was greatly to [illegible] [illegible] vantage. The solo singers were Mmes. Clarees[illegible]ns, Barnes, Gautier and Mr. Marcoux. Mr. Caplet conducted. The program, not too long, was as follows:

"Thamar" symphonic poem ... Balakireff
Orchestra.
Fragments from Act II of "Boris Godounoff"—Plaint of Xenia, [illegible] Cousin, Le [illegible] K[illegible] [illegible]ve and aria of Boris ... [illegible]
Orchestra and [illegible]
Caprice on Spanish [illegible] ... Rimsky-Korsakoff
[illegible]
[illegible] Princesse Endormie ... [illegible]
[illegible] ... [illegible]
Mr. Marcoux and orchestra
[illegible] the Polovtsian [illegible] and Dance [illegible] [illegible]nnse, from "Prince Igor" ... Borodin
Orchestra and chorus.

This concert gave pleasure to a [illegible] audience. The conductor, the solo singers and the orchestra were warmly applauded, and the chorus was effective in the selections from Borodin's opera.

Many years before the foundation of the Boston Symphony Orchestra compositions by the Russians, Glinka and Dargomyzski, were heard here. A famous Russian choir crossed the Atlantic, and later a chorus purporting to be Russian, but recruited largely, if not wholly, in New York, gave a concert or two in Boston. The first [illegible] Borodin, his "Steppe sketch," [illegible] his two string quartets, the first symphony of Balakireff and overtures by [illegible] many pieces by Rimsky-Korsakoff, [illegible] [illegible] and some by Rachmaninoff [illegible] Moussorgsky, Liadoff and Glière have been performed here. I do not mention Rubinstein and Tschaikowsky, because they were regarded by the "Mighty Five," or the "Cabinet," as [illegible] cosmopolites, eclectic, not writers of genuine Russian music. The [illegible] Cesar Cui, one of the "Great [illegible]" is not wholly unknown here.

The symphonic poem, four of the excerpts from "Boris Godounoff" and those from "Prince Igor" were performed here for the first time. [illegible] from Borodin's opera was performed in this country without chorus nearly 20 years ago and is known in several cities. "The [illegible]r" or "[illegible]" has been played in Chicago and New York. The Caprice on Spanish Airs has been heard at concerts of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

As was stated in The Herald of yesterday, Balakireff's "Thamar" is a [illegible] illustration of a poem by Lermontoff, and the legend is not unlike that of Margaret of Burgundy and the Tower of Nesle. In each story there is a [illegible] a tower, an [illegible] beauty who [illegible] [illegible] on [illegible] w[illegible] k[illegible] [illegible] attracted the [illegible]on [illegible] [illegible]rt [illegible] no turn[illegible] org[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]ng le found [illegible] [illegible] the stream. [illegible]kireff's [illegible] [illegible]fly interes[illegible] by rea[illegible] of [illegible] of color [illegible] the or[illegible] [illegible] of the the[illegible]. As [illegible] often [illegible] [illegible]h the m[illegible] of the "Cabinet" [illegible] little thematic [illegible] [illegible]tresting se[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]s of the [illegible] [illegible]ation a[illegible] [illegible]t. I[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] in its [illegible]

[illegible] opera [illegible] like "Lois Godunoff" [illegible] great [illegible] heard in concert. [illegible] y, even the costumes [illegible] meaning. As concert [illegible] by Mme. Barnes and the [illegible] and Mme. Claessens have the most character. The air of Boris would undoubtedly be more effective in its proper place, though yesterday by reason of its inherent dignity and the unusual nature of the orchestral accompaniment it [illegible] interesting. It would be instructive to compare the original orchestration with that of the second version sandpapered and prinked up by Rimsky-Korsakoff. The excerpts gave the hearer a lively desire to know the opera, for this music [illegible] strange in its originality and impressive by its savage strength with moments of uncommon beauty.

The wild "Chanson de Varlam" was well sung here lately by Mr. Denghausen. Yesterday the stormy instrumentation added greatly to the effect. On the other hand Borodin's "Princesse Endormie," which has been sung here by several, loses in character when an orchestra takes the place of the piano. The song is not of a dramatic nature; it is an exquisite reverie with episodes that are not melodramatic but merely give the necessary relief. The song is better suited to a woman's voice.

The march and the dances of Borodin are superbly barbaric, especially the dances, with the graceful chorus for female voices. The melody is probably a folksong—with the wild exultation of the invading nomads. It is music that stirs the blood. Borodin said of his opera that it would not be understood out of Russia, the music is so intensely national with the nationalism that is partly historical, partly legendary. However this may be, the music of these dances is not parochial. Even a frock-coated occidental realizes at once the magnificent turbulence and ferocity of the gayety.

The concert next Sunday will be devoted to music of Rameau and Debussy. Miss Mary Garden will take part in the latter's "Blessed Damozel" and sing some of his songs.

FRITZ KREISLER'S VIOLIN RECITAL

An audience that filled every seat in Symphony Hall and occupied every bit of standing room along the side walls greeted Fritz Kreisler, the violinist, yesterday afternoon, at his only concert in Boston this season. He was assisted by a band of Symphony players under the leadership of Otto Urack, assistant conductor of the orchestra. Carl Lamson was accompanist and J. P. Marshall was at the organ. The program was as follows:

Overture, "The Marriage of Figaro," Mozart .... Orchestra
Concerto for violin in C major (MS). Antonio Vivaldi .... Mr. Kreisler
Concerto for violin in E minor, Mendelssohn .... Mr. Kreisler
Intermezzo for strings, from the opera "Signor Formica," Urack ...... Orchestra
Violin solos—Andantino, Padre Martini 1706-1784); prelude and allegro, Gaetano Pugnani (1731-1798); Chanson Louis XIII, and Pavane, Louis Couperin (1630-1665), bells muffled; La Chasse, J. B. Cartier (1765-1841); variations, Guiseppe Tartini (1692-1770) .... Mr. Kreisler
Violin solos—Indian Canzonetta, Dvorak; Caprice Viennois, Kreisler; Tambourin Chinois, Kreisler; 24th Caprice, Paganini .... Mr. Kreisler
Overture, "Oberon," Weber ...... Orchestra

As magnificently as Mr. Kreisler has played before in this city and as warmly as he has been received in the past, he never gave more keen pleasure to his hearers and never was his superb artistry greeted with heartier bursts of applause than on this occasion.

Kreisler's manner, like his playing, is always characterized by an air of simplicity, strength and grace. It was so yesterday. Usually in the past there has been a certain personal aloofness about him, however, that has almost verged at times upon hauteur, but yesterday there were few signs of this. The burning enthusiasm for his art and the music of moment, which he has heretofore repressed beneath an intensely calm exterior, seemed to burst all bounds. Without an instant or a trace of sentimentality, yet with ever glowing sentiment; without a hint of extravagance, yet with much more abandon than has been his wont, he infused a visible fire into his work that made all his playing memorable.

Vivaldi's concerto, which is still in manuscript, a bea[illegible] whose devotional [illegible] heightened by the touch of the organ, was given with noble [illegible] Mr. Kreisler and was r[illegible] favor.

The artist's [illegible] Caprice and [illegible]

[illegible] characteristics, [illegible] with extra warmth by the audience.

Mr. Urack's intermezzo from his opera was heard with interest. It has a background of pleasing melody, but its orchestration had received a modernizing treatment that makes it seem like a pretty picture, whose outlines have been smudged to give it an "impressionist" effect.

Dec 3 1912

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Tosca." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Floria Tosca	Miss Garden
Mario Cavaradossi	Mr. Dalmores
Barone Scarpia	Mr. Marcoux
Cesare Angelotti	Mr. Silich
Il Sacrestano	Mr. Cervi
Spoletta	Mr. Giaccone
Sciarrone	Mr. Pulcini
Un Carceriere	Mr. Olshansky
Un Pastore	Mme. De-Courcy

There was naturally great curiosity to see and hear Miss Mary Garden in the part of Floria Tosca, and especially to see what she would do in the second act of this raw-head and bloody bones melodrama. For Miss Garden has her own ideas and the courage to express them in an original manner. In whatever part she has taken here she has been interesting, "amusing" to use the word in the meaning known to the Paris studio. It mattered not whether her conception and composition of the part were at variance with the traditions that came down from the librettist and composer. Her authority is so great that for the time being her impersonation seemed the true one. Her ingenuity is equally great and she could defend skilfully her variations and digressions. And if she by some mad caprice were to take the part of Bruennhilde on Monday and Arline on Wednesday, the occasion in either case would be a joyous one.

In the first act of "Tosca" she played with delightful lightness. She was neither the sombre tragedian nor the frolicsome soubrette. She was an applauded woman of the stage, passionately in love with Mario, jealous and easily perplexed, ready to scratch out the eyes of a rival in a tempestuous fit, quick to forgive and thus be the more adorable. And she sung Puccini's music, conversational and lyrical, coquettish and sentimental, in the right vein. She sang by the way, chiefly in French, her own French. I believe she sang the "Farewell to Art" in the second act in Italian, but it was not easy to distinguish the language, for her enunciation was imperfect, although she sang the music with much taste and with unexaggerated emotion. Her first act was excellent throughout. Boston has never seen a better one.

Mr. Runciman of the Saturday Review once referred to this opera as "the unspeakable 'Tosca.'" When Sardou's drama was first performed, Jules Lemaitre used much stronger language. The objection to this act is not necessarily on account of the scene in which Scarpia in his amorous frenzy chases Floria about the room and finally throws her on the sofa, although this scene was acted last night in such a realistic manner by Mr. Marcoux, that if it had occurred in a play at any theatre in this town the business would have been cut out the next night by order of the mayor. But things are permitted and even applauded in opera, that in a drama would be rebuked by an audience and not a prudish one. No, the objection to this act is that there is a deliberate and prolonged attempt to harrow the spectators by a long drawn out scene of physical torture. In the opera this scene is more repulsive than in the play, for the groans and the sobbing and the howling of the orchestra intensify the horror.

If "Tosca" is to be performed at all—and it is one of the most inartistic operas in the whole repertoire—it is perhaps best, after all, to perform it in the most melodramatic manner, so that the characters may be seen as Sardou's puppets moving to Puccini's music; so that sympathy need not be wasted, for sympathy with any one of the characters will then be impossible.

Milka Ternina ennobled this act by the nobility of her own performance; she accomplished a difficult feat: she raised melodrama to tragedy. Miss Garden was melodramatic throughout, but admirably melodramatic, always interesting, often engrossing, and there were a few moments when she, too, wore the tragic mask. She was fair to look upon, graceful in gesture, expressive in song, often convincing, and especially in the scene after the murder. Her voice was colored skilfully and its lower tones were employed with thrilling effect. Miss Garden has not been long in the part. Paris has applauded her, but last night saw the first performance in this country.

Some who object to any expression of strong individuality on the stage—when it runs counter to their preconceived ideas—have taken pleasure in saying that Miss Garden is not a singer. This is nonsense. Her voice may please some and displease others; but it is often beautiful in dramatic expression, there are tones that thrill at the time and haunt the memory. The "true method" is often lost on the other side of the footlights in dramatic moments. There are singers whose method is flawless, but it does not cross the footlights. Last night, as on previous occasions, Miss Garden showed conclusively that she, [illegible] line and [illegible] with dramatic significance.

In blowing out the candles, she forgot to light the two that were to be placed one on each side of Scarpia's corpse. This is mentioned lest some one express surprise at Miss Garden's departure from tradition. In order that the opera may be as melodramatic as possible, we all prefer the lighted candles, and they should be large and imposing.

Mr. Dalmores was a romantic figure and a manly singer. Mr. Marcoux's Scarpia was seen here last season. It is a carefully considered and striking performance. In the French drama Scarpia was quieter, more subtle, and thus the more horrible. This conception would not be so effective in the opera. And so one of John Webster's Italian villains would have to be coarsened and made more ruffianly for operatic purposes. There are a few details in Mr. Marcoux's business that might be questioned as lacking in taste: the business already referred to and his praying while his thoughts are on anything but celestial affairs. We know that Scarpia is a hypocrite. It is not necessary to see him on his knees when he is crazy with lust.

Mr. Tavecchia was missed as the Sacristan. Mr. Cervi was consistent in his conception, which was a rather dry one. The other minor parts were well taken. The orchestra was often unduly boisterous.

A large and enthusiastic audience showed appreciation by many calls for the singers after each act.

On Wednesday night the opera will be "Contes d'Hoffmann" with the cast as before.

The sun rose, murky, disconsolate. Each one of the seven daily razors sulked. The vest of the new suit climbed above the shirt collar. The new boots recommended as sanitary bulged, and in the street women looked at them and tittered. But when we read in the newspaper about Miss Russell lo, there was the sound of bugles, there was an Italian sky, and Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin might have asked with admiration and envy: "Who is your tailor?"

"Here is the fair Lillian's advice to those who would be beautiful: 'Every woman should spend at least half an hour a day in seclusion in spiritual reflection.'

"Don't make me laugh, Mike; I've a cracked lip."

Gastronomic Optimists.

As the World Wags:

I think these chaps who write so pleasantly about food must be optimists; and an optimist is one who makes every one miserable but himself. Maeterlinck speaks somewhere of Emerson's "depressing optimism," and he is right. These gastronomers write as if they were inditing "ads" for a Food Fair. This is how one of them might describe my breakfast table: "Coffee, fragrant and aromatic, crowned the cup; toast, crisp and flaky, was invitingly there; and eggs that Julius Caeser would have admitted to be above suspicion were done to a turn." Ya-as; but suppose one said: "Two sad-eyed eggs, conscious of their guilt, called feebly to high heaven; the butter, Samson like, wrestled with the eggs, and overcame them. Certain dingy slabs were introduced as toast, and a gray, lukewarm mess, whose flavor seemed to combine the varying disgusts of humanity, masqueraded as coffee."

Capsules of Life.

And yet I would not seem to abuse eggs. They are the Lord's capsules. They are almost the only form of animal food into which Dr. Wiley's enemies have found no way to inject benzoate of soda. If an egg is addled, it is from its own initiative. If a man dies in horrid agony after eating it, he thanks the Lord for that, and not Messrs. X., Y. and Z., the well-known beef packers, on whose continued success the commercial prosperity of our country hangs.

Apropos of capsules, all food will doubtless soon be served in them. We shall hardly bother to swallow, but have a little hole cut in the tummy, as was the case with a Tammany politician of recent years. Into this orifice we shall at stated times introduce the life-giving capsule filled with a balanced ration. We shall not taste much, but since everything nowadays tastes like boiled dish-rag, what matters it?

Daily Heroes.

I often wonder at the quiet courage the men above us show. My clubmates, Brown, Jones and Robinson, hardly look like heroes of the Titanic; yet each one carries his life in his hands. Each day some man falls. Bang! There goes Brown. No grapeshot potted him, but canister this time. A poisoned can from Porkville labelled Corned Beef Hash. Ping! Jones staggers and falls; a bottle of milk did the business, something akin to the stinkpot of mediaeval warfare. And so it goes. Robinson rushes to dinner, joyously shouting like Pickett's subaltern, "Come on boys; do you want to live forever?" Have no fear. Our Captains of Industry—O brave "Chevaliers de l'Industrie"—will get him sooner or later. Each man fights bravely in the fight that knows but one end: glad at the last to give his life that some glum plutocrat may sullenly pile up a few more pennies which he cannot use.

After all, what does it matter? We must all die and if Messrs. X., Y. and Z. choose to "get our goat" by selling us enraged cow, what's the difference! As an advertisement I once saw in London said: "W'y 'any reound, all so miserable, when you can get a coffin, a funeral and a grave for two pounds ten?"

Rosalind's Gums.

One word more about capsules. There's no use worrying about good things to eat when undoubtedly in a few years a beneficent and socialistic government will put up all food for us in capsules. It will be a crime to masticate. Our teeth, which doctors inform me are even now little more than sex-ornaments will drop out, and poets will write rapturous sonnets to Rosalind's rosy gums. Life will hold one pleasure the less, but on the other hand, we shall not have the bellyache. Everything will at last be for the best in this best of all possible worlds. UNSOCIAL SOCIALIST.

Dedham, Dec. 1, 1912.

Mr. De Reszke in the Forest.

Mr. Dippel endeavoring to persuade Mr. Jean de Reszke to sing again in the United States is a subject for our friend the Historical Painter. "No," said Mr. de Reszke, "when I sang Siegfried last I was Siegfried. Now if I sing it I am de Reszke." The eminent tenor labors under a pleasing delusion. When he sang Siegfried here he was not Siegfried. A most romantic Romeo; a gallant Raoul; a Lohengrin who was not earthly; an interesting Des Grieux, as Siegfried he was only a fine gentleman lost in a forest. Boston has seen an ideal Siegfried. [illegible] name was Max Alvary. He looked the part. He acted as Siegfried would [illegible] acted; and he sang as badly [illegible] doubt Siegfried sang.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"Exceeding the Speed Limit," a musical farce-comedy by Antony Mars, with Carter De Haven and Elizabeth Murray.

Jack Newton	Carter De Haven
Dr. Charles Weyland	Fred Bond
Francesca	Jane Evans
Willie	Albert Parker
Prof. Jones	John L. Kearney
Mabel Jones	Marion Bell
Josephine	Flora Parker
Adelina Kelly	Elizabeth M. Murray

Elizabeth Murray is the bright spot in this show. Most theatre-goers are familiar enough with her simple methods and excellent results for description to be unnecessary. As the pseudo-respectable housemaid, Miss Murray delivers her usual line of charming Irish humor and sings a number of songs of Irish or southern complexion in her usual quiet and inimitable way. We like Miss Murray and we approve of her because she does what she sets out to do so well and with such restraint.

The play itself is largely a mixture of hectic entrances and still more hectic exits of constantly impending meetings between husband, who shouldn't be seen there, and wife, who will be lost if she is discovered, and all the other complications of character and situation which go to make up a farce-comedy of first order. However, if the characters have all been met with before and the situations are somewhat the worse for wear, they are, nevertheless, so contrived that they furnish much amusement and certainly the complicated apartment-hunting scene in the second act was as funny as one could wish.

The show from the start abounds in surprises. In the first place the action commences in the audience instead of on the stage. This, perhaps, is not so surprising as it was before our excellent course of instruction in these matters in the "Follies." On the whole it was a bad start and augured ill for the show, which, however, proved better than it promised. The surprise in the last act was more novel and the rapid transformation of the gambling room into a hospital ward was clever and amusing.

Musically considered, the performance was very sterile. There were very few songs, and of those only the last two of Miss Murray's were much worth while. Mr. De Haven attempted a "coon" song in the last act, but his effort was injudicious, as it suffered sadly, if one chose to indulge in comparisons.

Though there is nothing for it to sing there is an able, bodied chorus of handsome girls whose graces and costumes add much to the visual side of the play.

The most striking thing about Mr. De Haven is his egotism. In this quality he gives Mr. George M. Cohan a run for his money. His only raison d'etre appears to lie in his dancing, and of that he gave us all too little last evening. Nevertheless the show of which he is the central figure is very good fun, and will doubtless furnish amusement to many more audiences as big as that which filled the Colonial last night.

BIGGERS PLAY AT PLYMOUTH

"If You're Only Human" Per-

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—The Will[illegible] Parke Players in "If You're Only Human," a play in four acts by Earl Derr Biggers. First time in Boston.

[illegible] Kinsman	George Hassell
[illegible] Kinsman	Wallace Worsley
[illegible] Braden	Phillips Tead
[illegible]	Albert Hickey
[illegible]	Edward Donnelly
[illegible]	Alfred Clark
[illegible] Green	Robert M. Middlemass
[illegible]	James Ardmore
[illegible]	Ralph Theodore
[illegible]	Albert Hickey
[illegible]	Alice Harrington
[illegible]	Kate Ryan
[illegible]man	Madeline Moore
[illegible]sman	Charlotte Adams
[illegible] Martin	Edna Jewett
[illegible] Wayne	Charlotte Adams

The special matinee yesterday that served as a "try-out" for Mr. Biggers' [illegible] play occasioned interest and enjoyment. An audience fair in size and expressive in appreciation, pronounced favorable judgment on the play and the players. Unquestionably there was [illegible] on the part of both.

[illegible] Biggers has occasionally evinced a faculty for happy expressions. [illegible] many occasions, he has succeeded in whittling those expressions [illegible] epigrammatic point. Not infrequently, however, there was not a [illegible] paring away of the super[illegible] that precludes an appearance of [illegible] nicety. At times there were un[illegible]kable signs of composition. In [illegible] of substance, Mr. Biggers has been [illegible]ingly imaginative. Notwithstanding, he has frequently in[illegible] life in what is conventional and [illegible] new clothes on old dolls.

These qualifications define the merits of Mr. Biggers as a dramatist. He has [illegible] out old skeletons from the theatrical [illegible] clothed them in modern garb and [illegible] in their mouths a dialogue which, [illegible] it were not so lengthy, would be [illegible] real. The situations in the [illegible] are not new, but the arrangement of them is [illegible]. For the rest, the action of [illegible] is not sufficiently rapid. There [illegible] too much dialogue, movement [illegible] sacrificed to its composition. [illegible] defect, however, may be easily [illegible] by judicious blue-pencilling. In [illegible] the action would be more [illegible] and greater cohesion would result [illegible] in the incidents of the plot.

Mary Gilmore, an actress, is left without a job when her play goes up in [illegible]. Billy Kinsman, butterfly son of [illegible] millionaire, is in love with her and [illegible] marriages. His parents, dis[illegible] of the match, write the girl [illegible] visit them, believing that she will unquestionably find the gulf between [illegible] position and theirs too great to [illegible] a crossing. She accepts, saying, "If you're only human, you can make [illegible] anywhere." She undertakes to re[illegible] the household of the millionaires, [illegible] admirably and is, in the end, [illegible] by the penitents.

The idea is not traditional but the treatment of it is. The pathetic appeal, the comic relief, are obvious and conventional. At the same time, by the [illegible] of things theatrical, the in[illegible] of these departures from real dramatic structure and composition are sufficiently dissociated from the action proper of the play to be easily altered or omitted altogether. Such defects may be detected only when a play is seen on the stage. With proper curtailment of the dialogue and rearrangement of certain scenes the play could be made a very creditable one.

The cast was uniformly adequate. Mr. Donnelly in particular is deserving of much praise. Seldom is one privileged to see such delightful impersonation of a conventional stage butler as was offered by Mr. Donnelly. There was just the requisite amount of emphasis, just the proper poise, just the right color of speech. The characterization was artistic in every detail.

The stage settings and other appointments were adequate.

TOY THEATRE—"The Mirror," by Katherine Metcalf Roof. First performance on any stage.

Saida Blair	Miss Tanner
Evelyn March	Miss Kendall
Roland Haveneth	Mr. Perret

"Pariah," by August Strindberg. First performance in Boston.

Mr. X	Mr. Rowe
Mr. Y	Mr. Mifflin

"The Courtship," by Dennis J. Shea.

[illegible] M[illegible]	Miss Brickley
[illegible]	Miss Rattigan
[illegible] Flaherty	Miss Prichard
[illegible]	Mr. Shea

Variety was not lacking in the program presented last evening at the Toy Theatre before a large, interested and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] fields with succeeded each other effectively and with marked contrast.

"The Mirror" is an extraordinary oriental idyll. Saida Blair, daughter of a prosaic justice, fancies herself an old soul, entitled to patronize her more matter of fact friends. In her den are rare treasures of the east, a placid Buddha, gigantic candles, luxurious cushions. Here, attired as a dancing girl, she steeps herself in mysticism and gives way to imaginings akin to hallucinations. Roland Haveneth, a young war correspondent, is introduced by an imperturbable Japanese servant. He, too, is Orient mad and is at once of the setting. There is much talk of the transmigration of souls and other articles of oriental philosophy. The two peer, transfixed, in a mirror, occultly symbolic. They read the past and discover they have known each other a thousand years. Haveneth commands the girl to dance. She obeys, and intoxicates him with posturings of enticement and fascination, which reach a dramatic climax. He seizes her in his arms, but the spell is broken. Saida, terrified, dashes the mirror to the ground and Haveneth goes on his errand to the judge, radiant and promising to return.

The piece was rendered interesting by the effective acting of Miss Tanner and Mr. Perret rather than by its inherent dramatic worth or by its dialogue, which was too often involved and difficult to follow. Miss Tanner established and maintained an appropriate illusion of mysteriousness in her characterization, while her dancing was imaginatively conceived and executed with exquisite grace. Mr. Perret displayed poise and sincerity in his impersonation and when occasion demanded dramatic intensity.

"Pariah" is an exposition of Strindberg's views on crime and punishment with his familiar theory that every life conceals a skeleton as a foundation for the dialogue. A murderer and a forger discuss their mutual crimes. The dialogue is flavored with humorous flashes and the arguments are heated. Mr. Rowe as the murderer archaeologist played, or rather talked, the part with befitting nonchalance and calm. Mr. Mifflin gave a clever picture of the nervous, wild-eyed criminal of the lowest order of intelligence.

"The Courtship," an Irish farce, brought the program to a close.

A feature of the evening was the admirable setting for each play and notably that of "The Mirror."

NEWTON NEWKIRK AT B. F. KEITH'S

Newton Newkirk, alike prominent and popular in Boston newspaperdom, has added another to his long list of personal triumphs. The creator of Stealthy Steve and the editor of the Bingville Bugle plunged into vaudeville at B. F. Keith's yesterday afternoon. He lived to repeat again last night, and he made a big hit at each performance. Newton was not in the slightest perturbed by the applause that greeted him as he stepped before the footlights, notwithstanding that the program stated that it was his very first appearance upon any stage. It was not, however, so very long ago that Mr. Newkirk had the pleasure of seeing one of his own little plays staged at B. F. Keith's, and that may have been the stepping stone to his own debut as a real vaudeville star.

Mr. Newkirk has a typically Boston monologue, although it could probably be made fit in any large city merely by a wholesale changing of names. It is in two parts. The first deals with the journalist's trials and tribulations in attempting to "get a bite to eat," using a newspaper man's expression, at a newspaper row spa during the noonday jam. Then Mr. Newkirk shifts from spas and spaghetti to the Park street subway, where he joins the daily 6 o'clock jam of homeward-bound suburbanites. It was clearly evident that Mr. Newkirk had been through the mill—or rather the crush—very frequently. But even so he has apparently had more than the average subway frequenter's experiences crowded into his daily trolleying to and from the office.

He narrates his difficulty in buying a ticket and in keeping somebody else from getting both the ticket and the change, and eventually getting through the turnstile after being bomped fore and aft. Then there is the ride home ahead of him, during which he stands wedged in between a plumber and a stone-mason, with not so much as a strap to cling to, yet all the while a sign stating "space to let in this car" stares him in the face. Mr. Newkirk was recalled both afternoon and evening, and at the evening performance he received over the footlights a tremendous bunch of chrysanthemums that he handled in much the same fashion as a bachelor might be expected to manipulate a six-months-old. Once again he bowed his acknowledgments, said something about not really having expected any eggs at 60 cents per dozen.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a m[illegible] [illegible] feature which a [illegible] followed, and twice as [illegible] ing [illegible] red be[illegible] the [illegible] the attention of the two [illegible] the audience. John E. Henshaw, always a Boston favorite, made a [illegible] success with the assistance of Grace [illegible], of a bright little sketch entitled "Strangers in a Strange Flat." They were, of course, strangers to each other as well as to the flat. Another act was that of Harry Scott and Agnes Keane in a [illegible] love sketch "Drifting."

The rest of the card included Leonard and Louie, the modern athletes; DeHaven and Leonard in songs and dances; Nick Hufford and Dell Chain in "The Colored Parson and the Minstrel"; Matthews and Alshayne in "A Chinatown Fantasy", also Joseph Fanton's Awakening Athletes—mighty men of massive muscle they are—in a series of startling feats.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Spendthrift," a drama in four acts, by Porter Emerson Browne. The cast:

Richard Ward	Theodore Friebus
Saunders	Burk Symon
Philip Cartwright	Charles Abbe
Monty Ward	Dudley Hawley
F[illegible] War[illegible]	Miss Beth Franklyn
Clarice Van Zandt	Miss Ethel Grey Terry
Gustoven Jans	Miss Valerie Valaire
Else	Miss Bella Cairns
Suffern Thorne	William C. Walsh

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"Seven Sisters." Farce in four acts, adapted from Hungarian of Ferenez Herzegh. Translated by Edith Ellis Ferske Boroz.

Count Feri horkoy	Wilson Melrose
Baron Radvanyi	Walter Walker
Baron Gida Radvanyi	Donald Meek
Miska Sandorffy	Carney Christie
Toni Teleky	Egbert Munro
Mrs. Gyurkovics	Miss Mabel Colcord
Katinka	Miss Laurett Browne
S[illegible]	Miss Sylvia Bladen
E[illegible]	Miss Florence Shirley
Terka	Miss Margaret Fay
Liza	Miss Martha Winsor
Klara	Miss Henrietta McDaniel
Mi[illegible]	Miss Mary Young

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In the "Correspondance Litteraire" of the Baron de Grimm and Diderot for August 1[illegible], the death of Guillaume François Rouelle "the creator of chemistry in France" is noted, and there is a vivid sketch of his life and eccentricities. He accused many co-workers of stealing his ideas and publishing them, and to him the word "plagiarist" was so odious that he applied it to the great criminals that he expressed the horror he felt at the famous deed of Damien, he called the would-be regicide a "plagiarist." He spoke of many of his own [illegible] and observations concerning chemistry and other sciences as his arcanas. As a flaming patriot he wished to command flatboats to cross the Channel and burn London town.

And here is a curious sentence, "He did not despair of finding a means of setting fire to the English squadrons under the water; this was one of his arcanas." Is the method described in his "Lecons de Chimie," which he left in manuscript? Grimm and Diderot say that he did not know how to write, and although he spoke with the utmost vehemence, he was neither correct in speech nor clear in expression. But what was his submarine scheme?

Strauss's Next Heroine.

It is said that Richard Strauss is meditating an opera with the wife of Potiphar for the heroine, and Hoffmannstahl, who turned the Electra of Euripides and Sophocles into a shrieking, rantipoling, dancing neurotic, will be his librettist. The story is told with admirable simplicity and reserve in the Bible, but Hofmannstahl will no doubt go to the Koran and the legends of the rabbis. The wife of Potiphar is unnamed, as is the daughter of Herodias in the Bible, but it seems that her name was Zoleikha, though some call her Rail. Joseph was only 17 years old when he entered the service of Potiphar, and he was wondrously beautiful. Potiphar had no children, and as he was skilled in physiognomy, he thought of adopting Joseph, who was as prudent, willing and serviceable as he was handsome. Some of the rabbis say that for a moment he was sorely tempted, but his father, Jacob, appeared to him in a vision, and he bit his fingers' ends, or according to others, struck him on the breast so that the youth came to his senses.

The women of the city pointed the finger of scorn at Zoleikha, and especially the wives of the King's chamberlain, butler, baker, jailer and herdsman. She thereupon invited 40 of the women, and among them were the five Zoleikha prepared a banquet—we now quote from Sale's stiff translation of the Koran that excited the ire of Sir Richard F. Burton—"and she gave to each of them a knife, and she said unto Joseph, 'Come forth unto them.' And when they [illegible] they praised him greatly, and they cut their own hands, and [illegible] this is not a

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and the [illegible] and the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] have [illegible] They can refer to [illegible] pictures by the old masters and [illegible] way "Masse Publisher" [illegible] Bor[illegible] is a disappointment.

An Educational Accident.

This reminds us of the distressing [illegible] described on the first page of the New York Tribune of Dec. [illegible] There was a party at New Bridge [illegible] It was a barn dance. A 14-year-old boy for some reason or other, declared that he had never been kissed. A [illegible] matron, Mrs. Ackermann, thinking it was high time that he should [illegible] the [illegible] of life, chased him about the [illegible] Does not Mr. Bernard Shaw [illegible] woman is the pursuer of the male? The boy—his name should be W[illegible] ran [illegible] upstairs to the [illegible] Mrs. Ackermann finally [illegible] [illegible] struggled wildly [illegible] against the double door. The [illegible] way and she and Willy [illegible] feet. She was taken to the H[illegible] Hospital. The boy, who [illegible] in the fall, escaped injury. [illegible]

The Wickedest City.

Every now and then a [illegible] clergyman lifts up his voice and characterizes the city in which he [illegible] even though it be Boston [illegible] than all the Cities of the P[illegible] mention Babylon and P[illegible] much as their vocabulary [illegible] ishment we commend to [illegible] gentlemen the letter that R[illegible] De[illegible]zes represented [illegible] the [illegible] ture, as written by a Jew to [illegible] serving-lad, warning him against London:

"Well, well, thou wilt come to London. So I forewarn thee that [illegible] malice is in all and [illegible] of [illegible] word thou shalt [illegible] in that [illegible] Avoid the band of pimps, [illegible] the crowd of gamesters, [illegible] and the gaming table, [illegible] the tavern.

"Thou wilt come across more [illegible] than are in all France the number of parasites is infinite. Actors, [illegible] eunuchs, garamanters, flatterers, [illegible] coward effeminates, dancing [illegible] apothecaries, favourites, [illegible] tres, owls magicians, [illegible] cants, dancers, and all such [illegible] house. Therefore, unless thou [illegible] with the wicked thou shalt not inhabit London."

And what, pray, was a g[illegible]nter?

Kneisel

The Kneisel Quartet, assisted by Ernesto Consolo pianist, gave its second concert of the season last evening in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Haydn, quartet in D major; Richard Strauss, sonata in F major for piano and 'cello (Messrs. Consolo and Willeke); Beethoven, quartet in F minor, No. 2.

The sonata by Richard Strauss, which was easily the feature of the concert last evening, was first played in Boston by Messrs. Schroeder and [illegible] Oct 29, 1900. It was written during the composer's student years and there is little in it to suggest the subsequent transition to the devoted Brahmsian and ultra-modernist of later days. After Strauss had played the piano part in Leipsic in 1890, he wrote to his friend Ritter: "It seemed most amusing to me to play before people and in all earnestness a piece in which I no longer have the slightest faith."

The sonata is elaborate and effective. The first movement is ornate and brisk in character while a characteristically Straussian theme is given to the piano shortly after the opening phrases. The second movement is of a pensive almost melancholy nature with much sustained melody for the 'cello. The last movement is of a capricious character, intricate and at times brilliant.

It was a pleasure to hear the quartet in Haydn's composition, although it is not one of his best. Mr. Willeke played the 'cello in the sonata with much expression and beauty of tone, and Mr. Consolo, a pianist of marked ability, performed the piano part brilliantly and in a musicianly manner.

A large audience gave frequent evidences of appreciation.

The third concert of the series will take place on Tuesday evening, Ja[illegible].

MR. MILLER GIVES SECOND RECITAL

Mr. Selden Miller gave the second of three recitals yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Piano pieces, MacDowell, "To the Sea," "To a Humming Bird", Idylle, Schattentanz; Grieg, Notturno, Zwei Nordische Tanze, Zu Deiner Fussen, Kotold. Mr Miller sang these songs: MacDowell, "Mein Liebchen," "Du liebst Mich Nicht," "Thy Beaming Eyes," "A Maid Sings Light"; Grieg, "The Spring," "In den Heidelbeeren," "Jung Ole," "Zur Johannisnacht."

An agreeable pianist, Mr. Miller is less fortunate in song, but his performance served to illustrate the distinguishing characteristics of the two composers on the program.

His playing yesterday afternoon showed authority, precision, a sense of proportion and, when occasion demanded, fleetness. Although his technic is of a respectable order, it is by no means fully developed, nor is Mr. Miller an inspired interpreter.

An audience of good size gave frequent evidences of its enjoyment.

The last recital will be on Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 17. The composers will be Brahms and Debussy.

Dec 5 1912

'HOFFMANN' AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann" was performed last night at the Boston Opera House for the third time this season. The singers were the same as at the preceding performances, and the chief parts were taken by Mmes. Fisher, Amsden, Edvina and Leveroni, and Messrs. Clement, Marcoux, Blanchart, Cilla and Giaccone. Mr. Caplet conducted.

The performance evidently gave pleasure to a large audience, although some of the singers were not vocally so well disposed. Mr. Marcoux's intonation was frequently faulty, nor was he the only offender in this respect. Again the chorus and orchestra were not together at the end of the Venetian act, and the attack of the orchestra was frequently lacking in precision. Again the fantastical, striking scenery and costumes, and the skilful management of the stage won compliments for Mr. Urban.

The Herald has spoken at length of the quality of this production and analyzed the various impersonations. It has expressed admiration for the exquisite diction of Mr. Clement; the acting of Miss Fisher as Olympia, and the sympathetic and charming performance of Antonia by Mme. Edvina.

A word may still be said about the opera itself. There are some who insist that the strength of the music lies in the instrumentation, which, as we all know, was not the invention of Offenbach, but of Ernest Guiraud. Offenbach dying left only the completed score for voices and piano and indications for the instrumentation. Guiraud, born in New Orleans by the way, had a fine sense of color and in the technic of orchestration was far superior to Offenbach. The answer, however, to the slur on Offenbach is this: the opera exerts almost the same fascination when the piano is the only accompanying instrument.

The melodies are wholly Offenbach's and, as The Herald has often said, this man had an uncommon instinct for the stage. His melodies here, as in "La Grande Duchesse," "La Belle Helene," "La Perichole," are always appropriate to the situation and the sentiment, whether there should be comic or tender or amorous expression. And in "Contes d'Hoffmann," the composer showed a more mature, a more expressive harmonic scheme than in the earlier works of riotous gaiety that was sometimes sheer buffoonery—buffoonery, but admirable, irresistible buffoonery.

It would be interesting to hear a performance of "Contes d'Hoffmann" exactly as Offenbach wrote and Guiraud orchestrated, and then compare it with the version now performed. Mr. Caplet's device of connecting the prologue with the first act is excellent musically and for the stage effect. Some of his other alterations are open to discussion. Thus the introduction of this or that instrument not used by Guiraud, or the fattening of this or that series of measures might be found a lucky stroke, or it might be judged irrelevant if not impertinent.

The opera on Friday night will be Puccini's "La Boheme," with Mmes. Bori and Dereyne, and Messrs. Clement, Rossi—who will make his debut here—De Segurola and Pulcini.

The operas of next week are announced: Wednesday, "Tosca," with Miss Garden and Messrs. Gaudenzi and Marcoux; Saturday afternoon, "Madama Butterfly," with Mmes. [illegible] and Swartz and Messrs. [illegible] and Polese. Saturday evening [illegible] di Lammermoor" [illegible] Messrs. [illegible]

In "A Foreign Family," by [illegible] Meinertzhagen, recently published in London, there is an account of the visit paid to the United States 70 years ago by one of the Meinertzhagens, Daniel the fifth. He kept a diary and we learn from it that in Boston he lived like a prince. But what does this mean? "At New Bedford street temperance principles prevailed, and the dinner in the hotel only lasted a quarter of an hour." We have not read the book itself; we quote from the Pall Mall Gazette's review of it. Bedford street in Boston dates back to 1821. Before that it was known as Pond street. There was a Bedford court, also a Bedford place. Bedford avenue was closed in 1842. There is no record, as far as we can ascertain, of a New Bedford street. Was the memory of the diarist at fault? Or did he go to New Bedford and has the reviewer jumbled statements?

Mr. Scotti's Dress Suit.

Mr. Antonio Scotti, the baritone, who for several years has been busy denying reports that he was bethrothed or about to be bethrothed to Miss Geraldine Farrar, and incidentally appearing in opera excited academic discussion in New York last week by singing the prologue to "Pagliacci" clad in an irreproachable dress suit. We are accustomed to seeing Tonio dressed either in clown's motley or in the shabby clothes of a broken-down and strolling player.

Mr. Scotti thinks that because the same actor sings the prologue and takes the part of Tonio in the opera itself, there is no reason for "preserving the character in both. They are two different men; the prologue is addressed to the audience in the opera house, not to the rustic audience on the stage." And Mr. Scotti further remarks: "The philosophy of that speech—can you imagine it coming from such a person as Tonio?"

To this it may be said that no true philosopher wears a dress suit.

Our own opinion is that Mr. Scotti having recently acquired a wondrously beautiful swallow-tail and other garments in close harmony—perhaps at the same time that Mr. Herkimer Johnson obtained his—wished the Metropolitan Opera House audience to enjoy it with him.

If it be said that these two sentences are contradictory, the answer is simple: Mr. Herkimer Johnson is a distinguished sociologist, not a philosopher. There's a vast difference between the two. No true philosopher would expose himself to moving accidents and hairbreadth 'scapes inevitable in adventurous sociological research.

Theatre Clothes.

This reminds us that the management of the Aldwych Theatre in London is endeavoring to make "evening dress" compulsory. ("Evening dress" includes pyjamas with a "y" and nighties. 'Tis a vile phrase.) There was a time in London when the clawhammer and a white cravat were regarded as indispensable for admission to certain London theatres. Some years ago Mr. George Bernard Shaw arrived at the door of a West End playhouse clad all in homespun. He was not allowed to enter, and his letter-to-the-editor added to the gayety of nations.

The opera is a spectacle, and the audience in the orchestra and the boxes form part of it. The women, especially those in the boxes, dress for the audience and the "society reporters." This is as it should be. A man in a check suit sitting in a $5 seat looks incongruous, though he may be able to whistle all of Puccini's tunes and give an enlightened opinion on the influence exerted by Claude Achille Debussy. He disturbs the operatic landscape.

It is different in the theatre. Let a man dress for a play if he be so disposed, for we are told that there are punctilious persons who don a swallow-tail at night though they dine alone on cold mutton and apple pie and do not leave the house. But there should be liberty in dress. Even a man sporting a Tyrolese hat with a feather in it should not be viewed too severely by the doorkeeper.

Hurrah for the Spugs.

This Society for the Prevention of Useless (Christmas) Giving, founded by Mrs. August Belmont at Terrace Garden, New York, on Nov. 14, 1912, should be encouraged. Similar societies should spring up in other towns. Nor should the fact that a member is known as a "Spug" deter applicants for admission. There was an impressive meeting of the original chapter in New York last Tuesday. Laura Jane Libby—whose name is as blessing to speak—heard the Christmas bells saying to a weary world: "Give presents to those you love if you can afford it; give a kiss to some (but choose the recipients of this precious gift wisely); give a kind thought to others." The second gift named by Laura Jane is within the reach of all, but as this is a censorious and malicious world it would be more economical in the end to give only kind thoughts during Christmastide.

Compulsory giving of gifts at Christmas is an abomination, but we are cowards all, slaves to this habit, as we are to the equally odious habit of tipping. We read in the Daily Mail that "the chief of the difficulties stated to stand in the [illegible] in the House of Commons was [illegible] yesterday by one of the officials as the generosity of members, who declare that in any circumstances they intend to 'tip' the waiters who serve them at dinner or other meals." And the relative generosity of members is said to be as follows: 1. Unionists; 2. Labor members; 3. Nationalists; 4. Liberals. Liberals—on the principle of lucus a non lucendo—to use the language of the ancient Romans.

Quoting from a withering denunciation of immorality in London by a monk of the 12th century, The Herald asked the meaning of "garamanter," for, according to this monk, London was then infested with them. We have received two answers to the question.

One correspondent says that Cotton Mather had a Guramantee servant, a slave named Onesimus. "Guremantee, also spelled Garamantee—Fezzan in the North Saraha, the country of the Garamantes." We do not think that Garamantee is the "garamanter" referred to by the monk.

Mr. Halliday Witherspoon writes a sprightly letter. We regret that we cannot publish it in full and verbatim. He says that some years ago he saw a beautifully printed and bound book of the sort that is excluded from the mails but sometimes found in catalogues under the general heading, "Curiosa." This book containing a description of a family's diversions "made the vices of Sodam and Gomorrah, old Rome and New Jerusalem look like virtues." The word garamanter was used throughout the volume interchangeably with a certain French word that begins with the same letter. "I have never seen either word elsewhere and don't know how good an authority the anonymous author may have been; but the context of your quotation seems to indicate that a garamanter is something pretty rancid."

The French verb quoted by Mr. Witherspoon was frequently used by French authors of a certain class in the 18th and 19th centuries.

The Tonsorial Dining Room.

As the World Wags:

Has a star boarder a right to shave himself or to comb his hair before a looking glass in the dining room sideboard? Has he the privilege in a well-conducted boarding house of doing both, to the displeasure of the other and less fortunate guests? I am not inquiring about a gentlemanly star boarder. No gentleman who has the misfortune to be a star boarder, and no star boarder who has the misfortune to be a gentleman would knowingly do, say, or even hint vaguely at anything tending to wound the sensibilities of the thin gilt soul, so often found at good boarding houses. Has any landlady, even one whose folks would blush if they knew that she was running a bang-up boarding house, the right to grant the tonsorial privileges of the buffet to any boarder?

A Model Boarding House.

In the boarding house where I have lived until recently, the star boarder, a gentleman with the shoulders of an educated Indian football player and the superior manners of a man who believes that some day he will write the Great American Novel and dramatize it into the Great American Play, exercises the above-mentioned privileges. I have known him to be engaged in the shaving operation while those of us who had been practising quick starts for breakfast were rushing in. I have known him to go from the dinner table to the buffet and comb his mustache, an ungracious performance anywhere except in a barber-shop. Occasionally I complained to the landlady that the fruit which remained on the sideboard until the time for dessert arrived had a stray hair or two on it. She replied sweetly: "those Faneuil Hall print dealers are so careless." I thought one morning that I detected a taste of shaving soap in the cereal. I told her so, as tactfully as I could. She suggested that I should go to the Copley-Plaza to live.

Misplaced Vocalism.

If you should perchance be unable to answer my leading questions, perhaps you can answer these: Has a star boarder with no voice the right to sing "Oh, no, we never mention her," or "They say that she is happy now"? Has he the right to sing them in the next room to another boarder if the rooms were originally one and are now separated merely by thin partitions which serve as remarkably effective sounding boards?

It may be that I should wait for the appearance of Mr. Herkimer Johnson's colossal work on sociology, but I am afraid of books of reference. They are so often labors of cross-reference. I dare say that in Mr. Johnson's "Man as a Political and Social Beast" I shall find under the title Boarding House the advice: See Houses, Boarding. Under Houses, Boarding, I shall be directed to Inns. From Inns I shall be asked to jump to Vol. Sixteen, to consult, under the title Prerogatives, In Boarding Houses. Prerogatives will toll me on to Star Boarders. By the time that volume appears, I'll be living in an apartment of my own, some [illegible] apartment in beautiful Brookline. But I fear I have been a trifle discursive.

POSEIDON HICKS, JR.
Cilvereux, Mass., Dec 4, 1912.

Personally Observed.

All the books of etiquette, from that compiled by Erasmus to Mrs. Sherwood's, including various handbooks entitled "Don't," object strenuously against any operation of the toilet at table or in the dining room. Yet we have often seen in German inns and pensions an army officer or a civilian, decorated or undecorated, take out a little comb and brush as soon as the soup was served and arrange and beautify mustache or whiskerage, and head of hair. When a stranger in another European inn behaves in this fashion his nationality is at once disclosed. Mark Twain commented on this evidence of nationality. We are told, however, on good authority that these public tonsorial practices are not so common today in Prussia, Silesia, Bavaria, Saxony, Westphalia and other lands of the German empire.

We lived 36 years ago in a boarding house in West 14th street New York. The star boarder was a sandy blonde who on Sundays was paid for singing sweetly in church and at Sunday school to the accompaniment of a cabinet organ. He combed his mustache at dinner, but only after a thick soup or a messy dish served at dessert.

As for the other questions, boarding house singers, aphonic or leaking tenor, baritone, bass, soprano or contralto, should be sternly discouraged. There are singers enough in concert halls, on the operatic stage and in private families.

MRS. KING'S RECITAL

Mrs. Mary Perry King, an exponent of "personal harmonizing" read from Bliss Carman's "Daughters of Dawn" yesterday morning at the Hotel Tuileries. She was assisted by Charles Gilbert Spross, pianist, and Miss Alice Hollister Clark. Mr. Carman superintended the lantern slides.

Mrs. King first spoke of "personal harmonizing" or the betterment of motion. Restraint she designated as the keynote of social dancing and individuality expressed with the utmost freedom. Truth and beauty that of interpretative dancing.

The reader then read a prologue from "Daughters of Dawn," during which a landscape scene coinciding with the words of the text was shown and appropriate music was played by Mr. Spross. This was followed by views of the various Daughters of Dawn in different poses. Eve, Deborah, Baekis, Sappho, Izeyl, Mary, Zenobia, Jeanne d'Arc and the Modern Woman were seen.

The second part of the program was devoted to earth Deities, among others, Iris, Cerea, Daphne, Syrinx, Psyche, Fauna, Berol, Bacchante and others were represented.

The pictures were posed by young women well known for their beauty and among these Miss Hedwig Reicher, and Genevieve Lyon, the prize beauty of Chicago. Miss Clark performed the dance of Beroe.

MME. DE VERE-SAPIO HEARD

Mme. Clementine de Vere-Sapio gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Pergolesi, "Tre Giorni Son"; Bassoni, "Dormi, Bella"; Gluck, "Spiagge Amate"; Mozart, "Deh, Vieni"; Schubert, "Du Bist die Ruh"; Schumann, "Mondnacht"; Volbach, "Die Rosen Bluhen"; Hugo Wolf, "Wiegenlied"; Strauss, "Caecilie"; Gomer, Ballata; Massenet, air from "Thais"; Liszt, "Oh, Quand je dors"; Letorey, "La Fontaine de Caraquet"; Debussy, "Les Cloches"; Bizet, "Pastorale"; Huss, "There is Sweet Music"; R. H. Warren, "When the Birds Go North Again"; MacDowell, "In the Woods"; Marion Bauer, "Send Me a Dream"; R. Sapio, "Summer Song"; Leoncavallo, "Mattinala." Romualdo Sapio was the accompanist.

An interested audience of good size was present yesterday afternoon. Mme. Sapio, an experienced singer, has had a distinguished and honorable career both in concert and on the operatic stage. She has frequently been heard here, and with pleasure.

Yesterday afternoon the singer revealed herself an accomplished mistress of her art, while the brilliantly sonorous tones of her middle voice and the pure beautifully rounded upper notes were used effectively. She was especially successful in songs that required the expression of delicate sentiment such as the "Wiegenlied" and "Die Rosen Bluhen." Mr. Sapio played sympathetic accompaniments.

"Boston's soft coal receipts for the past year have been increased over those of 1911 by 469,574 tons, or well over 10 per cent." And the smoke and the grime that drive housekeepers to despair not only in "the small of the Back Bay," but in the sacred Back Bay itself, are a proof of the statement.

The Pall Mall Gazette under the new editor consults all tastes. There are

[illegible] les for [illegible] of [illegible] published [illegible] in [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] Boulogne" and a [illegible] artiste with the leading "Wet [illegible] in the Nursery."

M. Mirobolant's Tribute.

The Rev. Frank Schloesser, noting the fact that a newspaper in London made a [illegible] about a "pink dinner," ordered by [illegible] who wished to honor a woman's favorite color, sniffed and said there was nothing new in this. "Every reader remembers the 'white dinner' that Thackeray's chef, Mirabolant (sic), prepared for Blanche Amory and her guests in 'Vanity Fair.'" In "Vanity Fair," Mr. [illegible] Schloesser? Yes; and Clive Newcome is in "Pendennis" and Lord Steyne in "Henry Esmond."

What was this dinner prepared by Alcide Mirobolant—the chef spelled "Miro," not "Mira"—for Miss Amory; the dinner as spotless as the snow? Potage a la Reine, filet de merlan a [illegible], Agnes, Eperlan a la Sainte Therese, [illegible] of sweet bread and chicken, [illegible] a la Reine Elizabeth, a dish [illegible] colored plovers' eggs, a basket [illegible] little gateaux of apricots, a [illegible] marasquin, an ice with cherries. [illegible] was only one brown thing, and [illegible] was also symbolical: "a little roast [illegible] lamb, which I laid in a meadow of [illegible], surrounded with croustillons, representing sheep, and ornamented with daisies and other savage flowers."

A Prevailing Lack.

Mr. Schloesser does not describe this [illegible] of M. Mirobolant. he merely alludes to it, and he also knows full well [illegible] Blanche and her guests figure in "Pendennis," not "Vanity Fair." What [illegible], writing for his daily beer and [illegible], does not make worse blunders [illegible] apologize by describing himself as a victim of heterophemy? This is a peculiarly careless age. Shop keepers are careless in filling orders. Dressmakers, we are informed, are arrogantly careless. Tailors pay little attention to demands for pockets outside the conventional number and for fewer or more [illegible]. Cordwainers and carpenters are careless in measurements. Even [illegible] agents of theatres and opera [illegible] sometimes make misstatements. [illegible] let us be as careful as possible. "Accuracy, accuracy, accuracy," as the [illegible] Mr. Joseph Pulitzer was fond of saying.

All in Solemn Black.

[illegible] go back to Mr. Schloesser. He [illegible] that any colored dinner can be prepared by an able cook, if the host [illegible] the word, "but it is neither good [illegible] nor good taste; merely the [illegible] impressionism of gastronomy." He [illegible] of a black dinner, and mentions [illegible] with browned butter sauce, ground [illegible] some truffles en serviette, a grilled [illegible] and "a very chocolate pudding." [illegible] Huysmans did this much better. Des Esseintes, the hero of "A Rebours," [illegible] gave a funeral dinner. The dining room was hung with black; the garden seen through the long windows showed paths of coaldust and a fountain of ink. The tablecloth was black; the flowers were violets and purple [illegible]ons. Nude negresses were in waiting [illegible] and their slippers and hose were cloth of silver. The courses were turtle soup, black bread of Russia, ripe olives of Turkey, caviar, mullet, smoked [illegible] of Frankfort, game with [illegible] the color of liquorice and shoe [illegible], cullis of truffles, chocolate [illegible], puddings, nectarines, grape jam, [illegible], black heart cherries. And [illegible] drank in sombre glasses the wines [illegible] and Roussillon, of Tenados, of Val de Penas and Oporto; and there was coffee walnut brandy kwas, porter, [illegible].

[illegible] under the impression that The [illegible] has already published an account of this mournful feast. It matters not. It might be published yearly without harm.

To Impress Guests.

Where did Mr. Schloesser find this Bulgarian bill of fare? Any housekeeper at her wits' end or wishing to make an impression on her guests should now [illegible]:

Agneshka Yahnta.
Pestaria.
Pile Pitchene Oris.
Zele Yahnia.
Yarebitza Petchena
Om'ets Stadko.
Oroshtia.

[illegible] need she consider the difficulty [illegible] obtaining the viands—some prefer this word to "victuals," and our life is a constant struggle to please—or the [illegible] thereof. This bill translated reads:

Mutton Stew.
Trout.
Fowl and Rice
Stewed Cabbage
Braised Partridges.
Sweet Omelet.
Fruit

Our Old Friend Hannah.

[illegible] Mrs. Glasse, to whom the words: "First catch your hare, then cook it," [illegible] attributed, ever exist? Should the [illegible] "First catch your [illegible] skin it? In the first place [illegible] sentence appears in the first [illegible] (1747), but we find: "Take your Hare when it is ca'sd and make a pudding.' George Augustus Sala believed implicitly in the existence of Hannah Glasse. The title page says only: "By a Lady. London: Printed for the Author and sold by Mrs. Ashburn, a China Shop Woman, corner of Fleet Ditch." Mr. Schloesser swears there was no such woman. "There was a glass and china shop in Fleet street where the book was sold, and hence—probably—the title was derived." But there were doubts about Mrs. Glasse, her authorship, long before Mr. Schloesser began his gastronomic adventures with milk. In 1778 Dr. Johnson, dining at Mr. Dilly's, boasted that he could write a better book of cooking than had been written. Mr. Dilly observed. "Mrs. Glasse's 'Cookery,' which is the best, was written by Dr. Hill. Half the trade knows this." Johnson, however, did not believe Hill wrote it, and gave his reasons. The question may well be asked: "What's the matter with Hannah?"

'BOHEME' STILL HAS OLD CHARM

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Rodolfo	Mr. Clement
Marcello	Mr. Rossi
Schaunard	Mr. Pulcini
Colline	Mr. de Segurola
Benoit, Alcindoro	Mr. Pini-Corsi
Mimi	Miss Bori
Musetta	Miss Dereyne

Constant repetition does not stale the charm of the melodies in "La Boheme," which is still the best of Puccini's operas. It is full of romance and sentiment, youthful enthusiasm and recklessness. This music is spontaneous. The opera is as the confession of an impressionable musician that has lived, loved and suffered. Mark the difference between this opera and "The Girl of the Golden West." The latter was written by a successful composer at the command of a publisher and with both eyes on the box office.

The performance was greatly enjoyed. Miss Bori was again a most sympathetic figure as Mimi. Her conception of the part is simple—as simple as Mimi was—and therefore the more effective. A beautiful and mobile face, a youthful figure, an expressive voice, lightness in conversational music and true pathos in emotional moments, all combined in making the impersonation one long to be remembered.

Clement Sings in Italian.

Last spring Mr. Clement sang the music of Rodolfo in French. Last night he sang it in Italian, and, as I am informed, for the first time. His performance, admirable before in all other respects, is now complete. The voice itself sounds fresher and more euphonious. Here is a Rodolfo who looks the poet, acts with grace and rare sentiment. There is the same finesse, the same incomparable diction, the familiar tenderness in wooing.

Mr. Anafesto Rossi made his first appearance in Boston. His Marcello was not so constantly boisterous as others have chosen to make it. The voice is a robust one, but Mr. Rossi did not feel obliged to force it, and vocally and dramatically he gave significance to the various situations. There were details in his stage business, as in his singing, that showed him to be a singer of intelligence.

"Thais" This Afternoon.

The opera this afternoon will be "Thais," with Miss Garden and Messrs. Marcoux and Dalmores. The opera tonight will be "Tosca," with Miss Dereyne and Messrs. Sacchetti and Blancart.

Manager Russell says concerning the repetitions next week: "The final preparations for the first performance of Charpentier's 'Louise,' on the evening of Dec. 18, unavoidably and so fully engross the energies of the various forces of the Opera House, that the production of any novelty, or the making of any addition to the repertory already used, becomes practically impossible. 'Louise' requires a more extensive enlistment of solo singers than any work yet produced here, and few operas in the repertory of today demand such care and such detailed attention for the obtaining of correct and convincing ensemble."

The operas next week will be: Monday, "Boheme"; Wednesday, "Tosca"; Friday, "Thais"; Saturday afternoon, "Madama Butterfly"; Saturday evening, "Lucia di Lammermoor."

MR. SURETTE'S LECTURE

Thomas Whitney Surette, staff lecturer on music to the extension delegacy of Oxford University, gave the first of three lectures on Brahms yesterday [illegible] by the [illegible] [illegible] compositions [illegible] was [illegible] Chickering Hall, and the lecture [illegible] members of Josef Adamowski's [illegible] Messrs. Francis [illegible] pianist; [illegible] Ringwall, violinist, [illegible] Virginia Stickney, 'cellist.

Mr. Surette, evidently a profound admirer of the composer, sought to prove that the obscurities of style for which Brahms is often reproached are in reality artistic truths. The value of such truths, in his opinion, must invariably be determined by the extent of their relationship to other artistic truths, and since Brahms's consciousness was wide he is the more to be appreciated. The lecturer spoke of Shakespeare as having the widest consciousness in literature, and Beethoven in music. But while Beethoven and Shakespeare give expressions to the moods and happenings of their periods Brahms is "contemporaneous." According to Mr. Surette, Brahms's style extended the scope of melodic and rhythmic utterance, while he belongs to the class of composers who stir the imagination of their hearers and force them to think.

There was a small audience.

The succeeding lectures will be on Dec 13 and 20.

[illegible] 8, 1912

THAIS

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Massenet's "Thais." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Athanael	Mr. Marcoux
Nicias	Mr. Dalmores
Palemon	Mr. Lankow
Thais	Mary Garden
Crobyle	Miss Fisher
Myrtale	Mme. De Courcy
Albine	Miss Wilson
La Charmeuse	Miss Scotney

The question was raised in Paris soon after the death of Massenet: Which of his operas is the best? Composers were asked for an opinion. A few named "Thais." It is impossible to accept this judgment. "Thais" is inferior to "Manon" with its Dresden china charm; to "La Navarraise," which is to Massenet's other operas what "A Tale of Two Cities" is to Dickens's other novels; to "Werther," a genuinely musical work; as a whole it is inferior to "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame."

In "Thais" there is no convincing characterization through music. The Thais of Massenet is a "petite dame" of Meilhac rather than the glorious courtesan of Alexandria. The monk of Massenet is far from being the Paphnuce of Anatole France. There is no musical development of character. The conversion of Thais is portrayed by the orchestral "Meditation," a sugary, sentimental page, so banal that it immediately became popular. The operatic Thais after her pretty little song about Eros is dull in her repentance.

There are pages that hint at the better Massenet, as the music that accompanies the vision of Thais seen by Athanael, the operetta music for the scene in which Crobyle and Myrtale bedeck the monk against his will; the festival music in the night scene—I refer to the exotic strains in the house of revelry not the music in the street for the incongruous ballet, music atrociously vulgar. Scattered throughout this opera are delightful bits of instrumentation, for Massenet was a master of his trade. It is not necessary to speak of the composer's "reminiscences" in Thais. When it comes to the scenes that should be great, there is no irresistibly sensuous music for the courtesan, no poignant expression of conversion and repentance, no authoritative expression of the Monk's religious fervor, or his temptation, or his backsliding. Anatole France, remembering the story in "The Golden Legend" and the drama by Hrotswitha, the nun of Gandersheim, wrote a literary masterpiece. Massenet, taking this novel, wrote a meretricious opera.

Yet the performance yesterday was so brilliant in many respects that for the moment the opera seemed one of musical and dramatic value. The production is sumptuous. The view of Thais's chamber, as now arranged, is effective, although it gives little idea of privacy.

Miss Garden's impersonation of Thais is well known, but never had she before sung the music so artistically and with voice, pose, gesture acted the part with such dramatic force and spirit and varied expression. Her entrance was superb and at once the circus music that accompanied it was forgotten in the rhythm of her movements and the eloquence of her body. In the scenes that followed there was the fitting tonal color, the significant phrase, the facial play, the spontaneous pose that gave emphasis to Gallet's prose and distinction to Monsieur Massenet's music. Never in this city had the voice of Miss Garden disclosed such warmth and color in set arias; never had she shown such technical skill in the management of her voice. This Thais is incomparable, unique. As long as Miss Garden retains her rare gifts, there will be not only an excuse for revivals of the opera, there will be an imperative demand.

Mr. Dalmores was seen here, I believe, for the first time as Nicias. Even when Mr. Clement took the part it seemed a thinner one. Mr. Dalmores gave it importance by his striking p[illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] the operetta [illegible] Mr. Marcoux took the [illegible] It was [illegible] first time in [illegible] to find him in a role [illegible] to the [illegible] of his voice and [illegible] characteristics of his indisputable [illegible] In "Contes d' Hoffmann" his [illegible] often disappointed those who were the warmest admirers of his [illegible] work last season. Yesterday it [illegible] not easy to believe that the voice [illegible] Athanael was that of Lindorf, Dapertutto, and Dr. Miracle. In the matter of intonation as in the maintenance of the melodic line there was a marked difference. Vocally and dramatically [illegible] monk was an impressive figure. The impersonation was distinguished by fervor that did not degenerate into ranting, by an intensity that was not merely melodramatic. With what dignity he bade the slave of Nicias announce his arrival! Last season we saw an Athanael who in this scene suggested Ajax defying the lightning. This was only a little detail, but the artist is revealed in trifles as in the great and expected [illegible] scene. It was a pity that in the [illegible] renunciation of Alexandria, which begins well and ends in a commonplace manner, the voice of Mr Marcoux, who was singing the air with fine discrimination was drowned for the most part in orchestral billows.

It was a pleasure to hear again the nobly sonorous voice of Mr. Lankow, although his first phrase led the audience to fear that he was not vocally well disposed.

Mmes. Galli and Tryan were the leading dancers in the ballet. The costumes of all the dancers were perhaps too elaborate, and that of Miss Galli was not becoming. She was overdressed for an Alexandrian festival. Nor was the ballet as a whole so pleasing to the eye as it was last season.

There was a very large and enthusiastic audience.

"TOSCA" IN EVENING

Puccini's Work Repeated Before Crowded Audience

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Tosca." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Floria Tosca	Miss Dereyne
Mario Cavaradossi	[illegible]
Barone Scarpia	[illegible]
Cesare Angelotti	[illegible]
Il Sacrestano	[illegible]
Spoletta	[illegible]
Sciarrone	[illegible]
Un Carceriere	[illegible]
Un Pastore	[illegible]

Some time ago The Herald published a review of Mrs. Clara Kathleen Rogers's interesting book, "English Diction in Song and Speech." We have received the following communication concerning objections that have been raised against points made by her:

The Reformation of American English

Exception has been taken by some good Americans to certain statements relating to the correct pronunciation of English made by Clara Kathleen Rogers in her recent work, "English Diction in Song and Speech." Their claim is that Americans have a right to their own way of speaking and that the "mispronunciations" cited by Mrs. Rogers are a part of an independent "American language" developed by the Americans themselves to suit themselves. But can there be any such thing as an "American language," we ask, without adopting that of some of the aboriginal tribes who occupied this country before the advent of the Mayflower?

English, as spoken in England, is after all, our inherited language—it is the language of our British forefathers who, after being transplanted into American soil for some generations, now go by the name Americans. Mrs. Rogers's plea for adopting the English standard of pronunciation is, that English, as spoken by the educated classes in England today, has back of it "centuries of culture" which would seem to be sufficient reason for a younger English speaking nation to follow its lead. The protest, therefore, that "the broad Italian a—as in far," should not be substituted, as Mrs Rogers urges, for the drawling prolongation of a—as in fat because the latter is American and therefore has a right to be, seem to us unsound. Again offence is taken at effacing the letter r when it occurs in the middle of a syllable, as in more, York, etc, as being an "outrage to Western individuality and freedom of speech." The point that Mrs. Rogers makes, however, is something independent of any dispute as to which is right and which is wrong, namely, that euphony dictates the elimination of the so-called western r inasmuch as the musically sensitive ear is offended by it, and that therefore the question resolves itself into a matter of taste, indicating the degree of refinement belonging to the speaker, just as a loud and flashy combination of colors in dress suggests crudeness or vulgarity in the wearer.

Mrs. Rogers alludes [illegible] to the various perversions of [illegible] years in the [illegible] [illegible] remarks [illegible]

come under the [illegible] are ear marks of [illegible] breeding.

We would ask the [illegible] of a well directed effort for reform. [illegible] would reconcile the numerous modifications—not to say perversions—of English as spoken in the different states into a uniform American language? If we consider the matter intelligently and dispassionately, we must admit that each peculiar modification adopted either by southerners, by western or eastern people, are in their turn brogues peculiar to each section, as are the English Cockney sms, the Northumbrian burr, etc., in the old country, and that as purists do not admit brogues as the legitimate language of any country, pure English as spoken by cultivated English people must naturally be the one and only proper standard alike for both countries. In working for a reform in the American voice and diction, Mrs. Rogers appeals modestly, not aggressively, to the sense of fitness, the good taste and the desire for an adequate expression of themselves that should belong to a big souled nation whose aspiration is towards an ever broader culture.

X. Y. Z.

Disraeli and His Courtship

The Herald of last Sunday quoted from the Daily Telegraph (London) the story of Disraeli's courtship as told in the second volume of Mr. Monypenny's biography, which has recently been published. The Telegraph referred to Disraeli's passionate letter of farewell. The Pall Mall Gazette gave extracts from it, and these extracts are of peculiar interest now that Disraeli is seen in Boston on the stage, devoted to his Mary.

"I avow, when I first made my advances to you, I was influenced by no romantic feelings. My father had long wished me to marry; my settling in life was the implied, though not stipulated, condition of a disposition of his property, which would have been convenient to me. I myself, about to commence a practical career, wished for the solace of a home, and shrank from all the torturing passions of intrigue. I was not blind to worldly advantages in such an alliance, but I had already proved that my heart was not to be purchased. I found you in sorrow, and that heart was touched. * * *

"Now for your fortune: I write the sheer truth. That fortune proved to be much less than I, or the world, imagined. It was, in fact, as far as I was concerned, a fortune which could not benefit me in the slightest degree; it was merely a jointure not greater than your station required; enough to maintain your establishment and gratify your private tastes. To eat and to sleep in that house, and nominally to call it mine—these could be only objects for a penniless adventurer. Was this an inducement for me to sacrifice my sweet liberty, and that indefinite future which is one of the charms of existence? No; when months ago I told you one day that there was only one link between us, I felt that my heart was inextricably engaged to you, and but for that I would have terminated our acquaintance. From that moment, I devoted to you all the passion of my being. Alas! It has been poured upon the sand!

"By heavens, as far as worldly interests are concerned, your alliance could not benefit me. All that society can offer is at my command; it is not the apparent possession of a jointure that ever elevates position. I can live, as I live, without disgrace, until the inevitable progress of events gives me the independence which is all I require. I have entered into these ungracious details because you reproached me with my interested views. No; I would not condescend to be the minion of a princess; and not all the gold of Ophir should ever lead me to the altar. * * *

"Farewell. I will not affect to wish you happiness, for it is not in your nature to obtain it. For a few years you may flutter in some frivolous circle. But the time will come when you will sigh for any heart that could be fond, and despair of one that can be faithful. Then will be the penal hour of retribution; then you will think of me with remorse, admiration and despair; then you will recall to your memory the passionate heart that you have forfeited, and the genius you have betrayed."

The reply dispensed with all finesse:

"For God's sake, come to me. I am ill and almost distracted. I will answer all you wish. I never desired you to leave the house, or implied or thought a word about money. I received a most distressing letter, and you left me at the moment not knowing * * * I have not been a widow a year. I often feel the apparent impropriety of my present position * * * I am devoted to you."

Reinhardt's "Venetian Night"

There has been so much discussion about Max Reinhardt's "A Venetian Night," produced in London, last month, and not only on account of the censorship of the original version, that Mr. W. R. Titterton's picturesque description is now pertinent.

"The scope of the work [illegible] is strictly limited. As in [illegible] the spectator seems either to be stricken deaf, or to be looking at the picture through a strong field-glass, or to be dreaming. In one way or another he feels cut off from a full understanding of the meaning of what he sees, and only when a dream effect is frankly aimed at does he overcome the sense of loss. Why that is so, is plain; in dreams, images are innumerable, articulate sounds almost unique, round one articulation will whirl a million visions. Therefore it was that 'The Miracle' failed—the figures of that spectator-girt arena were absurdly palpable, and therefore it is that the choreographic dramas of Bakst and Fokine were quite, and 'Sumurun' was almost, successful.

"Vollmoeller and Reinhardt were right, then, to make a dream—The Dream of the Young Stranger—the centre of their play, 'A Venetian Night,' at the Palace Theatre. But, unluckily, the prologue and epilogue—when they are anything—are dreamy, too. This, as we have seen, was bound to be so in a play without words. As a consequence the author and producer have had to employ mechanical devices to indicate the advent and fading of the vision, and what we actually get is a dream within a dream. But full advantage has not been taken even of the means at disposal; the change of atmosphere might have been indicated by a decided change in the manners of the actors. A change was made, but nothing like enough of one. Let us take a few examples:

"The Bride! Now, your first thought will be that a woman who deceives her husband on the night of the marriage (we must try to follow what appears to have been the story before the censor glared on it) with an old lover and a new friend should have the manners according: on second thoughts you realize how right it is she should have a high purity of demeanor in the vision that is born of a gentle poet's love. But surely before and after the dream the lady (who does actually pass the night with her lover) should have another air.

"Pipistrello. — This typical Italian loafer, whose grotesque antics are a continual undercurrent of the dream, maintains the extravagance of his gestures throughout the play. In the dream they were excitingly quaint, out of it they were horseplay.

"The husband, save in one moment of inspiration, is the same stolidly drunken and smiling idiot in and out of the dream, while the movements of the wake-a-day dancers are less jolly, perhaps, but certainly no more matter-of-fact than those of their visionary reflections. Other instances of the same fault might be given, but these will suffice.

"Of the mechanical devices employed, the one was cheap (a veil descends as the poet falls asleep), the other—the revolving stage—was tremendously effective; one almost got that effect of instantaneous change of scene which is peculiar to dream-pictures—almost, but not quite, for dream-pictures fade one into the other, and here the line of demarcation was unavoidably hard. Nevertheless, the device was a great triumph. What has been in another place a toy and a convenience for quick scene-shifting was here so sublimely used that it almost lifted trickery to the level of high art. The very motion of the stage served to hypnotize us.

"And it helped to show us the pursuit of the gentle stranger laden with the dead body of the lover—through room on room, across endless balconies, and over the recurring bridge of the canal—with occasional jumps into his bed when it appears invitingly on the rim of the vision. A marvellous pursuit, breathless and desperate, yet compact with a grim humor most exactly true to the spirit of dream. The dreamer appears among the dancers laden with his incubus—the husband dances round with them. * * * The dreamer throws the body into the canal—Pipistrello fishes it out again, and then another such, and another, and another—piling them all up against the poor poet, at whom they glare with fishy eyes. * * * Later on we see the horrid row of corpses leaning cheek by jowl over the parapet of the bridge, puffing at their cigars. (Why were they smoking? you ask. Because the officer-lover was smoking when last the dreamer saw him.) But the splendid inevitable touch is when the sleeper awakes and finds the husband lying dead drunk across his chest.

"Apart from the dream, 'A Venetian Night' were of little worth, and little care has been taken with it. The right to its title is not established, for wives deceive their husbands in other towns than Venice. The scenery, probably of set purpose, is drab and uninviting, and the action is about as dramatically significant as the acrobatics of the Bogannys. Even the dream, when the action is not at full tilt, is often at fault, though perhaps the censor is partly to blame. Yet certain questions must be asked: Why, when the step of the husband is heard on the stair, does not the officer-lover disappear through the balcony window, through which he has tried to entice the lady? Would anybody who knew anything of an Austrian officer (or of an English officer, for that matter) imagine that he could commit suicide in the presence of his mistress and her husband? How does the wife persuade her husband to quit her when once his suspicions have been aroused? Why does the lady ring so furiously at the bell, and what does she say to the landlord when he comes? If she asked him to keep her husband downstairs, the gestures of the landlord were understandable. Finally, why does the dreamer show surprise when he sees the body—since he has been the passive spectator of the whole dream?

"Let it be acknowledged that the central part of 'A Venetian Night' produces a stronger effect than anything else Reinhardt has done in England. It may be guessed that the grimly-fantastic imagination is Vollmoeller's. But the clever trick of the revolving stage must be put to the credit of the producer. He may use it on one other occasion, but no more. It is indeed a splendid trick, but stage tricks of so material a character soon cease to have any spiritual meaning. And even in its first employment it does not give the absolute spiritual feeling of dream; one is a little angry at being so elaborately tricked.

"There is little space left wherein to speak of the acting, but a word of praise must be given to Maria Carmi. With the reservations already hinted at, she filled the part exceedingly well. Impossible would it be to put more fire into dumb-show motion, impossible to move with more gracious dignity and dainty equipoise. The dreamer was not so good. He was too much a parody-figure in make-up and in acting. But it is difficult to put blame on individual actors in a production so much the work of one man.

"To conclude: the old dogma, dumb-show movement, must run to rhythm, or it will run to folly. The excellent incidental music of Bermann, with its memories of Heine, should have been more implicitly followed."

Mr. Faversham on Plutarch and Shakespeare

Mr. Faversham, whose production of "Julius Caesar" will be seen here this week beginning tomorrow night, has this to say about the characters in "Julius Caesar" as portrayed by Plutarch and Shakespeare:

"In the light of later historical research it is very interesting to look into the character of the various personages that figure in 'Julius Caesar' as they were drawn by Plutarch and Shakespeare. As is very generally known, Shakespeare was indebted for practically all the persons as well as the plot of his Roman drama to the historian Plutarch. In no quarter is the extent of this influence better demonstrated than in the picture of Caesar himself which Shakespeare gives. The Caesar of the play is by no means the commanding, almost genius-like figure of history; instead he is a braggart, a blusterer, an invalid, a petty tyrant, and, what is more to the point, he is exactly the same sort of a Caesar which Plutarch gives us in his famous 'Lives.' In other words, Shakespeare modelled his Caesar precisely after that of Plutarch, and Plutarch does not give us at all the Caesar of history for a very simple reason. Plutarch was a Grecian who lived a Century after the downfall of Rome, and in his writings he tried to oppose Roman heroes to Grecian, and always to the disparagement of the Romans. Thus his Caesar is a weakling, with none of the sincerity, the magnanimity, the iron will of the real Caesar; and Shakespeare, having Plutarch for his only source of reference, naturally enough gives us the same sort of man.

In the same way, Plutarch and Shakespeare both paint for us a Brutus who is a stoic of almost flawless nobility, a dreamer who dwells ever among his books. And such in fact was the real Brutus. It is the same with the other leading characters—Shakespeare accepts them just as they stand in Plutarch, and includes them intact in his dramatic scheme, with a single exception. That is Cassius. If you will compare the Cassius of Plutarch with the Cassius of Shakespeare you will find the latter's is far more crafty, far deeper, far more subtle, a very much wilier villain, and by thus intensifying the man's nature, Shakespeare very much improves the tenseness of the dramatic clash and struggle in his play, and evinces his marvellous intuitive sense of dramatic effect.

"Another difference that proves very interesting exists in Shakespeare's treatment of the multitude, the mob. Plutarch when he refers to a Roman crowd does so with deference, for Rome possessed a wonderful, complex, cosmopolitan motley. Not so Shakespeare's, London, for London crowds were low, dirty, very much the dull rabble. So when he came to write of mobs, Shakespeare was blinded by the present in which he lived, and did not attempt to hide his contempt for the multitude. Early in play, Shakespeare says, speaking of the Roman populace that had offered Caesar a crown, 'The rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath—that it had almost choked Caesar.' Now when Shakespeare wrote those lines and a number of others in the play, he saw in his mind's eye neither a Roman crowd as Plutarch pictures it, nor a Roman crowd as it actually was. Instead he saw the London mob of his own day, and unconsciously portrayed it as the Roman populace, which goes to prove that even the great dramatist was human."

All About a Fiddler

See how seriously the Londoners take their music hall shows. Mr. Titterton indulges himself in this rhapsody over a fiddler known in Boston.

"At the Palace Theatre and the Palladium may be seen and heard Rinaldo. 'The wandering musician' he lets the program call him, but 'The gipsy fiddler' is his true title. When his number springs to life on the indicator the elegant conductor leans back in his seat and shrugs his shoulders deprecatingly. What can we do with a fellow who mocks at the melody and juggles with the time? Of what use are our eloquent gestures, so greatly admired by the ladies, when this devil of a street fiddler deliberately ignores them and jerks on at his own sweet will. Naturally we shall not so far degrade ourselves as to abandon our metronomic one-two-three to follow the vagaries of his squeaking pig fiddle.

"He slouches on to the stage, dressed in a colored cotton jacket and patched, shabby trousers that were never new—the neck is bare to the open shirt, the fiddle and bow are carried negligently as a fencer carries his mask and foil, or a bootblack his box and brushes.

"The face is white, and there are bags round the eyes—artificially painted? one wonders—to give that air of tired debauch. The eyelids are lowered, but the thin-pressed lips have a mocking smile. He slouches to the footlights, heaves his fiddle into position and looks at you steadily with brilliant, wicked black eyes. Really he is a devil of a fellow. You would not like to meet him late at night on a country road where the lamps are as sleepy and as infrequent as the policeman.

"He draws his bow in a thin shudder across the strings, mocking you as he does it. He flows into the tune, breaks it abruptly with queer little jerks and quavers and slides from phrase to phrase. **The fiddle sings, and cries, and laughs, and groans; it trips, and leaps, and dances. The bow is a whip, a cudgel, a sword flicking it, beating it,** pricking it to ever more extravagant antics. And always, high up in the treble, sounds a thin little tinkling string. And always the body of the fiddler bends and sways to the measure, the wicked black eyes stare steadily at you or at the gallery, and the thin-pressed lips have a mocking smile.

"The fiddle is alive, it spurns and yields to the tense embraces of the bow that tortures and goads it to frenzy. It is not a fiddle; it is a woman he dances with!—savagely, tenderly, wildly—moving hither and thither with stealthy stride. It is not the fiddle; it is he plays upon, with the taunting caresses of his bow and his body, and the provoking challenge of his glance. He is a comedian, who juggles with the strings as that one does with his voice, and that one with a cannon ball, a billiard cue, and a piece of paper. He tears from out his fiddle a hundred voices and echoes of voices—haunting, bizarre. The poor instrument shudders at the indignity and looks appealingly to the conductor, who keeps his eyes down and goes on stolidly beating, one-two-three, one-to-three, as though there were no gypsies in the world, and music were as simple as the multiplication table.

"He got at the conclusion of his turn the other night at the Palladium an ovation as spontaneous and overwhelming as it has ever been my privilege to witness. The applause lasted for many minutes, with the curtain down and the band playing again and again the overture for the succeeding turn.

"Surely a perfect cabaret artist! Can you not imagine him slouching through the crowd of little tables, firing dark glances, burring discords and sentimental cadences to right and left? But he must not play classical music; the mechanical flights of perfected technique are not for him; let him remember that he is a gipsy; and, in this life or an earlier one, played in the village streets of some near eastern country. He would lose his way in the metropolitan life of a symphonic poem."

Notes on "Damon and Pythias"

To the Editor of The Herald:

In John W. Ryan's interesting notes about "Rosina Meadows," last Sunday, he suggests that the play was often given at the Boston Museum and thinks that it held the stage all through the 50s. As a matter of fact, the play was given in its entirety at the Boston Museum on only 18 days from 1849 to 1854. This does not count the number of performances, as on a certain Fourth of July "Rosina Meadows" was acted six or seven times. A large number of these performances were benefits, as this piece seemed to be a favorite with certain players.

"Damon and Pythias," which will be revived at the Castle Square this week, has such an interesting stage history that it is rather remarkable that more about Banim's drama has not been published. It was acted for the first time at the Covent Garden Theatre, London, on Monday evening, May 28, 1821, with Macready as Damon, and

[illegible] Kemble [illegible] father of [illegible] apman, a player [illegible] as [illegible] Bowery Theatre [illegible] was [illegible] by [illegible] well known [illegible] director. He died [illegible] Hermio[illegible] was [illegible] Countess of Harrington, an actress whose biography would make interesting reading. Less than four months after London saw the play it was acted at the Park Theatre in New York, but was not a great success on account of the weakness of the Damon of the cast. Thomas A. Cooper was the first actor to show Americans how the part should be played, and Forrest learned much of his "business" from the older player. The South first recognized Cooper's greatness when he acted [illegible], and it became a play that was [illegible] popular [illegible] Mason and [illegible] line. "Damon and Pythias" has seldom been seen by this generation. Its last professional performance in Boston was at the historic Museum 19 years ago, when Frederick Warde acted Damon and Louis James was seen as his friend. J. B. CLAPP.

Dorchester, Dec. 6.

Dec 9 1912

DEBUSSYITES HAVE INNING

Mmes. Garden and DeCourcy

By PHILIP HALE.

The second Sunday concert at the Boston Opera House took place yesterday afternoon. Mr. Caplet conducted. The solo singers were Mmes. Garden and De Courcy and Messrs. [illegible]mann and Sampieri. Mr. Copeland was the pianist. The program was devoted to compositions of Rameau and [illegible] and was as follows:

[illegible] Overture to "Zais," ballet airs [illegible] Indes Galantes," Trio of Fates [illegible] Hippolyte et Aricie (Messrs. Diaz, [illegible] and Sampieri); Debussy, "La Damoiselle Elue" (Mmes. Garden and De [illegible] and female chorus); piano: Rameau [illegible] Egyptienne, Debussy, Hommage a [illegible], Pas des dances with accompaniment [illegible] strings (Mr Copeland). Nocturnes [illegible] "Nuages," "Fetes"; songs [illegible] by Caplet, "C'est l' [illegible]" "Voici des Fruits, des [illegible]" from "Ariettes Oubliees" (Miss [illegible]) The Children's Corner (orchestrated by Caplet).

Debussy's music to Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" is not too well known here. It was first performed at a concert of [illegible] Salisbury's pupils without orchestra on Dec. 10, 1903, when Mrs. Hunt [illegible] sang the music of the Damozel and the [illegible] Narrator. Mr. Gebhard was the pianist. This was the first performance in the United States. The Cecilia Society, [illegible] Lang conductor, performed the work with orchestra on April 4, 1905. Isabelle Bouton sang the music of the Damozel and Bertha Cushing Child that of the Narrator.

Gabriel Sarrazin translated Rossetti's poem into French in 1885, and it appealed singularly to Debussy, who began work on the music at Rome in 1887 and completed it at Paris. He found in the poem the mystical Italy of Dante and Fra Angelico, of ascetics and [illegible] monks, if M. Laloy is to be believed, but Rossetti's poem is sensuous, not ascetic in its mysticism. Debussy sent the score with his symphonic suite "Printemps" as his "envois" to the Academy. The suite shocked the conservative members. The cantata was received with some reserve, and it would have been performed at the Conservatory, according to custom, if the composer had not rebelled because the suite was judged unworthy of this honor. The first performance, then, was at a concert of the National Society in Paris, April 8, 1893, when Julia Robert and Therese Roger were the solo singers. It was not heard again until Dec. [illegible] at a Colonne concert. The success of "Pelleas et Melisande" had awakened interest in Debussy's other works. Jane Cahun sang the music of the Narrator, and Mary Garden that of the Damozel. It appears from contemporaneous report that Miss Garden was [illegible] and Botticellian" in her white robe. The Debussyites, the "Pelleastres," were present in full force, and annoyed the orthodox subscribers by their shouts of "De-bus-sy!" "De-bus-sy!"

The performance yesterday gave the audience an excellent idea of this charming composition. Miss Garden sang with the exquisite dreaminess of expression [illegible] fervent as the damozel grew impatient for the arrival of her lover that he might share with her paradisiac joy. The task set before her was chiefly [illegible] diction and she expressed admirably the composer's interpretation of the poet's fancy. Whether Debussy himself is the ideal interpreter through [illegible] is another question. Rossetti was [illegible] Italian poets and like the original [illegible] sensuous as his mysticism. [illegible] music is mystic, ethereal [illegible] of the music as a whole and [illegible] Mme. de Courcy carried clearly and did not attempt to give the music undue importance. The chorus singing was of pure quality and the singers had evidently been carefully prepared.

[illegible] the lovers [illegible] loves that [illegible] the woman [illegible] wearied the pain of heaven as she leaned [illegible] for her love.

Mr. Caplet has orchestrated the accompaniment of the two ariettes of Debussy. Such experiments are not always successful. Hugo Wolf, for example, orchestrated the accompaniment of his song "Er ist's," and the effect is greater when the song is sung with a piano. Mr. Caplet, thoroughly imbued with the Debussyian spirit, was fortunate in his attempt. Miss Garden was also fortunate in her interpretation of these rarely poetic songs. Her diction, her coloring of tone, her comprehension of Verlaine's meaning and Debussy's expression of it, were remarkable. It was no wonder that she was obliged to repeat "Voici des Fruits."

Mr. Copeland did not yield to the temptation of forcing tone because he was playing in an opera house. His performance was characterized, as ever, by delicacy and a fine sense of color and proportion. The Dances have been heard here before, played by harp and strings.

With the exception of the ballet music from "Les Indes Galantes," the orchestral and vocal pieces by Rameau were interesting chiefly to students of periods and development of style. Perhaps the overture to "Zoroastre" might have been a better choice. That to "Zais," as played, was dry. Rameau wrote two trios of the Fates for his "Hippolyte et Aricie." One was cut out because the singers complained of vocal difficulties. The one sung yesterday, detached from the operatic situation, had little interest for a general public; in fact it was boresome and not well sung.

There was a very large audience, which listened attentively to the instrumental music of Rameau and Debussy as well as to Miss Garden. The piano pieces, the cantata, the second nocturne and the ariettes were especially enjoyed. We do not mention the "Children's Corner," for these pieces are inherently of a more popular nature either in their original form or in Mr Caplet's orchestral version. It was a joyful occasion for the Debussyites, for they had reason to think that many would seek admission to the fold.

MME. SEMBRICH'S RECITAL

Mme. Marcella Sembrich gave a song recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Frank La Forge was at the piano.

The audience completely filled the hall, most of the platform being occupied, and every bit of standing room taken. It was distinctly a friendly audience, and the effect of this was evidently not lost on the singer, who responded to the enthusiastic reception with spirit and sympathy.

At the close, despite the fact that the recital had lasted over two hours, the audience, by spontaneous agreement, remained seated until Mme. Sembrich had given "Coming Thro' the Rye" faultlessly and with stirring expression.

The program had a wide range and varied in interest. It was divided into four parts, consisting of classic songs and airs, classic German lieder, French and English songs and folksongs of various countries. The last part involved the use of eight different languages.

Beethoven's "Der Kuss" opened the recital and was sung with delicate feeling and expression. This was followed by selections from Mozart, Paradies and Handel and by the delightful "Fingo per mio diletto" by an unknown 17th century author.

Groups of lieder by Schubert, Schumann and Cornelius followed, and were sung with restrained expression and vocal smoothness.

Debussy, Dalcroze and Massenet represented the French part of the program, and two songs by Mr. La Forge were delightful in themselves and well received.

Among the folksongs was the Norwegian "Kom hjyha," the ringing notes of which Jenny Lind sang all over Europe and America 60 years ago. A Grecian cradle song, picked up in Smyrna, and a peculiar Russian folksong, with but one phrase curiously reiterated, were oddities that Mme. Sembrich's art made interesting despite their unaccustomedness.

Mme. Sembrich was in good voice and genial humor. She sang several extra numbers and repeated some that the audience specially liked. Her charm of personality and the spontaneity of her art made the afternoon seem more like an informal gathering of friends than a formal recital.

Comic newspapers in England—that is, periodicals published and circulated as comic—portray the woman anxious to vote, "as a female void of charm, a woman generally of middle-age, loose-limbed, angular, with long teeth, a harsh voice, and a fearsome facial expression." A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette brings this charge against the English humorists, those of 4-carat and those that are brummagem. The choir will now sing:

For she used to dive in Sam-bone Alley
And the boys all called her Sing-[illegible] Sally.

[illegible] women [illegible] to the loveliest [illegible] stage who are actively [illegible] woman's franchise [illegible] One of the features of the progress [illegible] a tableau, "The Awakening of Woman," in which 15 beautiful women [illegible] picturesquely [illegible]

Intermezzo.

Again we recommend earnestly "The Pirates Own Book" as a Christmas gift to any healthy, adventurous boy. Unfortunately it is not easily obtained. The edition of editions is the one published in Portland, Me., in 1859. The wonder is that Mr Mosher has not reprinted it. The title page includes a picture of "Gibbs carrying the Dutch Girl on Board." It is a rude, vigorous drawing and the Dutch girl is at least 8 feet 6 inches in height.

Richard Middleton, whose death is deeply mourned in England, where he in life was hardly appreciated, denied "Treasure Island" anything of genuine piratical virtue. He thought Stevenson wrote in fear of the stern parental eye. The pirate world was to Middleton as the world described in the Restoration Drama was to Leigh Hunt, Lamb and Hazlitt: fictitious, fantastical, with men and women not subject to the moral law as generally understood. A boy, he revelled in stories of pirates. "It is hard," he wrote, "if we readers may not go out to those gloomy vessels, with their cargoes of gold and courage and ruin, that sail, it seems, the mental seas of youth no more. Were they really bad for us, those sanguinary tussles, those starlet nights of dissipation? A pinafore would wipe away a deal of blood, and the rum, though we might drink it boiling, like Quilp, in no wise lessened our interest in home-made cake."

Against Venus.

To go back to the show of fair women in London, the show of "beautiful actresses" fervent in the cause of woman suffrage. Mr. A. E. Crawley a few days ago wrote a curious article on the "increasing beauty of women," arguing that the figure of the modern woman is infinitely superior to the classical ideal, and he says disagreeable, yes, ungentlemanly things about the **Venus of Milo. The following state**ment is of special interest in view of the recent discussion whether the majority of women are knock-kneed.

"The classical ideal ignores that obliquely inward set of woman's limbs, which is a kind of lateral equivalent of the previous character. To the ignorant it frequently gives an impression that the figure is knock-kneed. Putting the matter boldly, without fear of words, one may say that the highest type of female figure is knock-kneed, for this character means breadth of hips, a biological essential of the highest type. To the Greek artist, however, the idea of anything knock-kneed was anathema. He uses the most curious devices of posture to avoid it, when he does not frankly discard it for male straightness of knee. The relatively longer torso of woman misled the classical artists into the belief that she was too short in the leg. Accordingly they fitted her with legs disproportionately long. The Renaissance artists were apt to go further; Michael Angelo's "Dawn," for instance, is a monstrosity in this respect.

We should like to hear from Messrs. Benson, Dallin, Philip L. Hale, Paxton, Pratt and Tarbell on this subject. Is Mr. Crawley an acute critic, or, as his countrymen would say, "balmly in the crumpet."

The Modern Type.

Mr Crawley goes further: he approves the high heel, for it obviates flat-footedness, emphasizes the characteristically rotatory method of her locomotion, assists and accentuates the forward tilt of the upper part of the body. He applauds the hobble skirt, because it expresses "the characteristic outline of the lower limbs; in particular the keynote of that outline, namely, the conical shape of the upper part of the leg, as compared with its columnar shape in man." He waxes warm in his eulogy of the corset, "a second skin, and like the first, it protects the inner woman and supplies a 'model' for the outer. Aesthetically it expresses the highest development of female beauty. It is no chance coincidence that its low-cut upper edge is an exact replica of the frill of sunflower petals from which the famous bust of Elytie emerges."

Thus the modern woman and her dressmakers have hit upon what Mr. Crawley styles "the second movement of woman's beauty." This is not width but depth. "It may or may not be associated with length, but the probability is that it will be to an increasing extent."

We commend Mr. Crawley's article in full to Messrs. Sulzer, Cox, Penrose and Gore, who will debate before the National Press Club of Washington, D. C., on Thursday next, the question, "Resolved: That bow legs are a greater menace to navigation than knock knees."

It is well to remember that when at a cabinet meeting Mr Seward [illegible] adversely a statue, Mr [illegible] remarked that a man's legs [illegible] at least be long enough to reach to the ground.

[illegible] New York [illegible] when she [illegible] of matrimony [illegible] that no woman [illegible] and a great [illegible] "great singer" [illegible] in art. It would be [illegible] Miss Garden and Mme. [illegible] in joint debate on the subject [illegible] not wish to [illegible] she believes that a woman should be subordinate to her husband [illegible] Farrar does not like to be subordinate to any man—not even an operatic [illegible] doctor. Meanwhile she [illegible] studying, poring over treatises on science, politics, economics. It is a pity that Mr. Herkomer [illegible] Johnson's [illegible] work, "Man as [illegible] Political and [illegible] Beast" has not been delivered to the subscribers. Talking with a sympathetic reporter, Miss Farrar [illegible] her larynx with her white [illegible] fingers and said "I want to be [illegible] when these cords fail her. I'll [illegible] something here"—The [illegible] moved to the brow and rested in the shadow of her well dressed hair. What a beautiful scene for our old friend the Historical Painter! And what will Miss Farrar do when her cords fail—as she day be far distant? Will she write [illegible] law or medicine? Will she write the long awaited Great American Novel?

Eugen, the Virtuoso.

And now we are informed [illegible] Eugene Francis Charles d'Albert [illegible] Eugen d'Albert as he prefers to call himself is seeking a divorce from his fourth wife. His second wife was [illegible] Teresa Carreno. They were married in 1892 and divorced in [illegible] entertaining story is told of a domestic scene before Mme. Carreno, who had been twice divorced, applied for her third [illegible] Eugen was staring at [illegible] they sat at table, staring and [illegible] word. His wife asked "What are you thinking about Eugen, dear?" There was a [illegible] and then Mr. d'Albert [illegible] like [illegible] Woman, have you [illegible] am at seeing your face." [illegible] Mme. Carreno was for [illegible] radiantly handsome woman [illegible] [illegible] herself by the [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] he had learned [illegible] playing the piano. In 1895 Mr. d'Albert married the singer Hermine Finck. The present wife was a Mrs F[illegible] [illegible] obtained a divorce to marry [illegible] seems that he and his wife were in a railway car and discussing [illegible] gowns. There was a disagreement [illegible] perhaps he referred to [illegible] of a former wife. He grew [illegible] threatened to jump [illegible] yelled "while [illegible] jump and she [illegible] [illegible] that he was [illegible] rolled along [illegible] only a year ago that [illegible] [illegible] from his third wife [illegible] order to facilitate the labor of future biographers there should be a "Who's Who in the Divorce Court."

At Random.

The word "spug," meaning a member of the Society for the Prevention of Useless (Christmas) Giving is now recognized by the newspapers and coming into general use; but the word was already in the language. In Scottish and English dialect a spug is a house sparrow, passer domesticus. Mr. Barrie uses the word in the form "speug." In Clydesdale it means a tall, thin person.

[illegible], looking [illegible] the score of Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha" and knowing nothing of the composer's history, exclaimed: "[illegible] was written by a man of color." And [illegible] men than Massenet looking over [illegible] manuscript often exclaim "[illegible]"

We are sorry to see a [illegible] of "Artemus Ward's Best Stories." Nearly all of Artemus's stories are good. It would be read in bulk, for this bulk is not too large. "Complete Works" of many men, even the famous, are to be avoided, but the complete works of Artemus Ward should be in every household. A "selection" is an intolerable as an expurgated edition of the "Pirates Own Book" would be.

The Perfect Woman.

As the World Wags:

I read the extract from Mr Crawley's article about the Venus of Milo and the more beautiful modern woman and in no way approve his opinion. He treats the subject merely from a biological standpoint, and biology and beauty are not necessarily synonymous. I should like to hear from the [illegible] those Posse who recently [illegible] Miss Van Tassel of Woburn as a "perfect Venus" and gave [illegible] [illegible] in proof. [illegible] young women of [illegible] Annie Fitch [illegible] Franklin [illegible]

Has Mr. Crawley ever ... Valeska Suratt ... I have not ... ought objected strongly when I ... of attending the show in which ... Suratt was prominent. But I ... a daily newspaper a description of her "Valeska, the thrilling, the new ... wonderful Valeska, before whom ... sands have ... themselves to the caressing ... of an ... half hour to listen to her and look upon her bubbling beauty. Valeska Suratt is the new flower on the American stage. She is like a marbled Venus in life, whose features, faultless in line and texture, can stand the scorching criticism of the sun. It is a maddening beauty, yet not born, but made."

Would you kindly send this to Mr. Crawley? I do not know his address.

HYACINTH LUTKIN

Winchester, Dec. 9, 1912.

Dec 10 1912

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" with William Faversham and company.

Julius Caesar	Fuller Mellish
Octavius Caesar	Kenneth Hunter
Marc Antony	William Faversham
Marcus Brutus	Tyrone Power
Cassius	Frank Keenan
Casca	Berton Churchill
Cinna	John Edmunds
Trebonius	Arthur Elliot
Decius Brutus	Maurice Franklin
Metellus Cimber	Henley Edwards
Popilius Lena	Ward Thornton
Soothsayer	Frederick Howe
Titinius	Edmund Mortimer
Messala	Richard Clifford
Lucius	Miss Elsie Rizer
1st Citizen	Lionel Belmore
Calpurnia	Miss Jane Wheatley
Portia	Miss Julie Opp

In modern productions of Shakespeare's plays too much importance is often given to the scenery and costumes; and we suffer from the curse of incidental music. Great care is taken in everything except the matter of elocution.

Mr. Faversham's production is not too elaborate. The scenery is adequate. It is not so imposing as that at Booth's Theatre when Edwin Booth and E. L. Davenport were seen in turn as Brutus, with Barrett as Cassius, Bangs as Antony and Milnes Levich as Caesar, nor is it so sumptuous as in certain later productions. The settings are mostly drop scenes, and thus long waits are avoided. The music of Coleridge-Taylor and Christopher Wilson is of an inferior quality and might well be omitted.

Fortunately for lovers of this play in which Shakespeare put Plutarch's men on the stage and showed his own contempt for the common people Mr. Faversham has relied more on the quality of the performance than upon rich accessories and reproductions of Roman scenes that would delight the classical scholar and impress the general public.

The ground work of the version is one made by Edwin Booth, and Mr. Faversham says that he has restored several scenes extant in the first folio. It was a pleasure to hear the amiable dispute between Casca and others concerning the daybreak while Brutus and Cassius whisper; but why was it thought necessary to soften the famous line of Portia entreating Brutus to have confidence in her as a wife? "Portia is Brutus's plaything?" Piffle! We are not so prudish in Boston that the written line would shock even genteel ears.

The performance was characterized throughout by a sincere and praiseworthy spirit. The purpose was evidently to play the tragedy in neither a too stilted nor a too realistically colloquial manner. The actors, the leading ones and the minor ones, were in harmonious ensemble. The mob, which here, as in "Coriolanus," has an important part, had been carefully drilled, yet there was an appearance of spontaneity in their shouts and in their bustling action. Whether a mob in real life would have shown such continuous unanimity in expression is a question that need not here be debated.

Mr. Faversham chose the part of Antony, although Brutus is the dominating figure in the tragedy, for Shakespeare's Caesar is curiously at variance with all that we know about one of the greatest men in the world's history. Mr. Faversham succeeded in giving a vivid impersonation of Antony without making him the one on whom the whole interest depends. It was a finely conceived and skilfully executed performance, free from rant in the apostrophe in the Senate chamber, free from exaggeration in the speech over the body in the Forum. His scene with the murderers was admirable in its facial expression and quiet intensity, and the famous speech was not too rhetorical. It was that of a demagogue, artfully conducted, discreet in accent and gesture, irresistible in its pleading.

Mr. Power's performance of Brutus was excellent in many ways. It lacked at times the stoical nobility of Davenport's Brutus, one of the most striking impersonations known to the American stage, but as a whole it was well rounded. It was especially ... in the first scene with Cassius. ... scene in the Forum and ... with Cassius, ... he told of P... moment when ...

... this ... handed the sp... Third, not of F...

Mr. Keenan played Cassius as though he had ever in his mind the performance of the Barrett of the later years whose impersonation of the born conspirator was then encrusted with mannerisms. Mr. Keenan's performance was often too strenuous, at times hysterical, nor was his reading of the lines always to be commended.

It must be confessed that Shakespeare's Caesar is a shabby character. He talks too much about his bravery, and thus may easily persuade the hearer that he is at heart a coward. It is not an easy part to play. Mr. Mellish gave a fair performance.

Miss Opp spoke with understanding and womanly tenderness the lines of Portia. Mr. Churchill was an uncommonly good Casca and Mr. Belmore as the First Citizen was singularly convincing.

Inasmuch as this tragedy is seldom seen and is now performed in an artistic rather than a spectacular and commercial spirit it is to be hoped that Mr. Faversham and his company will receive the generous support of the public. There was a very large audience. It is to be regretted that after Antony's speech in the Forum, Mr. Faversham felt himself obliged to speak a few words of thanks. He himself felt the incongruity of the proceeding, for he alluded to the fact that he had been taken "out of the frame."

SHUBERT THEATRE:—Gaby Deslys and company in "The Whirl of Society" with Al Jolson, presented by the Winter Garden company.

The performance at the Shubert last night which opened the engagement of Mlle. Deslys and Mr. Jolson was remarkable in several respects. It was notable in the first place for the size of the audience and the enthusiasm displayed; it was notable for the character of the audience and it was quite unprecedented in the friendliness and bonhomie—verging indeed on intimacy—which sprang up between the occupants of the opera chairs and the elegant entertainers who passed carelessly back and forth across the foot-lights.

The audience was of the sort to which custom has hallowed the term "representative"—meaning presumably that it included more hard boiled shirts than the average—and yet there was certainly nothing stand-off-ish or haughty about the people who responded to Mr. Jolson's every remark with insistent applause and met his every song with a demand for more. It was indeed a most unusual spectacle for Boston, though certainly a very pleasant one, to hear the audience amiably conversing "en masse" with the comedian and to see such charming comaraderie as existed last evening between the two.

Early in the first act a burlesque of Sumurun was introduced and this gave an excuse for the use of a path erected above the orchestra chairs—a "flowery path" without the flowers—over which point of vantage Mr. Jolson delivered many a telling shot. Sumurun was soon metamorphosed into a minstrel show in which many specialties were introduced, but Al Jolson and the flowery path still remained, and the combination commanded the enthusiasm of the audience to the end of the play.

Gaby, the much-heralded, was, of course, an object of breathless interest. She appeared many times, each time in a gown more extreme than the last—if that were possible—sang several songs and danced the "Gaby Glide." Once or twice in the songs she dropped into her musical and charming French, and it would have been nice had she made more use of her native tongue. She is an attractive and beautiful woman, but not unusually so, and her costuming was, as a rule, marked by conspicuousness rather than beauty.

Of the numerous people who assisted the two principals, several deserve special mention. Mr. D'Orsay was admirable in his usual role of the titled foreigner a l'Anglais. Miss Ada Lewis and Miss Fanny Brice were both very amusing, and the Courtney sisters in their single act were wholly delightful.

CASTLE SQUARE—"Damon and Pythias," tragedy by John Banim.

Damon	John Craig
Pythias	Wilson Melrose
Dionysius	Walter Walker
Damocles	Alfred Lunt
Philistius	David Kimball
Procles	Egbert Munro
Lucullus	Carnoy Christie
First Senator	Arnold Ferris
Second Senator	E. M. Desmond
Damon's Child	Miss Henrietta McDannel
Hermion	Miss Laurett Browne
Calanthe	Miss Mary Young

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Hypocrites," a play in four acts, by Henry Arthur Jones. The cast:

Sir John Plugenet	William C. Walsh
Mr. Wilmore	Charles Abbe
Lennard Wilmore	Dudley Hawley
Mr. Viveash	M. J. Florence
The Rev. Everard Daubney	Hubert Pierce
Dr. Blaney	Russell Clarke
The Rev. Edgar Linnell	Theodore Friebus
Goodyer	Sydney Dudley
Mrs. Wilmore	Miss Beth Franklyn
Helen Plugenet	Miss Valarie Valaire
Mrs. Linnell	Miss Bella Cairns
Mrs. Blaney	Miss Kate Ryan
Rachel Neve	Miss Ethel Grey Terry
Patty	Miss Beatrice Loring

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," a comedy in four acts, by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Charlotte Thompson, adapted from Mrs. Wiggin's Rebecca books.

Miranda Sawyer	Marie L. Day
Jane Sawyer	Eliza Glassford
Mrs. Simpson	Viola Fortescue
Rebecca Rowena Randall	Edith Taliaferro
Emma Jane Perkins	Leila Frost
Clara Belle Simpson	Violet Mersereau
Jeremiah Cobb	Archie Boyd
Abner Simpson	Sam Colt
Adam Ladd	Hayward Ginn

Although "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" has all the faults which attend the dramatization of a popular novel, it has received from its central figure an appeal to every one who has known intimately even one child. Little Rebecca is complete as a character, and if taken as a series of charming pictures in her life the play may well be called a successful one. It is, however, without plot and without enough domestic incident to furnish one full act of real drama.

Such characters as Mrs. Perkins, who is human enough in Mrs. Wiggin's book, become grotesque—mere repetitions of stock stage characters as old as the stage. The sentiment is largely of the most obvious kind, and the attempts to cover long scenes of talking by such unfortunately humorous incidents as Aunt Miranda's sprinkling Mrs. Perkins, showed how utterly these scenes—which added much to the charm of the book—were out of place on the stage.

Little opportunity is given for acting. Mr. Boyd was a perfect Uncle Jerry and the audience was manifestly glad to see him again. Aunt Miranda's scene of illness was well done. Mr. Adam Ladd never failed to be straightforward, and as Rebecca, Miss Taliaferro displayed to advantage a most winning personality, even when she lost all childishness. It is to be hoped that she may be seen again in another part, which gives her a chance to do real acting.

LULU GLASER AT B. F. KEITH'S

The big hits of an all-around excellent bill at B. F. Keith's this week were scored at last night's performance by Maud Lambert and Ernest R. Ball in a series of Mr. Ball's own compositions and by Joe Jackson, that prince of all performers depending solely upon pantomime, not only to amuse, but to convulse as well. Miss Lulu Glaser, who headlines the bill, comes in, of course, for some applause in her sketch, "First Love," in which she appears with Thomas D. Richards.

Miss Lambert earlier this season was co-star with Eddie Foy in "Over the River." Now, however, she's in vaudeville, and, with Mr. Ball as her partner, is making a big success. As a compliment to Mr. Ball, the overture by the orchestra is a medley of Mr. Ball's own compositions, including such favorites as "Love Me and the World is Mine," "In the Garden of My Heart," "Lady Angeline" and a host of others. Miss Lambert sings four selections during the act, and while she is making her change of gowns Mr. Ball fills in at the piano with selections from his own creations. Miss Lambert and Mr. Ball were recalled again and again, and Miss Lambert was the recipient of a mammoth bunch of yellow chrysanthemums, which brought out another round of applause.

Joe Jackson has been at B. F. Keith's before, but that makes his appearance this week none the less welcome. A decrepit old bicycle is his only assistance in entertaining the audience for full 20 minutes and all that time he does not speak a single word. Attired in the rig of a down-and-out vagabond Jackson gets a lot of fun for himself and the audience out of everything in sight, his genuinely original facial expressions playing no small part in his success.

Miss Glaser is appearing this week in a sketch that is not entirely new in theme. It is the story of an army officer who is in love with a girl, and the latter, to test his affection, secures employment as a maid in the home of the uncle with whom the army officer lives. Of course the army officer falls in love with the new maid, only to discover that the maid is none other than Elaine Hampton, his fiancee. In connection with the sketch Miss Glaser sings "First Love" and Mr. Richards "I Never Knew What Love Could Do," while together they sing "They Way to Kiss." A rather embarrassing error of the program, however, makes this selection presented by Miss Glaser and "Mrs." Richards.

An elegantly staged act is that of Jack Ward and Eddie Weber in "A Minstrel Boy's Conception of Art," in which the two show some extremely good dancing. The Three Lyres, adepts upon a variety of musical instruments, have a place well up in the program, appearing between Joe Jackson and Miss Glaser. Ila Grannon is a sweet-faced comedienne singing very daintily a well chosen selection of topical songs. Wilfred Clarke & Co. furnished all sorts of fun in their farce "What Will Happen Next," and among the other numbers were Ben Hey... and Brother in difficult trick cycle riding, and the Kremaka Bros., comedy acrobats.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Third performance this season of Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Rodolfo	Mr. ...
Marcello	Mr. ...
Schaunard	Mr. P...
Colline	Mr. ...
Benoit	Mr. ...
Alcindoro	Mr. ...
Mimi	...
Musetta	Mme. ...

Dec 11 1912

HEAR HOFFMANN QUARTET PLAY

The Hoffmann Quartet (Messrs. Hoffmann, Bak, Rissland and Barth) gave the first concert of its 11th season last night in Jacob Sleeper Hall. The program was as follows: Dohnanyi, quartet in D flat major, op. 15; Brahms, piano trio, op. 8; Haydn, quartet, op. 77, No. 1. Miss Alice Eldridge was the pianist.

Dohnanyi's quartet, the second one, is an interesting composition. The first movement, although the influence of Brahms and also of Volkmann is recognized, has original qualities in structure and in melodic thought. The scherzo is the least important movement of the three. The trio, however, a choral-like page with figuration, has a certain charm. The last movement in a modern quartet is too often perfunctory, written because a finale is obligatory. In this instance the finale, unusual in its form, is the most original, also the most emotional, of the movements. The Adagio section has depth of feeling and the sections that follow are more than "well made." The ending is beautiful.

The Hoffmann Quartet gave a capital performance. Not only was there technical sureness; there was elasticity in treatment, true expressiveness, appreciation of the contrasting emotions—in a word, it was a thoroughly musical performance.

Dohnanyi's quartet and the familiar compositions that followed were warmly appreciated by an audience of good size.

THE SCHROEDER RECITAL

Noted 'Cellist and His Daughter, Pianist, Heard in Steinert Hall.

Mr. Alwin Schroeder, 'cellist, and his daughter, Miss Hedwig Schroeder, pianist, gave a concert last night in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Rubinstein, sonata in D major for 'cello and piano. 'Cello pieces: Bach, prelude and Courante in G major, Sarabande in C minor, Gigue in C major. Piano pieces: Chopin, Nocturne in C sharp minor, Fantasie Impromptu; Debussy, Clair de Lune; Jardins sous la Pluie. 'Cello pieces: Bruch, "Kol Nidrel"; Holter, Bagatelles, Nos. 1 and 2 (Recollection, Hymnus); Handel, Menuetto; Schubert, l'Abeille.

An audience of good size welcomed Mr. Schroeder and his daughter. The sonata, one of the best of its kind, was played in a romantic spirit. In the pieces by Bach, Mr. Schroeder displayed his pure taste and classic understanding, and the second group, including the pieces by the Norwegian Holter, was greatly enjoyed. Miss Schroeder gave valuable assistance in the sonata and showed musical sentiment in the Fantasie Impromptu and Clair de Lune. The hearers applauded heartily.

MR. COPELAND'S RECITAL

Mr. George Copeland gave a recital last evening in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Andante from the Italian concerto; Beethoven, Sonata Appassionata; Chopin, Fantaisie Impromptu; Mendelssohn, Scherzo; Cyril Scott, Lotusland; Debussy, Minstrels, et la Lune Descend, Les Collines a Anacapri, Voiles; Chabrier Bourree, Fantasque.

Mr. Copeland's playing last evening was distinguished by a characteristic beauty of tone, musical phrasing, an imaginative use of nuances and an admirable sense of proportion. The speech of Beethoven is, however, not the pianists' natural musical utterance and while his performance of the sonata was thoughtfully conceived, the outline of the sonata was indefinite, nor was it ever the commanding statement of a master work.

Mr. Copeland played the Fantaisie Impromptu in a poetic vein, and Mendelssohn's Scherzo with clarity and brilliance. It was a pleasure to hear "Lotusland," a piece as exotic and tropical as its name. It is unnecessary to speak at length of Mr. Copeland's playing of the compositions by Debussy, as an interpreter of whose music he is well known and justly admired.

An audience of fair size was warmly appreciative, and the pianist added to the program.

WARD BOSS IN HARVARD PLAY

Harvard Dramatic Club gave its first production of the year, "The Voice of the People," written by David Corb, Harvard '09, last evening in Brattle Hall. The cast, in which Harvard men were assisted by a number of young women from Radcliffe and elsewhere, was as follows:

Dan Magee	S. J. Hume '13
Tim Foley	J. K. Hodges '14
Bob Johnson	H. R. Sanford '13
David	Irving Pichel '14
Flynn	J. A. Donovan '13
Jennings	N. B. Clark '16
Alice Magee	Miss Mary Grey
Cathleen O'Donovan	Miss Jessie MacDonald
Mrs. Johnson	Miss Edna Behre
Mary Johnson	Miss Bessie Carpenter
Becky	Miss Dorothy Sands
Sally	Miss Dorothy Fox

"The Voice of the People" is a serious play dealing with the methods which prevail in ward politics in American cities and the possibility of working a reform by the infusion of higher ideals into the powers behind the votes. A subsidiary theme is that of the relation between a wife whose ideals of ethics and morals differ from her husband's and who consents to live in his house to shield him from scandal.

Mr Carb has apparently drawn his material from two familiar sources. Ward politics furnishes the setting, most of the characters and the basis of the plot. Into the dough of the ward boss and his gang the author has [illegible]ingly introduced as leaven a subtle breath of Irish Players. Yes, indeed, the character of Cathleen O'Donovan is the yeast which causes the whole blessed fermentation.

The first act is much the best, though the second contains interesting passages and works up to a climax which might be extremely dramatic if it had the benefit of a more finished production; and indeed it is most difficult to judge [illegible] fairly of the merits of a play [illegible] is handicapped by the inevitable roughnesses of a performance by amateurs.

The exposition in the first act is excellent, but unnecessarily long, and throughout the play there are many speeches which could well be omitted or cut down. This is especially true of the [illegible]us scenes between Cathleen and the child, Mary.

Long, flowery speeches by Cathleen in [illegible] other parts of the play are of questionable value in the development of the plot, and in delaying the action and wearying the audience become still more questionable in artistic value.

The character of Cathleen is a charming conception. The idea of attacking the American political monster with [illegible] Irish idealism is a novel and interesting one.

Miss MacDonald as Cathleen displayed ability and accomplished much in a difficult situation. Mr. Hume as Dan Magee was ideally cast and gave a splendid performance.

Miss Grey was not convincing and in the long silent scene at the opening of the second act her movements were somewhat lacking in grace.

Among the minor parts, Mr. Pichel and Miss Sands were charming. Mr Donovan was also excellent.

'TOSCA' SCENE ORDERED TONED BY FITZGERALD

Grand opera has at last fallen under the ban of Mayor Fitzgerald. Mary Garden and Vanni Marcoux are altogether too realistic in their enactment of the seduction scene of "Tosca," he has decided.

Tone it down or the license of the Opera House will be revoked is the gist of his official pronunciamento yesterday to Director Henry Russell.

Toned down it will be accordingly, and all of Boston that last night knew that the mayor had, for the first time in the history of grand opera in Boston, set the seal of his disapproval on the familiar scene, is eagerly awaiting to see what the "censored" opera will be like tonight when it is again presented.

Mary Garden is to blame, according to the mayor, who had a representative at the performance a week ago tonight. Yet Vanni Marcoux is taxed with the [illegible] of off[illegible] box[illegible] and [illegible]tators in more remote seats [illegible] such [illegible] extent that letters of protest have flowed in upon Director Russell and the mayor all week, according to the Opera House officials.

"Ridiculous," She Avers.

"Ridiculous, absurd! What is it all about? Why did they not say something about it a week ago?" comments the incomparable Mary. And Vanni Marcoux, whose enthusiasm and eagerness to enact the story realistically caused him to overstep the bounds of Boston's tolerances, shrugs his shoulders eloquently and declares that an interview "est impossible."

Many times has "Tosca" been played in Boston, and more than once has Vanni Marcoux thrown himself with heart and soul into the part of Scarpia, would-be betrayer of the lovely Floria Tosca. No carping critic has ever claimed that his acting was not realistic.

A week ago, however, in rehearsal for the evening performance, he urged upon Miss Garden, and even tried out, certain little finished touches that startled even the few witnesses. For the sake of artistry, in order that they, Mary and Vanni, might truly and truthfully depict the intent and purpose and spirit of Sardou, Mr. Marcoux earnestly urged Miss Garden to consent to this really realistic portrayal of the scene.

Miss Garden, always decorous and fearful lest Boston audiences might be less liberal than those of Europe or even New York, demurred. Or, at least, so says Press Representative W. L. Hubbard. Mr. Marcoux's arguments of "art for art's sake" won her over, however, and the revised portrayal of the scene as practiced at the rehearsal was repeated in the evening, and brought society up with a start.

Scene Arouses Critic.

"The scene was enacted by Mr. Marcoux in such a realistic manner last night," commented Philip Hale in The Herald next morning, "that if it had ocurred in a play at any theatre in town the business would have been cut out the next night by order of the mayor.

"There are a few details," he continued later on, "that might be questioned as lacking in taste, the business already referred to and his praying while his thoughts are on anything but celestial matters. We know that Scarpia is a hypocrite. It was not necessary to see him on his knees when he is crazy with lust."

The audience apparently concurred with Mr. Hale, and letters began to reach the mayor and Director Russell in almost equal numbers. With possibly some premonition, the mayor had dispatched a representative to report on the manner of the opera's presentation.

Yesterday, with "Tosca" again on the cards for tonight, his honor let Mr. Russell know in no uncertain terms that a repetition of the offending scene in its last shape would not be tolerated—and placed most of the onus on poor Miss Garden.

She must act the part decently, he said, or he would revoke the license of the Opera House. And, he added, somewhat grimly, to The Herald last night, that "the law certainly should take its course" if his warning went unheeded.

Director Russell hastened to assure the mayor that the objectionable scene would be less realistically enacted, and at the same time prepared a statement in defence of the performance of last week, which is printed on the editorial page this morning.

Miss Garden Indignant.

Miss Garden and Mr. Marcoux mentime, all unaware, so they say, of the storm that had broken, repaired to the Shubert to see Gaby Deslys show what she could do in the way of surprising Boston.

Miss Garden was an easily recognizable figure in the lobby when Mlle. Deslys's show was over. Scores stopped to gaze at her as she somewhat vociferously gave her version.

"But what is it all about?" she said. "It is ridiculous; it is absurd. There is nothing in the way in which we acted the scene that should shock anyone but a prude. If they had any fault to find, for goodness' sake why didn't they tell us about it after the performance instead of waiting a whole week.

"The whole matter is altogether too silly to be considered seriously, though I suppose we shall have to make some changes, what kind I don't know, if that is the decree," she added as she extended her gloved hand in friendly fashion to the reporter and escaped into a carriage from the ever-increasing crowd.

Mr. Marcoux apparently had worried over the threatened demolition of his pet scene more than had Miss Gardner. Before setting out for the Shubert he had, with the aid of a French speaking bellboy at his Back Bay hostelry, telephoned The Herald and expressed his desire to grant an interview.

He had gone when the reporter reached the hotel, so the latter sought him at the theatre. Bending solicitously over Miss Garden, her arm held firmly in his, he urged her to her carriage, away from interviewers, meanwhile shrugging his shoulders gracefully and expressively, and declaring in French that even an American reporter could understand that an interview was impossible.

[illegible] the writers are hard [illegible]. It is a pity that [illegible] Q[illegible] dead, although we do not [illegible] have the wit of Solomon [illegible] The Emperor Tiberius would [illegible] and appose" (not "oppose") the [illegible]marians with these and such like [illegible]tions, "namely, who was Hecuba's mother? What name Achilles had among the Virgins? What it was that the Mermaides were wont to sing?" We are no grammarian, but would that Tiberius were alive to furnish copy.

We welcome these letters because they send us to books of reference and human reservoirs of exact information and miscellaneous and entertaining misinformation. There are dictionaries and encyclopaedias galore, but there are also many persons who apparently do not know how to use them. Answering questions keeps us from idleness and debauchery. Were it not for these letters we should probably be a dingthrift instead of an industrious and respectable citizen.

"Gabby," My Boy.

As the World Wags

Will you kindly inform your readers how the name of a famous actress, now appearing in Boston is pronounced? Does her last name rhyme with the dregs in a wine cup, or with the plural of the noun describing a wingless, hemipterous insect having a sucking mouth and found parasitic upon mammals?

And her Christian name: does the first syllable rhyme with the gab of gab or the garb of garbage?

QUAERENS.

Boston, Dec. 8, 1912.

We have not the pleasure of being acquainted with Miss Gaby Deslys, and we have no time "to go into society" this winter. The press agent, a very help in time of trouble, assures us that the Christian name is pronounced to rhyme with "Labby," the nickname of the late Mr. Labouchere; that her surname is pronounced as though it were pronounced "Delee." He may have taken advantage of our innocence and ignorance. "Delee," with the accent on the last syllable.

Another's Burden.

There are correspondents, however, who ask information privately and neglect to enclose a stamp or even a postal card. They invariably end their letter with these words: "thanking you in advance"; a poor salve to the irritated. There are others who write: "I am asked to read a paper before our Chopin club on the music of the Bulgarians and Servians. Would you kindly tell me where I can find something about it, and as our town library has few books about musical history, would it be too much trouble to send me an abstract of what you find? I know you are a busy man, but I am sure you will help me. Cordially yours, —— —— ——." Now what is to be done with the stamp, if the writer is so thoughtful as to enclose one?

In Pocket.

Walt Whitman told Mr. Traubel in Camden that he received an "autograph mail" every day. "They all write me, hundreds write, strangers, they all beg autographs, tell funny reasons (some of them are pitiful, some of them are almost piteous)—I practically never answer them any more. It takes about all the strength I have nowadays to keep the flies off. I make what use I can of the return stamps and let the rest of the matter go."

There is a story about Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and his behavior in like circumstances, but we have forgotten it. Did he not use the stamps for other correspondence?

Charitable societies have for some years taken liberties with private citizens. You open your mail and find a request for a subscription, even a dollar would be welcome, and there is a stamped and addressed envelope within. Your salary is small, and you know persons who are in need of help. Giving to them, you are sure that the money does good. But what are you to do with the stamped envelope? You do not feel like returning it without granting the request. You finally harden your heart and throw such envelopes into the waste basket. There are thrifty persons, who, when the stamp is affixed and not printed, tear off the corner and put it to soak.

By Sea.

A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, alluding to the Drake play and a probable Drake memorial in London, says they tend to "perpetuate the popular error that an 'armada' is necessarily a fleet. The 'Invincible Armada' of Spain was officially described as the 'Gran Armada'—the 'great armed force.' Thus the word really implies an 'army' marching by land or embarked for service at sea."

Is this so? Baretti's Spanish Dictionary, published in 1800, defines "armada": "A fleet of men of war," and gives [illegible] other definition. An "armadilla" is a little fleet of fighting ships, a [illegible] squadron.

The Oxford Dictionary gi[illegible] definition. The definition, "[illegible] large war vessel," [illegible]

[illegible] s [illegible] al[illegible] s of [illegible] that this use of th[illegible] unwarranted through [illegible] rally accepted employment.

TO THE CRITICS OF "TOSCA."

To the Editor of The Herald

I have received a number of letters from our subscribers and box holders, complaining of certain details in the performance of "Tosca," given a week ago last Monday evening at the Opera House. As it is impossible for me to reply to each of the writers individually, I ask the courtesy of your columns for that purpose.

I wish to state at once, that in deference to their expressed wishes, I have eliminated from the next performance the details to which they take exceptions—eliminated them as far as the communications enabled me to determine what seemed objectionable.

But in justice to the Opera House, to the ideals which it represents and which it strives to actualize, the artists employed, and to myself, I feel that the occasion should not pass without at least a few words of comment.

Freedom of expression is a vital essential to an artist, and no one, I believe, will question Mr. Marcoux's right to that title. His interpretation of the role of Scarpia is of course open to critical discussion, and estimates of its artistic worth or truth may vary, but certainly as an artist he has the right to carry out his interpretation as he conceives it, and he believes the author intended it to be carried out. If the desirability or undesirability of "Tosca" is dependent solely upon one or two mere details in an artist's interpretation of a single role, then it were preferable to declare "Tosca" at once an inferior and therefore valueless work of art and to eliminate it from the repertory.

That paradox reigns supreme here in Boston is a conclusion which seems unavoidable in view of these present conditions. A performance of "Tosca," given by eminent artists and with the highest artistic intent and purpose is criticised for an incidental detail in an interpretation of a single role—an interpretation which had been offered repeatedly on the same stage in seasons past and with identically the same elaboration. And yet performances of certain musical comedies at prominent Boston theatres are permitted to pass unchallenged—performances in which young women in a state or more than semi-nudity parade before an approving public, the exhibition having no artistic purpose whatsoever, lacking every possible artistic justification, and being designed solely to appeal to the crowd through its senses.

The noting of such a paradox, and especially its contrasting of it in its present manifestation, warrants speculation as to the artistic future growth of the city, and wakens a keen desire for a broader, healthier, more tolerant view of high art, its meaning and its purposes, and a better understanding of the artist's place and value in the cultural life of the community.

HENRY RUSSELL.

Boston, Dec. 10.

Dec 12 1912

Again we welcome letters, letters giving information and asking for it. In the two that we publish th[illegible] there is nothing to offend the [illegible] ceptible person, and we do not [illegible] that the public is now peculiarly [illegible] in its relationship with matters of art especially "high art."

Art is noble, and "high art" of course should be nobler. Art may be [illegible] sensuous. It may be tragically sensual and thus purify the passions. It may be grandly horrible, as in "Oedipus Rex." In no chamber of Art is there room for sheer vulgarity.

A Grandfather's Appeal

As the World Wags:

I am in dire need of illumination along a dark passage of a light essay. Your gifts of comprehension and power to turn on all the watts of light needed bring me to your vestibule with this petition.

I take delight, sir, in browsing among essays old and new. Among the newer [illegible]yists into this field of literary darlings is, as you well know, Mr Meredith Nicholson, who assists Mr. Arnold Bennett, I assume in labeling Indianapolis the literary centre of the solar system. In my ignorance I have harbored the [illegible] that an essay on "The Provincial American" should be clear to the most provincial intellect or as [illegible] rec[illegible] a reliable cook book granting that such a venture exists.

Yet here is a passage which my [illegible] dictionary balks at.

"From that hillside I have since ineluctably viewed my country," etc. ("The Provincial American" by Meredith Nicholson, page 7.)

Having been denied academic training in my youth, I am now at a loss [illegible] to follow Mr. Nicholson in order to [illegible] my country o[illegible] [illegible] pilot ineluctabl[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] thrust [illegible]

... tr... is ... ... and I am hoping to ... ted that I may even ... th my views ineluctably ... expressed. For their sakes ... ut me wise." Most impatiently yours,

OLIVER PENMAN.

Framingham, Dec. 9, 191..

"Ineluctably."

SHALLOW: Accomodated — it comes of accommodo; very good; a good phrase.

BARDOLPH: Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by Heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

We say with Bardolph, we have heard the word. "Ineluctably": from the Latin "ineluctabilis," a classical word and fully Ciceronian—derived from the verb "eluctor," classical, but not Ciceronian.

"Ineluctably": irresistibly, so that one cannot escape from its grip: as in Thomas Peirce's (or Pierce's) "God's Decrees" (1657): "That doth prevail upon the will not ineluctably, but infallibly."

If you will repeat this information slowly to your grandchildren, Mr. Penmark, they will surely be impressed; and then they will ask you what "ineluctably" means. Tell them that it is Mr. Nicholson's attitude when he views anything from a hillside.

Woman's Proportions.

The Herald called for the opinions of Messrs. Benson, Dallin, Philip L. Hale, Paxton, Pratt, Tarbell—we name them in alphabetical order, as opera singers are named on a prospectus, to avoid invidious distinction — concerning Mr. Crawley's attack on the Venus of Milo and his eulogy of the superior modern woman. Here is a reply from one of them:

As the World Wags:

In the matter of woman's proportions. The best modern authorities, Duval, Richer, Thomson and others, agree that a man of good proportions should measure seven and a half heads in height. The measurement from the fork of the legs to the ground should be three and a half heads.

If a woman should chance to be the same height as a man, the body would be longer; the legs shorter, about a fourth of one head shorter. The hips would be wider and the shoulders slightly narrower.

The width of the hips and the shortness of the thigh-bone in women undoubtedly give that inward trend to the thigh which causes a knock-kneed look. Whether this is beautiful or not, is a question for artists, Puritans and voluptuaries earnestly to discuss.

The Greeks, undoubtedly, built up their canon of proportion or measurement from men. Doubtless, too, when they came to represent women, they made their proportions conform more or less to the masculine standard. The shoulders are wider, the hips narrower, the legs shorter, the head smaller than with the normal woman. The Diane a la Biche in the Louvre is eight heads high, long legged, with finely modelled masculine knees. It is true that the chaste Huntress of the Silver Bow was not wholly feminine in character. But in the various later variations of the Venus of Cos—such as the Venus de Medici and the Capitoline Venus—one finds the shoulders wider, the hips narrower and the legs longer than in the normal female type.

It is, however, to be noted that in the frieze and the metope of the Parthenon, and in the famous group of the Fates, the proportions are more feminine in character.

The Greeks, apparently, considered the figure of a handsome male youth the ideal of beauty, and usually made their female types conform more or less to that ideal.

Michael Angelo also preferred the male type (see Addington Symonds's "Life"), yet I think Mr. Crawley is wrong in saying that Buonarotti made his women masculine. They were titanic, but quite feminine in proportion.

The proportions of women are said to conform more closely to our Simian ancestors than do those of men. Woman represents the type; man the variations, sometimes for the better, often, alas! for the worse. DRY-AS-DUST.

Boston, Dec. 9, 1912.

Sound Advice.

As the World Wags:

Have the Garden scene in "Tosca" done behind a screen—light, but opaque. Then "Honi Soit," and our Boston will be better. ARENOSUS BRUNO.

Boston, Dec. 11.

RIDER-POSSART PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Mrs. Cornelia Rider-Possart, ... played for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows:

... ..., Sonata ... No. 3, ...; Sonata G minor, Schubert, Impromptu, G major, Raff, Rigaudon, Brahms, Intermezzo, A major op 118, and Ballade, G minor, op. 118; Grieg, Nocturne; d'Albert, Gavotte, D minor, Chopin, Nocturne, op. 62, No. 2; Chopin, Scherzo, B flat minor.

Mrs. Rider-Possart was evidently disturbed in the course of Beethoven's Sonata by late comers, who straggled in between the movements and took their seats with great deliberation. Other visitors, violinists, singers, pianists have been annoyed in like manner and in all the concert halls of the city. They are not to be blamed if they should complain of the rudeness of Boston audiences.

The continuity of the sonata was thus broken and the concert prolonged. One hour was spent in the performance of two sonatas, and any recital that lasts over an hour and a half is a weariness to the flesh and the spirit.

There were many good points in the performance of this painist, and there were certain characteristics not commendable. The interpretation of Beethoven's sonata was rather academic, with careful dotting of the "i's" and crossing of the "t's." The reading might be described as massive and concrete, although the "song sections" were well sung, and there were many exhibitions of clean facility in execution. The chord playing was inclined to be rigid, and in fortissimo passages, while there was no deliberate forcing of tone, the tonal quality was not always musical.

The interpretation of Schumann's sonata may be commended with less reserve. Here Mme. Rider-Possart played in romantic spirit, and with a musical understanding that was not merely a comprehension of the structure. The Andante was read poetically, and the more fiery and brilliant movements were played with gusto.

The audience was appreciative. The pianist might be heard here to better advantage under more favorable circumstances.

TOSCA IS TONED, OH, VERY MUCH

Miss Garden Just Sings, and Mr. Marcoux—Well, He Just Sings, Too.

Tosca

Normal methods prevailed at the performance of "Tosca" at the Boston Opera House last night, and a large audience, gathered perhaps through the notoriety achieved by the production of a week ago, found nothing that could in any way shock. Although Miss Garden maintained that she did not vary in the slightest degree her performance of a week ago, Mr. Marcoux bowed to the storm of indignation that he had stirred and kept both his feet on the floor.

The audience was sympathetic, and both Miss Garden and Mr. Marcoux were vigorously applauded as they made their first appearances. Throughout the first act there was an evident feeling of nervousness in the audience as well as upon the stage, and the intermission was unusually quiet, the strain of waiting for the much-talked-of scene that was to follow being painfully manifest.

But the protests of subscribers and threats of revoking the license of the house were not without effect. Scarpia returned to the old established methods and the reputation of Boston was restored. The close of the act brought forth a storm of applause and Miss Garden and Mr. Marcoux were called before the curtain 11 times.

Mr. Gaudenzi who was to have made his first appearance of the season, was indisposed and the role of Mario was taken by Mr. Sacchetti, who sang well but failed to present a very heroic figure even in his denunciation of his oppressor. Mr. Tavecchia was excellent as was Mr. Sillich. The cast:

Floria Tosca	Miss Garden
Mario Cavaradossi	Mr. Sacchetti
Barone Scarpia	Mr. Marcoux
Cesare Angelotti	Mr. Sillich
Il Sacrestano	Mr. Tavecchia
Spoletta	Mr. Giaccone
Sciarrone	Mr. Pulcini
Un Carceriere	Mr. Olshansky
Un Pastore	Miss DeCourcy

Mr. Moranzoni, conductor.

Miss Garden sang her part perfectly, while Mr. Marcoux plainly showed his nervousness, as did the rest of the cast.

John H. Casey, official censor of suspected plays—and operas now too—for Mayor Fitzgerald, was present to pass judgment upon the propriety of the performance of Mary Garden and Vanni Marcoux, and to ascertain whether the mayor's mandate had been obeyed and the betrayal scene toned down to accord with Boston idea. He declined to make any comment.

WITEK CHAMBER CONCERT

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Witek, violinist and pianist, assisted by Mr. Heinrich Warnke, 'cellist, gave the first of three chamber concerts in Jordan Hall last evening. The program was as follows:

Wieniawski, concerto in D-minor for violin; Chopin Fantasie, F-minor op. 49; Liszt, Polonaise, E-major; Bruch, "Kol Nidrei" for 'cello; Tschaikowsky, Trio in A-minor.

The trio played last evening was written in memory of Nicholas Rubinstein, and Tschaikowsky, mourning for his friend, sought to depict characteristics of his nature in the variations. Mr. Witek's brilliance and finesse as a virtuoso were fully revealed in his playing of Wieniawski's concerto, while Mr. Warnke's merits as a distinguished 'cellist are well known in Boston. Mrs. Witek was a sympathetic accompanist and played the piano pieces with authority. A small audience was warmly appreciative.

The second concert will be on Wednesday evening, Jan. 22, when Schubert's Quintuor, Op. 144, Brahms, Variations and Fugue on a theme by Handel, and Bach's Sonata No. 1 for 'cello alone will be played.

"MACBETH" BY STUDENTS

"Macbeth" was presented last night by the students of Boston College in the college hall on James street, and was a pronounced success. The performance was witnessed by an enthusiastic audience of 1300, and will be repeated tonight and tomorrow night. The part of "Macbeth" was taken by Frederick W. Wennerberg '15, of Roxbury, while the part of "Lady Macbeth" was acted by James P. Dowling '15, of Charlestown.

Dec 13 1912

COPLEY SOCIETY STAGES 'ALICE'

By PHILIP HALE.

The Copley Society gave a performance of "Alice in Wonderland" last night in Copley Hall. There was a chorus of female voices directed by Miss Gertrude Edmands and an orchestra of Symphony players conducted by Henry Eichheim. The music was chiefly hy the late Lewis S. Thompson. Robert W. Atkins wrote the music of the "Jabberwock" song; Miss Mabel W. Daniells tho music of "You Are Old Father William," while that of "Song of the Evening" was by an unknown author.

The author of the adaptation of Lewis Carroll's immortal books was not named on the program, but undoubtedly Holker Abbott's adaptation, which was first performed in Copley Hall on ... 17, 1897, was used last night. Joseph Lindon Smith, Robert W. Atkinson and John Codman again took parts that they had created.

There have been other dramatic versions of the stories, as that by H. Saville Clarke, which with music by Walter Slaughter, was brought out in London in 1886 and has been revived there several times. Mr. Abbott's adaptation is excellent in every way. There is a continuity in the relation of the adventures, and the dialogue of Lewis Carroll has been respected. Thompson's music is delightfully characteristic and appropriate.

The songs have the right flavor and the orchestral numbers and the orchestral accompaniment are distinguished by a delicate taste, a marked sense of rhythm and varied coloring. It is just the music for the play, light, gay, refined. Hearing it we were reminded of the loss to musical Boston sustained by the untimely death of the composer. In comparison with the jingle and commonplace stuff heard in many of the musical comedies that come here, have success, and are quickly forgotten, Thompson's music is worthy of true opera comique.

Some one may say, it is so light and simple. Yes, and thereby is the talent of the composer revealed. It is not easy to be light and simple and at the same time to be effective; to be in sympathy with the text and the situation. The orchestra of trained players was conducted skilfully by Mr. Eichheim, who succeeded in the difficult task of keeping amateur singers and professional players together.

Mr. Atkinson's "Jabberwock" song also deserves warm praise for its varied expression and dramatic significance. Here is a man of indisputable talent who should not hide his light under a bushel.

At the first performance of "Alice in Wonderland" all the parts were played by men. Thus Alice was impersonated by Matthew Luce. Last night certain parts were taken by women: Alice, Miss Phyllis Robbins; the Lory, Mrs. Edward C. Wheeler, Jr.; the Dodo, Miss Mary Otis Porter; the Duck, Miss Frances R. Porter; the White Queen, Miss Annie Lee; the March Hare, Mrs. William O. Kimball; the Dormouse, Miss Helen McKay.

To speak in detail of the performance would be invidious. All entered heartily into the spirit of the play, although some at the remaining performances might well speak a little louder. It seemed as though Tenniel's fantastic drawings were alive upon the stage. ... ...ially worthy of mention were the White Rabbit, Mouse and Cheshire Cat of Mr. Smith; the Caterpillar and Cook of Mr. Atkinson, Tweedledum and Tweedledee, played by Messrs. Russell and Safford, the White Queen of Miss Lee, and the White Knight of Mr. Sullivan; the inimitable Duchess of Mr. Parker; Humpty Dumpty played by Mr. Codman; the Hatter of Mr. Mifflin; the Dormouse of Miss McKay, and the Mock Turtle of Mr. Turner.

Miss Robbins spoke her lines distinctly and with meaning, but would it not be well for her in future to address the various characters rather than the audience? Others who contributed to the pleasure of the audience were Messrs. Sleeper, Brown, Doyle, Clark, Elliot, Kimball, Maddocks, Woodfin, Max Sturgis, Allen, Richardson, Clark and Wheeler.

The performance will be repeated on next Saturday afternoon, next Monday afternoon and next Tuesday evening.

To "Quaerens." Something in our heart told us that the prounciation of Miss Gaby Deslys's name as sworn to by our informant was not correct. Miss Deslys herself says, at least she said so on Wednesday to a member of The Herald's staff, that her surname is pronounced as though it were spelt "Dayleece," ryhming with fleece.

Seats of the Mighty.

As the World Wags:

The other afternoon at the Porphyry, when our old and esteemed friend, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the eminent sociologist, rose from his arm-chair and took his departure, I observed a peculiar wrinkle left upon the leathern seat where had had been sitting.

Can you tell me if such a marking is in anyway individual or characteristic, like the thumb or finger print?

Has Prof. Bertillon treated the matter?

HORATIO HANDYSIDE.

Duxbury, Dec. 11, 1912.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson is a personage. Wherever he is, standing or sitting, in action or in repose, he always makes a deep impression.

Those Four "D's."

Mrs. George W. Wickersham wishes to turn the conversation in the drawing rooms of Washington, D. C. into channels hitherto unknown there. She was already esteemed as one of the most "diverting" woman in official society, and now again she is a diverter. "You'll never be a bore," says Mrs. Wickersham, "if you carefully avoid the four D's: disease, descendants, domestics, dress." This brings up the old question, what constitutes boredom? One definition of a bore is this: The man who talks about himself when you are longing to talk about yourself. Some think that all enthusiasts, all earnest persons, are bores. Others put in the first rank the man with a new motor car or yacht; the man who has seen a new play in New York and tells you about it in ghastly detail; the hardened shameless golfer. In Paris some weeks ago there was ballotting to see who should be pronounced the Prince of Bores, but we have not read the honorable name of the successful candidate. Mrs. Wickersham's "D's" are indeed formidable, but a person describing the sad condition of his kidneys and mentioning the diet and remedies prescribed is never a bore to a man of a like kidney. It was Schopenhauer who in Frankfort, at a table d'hote once put a gold coin on the table. When he was asked why he did this, he said he had intended to give it to any officer who had talked about something besides horses and women. The best way to avoid boredom is to grasp a bore firmly, like a nettle, when escape is impossible, and to bore him without mercy.

Books for Christmas.

"The Man Pays," by Arthur Applin, would amuse discriminative readers in Christmastide. Here is a delightful sentence: "Not a hundred yards away from the house were the stables, rivalling the latter in size and importance." On page 143 is mention of a "swarthy negro." And Mr. Applin's birds "had long ago been awake, chattering noisily—some of love, others already discussing family affairs."

To the great majority of readers there is only one Samuel Butler, the author of "Hudibras," but Samuel Butler, the author of "Erewhon" and "The Way of All Flesh," has fanatical admirers. In the "Note-Books" recently published there is shrewd and often biting criticism of men, women, life, literature and manners. What a pity that he did not live to complete certain novels he had sketched! They would have been just the thing for a merry Christmas gift. One was a story of divorce, in which the man and woman marry so as to acquire property left conditionally by will; they are at last divorced and then live happily. There was to be a novel about "a free-thinking father who has an illegitimate son, which he considers the proper thing; he finds this son taking to immoral ways—e. g., he turns Christian, becomes a clergyman, and

[illegible] on [illegible]." Th[illegible] story about a "Complete [illegible] who would not give [illegible] to [illegible] people—he said they would only [illegible] and send their children to school [illegible] it."

Certain Measurements.

[illegible] correspondent "Dry-as-Dust," [illegible] about the measurement of men [illegible] in his letter published in [illegible]day's Herald, used the head as the standard of measurement in ascertaining the height of a person—so many [illegible] is high. Do not heads vary? There [illegible] some that run up into a peak. Heads [illegible] human beings, and hands for horses. [illegible], as a lineal measure, formerly [illegible] to three inches, now to four, a [illegible] hand breadth, was formerly [illegible] as a standard to other things [illegible] "Foure graines of barley make [illegible], foure fingers a hande; [illegible] handes a foote," was the saying in [illegible] century. And "hand," is also [illegible] as a measure of various commodities, [illegible] the single articles compared to fingers: hands of tobacco, [illegible], a hand of bananas may contain from 12 to 20 fingers; five herrings [illegible] oranges make a hand.

The man selling stockings makes a [illegible] measurement of your hand, [illegible] the circumference of the [illegible] fist to give the length of the foot. In a normal person "the first joint [illegible] the index finger is about one inch in [illegible], the palm of the hand about [illegible] inches across, and the length of the forearm from elbow to end of middle finger 18 inches.

This is, indeed, a world of wonders!

FLONZALEY'S FIRST CONCERT

W

The Flonzaley Quartet (Messrs. Betti, [illegible], Pochon and D'Archambeau) gave [illegible] first concert of this season last evening in Jordan Hall. The program [illegible] as follows: Mozart, quartet in D major (K. 499), Tschaikowsky, quartet [illegible] D major, op. 11, Haydn, quartet in [illegible] major, op. 76, No. 1.

The incomparable artistry of these [illegible] men is known and applauded, not [illegible] in America, but in foreign cities. Last evening a large and justly enthusiastic audience was present at a performance marked by all the distinguishing features of excellence that set this quartet apart from other organizations devoted to the playing of chamber music.

Flawless precision, polished mechanism of the highest order, perfect unity [illegible] elasticity in rhythm were not the [illegible] characteristics in evidence last evening. The concentrated and aesthetic [illegible]sity of the players held the audience spellbound. Unlimited in its capacity to express varying moods and emotions, the Flonzaley quartet played as one man, a distinguished virtuoso, displaying a highly sensitive and poetic spirit.

It would be difficult to say which of the compositions on the program was [illegible] with finer musical insight. Equally at home in modern music or in that [illegible] severely classical order the quartet revealed new beauties in Mozart's quartet, while the andante in Tschaikowsky's work with its central theme of poignant sadness, which moved Tolstoy to tears, became as it was played a thing of haunting and almost unearthly beauty, while Mr Betti's playing of the final conspicuous phrase allotted to the violin was beyond all praise.

The second concert by the quartet will [illegible] on Thursday evening, Feb. 6.

Dec 14 1912

MR. GODOWSKY AT SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The [illegible] Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place [illegible] in Symphony Hall [illegible] from [illegible] Mr. Urack conducting [illegible] Godowsky was the pianist. The program was as follows:

[illegible] Reger
[illegible] Beethoven
[illegible] Borodin

Reger [illegible] and Borodin's symphony were [illegible] for the first time in Boston. The [illegible] was [illegible] first time [illegible] symphony [illegible] and played in [illegible] it not be-[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] of the grand concerto.

Wh[illegible] future [illegible] alien to [illegible] period [illegible] and Handel attempt to [illegible] of today in the old bottles? [illegible] in spite of the title, the thoughts of Reger and his harmonic [illegible] however brave his endeavor, elude the cramping form, nor will they be disguised by any scholastic artifice. Even to those accustomed to the wildest modern music there is much in this concerto that is ultra-modern and disturbing.

The composer's talent is irregular. In this concerto there are pages that are conventional, deliberately so or unconsciously, mere formulas, dull passage work, and lo, there will come a musical thought oddly expressed that ravishes the ear. If Reger only were less productive! If he had not the facility that is fatal! If he only had the saving gift of unsparing self criticism! If he would only cut out three-fourths of his musical adjectives, and be more anxious about the clarity of his sentences and their melodious balance! Has he any sense of humor?

Strive as he will he cannot rival the superb pomp of Handel in ordinary or extraordinary statement. Nor can he hope to attain the simplicity of Bach, who is essentially simple even when he seems contrapuntally most complex.

Mr. Godowsky, who is now ranked among the great pianists of the day, returned after an absence of nearly twelve years. His performance of Beethoven's concerto was masterly, his conception of the work was pure and noble. Years ago he was famous for his technical proficiency. This surpassing technic is now vitalized. A perfect run is now something more than the faultless accomplishment of a task. Formerly, he was reproached for dryness. He may now be praised for beauty of tone. When Eugen d'Albert was first of all a pianist and at the zenith of his fame, he visited Boston and played the second movement of this concerto with an indescribable depth of feeling.

Mr. Godowsky's reading was far different, and more in accordance with the indications of the composer. There was no attempt to answer in protest the stern orchestral recitatives. It would be a pleasure to speak of the many exquisite details of a performance which for sheer beauty, fine sense of proportion and unostentatious but remarkable technical display has seldom, if ever, been equalled here within the last 20 years.

Borodin's first symphony is more or less familiar here. The second was edited by Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glazounoff. It would be interesting to know what they did to it; how their edition differs from the original version. It is barbarically oriental enough as it stands. When Borodin was writing it he was also at work on "Prince Igor," and some of the material destined for the opera found its way into the symphony. It is a singular work, interesting chiefly to the etymologist in music. Defiant in structure, now wild, now stertorous, or at times childishly naive in the orchestration, with themes that for the most part suggest folk-song origin, the music smacks of the soil and of an untamed race. Hearing it, it is easy to understand why Liszt, bored by compositions smugly made according to the correct German expression of the seventies, welcomed Borodin's symphony and urged him to write as he felt.

Mr. Urack, who had had little time for preparation, fulfilled his task modestly and well. The audience fully appreciated his achievement.

The program announced for the concerts of next week includes Mozart's symphony in G minor, a 'cello concerto by Klughardt, and Bruckner's symphony No. 7, the "Romantic." Mr Warnke will be the soloist.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Thais," by Jules Massenet. Mr. Strony conducted. The cast.

Athanael	Vanni Marcoux
Nicias	Max Lipmann
Palemon	Michele Sampieri
Un Serviteur	Rene Chamerlaux
Thais	Mary Garden
Crobyle	Bernice Fisher
Myrtale	Jeska Swartz
Albine	Dorothy Wilson
La Charmeuse	Evelyn Scotney

Ry

Massenet's "Thais" was repeated at the Boston Opera House last night. There was a crowded house, and the audience was unusually enthusiastic. Mr. Caplet was ill, and Mr. Strony conducted in his place, and Fernand De Potter, who was similarly indisposed and who was to have played Nicias was replaced by Max Lipmann.

The performance last night was memorable, the principals, Mary Garden and [illegible] Marcoux [illegible] extraordinary [illegible]

[illegible] was [illegible] of deep [illegible] with the [illegible] when [illegible] the saint.

Mr. Marcoux [illegible] In [illegible] portrayal of the [illegible] was noted for [illegible] showed great versatility [illegible] that raged within him and [illegible] possessed his soul as he gazed upon the [illegible] of his dreams was subtly portrayed.

Mr. Strony gave a fine reading of the score, and took several curtain calls with Miss Garden and Mr. Marcoux.

Harvard Deutscher Verein Gives Jolly Play at Jordan Hall.

W.

JORDAN HALL—"Zwei Wappen," a farce in four acts by Blumenthal and Kadelburg, performed by members of the Deutscher Verein of Harvard University. Cast:

Maximilian	D. Appleman
Rudolf	E. [illegible] Lange
Charlotte	E. L. Hacker, '14
Dietrich von Vlinck	H. F. Mayer, '13
Hofmarshall Graf Dornstedt	F. J. Habenmann, '13
Thomas Forster	G. Priester, '10
Mary	A. A. Berle, '14
Hanna Stephenson	H. R. Habicht, '1[illegible]

A good sized audience in holiday mood was present last evening at the performance given by the Deutscher Verein of Harvard University in Jordan Hall.

The fundamental idea of the farce consisted in the contrasting of the ancient German aristocracy with the progressive American spirit. Mary, the daughter of a wealthy Chicago packer, loves and is beloved by Rudolf, the descendant of a long line of haughty German nobles. His father stoutly opposes the match and is with difficulty made to accept an alliance for his son with the daughter of a self-made man. There are many amusing complications, but the lovers are finally happily united.

"Two Coats of Arms" bristles with the familiar Blumenthalian and Kadelburgian humor, while additional merriment was provided by the fact that the women's parts were taken by men.

Dr. Appleman easily carried off the honors of the evening with his clever impersonation of the finicky old Freiherr. He was well set off by Mr. Priester as the hearty, good natured Foster. Mr. Lange was impetuous and exuberant as became the suitor for so fair a damsel, and Mr. Mayer played the melancholy and peerless Von Vlinck with skill. Of the three women's roles Mr. Hacker as Charlotte, the elderly spinster, was perhaps the most effective, but as neither he nor Messrs. Berle and Habicht were over-particular in their attempts to conceal their identity, their antics in unaccustomed feminine garments were equally droll and gave evident delight to the audience.

"Zwei Wappen" will be given next Monday evening in Brattle Hall, Cambridge.

MR. SURETTE'S LECTURE.

Thomas Whitney Surette gave the second of his three lectures on Brahms yesterday morning in the music room of Fenway Court. As before, the lecturer was assisted by members of Mr. Adamowski's ensemble classes, Rudolph Ringwall, Josephine Durrell, Samuel Rosen and Virginia Stickney. The composition chosen for detailed discussion was Brahms's quartet in A minor, opus 51, No. 2. A large and interested audience was present.

W.

Mr. Surette spoke of Brahms's equanimity towards life and the serenity with which he looked upon death, a serenity shared by Bach and Walt Whitman. The lecturer also emphasized the fact that when writing quartet music Brahms invariably made the parts for each instrument equally interesting, a characteristic of style not common to all composers.

The final lecture will be on Friday morning, Dec. 20.

No man is absolutely safe. It may be said to any man, "Thou fool, this night thy money shall be required of thee." And reputation is like money; it may be [illegible]ed of us without warning. The little unexpected evil on which we trip may swell [illegible] a moment and prove to be the huge J[illegible] the mountain of unpardonable sin. And [illegible] health may be required of any fool, any night or any day.

The White Plague.

Prof. Metchnikoff, lecturing in London before members of the National Health Society on "The War Against Tubercle," told this story: "When I [illegible] I married a girl of about [illegible] age who was so weak [illegible] that she [illegible] to be carried [illegible] church. [illegible]

[illegible] Later [illegible] attributed [illegible] of ocular [illegible] from the scorbutic [illegible] more than one [illegible]

There is a singular story [illegible] correspondence of Grimm and Diderot [illegible] singular story in [illegible] officer on duty [illegible] in a bad way with consumption [illegible] persisted in living as though he were [illegible] lungs. One day he [illegible] wine. He brought into his room a [illegible] pound of resin and a half pound of [illegible] wax, which he proceeded to [illegible] pan, that he might [illegible] the bottles. It took him about an hour and a half to do this. During the operation he observed that his cough was less and less frequent. Thinking that this accidental fumigation was helping him, he closed doors and windows and walked in the cloud of smoke. After [illegible] days of this treatment he was [illegible]ured. He acquainted the surgeon [illegible] of his regiment with [illegible]. There was a soldier dying in the hospital, a consumptive. He was taken to the surgeon's and submitted for hours at a time to a fumigation proportioned to his strength, for, being weak, he might have been suffocated by strong smoke. The sick man began to mend [illegible] and day and in six weeks was well.

This story is to be found in the first volume (pp. 392-393) of the Paris edition of 1812. The narrator concludes: "[illegible]," says Rabelais, "be joyful, and drink deep."

Saloon and Salon.

The Daily Chronicle (London) [illegible] that the [illegible] of the "saloon" [illegible] the word "salon" [illegible]. Thus no one today [illegible] of "the brilliant saloons of the [illegible]." They might of the nobles who owned the [illegible] mills. The word "saloon," [illegible] all know, came from the French "salon." There seems to have been [illegible] at first between saloon and [illegible]. [illegible] the sentence in "Clarissa Harlowe": "What Mr. Lovelace [illegible] of the [illegible] (which was the saloon and [illegible]) was [illegible]ly [illegible]" the reviewers today would [illegible] that who used the phrase [illegible] "[illegible]" in description [illegible] writing [illegible] house [illegible] hall. Afterwards "saloon" [illegible] "salon," meaning [illegible] at the house [illegible] the saloon of Mlle. Lespinasse. [illegible]

[illegible] person employing the word in this manner. "How mean to go blazing a gaudy butterfly, in fashionable [illegible] saloons."

Twenty years or more ago in this [illegible] a woman anxious to break [illegible] attempted to establish a "salon." [illegible] it was said of her—she left Boston [illegible] afterwards—that while she thought [illegible] had a salon, she really kept a saloon.

The Poor Man's Club.

Where did the word "saloon," meaning a place where liquor is sold and immediately consumed, come into [illegible] in the United States? The earliest date recorded in the Oxford Dictionary is 1884, but this seems to us absurdly late. Richard Grant White in the seventies told of a pretentious woman who had passed from poverty and the [illegible] life to the enjoyment of wealth. [illegible] "throwing open the door of a great gilded, painted, over furnished room, in a new house which she was showing [illegible] to a visitor, said, with a flourish, 'And this is the saloon parlor.' This phrase has its origin in the building trade, [illegible] it was applied to a drawing room made by throwing what used to be back and front parlor into one large saloon-like apartment. Architects once called "saloon" the chief room as to spaciousness and also loftiness. But White said nothing about saloon as a drinking place, a tippling-house, although he inveighed bitterly against the 'confluent [illegible]tion' of "sample room" on [illegible] boards all over New York. He called it "the fruit of a nauseous attempt to sweeten 'barroom,' 'ale house,' 'tavern,'" and he told the story of its invention through cowardice. "When I see 'sample room' over a door, I feel a respect for a barroom, and as if I could take to my heart a man who owns that he keeps a grog-shop."

After all "drunkery" is the noble, the heroic word for valiant tosspots, intrepid [illegible]handed drinkers. Let us quote a [illegible] passage from our constant companion "The Pirates' Own Book" from the chapter entitled, "The Life of [illegible] Gibbs, Containing an Account of His Atrocities Committed in the West Indies."

"After his exchange" (Gibbs, a prisoner of war, had been confined in Dartmoor prison) "he returned to Boston. * * * He opened a grocery in Ann street, near what was then called The Pit, a place full of abandoned women and dissolute fellows. As he dealt [illegible] in liquor and had a 'License to retail spirits' his drunkery was [illegible] with customers."

[illegible] street underwent changes [illegible] new names. [illegible] inhabitant [illegible]tion marks the [illegible] stood.

Dec 15 1912

RECITAL BY SZUMOWSKA

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Antoinette Szumowska gave a lesson recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a deeply interested audience of good size.

The subject chosen by Mme. Szumowska for her introductory remarks was the Romantic School of composers for the piano as represented by Mendelssohn, Schumann and Chopin. Her characterization of each composer was shrewdly conceived. For instance, she did full justice to Mendelssohn's talent, his fine taste, his elegance in expression, and described him as lacking in true depth of emotional feeling. One statement that she made might be disputed, that he had written the finest organ music since Bach. There are organ pieces by Cesar Franck and Widor, by Rheinberger and Guilmant that are far superior to any one of the sonatas of Mendelssohn, which, by the way, are not always well written for the organ.

Mme. Szumowska was especially happy in her characterization of Schumann, contrasting him with Mendelssohn, who never appreciated his colleague's genius. And, mirabile dictu! in her remarks about the dreamer, Schumann, she did not fall back on the old and worn stock terms, "innigkeit" and "intimate." In speaking of Chopin, Mme. Szumowska waxed eloquent, for, as she admitted with national pride, Chopin's music is to her a religion. In each instance, her characterization, short, crisp, always to the point, was more illuminative to young students than the biographical articles found in many hand-books and encyclopaedias.

At the end of each characterization, Mme. Szumowska spoke a few words about the pieces she was about to play; the mood of each, the features that should be brought out by the pianist, certain difficulties to be conquered, certain things to be avoided, as sentimentalism in Schumann's "Warum."

And then Mme. Szumowska added to the pleasure of the audience by playing these pieces: Mendelssohn, Song Without Words, G minor, No. 46, Scherzo, E minor; Schumann, Des Abends, Aufschwung, Warum, Traumeswirren from "Phantasiestuecke"; Chopin, Nocturne, B major, op. 62, No. 1; Mazurkas, op. 6, No. 2, and op. 33, No. 2; Valse, E flat major; Scherzo, B flat minor.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Madama Butterfly," by Giacomo Puccini. Mr. Moranzoni conducted. The cast:

Butterfly	Miss Dereyne
Suzuki	Miss Swartz
Kate Pinkerton	Mr. Von Aken
F. B. Pinkerton	Mr. McCormack
Sharpless	Mr. Polese
Goro	Mr. Giaccone
Il Principe Yamadori	Mr Pulcini
Lo Zio Bonzo	Mr. Sillich
Yakuside	Mr. Olshansky
Il Commissario Imperiale	Mr. Chasserlaux
L'Ufficiale Del Registro	Mr. Everett
La Madre Di Cio-Cio-San	Miss Wilson
La Zia	Miss Heymann
La Cugina	Miss Sharlow

Wallace

Perhaps the charm of this delightful Japanese opera was never better indicated than by the good sized audience that attended its repetition on Saturday afternoon. There was also the chance to hear Mr. McCormack in the part of Pinkerton, and those Boston favorites, Fely Dereyne and Jeska Swartz, as Butterfly and Suzuki, respectively. Curtain calls were sufficient to demonstrate, even to the novice, that the artists were successful.

Butterfly will scarcely be called one of Miss Dereyne's best parts, yet barring slight vocal shortcomings she was most successful. Jeska Swartz is one of those fortunate singers that satisfy whatever the role, and as Suzuki she was heard and seen to advantage. Mr. McCormack, while not in the best voice, was generally adequate vocally, but scarcely showed the requisite dramatic ability. Mr. Polese is familiar in the role of Sharpless.

The manipulation of the stage lights and the directing of the orchestra could have been more successful.

SCOTNEY AS "LUCIA"

Boston Opera House—Donizetti's "Lucia." Mr. Lyford conducted.

Lord Enrico Ashton	Mr. Fornari
Lucia	Miss Scotney
Sir Edgardo di Ravenswood	Mr. Sacchetti
Lord Arturo Bucklow	Mr. Giaccone
Raimondo Bidebent	Mr. Sampieri
Alisa	Mr. Heymann
Normanno	Mr Diaz

Miss Scotney's "Lucia" is familiar to Boston audiences. That of last night was in such sympathy with her that she was spurred on to an exceptional performance Saturday night audiences are never coldly critical. Whatever shortcomings appear are ignored and the good is given emphatic approval.

Mr. Sacchetti showed plenty of the fine feeling that is required of Edgar Mr. Fornari was well received. Director Russell's experiment of allowing [illegible] assistant conductor to appear at a performance occasionally met with success last night. Mr. Lyford was most skilful. He had the pleasure of joining in the row of bowing artists before the footlights at one of the many r[illegible]

[illegible] next Wednesday night [illegible] Charpentier's "Louise" will be added to the repertoire of the Boston Opera House. The performance promises to be a brilliant one. The Louise of Mme. Edvina has been highly praised. When the opera was revived at Covent Garden June 7, 1912, her interpretation was described as "highly finished" and it was said that she "completely identified herself with the part of the heroine" while Mr. Marcoux's Father was "touched with the distinction characteristic of this artist." Mr. Clement as Julien and Mme. Gay as the Mother complete a strong cast, and we all may surely expect a brilliant production.

First Productions of "Louise"

"Louise" was produced in Boston on April 5, 1909, by Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House Company. Mr. Campanini conducted, and the chief singers were Mmes. Garden, Doria, Zeppilli and Mr. Dalmores and the lamented Charles Gilibert, whose Father was one of the most commanding figures on the operatic stage of recent years.

This opera was performed for the first time at the Opera Comique, Paris, Feb. 2, 1900. The part of Louise was created by Marthe Louise Estelle Elisa Rioton, who then made her first appearance. She was married in the next year and left the stage. On April 10, or, as some say, April 12, 1900, Miss Rioton, suffering from the grip, was replaced, after an act, by Miss Mary Garden, who then made her debut without rehearsal and with great success. Marechal took the part of Julien; Fugere that of the Father; Mme. Deschamps that of the Mother, and Miss Tiphaine that of Irma. For the first time in the records of the Opera Comique an opera was performed 100 times within a year; nor had the sum of the total receipts, 666,250 francs, from this opera within the year been equalled.

Miss Rioton was 22 years old when she created the part of Louise. She had taken the first prize for singing and also for opera comique at the Paris Conservatory. Before she retired she created the part of Gretel in the production of Humperdinck's opera at the Opera Comique, and sang in "La Basoche" and "Mireille." On the eve of her marriage in 1901 she wrote to the manager of the Opera Comique on Oct 25, giving 1000 francs to the pension fund of that theatre.

On April 30, 1900, the manager of the Opera Comique listened to Charpentier's prayer, and seats in the third and fourth galleries were given gratis to 400 young dressmakers that they might see the emotional struggle of the heroine. The fact that the Prix Mobinne, which was intended as a reward for the best opera-comique performed within the last two years, was awarded on May 26, 1900, to Messrs. Rabaud and d'Olonne—the former the composer of a symphony; the latter the composer of a cantata—excited much comment, and Charpentier, who received 16 votes at the meeting of the Academy of Fine Arts, proposed to bring suit against that body.

A Simple Story of Life

The story of "Louise" is a simple one of everyday life. Louise, a working girl, is in love with Julien, an artist. For his sake, she leaves her family. The doting father, wishing her to marry a man of his own class, puts no trust in an artist, a person of irregular life. The lovers are happy, but Louise at last is remorseful. She grieves over her heart-broken father and reproaches herself for ingratitude. Finally she returns to her home. Freely forgiven, joyfully welcomed, she is soon discontented. She regrets all that she has abandoned; she has tasted the delights of love; Paris, the city of pleasure, tempts her. Julien, reappearing, carries her off, and the father now realizes that he has lost her forever. He curses the city that has robbed him of his child.

Charpentier's Own Account

When the opera was first performed, Charpentier was asked if it were autobiographic. He replied as follows:

"The story of 'Louise' was furnished me by the recollections of my first years in Paris. It was in 1890, the second year of my exile in the Villa Medicis. Having completed the 'Vie du Poete' and sketched the "Impressions de Voyage" from which later at Tourcoing I made my 'Impressions d'Italie' (what a good collaborator is remoteness of time, retirement from things!) I dreamed of a philosophic piece in which the scenery and the dramatis personae ran in parallel lines with the development of a social drama.

"The various aspects of Parisian life had left in my mind a deep impression. I took the 'petite aventure' which had lightened my 20th year. I grafted on it my Parisian sensations. I embodied episodes in it and to assure myself that taking such a subject for an opera was not an act of madness, as my comrades insisted, I wished to write immediately the first act and send it to the Institute as my last 'envoi.'

"My friends, Gaston Carraud and Louis Landry (the latter has become chef de chant at the Opera [illegible] collaborator with Messrs. C[illegible] Messager in the rehearsals of '[illegible]') read this act on my return to Paris, and urged me to complete my opera, but they dissuaded me from sending it to the Institute.

"'Keep up your confidence,' they said to me. 'There are many things in your work that shock us, run counter to our habitudes. Evidently your instinct impels you; do not do violence to it, let it lead you. You can be at rest, even if your dramatic aesthetics appear to the public, as to us, somewhat disconcerting, but your music will carry the piece.'

"That is the history of 'Louise.'

"Do I mean to say that the Louise of my musical romance is the exact photograph of the Louise, who, on the Butte, opposite Paris, proved her love to me?

"I should not dare to say so.

"The young working girl, with sparkling eyes, and dead complexion, whose black hair rolled in great tresses fell on a tall and vigorous body.

"The restless, hesitating girl, whose thought I have determined in the first pages of the drama:

I love you so much * * *
And I love my parents as much.

"The romantic girl, naive, spontaneous, bewildered by the longing to live a free life, you will recognize her perhaps in reading my score, but do not entertain the hope of knowing her as she lives in the 'memorial chamber' of my heart.

"To show her as alive and complex as I still feel her there would be need of 10 acts of 'Louise' and a thousand pages for the score."

The Composer and M. de Menil

Perhaps the best description of "Louise" is that given by Charpentier to M. de Menil. Asked why he called "Louise" a musical romance, the composer replied: "Because in a romance there are two wholly distinct sides, the drama and the description, and in my 'Louise' I wish to treat these different sides. I have a descriptive part, composed of scenery, accessories, and a musical atmosphere in which my characters move. Then there is the purely dramatic part, devoted wholly to the action." Asked whether the work were naturalistic, realistic or idealistic, Charpentier answered: "I have a horror of words that end in 'istic.' I'm not a man of theories. 'Louise,' as everything I do, was made instinctively. I leave to others, the dear critics, the task of disengaging the formulas and the tendencies of the work. My simple wish was to put on the stage what I have given in concert: the lyric impressions of the sensations harvested by me in our beautiful and fairylike modern life. Perhaps I see this as though I were in a fever. That is my right, for the street intoxicates me.

"The essential point of the drama is the coming together and the clashing of two sentiments in the heart of Louise: love, which binds her to her family, to her father, the fear of leaving suffering behind her; on the other hand, the irresistible longing for liberty, pleasure, happiness; love, the cry of her being, which demands to live the life she craves. Passion will prevail, because it is served by a prodigious and mysterious auxiliary, which has little by little breathed its dream into her young soul—Paris, the voluptuous city, the great city of light, pleasure and joy, which irresistibly calls her toward an enchanted future.

"And so the prelude of the second act, entitled 'Paris Awakes,' sends forth over the great murmur of the town the cries of street hucksters, which immediately become as many symbolic themes, as many eloquent voices through which Love, Pleasure and the City will speak to the heart of Louise; which will caress the springtime awakening of souls, or burst forth into triumphant passion. The prelude of the third act, entitled 'Toward the Distant City,' expresses musically the ascent of the two lovers toward the beautiful realm of liberty and happiness. In the fourth act, in the scene between Louise and her father, who wishes to snatch her from the seductive charm of Paris, behold at once the twinkling City, the City of Lights, rich in illusion, full of magic and cajoling voices, a fairy-like promiser of pleasure, dazzling, vertiginous symbol, rises anew and draws toward it Louise, fascinated, infatuated. Already in the preceding act, it was Paris that overcame the last scruple of Louise, when Julien wished to run off with her, to carry her with him toward the Butte. To assure the triumph of love, the Town, the marvellous city where floats a glorious dream, adorns itself with lights, dazzles, o'erflows with promises, enwraps itself in festival mood and dress that it may welcome the lovers."

And M. de Menil, listening to the composer, came to the conclusion that the opera is idealistic; that the orchestral characterization of Paris is the most important part of this musical romance; that the drama is concerned only with three characters, Louise, Julien and the City, which is symbolized by its street cries, its bustle, its lights, its seduction, its lodestone attraction. "The other characters are purely episodic, or accessory."

A Good Man, Still Talking

Charpentier talked to others about his "Louise." M. Stoullig represents him as denying that his opera is a "realistic" piece. "Yes, the scenery is absolutely modern. Yes, the characters are taken from the life of today. There is a household of working folks, a girl of the people, an artist of Montmartre—and about them move men and women humble in dress and speech. But this modern piece is also a fairy play. I have introduced a sort of invisible but present character: the 'Plaisir de Paris,' a sort of mysterious tempter, a living symbol of this Pleasure of Paris who passes along, irritating desires and showing from afar the tempting city. And pleasure, which is Paris itself, sunders the family and destroys the humble household."

In Vienna (1903) he declared that Debussy, "the Symbolist," and Bruneau and he, "the realists," were most influenced by Wagner, although he had learned much from Massenet and loved him. "But in art you will find also a Montmartre Fronde. Our circle then consisted of—ten years ago—Vilette, Leandre, the painters; Donnay, the poet; myself and many others. All of us, Vilette, Leandre, Donnay and I, have one thing in common, the 'Fronde' spirit, that precious growth that only flourishes on our soil. I once played the violin in small Paris theatres. Then came the Prix de Rome, and from Rome I brought home the first act of 'Louise.' A symphony, 'Life of a Poet,' dating from that time, I have now changed into an opera. Next year it will be played in Germany, in Hamburg and elsewhere, before Paris. For in Paris it can only be given in the Grand Opera, and they do not as yet let me in. 'Life of a Poet' is a kind of prelude to 'Louise.' The first act takes place in the Villa Medici, the last in the Maison Rouge. Really my life is as truly contained in this work as in 'Louise,' in which I speak only of myself. So what each of us has experienced—well, I have only had the audacity to set it to music. I can absolutely not compose for a strange text. I am far too modest to set to music material from Shakespeare, Goethe or other poets. Besides, I am far too authoritative. I can serve nobody, and share with nobody. I can no more compose on another's text than intrigue with another man's wife. I write text and music at the same time, so I am ready with both at the same time. In my head the musical thought is always the primary one. Then I form the words; I not only feel, I think, too, in music; I believe also that one can philosophize in music. Today music is not only the ornament but the speech of the soul. The cultured man of today translates all his feelings into thoughts. Love has long ceased to be the mere instinctive feeling it once was. It has taken on board a cargo of thought. I believe, too, one can draw with tones as well as with the pencil. The silhouette of a hero can be outlined as sharply by music as by any other method of pictorial art."

Sequels to "Louise"

It was said some years ago that Charpentier wrote "Louise" with a sentence of Daudet's "Sapho" before his eyes: "O Paris, what we give you, and what you return to us!" It was also said that "Louise" was the first part of a trilogy which should show the life of the girl until she reached the gutter. It was said later that he was at work on a "Marie," an "Orphee," a "Julie," a "Julien," a "Tristan." In Figaro on Feb. 23, 1911, M. Georges Bourdon announced the new work—an "Epopee Populaire," beginning with an idyl, "L'Amour au Faubourg," in two acts; the first scene a wash-house, the second the Cabaret des Fetes Galantes.

The hero is an idealist, magnanimous, impulsive, fed on theories, a man with a mission, a poet. He offers himself to a pretty girl who has hitherto rejected all offers. One morning, standing at the door of the wash-house, she sees this hero and loves him. (So William Cobbett, when in the provinces, saw in the early morning a pretty girl scrubbing a bucket, and she became his wife.) She is "pure-minded but unprejudiced by the current conventions of the code of morality; her lyric soul is bathed in poesy." At the Cabaret she falls into his arms.

The second part of the Trilogy will be "Commediante" showing the Miseria Palace and a duel in the woods of Viroflay; the third "Tragediante" will introduce the "Naturiens" and show the faubourg during a strike.

Opinions for and Against

That acute and aristocratic critic, M. Pierre de Breville, wrote for the Mercure de France a brilliant article about "Louise." "Charpentier makes us understand in effect that contemporaneous costume is not always incompatible with the lyricism which music demands, and, in good faith, it is necessary to avow that the prejudices which were excited among

... idea of hearing ... Lepic, or a ... of the Café ... Delta sing on the ... not ... When two lovers let their hearts speak simply, which happens at once in the first act, when the sick father, abandoned by his daughter, weeps for his vanished happiness, they are simple and solely human beings, and whatever their costume may be, they move us.

"But, when they remember that they are of their and our period, and that they have listened perhaps to the lectures of M. Jaures; when they speak to us of income and capital, and, pretentious declaimers and no longer lovers, Julien and Louise set themselves to recite a social catechism, and give a dissertation on 'miserable, odious, infamous, hypocritical and fruitless experience,' oh then the antagonism of contemporaneous life and the text that is sung reappears.

"And then the lovers become frightful bores.

"Music on these occasions becomes wholly useless, because theses and arguments do not belong to her kingdom, and she remains far removed from them, and foreign to them."

On the other hand M. Camille Mauclair contributed to Le Progres of Jan. 15, 1911, apropos of a revival of "Louise" a essay that was at times dithyrambic. "The work of Charpentier is, like that of Adolphe Willette, the incarnation of the soul of Montmartre. * * * And if 'Louise' is a moving work it is not because it is clothed in a dazzling orchestral garment; it is because it is impregnated with this spirit, it is because it is wholly possessed with this magic which the name of the Republic has caused to scintillate in the consciences of modern liberalism. * * * 'Louise' will always be of Montmartre; it is a cry thrown over the roofs of Paris from the summit of that intelligent hill, a mighty and true cry, the cry of the eternal instinct of liberty towards the devouring city, the slayer of sincerity. * * * Contemporary democracy can salute in Gustave Charpentier one of its great men, perhaps the man who has the best expressed its heroic soul. * * * There is not a working man who should not love Charpentier and say: 'He is a genius who has toiled for us.' * * * 'Louise' is as rich in hidden meanings as Tristan or Bruennhilde.'"

Notes on Concerts of This Week

Mr. Ysaye, who will play at the Boston Opera House this afternoon, was in Boston eight years ago this month. He played Bruch's Second Concerto at a Symphony concert Dec. 3, and gave a recital in Symphony Hall on Dec. 17. He gave a concert with orchestra in Symphony Hall Feb. 8, 1905, when Willy Hess conducted and he then played two concertos (by Saint-Saens and Mozart) and Bruch's Scottish Fantasie. The program at the Opera House this afternoon will include brilliant orchestral works of the French school which have been produced with marked effects at concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

A suite for wind instruments by Richard Strauss will be produced at the Longy Club concert on Tuesday night. Strauss, in his youth, when he was under the influence of the classics, wrote two suites for wind instruments, for 13 instruments in both instances. The first is known as op. 7 and was published in 1881, when Strauss was 17 years old. Buelow had seen earlier piano pieces and disliked them. He found that Lachner was in his opinion for fancy in comparison. He missed the freshness of youth, declared that they were "unripe and precociously wise," but he thought better of this serenade or suite. Franz Wuellner brought it out in Dresden Nov. 27, 1882, and it was repeated in January. Buelow on Dec. 26, 1883, performed it in Meiningen, and played it on concert tours because, as he said, it showed the proficiency of the wind choir of his orchestra. And in letters he described Strauss as "a young Munich man, classical school." It was Buelow who urged Strauss to write another serenade for the same instruments and indicated to him the movements, among them a gavotte, introduction and fugue. This second suite, without opus number, was first published in the fall of 1911. Considerably longer work than the opus 7, it was performed at Meiningen Nov. 18, 1884. There were performances at Dresden ... 1884, also at Munich, and it was revived at Meiningen Oct. 14, 1909.

The Cecilia will perform two interesting works on Thursday night. Full justice has not yet been done here to Verdi's "Te Deum," which, performed for the first time at the Opera, Paris, April 7, 1898 was produced in Boston by the Cecilia Dec. 7, 1899. One of the finest eulogies pronounced on the fourth of the "Quattro Pezzi Sacri" was published in the Pall Mall Gazette of Dec. 16, 1898. "Verdi, this radiant creature of a hundred brilliant moods—in the 'Te Deum' becomes the past master, as it were, of his art. Once again he takes sentence after sentence, and with a profound simplicity of expression describes as in a musical tapestry, the significance of his text. Take such a phrase as 'Patrem immensae Majestatis' and note what a grandiose tone he imparts to it. In the 'Sanctum quoque Paraclitum Spiritum' on the other hand, he quickly turns to a ... of ... beauty ... a ... spirit ... seized ... musical ... with the words 'Tu Patris sempiternus es Filius,' and it was surely ... inspiration that suggested the monotone in the sentence 'Per singulos dies benedicimus te.' The intense feeling, too, of the 'miserere nostri' despite all its simplicity, is admirably worked out. In a word the 'Te Deum' is in its way a masterpiece." Wolf-Ferrari's mystically beautiful music to Dante's famous work is the other selection.

Henry Bataille's New Play

Mr. Charles Dawbarn wrote the following review of Bataille's new drama:

"Henry Bataille's 'Les Flambeaux' is remarkable. It is also 'superior'; superior in its moral elevation, its truth and its spirituality. Its thesis is that les flambeaux (or torch-bearers, as we should say) are as human as ourselves. Laurent Bouguet is a savant, head of a bacteriological institute, and on the eve of discovering a serum for cancer; but he is weak, and lives a lie. In his detachment he does not realize the importance of certain acts, which compromise the future of a young woman and plunge into misery her husband and his own wife.

"Bouguet has a mistress, Hedwige, a girl who has been received into the household. She loves the savant, but marries his chief collaborator, Blondel. And upon this fact reposes the whole play. The consequences of deception are brought home with telling force. Blondel suspects, and Jeanne Bouguet, the wife, suspects, but the 'Master' says 'No.' His motive is not altogether selfish; he is not entirely swayed by the thought that a liason is 'of no importance.' He loves his wife in the real sense; and, again, he realizes that for the irregular status of the girl there is no solution save in marriage.

"The questionings and suspicions of the first act become a certainty in the second. After a scientific reception, Bouguet is detected leaving the pavilion to which Hedwige has retired for the night. From an earlier scene between the two it is apparent that she is anxious to resume relations, whilst he is not strong enough to resist.

"In these circumstances every one becomes emphatically humane. The savant's blue stocking of a wife suffers jealousy and resentment, just like any other woman. Blondel, the scientist, becomes nobly enraged, and then pettish, in destroying the professor's MS., upon which he has labored for years. Bouguet cuts a poor figure. Only Hedwige does not change. She is not a super-woman but a normal, handsome member of her sex. And she says boldly to Blondel. 'I loved him, though I married you.'

"We are spared the incident which leads to the duel, but we see the consequences in the last act. Bouguet has received a bullet in his lungs and cannot recover. The fact is kept from his wife, who is reassured by a false report. And when Blondel enters at Bouguet's invitation, she assails him with 'Assassin!' It is a sign that a scientific career has not robbed her of feminine emotions. And Bouguet dies in the odor of reconciliation. And that is all.

"It is a play difficult to criticise, because it appeals to the French idea of dramatic art. For the more positive Anglo-Saxon, it is long-drawn-out. The first act lasts over an hour. (The 'repetition generale' concluded at 1 A. M.) Again, the dying scene is Latin in its prolongation. To several of his bedside visitors the savant declares his desperate condition (hidden only from his wife); and they, instead of resorting to oxygen and other remedies, weep ineffectual tears. It is the poetic way, but a little exasperating.

"Nor can the doctrine of the dramatist, however nobly expressed, pass unchallenged, that the scientist is as other men subject to the same passions. Is not his abstraction during long hours of study a proof that he has forged for himself a temperament different from, if not superior to the ordinary man's? If we admit that a savant, who exercises great self-denial in his work, may be but a poor creature out of it, we can admire the inexorable logic of this play, which, in its argumentation and the loftiness of its motif, is one of the strongest that Bataille has written. But, in a theatrical sense, it lacks the gripping quality, and even the charm of 'La Vierge Folle' and 'Potiche.'

"The feminine side was stronger than the masculine in the cast. M. le Bargy, for example, scarcely justified his high reputation in the delineation of the hero. He does not succeed in rendering him sympathetic. Nor did M. Huguenet, as Blondel, quite come up to one's conception of a scientist wronged in his intimate affections. The honors of the evening fell to Mme. Suzanne Despres and Mlle. Yvonne de Bray, exquisite in their roles of Jeanne Berguet and Hedwige. The former gave a powerful study of a woman who, though possessed of exceptional attainments, is yet the prey to her secret instincts. Flesh and blood are still stronger than scientific formulae."

The Late Henry C. Brown

Editor of The Herald.

I greatly regret that the death of Mr. Henry C. Brown did not bring ... ability ... as ... cornet ... the beautiful ... than ... band ... no ... had a band ... the ... Brown's Brigade Band ... the finest looking band leader ... I have ever seen. I enjoyed my ... engagement in Boston in the ... seventies, marching at the head of the 1st Cadets and I shall never forget his looks and performance. I wonder whether if he had been a long-haired foreigner, uncombed, and sometimes unclean, his demise would not have been more generally noticed by the press of Boston, and the whole of the state of Massachusetts. But he was a New Hampshire Yankee. No imported trumpeter can ever boast that Henry C. Brown was not his equal.

E. N. LAFRICAIN.

Boston, Oct. 10, 1912.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Boston Opera House, 3:15 P. M. Third Sunday concert. Eugene Ysaye soloist. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 3:30 P. M. Fifth Sunday concert. Mischa Elman in recital. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Edith Thompson. Mozart, Rondo; Cesar Franck, Prelude, Chorale and Fugue; Schumann, Fantasiestuecke (des Abends, Aufschwung, Warum, Grillen, In der Nacht, Traumeswirren, Ende vom Lied). Chopin, Nocturne in F sharp major, etude No. 5, op. 10, Scherzo in C sharp minor, Liszt, Etude, Rhapsody No. 14.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Third and last recital of Selden Miller, pianist and singer. Piano pieces. Brahms, Intermezzo B flat minor, Capriccio, B minor, Intermezzo E flat, Rhapsody, B minor, Debussy, Clair de Lune, First Arabesque, Reflets dans l'eau, Golliwog's Cakewalk. Songs. Brahms: Die Mainacht, Am Sonntag Morgen, Feldeinsamkeit, Vergebliches Staendchen. Debussy. Le Balcon, Chevaux de Bois, Le Jet d'eau, Mandoline.

Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. First concert of the Longy Club. Mozart, Quintet in E flat major (K. 452) for oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano. Reinecke, "Undine," op. 167, sonata for flute and piano (Messrs. Maquarre and De Voto). Strauss, Suite in B flat major, op. 7, for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, four horns, two bassoons and double bassoon (first time here). Messrs. W. Gebhardt and Phair, horns, and Mr. Fuhrmann, double bassoon, will assist in the Suite. See leading article.

THURSDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. First concert of the Cecilia Society. Mr. Mees, conductor. Verdi's "Te Deum" and Wolf-Ferrari's "La Vita Nuova." Mrs. Caroline Hudson Alexander, soprano, Earl R. Cartwright, baritone, a choir of boys and an orchestra will assist. See leading article.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Ninth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Ninth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS.

The music department of the city of Boston will give two concerts this week. William Howard, orchestral conductor. Louis C. Elson, lecturer.

TUESDAY, 8 P. M. GIRLS' LATIN SCHOOL, BOSTON.

Overture "Festival" .... Leutner
Music of the Spheres, from quartet op. 17 .... Rubinstein
Aria from "Faust," "Le Parlate d'Amour" .... Gounod
Mrs. Lyman W. Gore.
"Good Friday Spell," from "Parsifal" .... Wagner
"Souvenir de Haydn" .... Leonard
William Howard, Violinist.
Serenade .... Drdla
Vocal selection.
Mrs. Gore.
Scene from "The Jewels of the Madonna" .... Wolf-Ferrari

THURSDAY, 8 P. M., FANEUIL HALL.

Overture, "Semiramide" .... Rossini
Prelude, "Eve" (solo, violin and strings) .... Massenet
"Elsa's Dream," from "Lohengrin" .... Wagner
Mrs. Olive W. Hilton.
Selection from "Mefistofele" .... Boito
Solo for 'cello, "Sonata in A major" .... Boccherini
Mr. Goldstein.
Serenade .... Drdla
The Eden Rose .... Foote
Mrs. Hilton.
March from "Scenes Pittoresques" .... Massenet

[illegible]

Mrs. Mary Green Conklin, "author and playwright"—the two words are sometimes disparate—is reported as graciously welcoming certain "slang" words and phrases into the English language. Among them is "eats," but "eats" is merely a revival of a word that, once in good repute, is now obsolete. As far back as the year 1000 "eat" meant "food" or "a meal" and the plural was in use. In a play by Beaumont and Fletcher we find this line. "Thou art cold of constitution, thy eat unhealthful."

The words and phrases that Mrs. Conklin names as slang are innocuous and for the most part have long been used by careful writers. "Scrape acquaintance" was condemned by Dr. Johnson as "a low phrase," but the doctor was as fussy as he was prejudiced. The phrase goes back to 1600 and here is a curious instance of its use in a sermon of Cornelius Burges, D. D. (1641): "Although God be graciously indulgent, yet is he not inconsiderately prodigal of mercies to all that scrape acquaintance with him in their troubles."

Class in Pomegranates

... grs at ... of London ... The temples are ... a ... of ... te." There are ... se temples are like unto ... knob, and these men and ... instead of disguising their ... their boast and ... their ... rtly back so that the world ... er at their intell...ity."

We should all pay more attention to the pomegranate. Each fruit contains a seed from Eden-garden. It was suspended over the head of Tantalus to sharpen his torture. The best is the ... rian, red outside and very sweet. The Turki is large and white. The Misri is green of rind and rather harsh to the palate. The Syrian, or Shami, is almost stoneless, of a delectable odor, and often as large as a baby's head. Dioscorides admits that the pomegranate is stomachic when it is sweet, but it is maleficent when there is fever. To dream of the pomegranate, raspberry, cucumber, currant and box augurs well for a love affair. Was the subject of our story the forbidden fruit? or was the fruit a lemon? Or is not the theory of Hadrian Beverland, whose accursed book, "De Peccato Originali," was burned in the public square, the true one?

It is said that "Saul tarried in the uppermost parts of Gibeah, under a pomegranate tree," and there are Latin versions which lead one to infer that he pitched his tent under this tree which is low of growth and unfit, so that the "tree" may be the name of a place, or the rock of Pomegranate.

Before the class in pomegranates is dismissed, let us call attention to the fact that in 1290 a large Spanish ship arrived at Portsmouth and from her cargo Queen Eleanor purchased ... ville figs, dates, pomegranates, ... raisins and seven pomegranates.

Mrs. Walford, Narrator.

There are a few good stories in the "Memoirs of Victorian London" by Mrs. L. B. Walford, although the majority of the anecdotes are old friends and hat brims of many readers are frayed and bent from saluting them. Froude at a dinner party was vehemently expressing his dislike of George Eliot's novels. Some one whispered to him, "Is not that Mr. Cross sitting opposite?" "Vain effort. 'Yes, that is Cross, and as I was saying,' continued the strident voice, wholly unabashed, 'I like "Middlemarch" and "Scenes of Clerical Life," but as for the rest of George Eliot's books, I don't care twopence for any of 'em.'" Thus Froude was bravely inconsiderate to the ... and thoroughly enjoyed himself ... was the behavior of Mr. Cross less commendable. He "just went on eating his dinner."

There was a French sculptor who showed Landseer how to polish ... with a piece of leather.

"Without the smallest embarrassment my friend proceeded to ... cabinet and take from it a roll of ... 'leather,' saying 'This is ... poor first wife's skin. * * * It is very ... for she was a very fair woman.'"

This reminds us of a story told by M. Octave Mirbeau in his most ... fashion. And was there not a French collector who had books of the ... in his catalogues under the heading "Curiosa" or "Erotica" bound in woman's skin and thus won the respect of the Goncourt brothers?

Then there is the story of Coventry Patmore who prided himself on being a wonderful whist player and a born gambler. "He had an ... memory. I should say it went far toward an explanation of his having been ... and married so often. A ... obtain three wives for nothing. Three wives, too, who, report said, were all worthy of being thus ... and the only criticism I ever heard passed on the subject was that of his little ... who succinctly observed, 'Father, you are just half a Henry the Eighth.'"

Punicum Pomum.

To go back to Pomegranates. We have written about them as above when we saw in a London journal that inasmuch as the rind is astringent the fruit shrinks, and the pulp becomes diminished in quantity and quality. "The pomegranate," says Mr. Frank Schloesser, "was brought at first from North Africa, conveyed thence from Rome to Carthage and called 'Punica' by the Romans."

But was it 'punica,' Mr. Schloesser? Was it not "Punicum pomum" or simply 'Punicum'? The first spelling of the word in English literature as ascertained was "poumgarnet" about 1320. There are many variants from "poumgarnette" to "bamegarnade."

YSAYE SOLOIST AT OPERA HOUSE

The third Sunday concert at the Boston Opera House took place yesterday afternoon. Eugene Ysaye, the distinguished violinist, made his first appearance in Boston this season. He had not played here since 19[illegible]. The program was as follows:

Chabrier, Overture to "Gwendoline"; Vieuxtemps, Concerto in D minor, No. 4, for violin (Mr. Ysaye); Saint-Saens, "La Jeunesse d' Hercule"; Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole (Mr. Ysaye); Marche Hongroise from "Damnation of Faust."

Mr. Caplet was still indisposed. Mr. Britt, the first 'cellist, conducted the overture and the march.

When Eugene Ysaye played in Boston for the first time, he established a standard of artistic perfection no other violinist has reached, and hearing him yesterday, the hearers again came under the spell of this wonderful artist.

Nothing but superlatives can express the scope of this man's extraordinary art. The ravishing beauty of his large and opalescent tone, the scintillating, crystalline definition of his fingers, the intensity, now subtle, now drastic, and under the reserve of perfect control used with the most exquisite taste, these vitalize all he does. The violinist and musician are firmly welded in this artist. The grace of his phrasing, and the vitality of his attack are constantly engrossing, and it should not be difficult to bear in mind that Ysaye the violinist is a most remarkable technician, because Ysaye the musician is constantly using his great technique for its most noble purpose.

The orchestral accompaniment was not what it should have been. On the other hand, the symphonic poem of Saint-Saens was finely played.

There was a very large and enthusiastic audience. Recalled many times, Mr. Ysaye played Loeffler's transcription of Chabrier's Scherzo-valse.

Next Sunday the program of Russian music performed on Dec. 1 will be repeated.

CONCERT BY MISCHA ELMAN

Mischa Elman, the extraordinary young Russian violinist, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon before an audience that filled all the seats and standing room and overflowed into all the available space on the stage. Percy Kahn was accompanist. This was the program:

Sontta, F major	Beethoven
Concerto, F-sharp minor	Ernst
Sonata, D major	Handel
Nocturne, No. 2, Opus 27	Chopin-Wilhelmj
Walzer	Hummel-Burmester
Love Song	Sammartini-Elman
Hungarian Dance No. 7	Brahms-Joachim
I Palpiti	Paganini

This list gives only about one half of the pieces that Elman played, however, for his hearers were full of enthusiasm, applause and keen hunger for recalls, while the artist with youthful energy and generosity responded liberally, though modestly to the demands made upon him.

He has changed little in the two years that have passed since he played in Boston before. There is a trifle of added maturity in his mien and in his delivery of his more serious selections, a bit more force of his own personality in all his efforts, while the genuine love of his art and quiet joy in it that have always characterized him shine as before through all his work. His skill and his wonderful mastery of his instrument are greater than ever. The vibrant beauty of his tones is there in greater measure, and the haunting purity of the singing melody from the strings is in no wise diminished.

In the Beethoven sonata the large share of the piano in the music and somewhat of over emphasis on the part of the accompanist obscured Elman's part in the work, and the audience responded with only moderate warmth in comparison with later manifestations. The Ernst concerto, however, with its pleasing melodies, one of which is vividly reminiscent of the once popular "I'm tired now and sleepy, too, put me in my little bed" waked up the audience, and the batteries of applause were scarcely silent a moment thereafter except when Elman was actually playing.

Dec. 17

Li Hung Chang remarked in his memoirs now publishing in the Observer (London): "I had a wife once who before she came to my house was the personification of meekness and lovaliity. I almost began to [illegible]

[illegible] to be really human [illegible] she began to make my tea bitter [illegible] to treat me as if I were the tail [illegible] of the head of that establishment. [illegible] paid her twenty shoes of silver and sent her away."

Witherspoon Particeps.

As the World Wags:

During the past several weeks Mrs. Witherspoon has been reading in one of the daily papers a discussion as to the advisability of betrothed couples dispensing with the engagement ring. Various well known people have expressed the opinion that the conventional solitaire is an uncalled-for extravagance. The argument calls to mind a wedding celebration which I participated in (not as a principal) several years ago in South Mexico. The incident may serve as an encouragement to engaged couples hesitant because of the high cost of living.

Matrimonial Mr. Slim.

The high contracting parties were Pacific Slim, gentleman-at-large, and Amalia Silva, a Chenula girl. Slim and Joe Bush and myself were holding down a little mining claim at Parian. We had been flat broke for months, living on corn and calabazas borrowed after dark from remote haciendas, and working the tunnel with dynamite stolen from the Mexican Southern. We were pretty well out of clothes, and there wasn't a centavo in the outfit when Slim declared his intention of marrying Amalia. It was most inopportune. Not that we blamed Slim. As Joe said, Amalia was a queen and would have made an anchorite slip his anchor. Slim was no anchorite. He was addicted to matrimony in the first degree, a habit contracted at the age of 11, when he had tried to induce the servant girl to elope with him. He was guilty on about 10 counts when I knew him, and had Nat Goodwin looking like St. Anthony.

A Mexican Wedding.

A wedding among the Latin people means things to eat, smoke and drink, especially drink, and drink costs money even in Mexico; so Joe and I rose to the occasion and hiked into Oaxaca. I borrowed two pesos from old man Woods, the mining engineer, and Joe told one of his effective ghost stories to a bunch of tourists and got three more. We spent four pesos for aquadiente, pulque, cigarettes, half a loaf of sugar and a box of dulces, and went back. The other dollar was for the padre.

The wedding procession moving on the priest's house at the village would have delighted the heart of O. Henry. The groom, like the rest of us, was dressed in the native peon costume of cheese cloth, pyjamas, rawhide sandals and big straw sombrero He had a rose over each ear and resembled Raymond Hitchcock in the "Yankee Consul." The bride wore a couple of yards of print cloth tied about the waist, forming a knee length skirt. Her upper garments consisted of two bandana handkerchiefs knotted together at the corners and a red cotton rebosa. She carried a bunch of gardenias that would have cost $50 in New York in the winter. Joe Bush wore a wreath of roses a la Doc Cook. There was an assortment of twenty odd relatives of both sexes and all sizes. The goat came along and three or four hens and a rooster and about a dozen dogs. The animals among the peons are always friendly, not to say intimate. Beatrice, the trained pig, a member of the bride's family, capered up and down the line. Slim, with the exaggeration of pride, said the procession took half an hour to pass a given point, and that the whole wedding was the classiest he was ever mixed up in.

A Pleasing Intermezzo.

After the knot was tied and the Padre Cerise had his peso, which seemed a horrible waste of good coin, everybody went back to the Silva jacal and drank pulque; also aquadiente, hot and cold, with and without sugar. Filiberto played on a borrowed guitar and all hands danced and sung "La Paloma" and stood around telling stories, repeating the same anecdote over and over after the Mexican fashion. Everything was lovely until an argument started between one of the bride's brothers and an uninvited neighbor, who had butted in. The neighbor was carried off by his people pretty badly carved, but alive, and the party broke up.

The End of It All.

Mr. and Mrs. Slim started housekeeping in Eduardo Garcia's old dobe blacksmith shop, without any roof. Their entire household equipment consisted of an old Olla and one best frying pan, which Slim took without asking. Their supplies were one extremely second grade bunch of bananas and the sugar left over from the wedding feast.

They lived happily for six weeks when we made a strike on the property and sold out to a fair-haired young optimist from Pittsburgh for $1500 gold. Right at that time King and Hoffman came in over the Tehauntepec trail and we all bought white men's clothes and blew for the city of Mexico. I don't think Slim ever went back. He rarely did. I have heard him say: "Bo—just keep on [illegible] Don't ever [illegible] might meet somebody following you. When I [illegible] it, [illegible] a very fair [illegible] for a gentleman at large with a weakness for matrimon[illegible]."

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Dorchester, Dec. 13, 1912.

P. S.—Silver City, N. M., papers please copy.

Help, Brethren, Help!

As the World Wags:

Can you enlighten me as to the meaning of the word "Psamnead"?

I have been through my 50 odd "Lifts for the Lazy" and all the others at the Public Library and the Athenaeum (and I know of no better sport for idle old men), but cannot find a trace of the word. I like to share my pleasures with others; and so I am giving you—as a sage—a chance to join in the chase.

WAYBACK BAYER.

Dec. 12, 1912.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Massenet's "Thais." Mr. Strony conducted.

Athanael	Vanni Marcoux
Nicias	Fernand De Potter
Palemon	Edward Lankow
Thais	Mary Garden
Crobyle	Blanche Manley
Myrtale	Jeska Swartz
Albine	Dorothy Wilson
La Charmeuse	Evelyn Scotney

Again we saw the superb entrance of Thais, the "grande amoureuse"; again we saw the monk tempted by voice, eyes, gesture, until, had it not been for the purpose of hagiographer, novelist, librettist and composer, he would surely have yielded. Again we heard the plaintive farewell to the little Eros. There is more than one Thais of free life and joyous abandon in the tales told by the ancients. Seeing and hearing Miss Garden, one is tempted to say, there is only one Thais in Massenet's opera, and that is the Thais of Miss Mary Garden.

She gives charm, brilliance, significance to the music, which in itself is music for an ordinary "petite dame" and sometimes not even worthy of her. No wonder that Charles Lecocq, the composer of three or four delightful operettas, recently made the remark that "Thais" is the best of Massenet's operas. The best music in it is of an operetta natnre—with the exception of the music for the monks in the first act, which undoubtedly is voted boresome by the audience that awaits impatiently the sight of Thais seen in Athanael's dream and with almost equal impatience the sickly sentimental "Meditation" which Monsieur Massenet would have us believe portrays the conversion of the courtesan. Had the man no sense of humor?

Mr. Marcoux plays the part of the too zealous Monk with marked but not violent force. His composition of the part is striking and consistent. This excellent artist is inclined to over elaboration. He apparently wishes constantly to act with his voice as with his face, gestures, attitudes. Now, tones may, indeed, they should, be colored so as to give vitality to the text; but there may also be "over-blowing" for a voice as well as for an instrument of brass. In this part Mr. Marcoux shows more artistic self-restraint than in other roles he has essayed this season, and proves he can be quietly eloquent and effective when there is no need of stress and fury.

Mr. de Potter was dramatically acceptable and vocally well intentioned as Nicias. It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Lankow's noble voice in the music allotted to Palemon.

A large audience was appreciative of the performance, while the applause for the singers was shared by the conductor.

MISS THOMPSON'S RECITAL

Miss Edith Thompson gave a piano recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Mozart, Rondo in A minor; Franck, Prelude, Chorale and Fugue; Schumann, Phantasiestuecke; Chopin, Nocturne in F sharp major; Liszt, Etude, Rhapsody, No. 14.

There was an audience of fair size of a friendly disposition.

TOY THEATRE—Two plays. "The Stronger" by August Strindberg and "The Legend of St. Nicholas" oy Beulah Marie Dix, the first played by the following three women:

Mme. X	Mrs. Briggs
Mlle. Y	Mrs. Sherman
Waitress	Mrs. Kimball

and the second produced with this cast:

Prologus	Mr. Churchill
Lord Azzo	Mr. Menard
His Lady	Mrs. Tudor
Niccolo	Miss Lingard
Mico	Miss Putnam
The Sultan	Mr. Bailey
Zoe	Miss Hemenway
Illbrahim	Mr. Putnam
Arbaces	Mr. Chapman
Mustapha	Mr. Amory
St. Nicholas	Mr. Graves

Certainly the management of the Toy Theatre appreciates the artistic value of contrast. It would be difficult to find two plays more utterly different from each other, in spirit and subject matter, than the two presented last evening. Strindberg's play is ultra-modern, sophisticated and quite unbound by convention or precedent. "The Legend of St. Nicholas" is fashioned after a very old pattern indeed. Its charm lies in its simplicity, in its sentiment perhaps, but most of all in its utter and delightful naivete. Both plays were well done and were greatly enjoyed by the audience.

In the Strindberg piece there are practically only two characters. One of these, Mlle. Y, is found, when the curtain rises, seated in the corner of a ladies' restaurant. It is Christmas eve. Mlle. Y is an unmarried actress, so the program states, and she is reading a comic paper. She is very beautiful, especially when her great black eyes are raised and her smile displays her white and perfect teeth. She remains silent throughout the play. The other character is Mme. X, also an actress, but a married woman. The husband of the one is the lover of the other and the lines of the play form a monologue which falls to the share of the wife. She speaks at first calmly, but gradually influenced by the maddening and sphinx-like silence of her rival, and reading in some subtle way the thoughts that lie hidden behind the smiling mask, she gives way to her emotions, bares her soul a moment and then with returning courage asserts triumphantly that after all she is the stronger because she has been able to learn, to bend before the inevitable. The moral is that of La Fontaine's "Le Chene et le Roseau."

Mrs. Frederick Briggs, in the part of Mme. X, displayed an ability and a finesse which is rarely met with among amateurs. There was perhaps not quite enough of a crescendo in her portrayal. It would perhaps have gained in force had the initial tempo tended a little more toward "moderato" and had she held a note here and there a little longer. However it was a difficult part extremely well acted. Nor can we praise Mrs. Sherman's work as Mlle. Y, any less highly. Her pantomime was charming and significant; in her costuming and appearance she was absolutely in the picture, and her repose and excellent "business" made her portrayal most delightful.

In the miracle play many of the parts were also excellently played. Mr. Churchill, as the Prologus, delivered the lines of prologue and epilogue with force and charm and his appearance and bearing brought the audience at once into the spirit of the occasion. Miss Hemenway as Zoe and Mrs. Tudor as the Lady, were most attractive and Misses Putnam, Chapman and Amory as the Paynims gave cause for joy. Perhaps, however, the most charming characterization in this play was that of Miss Martha Putnam as Mico. Girls very often play boy's parts on the stage and usually very poorly, but Miss Putnam proved an exception to the rule and her portrayal of this part was spontaneous and convincing.

OPERETTA GIVEN AT B. F. KEITH'S

"In the Barracks" Proves Very Entertaining—'Dancing Carnival' Enjoyed.

Boston thearegoers were given their first opportunity last evening to pass their opinion on a military operatta, which was this week's headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre. "In the Barracks" is an exceedingly farcial operetta and the audience was kept in extremely good humor from the rise to the fall of the curtain. The music was syncopated, which means that for the most part it was of the type best described as "raggy." In the cast the honors were easily carried off in a blaze of glory by Myles McCarthy, who took the part of a slangy American chauffeur let loose among a "pack of heathen Dutchmen."

The scene is laid in Germany, although the whole action of the piece is exceedingly American. The other members of the company including Frank Rushworth, Nellie Brewster and W. H. Clark contributed splendid work.

A rather dainty little whirl of motion was the "Dancing Carnival," in which Edwin Ford, assisted by William F. Rogers and company, presented several new dances and glided and pirouetted their way through a short but sweet period of graceful dancing.

The balance of the bill contained Kellar Mack and Frank Orth, the popular song writers; Conrad and Whidden, ragtime experts; James F. Dolan and Ida Lenharr in an amusing sketch entitled "Some Mind Reader," Borani and Nevarre, novelty European acrobats; Belle Story, dainty singer of sweet songs, and Kitty Traney and her ponies, dogs and cats.

EDDIE FOY AT THE BOSTON

[illegible]ston playgoers who believe that the walls do not a prison make and have a taste for the penalogical drama [illegible] understood by Mr. Eddie Foy and [illegible] whirlwind support that see him through four acts of unending trouble, gave a rousing reception to the veteran [illegible] at the Boston Theatre last night on the occasion of the opening of the second season of Hobart and Du Souchet's "Over the River."

Mr. Foy's "morning after" sensations, [illegible] lock step, lachrymose antipathy to [illegible] soup and his brave attempt to [illegible] ut a story of a month's stay in Mexico, still supply most of the comic element of what is described as "musical farce," but might more fitly be termed "uninterrupted vaudeville." Its ingredients as before are pretty girls, sensational dancers, catchy choruses, [illegible] wardens and then more pretty [illegible]. Girls in cabaret costume, which appears to be evening dress carried to the extreme limit, quakeresses too demure to be true, diminutive pigtailed [illegible] maids romp in frills and sashes, [illegible] Spanish senoritas and bundles of [illegible] tied up in sackng from head to [illegible]. The eruption into the audience [illegible] began with Sumuran and is becoming an indispensable part of all musical plays that verge on vaudeville, took place at the end of the second act and was a mad scramble round the parterre and back on to the stage of the entire company, with Mr. Foy at their head.

Considerable changes have been made in the caste with which "Over the River" captured Boston last year. Miss Marie Fanchonetti, fresh from her New York success in "The Three Twins," takes Lilian Lorraine's old part of [illegible] the "cabaret companion" of [illegible] Madison Parke, and was dainty and bewitching in the two great song [illegible], "When There's No Light at All" and the catchy telephone song in the [illegible]. Maud Lambert's role of "Myra [illegible]" was taken by Miss Eleanor [illegible], whose "Butterfly Song" was the most ambitious, musically, of the score. Sensational is the only word to apply to the Whirlwind, Texas Tommy and [illegible] dances, executed by James Davis and Miss Pearl Mathews.

ST. JAMES THEATRE — "David Harum," a comedy in three acts, by Edward Noyes Westcott. Dramatized from the book of that name. The cast:

David Harum	Theodore Friebus
[illegible] Lenox	Henry Grady
[illegible] Wolsey	Wm. J. Florence
[illegible] Timson	Dudley Hawley
[illegible]	Charles Abbe
[illegible]	Hubert Pierce
[illegible] Swinney	Russell Clarke
[illegible]	Charles S. Dion
[illegible] Robinson	J. Monte Crane
[illegible] Hopkins	Sydney Dudley
[illegible]	Neil J. Sully
[illegible] Perkins	Miss Ethel Grey Terry
[illegible]	Miss Kate Ryan
[illegible] Bixbee	Miss Beth Franklyn

Dec 18 1912

STRAUSS MUSIC BY LONGY CLUB

One of Composer's Earliest Works Gets Its First Boston Performance.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Longy Club gave the first concert of its season last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Mozart, Quintet in E flat major (K. 452), for oboe, clarinet, horn, bassoon and piano; Reinecke, "Undine," op. 167, sonata for flute and piano; R. Strauss, Suite in B flat major, for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, four horns, two bassoons and double bassoon.

The Suite of Strauss was performed here for the first time. It was composed when Strauss was about 20 years old and known as a reverer of the [illegible]. He had already composed a [illegible] for wind instruments—the Serenade in E flat and in one movement, which was published in 1881. It was produced at Dresden, Nov. 27, 1882. Buelow brought it out in Meiningen in 1884 and played it on a concert tour, describing Strauss as a "young [illegible] composer, classical school" and [illegible] that the music displayed the [illegible] virtuosity of the wind instruments players of his orchestra.

Buelow was so pleased with the Serenade that he asked Strauss to write another work for 13 players, and mapped out a plan for him, but Strauss had already sketched the first movement and could follow Buelow's suggestions only in the Gavote and Finale with Fugue. The work was completed in Munich. Strauss's father, Franz, a celebrated horn player, begged Buelow, who was coming to Munich with the Meiningen orchestra, to rehearse the new work. Buelow agreed to the plan, but insisted that Strauss should conduct. There was no rehearsal. The first performance, then, of this suite was by players of the Meiningen orchestra in the Odeon, Munich, Nov. 18, 1884, and Strauss for the first time held a baton. The father went into the artist's room to thank Buelow, who was smoking cigarettes, nervous, and in a fiendish temper. As the son relates: "He fell like a raging lion on my father and screamed out: 'I have not forgotten all that you have done against me here in this cursed Munich. What I did today, I did because your son has talent, not for you.'"

The suite was not published until the fall of 1911. In some way Mr. Barrere, flute player in New York, obtained a manuscript copy and produced the suite at a concert of the Barrere Ensemble in that city on Feb. 6, 1911.

There are these movements: Prelude, Romanze, Gavotte, Introduction and Fugue. The instruments are used with fine appreciation of their respective capabilities and limitations, and there are effective combinations and contrasts of timbres. The stately Prelude has not so much individuality as the Romanze, which is thematically beautiful and rich in color. The Gavotte is interesting, especially in the section beginning with the drone-bass. The Introduction is impressively sombre, but the Fugue is disappointing. The exposition, as heard last night, seemed clumsy, and it was surely not euphonious, nor was the counterpoint at the beginning much better than ordinary student's work. There was greater mastery shown in the final pages.

Reinecke's Sonata has been played at these concerts. Although the program announced only three movements, the four were heard. At the first performance at Mannheim, Oct. 19, 1882, Emil Paur was the pianist, and Wernicke the flutist. The performance last night was admirable. Mr. Maquarre's art was displayed in sustained song as well as in florid passages, and Mr. De Voto ably seconded him.

And to some the skill of the Longy Club was revealed in its fulness in Mozart's quintet, of which the composer wrote to his father that it was the best thing he had written.

All in all, a concert of rare merit. The club was assisted by Messrs. Gebhardt and Phair, horns, and Fuhrmann, double bassoon. There was a most appreciative audience of good size. The second concert will be on Thursday evening, Jan. 23.

MILLER GIVES FINAL RECITAL

Seldon Miller gave the third and last of his recitals yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. His program was as follows: Piano pieces—Brahms, Intermezzo, B flat minor, Capriccio, B minor; Intermezzo, E flat; Rhapsody, B minor; Debussy, "Clair de Lune"; First Arabesque; "Reflets dans l'eau"; "Golliwog's Cakewalk." Songs: Brahms, "Die Mainacht," "Am Sonntag Morgen," "Feldeinsamkeit," "Vergebliches Staendchen"; Debussy, "Le Balcon," "Chevaux de Bois," "Le Jet d'eau," "Mandoline."

Of the songs by Debussy, the two with words by Baudelaire "Le Balcon" and "Le Jet d'eau" are not familiar here. They are among the early works of Debussy, but they, with "Chevaux de Bois" taken from the "Ariettes oubliees" revealed the Debussy that was to be, and not merely a follower of Massenet. "Mandoline" of course is known to all concertgoers, in fact it has been overworked.

Although well adapted to the drawing room, Mr. Miller's art is not yet of such a nature as to make a strong appeal to a miscellaneous audience.

So poor Massenet's "Herodiade" has been "expurgated" in Chicago, and we may now look forward to a purification of "Martha" and "The Bohemian Girl." A dispatch from Chicago refers to Miss Garden's "recent experience as Tosca in Boston, where her realism nearly cost the theatre its license." This is injustice done to Miss Garden, who in the memorable performance behaved herself like a woman of high tone and correct principles. It was the "realism" of Mr. Vanni Marcoux to which many, not prudish but liberally minded, objected. By the way, Miss Garden said last week that she should call on Mayor Fitzgerald and give him a delightful half hour. But what is only a half hour with Miss Garden? Did they meet? Did they compare their productions of tone? What a scene for our old and esteemed friend the Historical Painter!

[illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible] for [illegible] word [illegible] that [illegible] perplexed a [illegible] comfortable question [illegible] children go to the [illegible] in shoals herd [illegible].

One of our objections to the substitution is that the word "plaything" was in use when Shakespeare wrote. "Julius Caesar" was probably brought out between 1605 and 1606. The tragedy was first printed in 1623. The word "plaything" did not appear in English literature until 1675, many years after the death of the "Divine Williams," as the French name him in their enthusiasm.

An Unabashed Amateur.

As the World Wags:

We have spoken of women: Now let us discourse of wine and song. And first of song, which, to tell the truth, does not interest me as much as the other two. But let us get it out of the way, as the little boy first ate all the beans in his succotash, more fully to enjoy the sweet corn.

I attended a "singfest" the other day at which a sweet singer performed. His voice was what novelists call "mellow." I won't say it was over-ripe, still less, rotten, but I will maintain that it was mellow. Seated in a further room, with back towards him, a gin-fizz at the side, and a seven-cent cigar erst wrapped in silver to conceal its frailties, I found his singing well enough.

Most men like their own singing, just as their bodily aroma is not displeasing. Our most famous wit in Boston oft insisted that he, like Mahomet, carried about with him a subtle, yet natural, odor of violets, and you may remember that Alexander the Great, if Plutarch is to be believed, and Herbert of Cherbury were thus delectable to the nostrils of those that stood by. When I make a joyful noise before the Lord, I sometimes emit tones that seem to me to equal those of Caruso; yet no one else has called my attention to them. I would fain that my voice should have the calling power of that flute in Lima, which you, yourself, sir, have told us of—the flute that caused women to run longingly to the player. Alas! Women with their scrannel pipes seem jealous of my vox humana. Mine is a voice for battle. I don't say that, Tyrtaeus-like, I could call my companions on to victory, but I feel that I might drive the enemy away.

Of Rare Vintages.

Enough of song! Let us speak of wine, which, after all, is a subject not unrelated. For drunkards are voiceless poets. They dimly feel the world is out of joint; but, where a poet would bellow "Ai, Ai!" and be the better for it, our poor tosspot can think of nothing else than to wolf down Scotch highballs and feel the worse for it. Where Swinburne and Verlaine erred was in combining the two functions.

Wine is a subject all men love. When the conversation hovers perilously near religion and politics, speak of wine and every eye will glisten. And so, prithee, tell us of rare wines: of that rich Tokay—not the Californian variety—the Tokay poured out that only kings may drink. Of that special Johannisberger on a certain favored slope owned by Prince Metternich, which may sometimes be had at a hundred thalers the bottle. Of Lacrimae Christi, O beautiful name! Of Liebfraumilch, O name still more beautiful!

Necessity, Not Choice.

Moi, I could tell you only of humble though sometimes potent wines: of Petit bleu—a strange blend of California wine, of logwood, and of potato alcohol; of Valdepenas, which made Velasquez's cold kings in the Prado seem to do a dignified double shuffle in "light and air" more vibrant than usual; and of just one rare wine, a certain Madeira kept in bottle so long that it was only a pale memory of fire and sunlight.

But do you, sir, speak of rare Cape wines brought from over seas; of that one year when Piper Heidsieck was best; or, if you think that prosaic, tell of Provencal wine cooled a long time in the deep delv-ed earth. Do you get the accent on delv-ed?

I was drinking my matutinal malted milk (for my stomach will not endure Chablis and a Brioche which is the ideal breakfast); drinking it at the corner "druggist's." One of the clerks called the attention of another to a sign on the wall. "If you find your taste for liquor interferes with your business, give up—your business." "Say," spoke the other, "he'd orter read the Roo-buy-yatt of Omar Khayyam."

DENYS L'AUXERROIS.

Boston, Dec. 16, 1912.

This appeal moves us, but it recalls a speech of Mr. Fred Leslie in "Prince Pro Tem": "I wish I had as many dollars as bottles of wine I've opened!" (Long reasoning of the memory.) "I'd have just two dollars."

Dec 1912

'LOUISE' SUNG IN BRILLIANT FORM

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—[illegible] performance by the Boston Opera Company of "Louise," a musical romance in four acts, libretto and music by Gustave Charpentier. Mr. Caplet conducted.

Louise	[illegible]
La Mere	[illegible]
Irma	[illegible]
Camille	Miss [illegible]
Gertrude	Miss [illegible]
L'Apprentie	Miss [illegible]
[illegible]	Miss [illegible]
Blanche	Miss [illegible]
Julien	[illegible]
Le Pere	Mr. [illegible]

Other parts were taken by Mmes. [illegible], Petrova, Wilson, Gal[illegible] and [illegible], Messrs. [illegible], Lankow, Everett, Sil[illegible], [illegible], Chasseriaux, Giaccone, Cilla, Sal[illegible], chanoff, Bourquin, Saldaigne, [illegible].

Charpentier calls his opera a [illegible] romance. It might better be [illegible] as "Scenes in Parisian Life." The [illegible] is a simple one. A young woman [illegible] contented, with a nagging mother [illegible] an honest, doting father, leaves [illegible] home and all for the sake of [illegible] young man. She is happy for [illegible] and then is remorseful, thinking of [illegible] abandoned and distressed parents [illegible] deserts her lover, returns home [illegible] cannot endure the harassing domestic [illegible]. The lure of Paris is irresistible. [illegible] back to her Julien. The father curses Paris seen from Montmartre.

This story in itself is not peculiar to Paris. It is often told in [illegible], Lisbon, New York, Terre Haute. Charpentier however, wishes to generalize the types: the father typifies prejudice [illegible], mother stands for routine, Julien [illegible] for liberty and happiness in [illegible] Paris is the personification of Pleasure. The street cries of hucksters, as "[illegible] le plaisir, Mesdames!" are also [illegible] ical. Pleasure walks about in the [illegible] ion of a night wanderer. [illegible] everywhere.

Sounding brass and tinkling [illegible]. The four chief [illegible] have [illegible] on the stage for [illegible]. [illegible] act and speak naturally in the [illegible] they will serve. Julien [illegible] stage lover. [illegible] away with any [illegible] Claude or what [illegible] the "call of Paris" [illegible] before the [illegible] bedecked itself with lights to dazzle weak understanding.

Charpentier [illegible] a victim of prejudice. The father [illegible] hearted, is unreasonable. [illegible] wishes his daughter to [illegible] can support her, not a [illegible] the gift of gab [illegible].

The leading characters [illegible] the theories of Charpentier [illegible] social theories, but his [illegible] concerning life and manners [illegible] about income and capital, the [illegible] social and socialistic [illegible] indulge themselves freely in [illegible]. Thus there is a dissertation on [illegible] able, odious, infamous, hypocritical and fruitless experience. The little [illegible] maker shouts, "Paris, splendor of [illegible] desires, bears me on wings! [illegible] its dwelling, the asylum of dreams." As M. Gauthier-Villars remarked: "In my time dressmakers expressed themselves with less [illegible]." Even honest [illegible] er, the typical working [illegible] mourns to [illegible] of [illegible] under the heavy yoke of fatality.

In the glorification of free love there are lines of un[illegible] ominous [illegible], which surely must have appalled the mother who for years had looked on the Opera-Comique as an ideal meeting [illegible] for the bourgeoisie. Charpentier's [illegible] fervid rhetoric is not always translatable into plain, decent English.

Those who were enthusiastic over the "realism" of this opera forgot that the fantastical entrance of the person of the absurd Night Wanderer revealing himself as Pleasure to [illegible] ing men and women. Nor have [illegible] anything to do with realism.

It has been said that this opera can be fully appreciated only by those who know the life on the Butte. The [illegible] is [illegible] simplicity can be appreciated or valued justly by those who have never seen Paris. There remains the question whether Charpentier's employment of street-cries for typical themes has much significance to those who do not recognize them. Street cries of Paris were employed by composers long before Charpentier worked in a provincial factory and dreamed of a musical career. Clement Jannequin in the 16th century built a vocal composition upon them. A ballet, "Cris de Paris," was danced in the reign of Louis XIV. In [illegible] Georges Kastner published his humorous symphony, "Cris de Paris," an elaborate score of 171 pages.

These themes in "Louise" [illegible] many transformations [illegible] to other themes typical, but of the composer's invention. It may be reasonably [illegible] whether these cries are interesting and effective in the development of the drama, if they are musically beautiful, emotional, impressive, [illegible] [illegible] in [illegible] [illegible] make known [illegible] [illegible] Pleasure [illegible] [illegible] of pleasure [illegible]

... The ... ...ing about the ... of the ... "Louise" is ... ...elf whether he is interested ... ...rse of the story, whether ... ...raying, explaining the ... ...es emotional emphasis to ... ...ech and move ... him.

Boston became acquainted with "Louise" when Mr. Hammerstein produced ... at the Boston Theatre on April 6, 1909. The performance was an excellent one, and the chief parts were taken by Mmes. Garden, Doria and Zeppilli and Messrs. Dalmores and Gilbert. There was a fine orchestra conducted by the admirable Cleofante Campanini. It is true that we did not then have the whole of "Louise" in its appalling length. Cuts were widely made, and though some were made last night, the knife might still be used to advantage. The opera is still too long and much of the first scene of the second act might well be omitted.

When this opera was first performed here, a composer of rare talent, who knows Paris as a dwelling-place, characterized Charpentier's music as smelling of onion soup. The characterization is only partly true. There are pages of this music that remind one of pot au feu. There are many pages that are ineffectively boisterous, or frankly vulgar.

It may be said that the music heard in Montmartre is inherently vulgar and that as "Louise" is realistic, vulgarity is essential in certain scenes; but it may also be said that continued photographic and phonographic realism on the stage soon ceases to be endurable.

The most engrossing musical feature is the orchestral treatment of the various themes. The vocal part, sustained melody or elaborate recitative, is less interesting. The cradle song of the Father in the last act has a fine melodic contour and is genuinely expressive. The air of "Louise," popular in concert halls, has a certain charm though it is less characteristic of the composer and shows the influence of Massenet.

The most emotional pages are those of the first and last acts, and those of the last are the more convincing. The music that accompanies the scenes of street life, the bustle at the dressmaker's, the crowning of the Muse is appropriate music for a spectacle often ingenious and amusing, theatrical rather than dramatic. The hearer admires the skill of the composer; he is pleased by the elaborate treatment of a street cry; he notes a fortunate blend of instrumental timbres; but he does not find himself swept along willingly or against his will, in a musical current. The music for the lovers is for the most part unaccountably tame.

Musically and dramatically the Father, next to the orchestra, is the most striking of the chief figures. And to a subordinate character, the Chiffonier, music of truly pathetic character is given; music that is spontaneous, irresistible in its quiet eloquence.

"Louise" taxes the resources of any opera house. It is a pleasure to state that the production last night was a brilliant one in many respects. As the performance was not over until a late hour, it is not now possible to do full justice to all who took part.

The scenery was most creditable to the invention and taste of Mr. Urban. The setting of the first scene of Montmartre was especially effective. The stage management was also admirable, except in the matter of lighting. In the third act the management of lights was not in accordance with the spirit of the scene or according to the composer's symbolic intention. The city of Paris seen from the garden should be a lure of light in the darkness.

The characters, leading and minor, were for the most part uncommonly well taken and seldom in any operatic performance is there such a high and sustained level of acting. Much was naturally expected of Mme. Edvina, whose Louise has been applauded in Paris and London, and of Messrs. Clement and Marcoux. Much also depends on the men and women who take parts, minor in themselves, but vitally essential to the general effect. Take for instance the scene in the dressmaker's atelier.

With what vivacity and with what variety of expression this scene was played, and how well it was sung, from the romantic girl with her set song to the ... apprentice of Miss Gauthier! So, too, the scene in the street at the foot of Montmartre was capitally done. Mr. Lankow raised the part of the Chiffonier to one of importance, and his appearance in the garden as he passed in the background was one of the most dramatic moments of the evening, dramatic through the significance of the song to the mother seeking her Louise and begging her to return. The Bohemians each had individuality, nor should the Gavroche of Miss von Aken be overlooked, nor Miss Leveroni's Balayeuse not regretting her wild youth.

Mme. Edvina played the part of Louise so that it will be difficult in future to think of the opera without the association of her personal charm and her artistic individualism. If any adverse criticism were to be made, it might be said that she ran the risk of over-refining the part. Her conception of it, however, might be easily defended by attributing to Louise a naivete that led her easily to embrace the doctrine of free love. Mme. Edvina sang the music sympathetically, and ennobling the air "Depuis le jour," ...

... ... their ... with ... ... direction.

Mr. Clement looked as well as acted the part of Julien, who when all is said is nothing but a selfish coxcomb. He sang with his customary finesse and rare intelligence, nor was he lacking in emotional outbursts.

Mme. Gay gave a strongly marked performance of the mother, a performance true to life in its intolerable nagging. In the third act she was impressive by the quiet intensity of her supplication.

Mr. Marcoux's impersonation of the Father was artfully composed. There was the Parisian workingman of the better class to the very life, with his pride in his work, his idolatry of his daughter, his stubborn prejudice against all who did not work with their hands. And throughout the opera in the homely scenes, in the tender episodes, and in his rage and despair, he showed himself the accomplished actor whose speech was song.

The chorus was effective, both male and female. The orchestra, which had evidently been drilled with the utmost care, played in a manner to reflect credit upon Mr. Caplet, whose task was an arduous one.

A large audience was deeply interested. It was also highly pleased. There were many curtain calls after each scene.

He ate the whites of eggs only; believing the yolks to be full of uric acid, he gave them to his wife.

Domestic Incidents.

In a volume of memoirs recently published, there is a pleasing anecdote told by Marianne Stanhope about Uncle George, the Uncle George of Sir William Harcourt. He came very late to a Lichfield ball. "He said he had been waiting for his tailor while he was sewing the buttons on his etceteras. Each of these buttons contained the picture of a French beauty, and he had the tailor in his room while his hair was being dressed in order to tell him which to place nearest his heart."

A London journalist, reading that the city of Wheeling, West Virginia, had been considering the question of kissing in public solely from the 20th century hygienic aspect, recalled a Venetian report of London ladies of 1512: "When they walk in the street, if they meet a friend, they take his hand and kiss him full on the mouth, and go into some tavern and eat with him. And their people do not take it ill. And they are most beautiful ladies, and most pleasant."

The melodramatic wife of a French dramatist threatened to leave him a fortnight ago. After her grand tirade, he asked: "Is it serious this time?" "It is," she shrieked, "and I defy you to prevent me!" "Well," answered the husband, "the only measure I shall take is that of sending a detailed description of your personal appearance to the police. It will run like this: Nose, pug; mouth, enormous; hair, false; eyes, small, pig variety; distinguishing mark, she takes sevens in shoes." She is still at home.

A Question or Two.

As the World Wags:

Your discussion of nuncheons and luncheons and other expressions brought to me Missouri reminiscences. I use in my everyday vocabulary expressions which I accepted as a matter of course in my childhood; but the origin of which is unknown to me. Here in New England I am frequently embarrassed by having some inquisitive Yankee say: "Now where did that originate?"

Can you or Mr. Herkimer Johnson help me hunt down to their Latin or perchance African origin the following expressions: "Snack," meaning a lunch of some kind; "Infare" or "infare dinner" given by the groom's family to the bride and bridegroom just home from the honeymoon. Most mysterious of all is the phrase: "Since Heck was a pup," denoting long passage of time. For instance, if I should return to a certain small town in Missouri, some old resident would surely tell me that he had not seen me "since Heck was a pup."

Do you know the last verse of "Old Dan Tucker"? You quoted part of his immortal history some time past, but not the last verse as sung to me in my Missouri childhood by a beloved caretaker and friend, "Nigger Jim," so-called not in scorn, but to distinguish him from the white Jims of the family. Many were the songs he sang to us children accompanying himself on the French harp. The following is Jim's version of Dan Tucker's end:

Ole Dan Tucker was a fine ole man,
He washed his face in a fryin' pan,
Combed his head with a wagon wheel
An' died of a toothache in his heel.
Get out a the way for Ole Dan Tucker, etc.

EBENEZER L. C.

Bridgewater, Dec. 14.

The Bride's Homecoming.

We do not know the origin of the phrase "Since Heck was a pup," nor ... ... to ... it ought ... ...pied diligently.

"Snack" and "infare" are good, orthodox, dictionary words. "Snack," meaning a mere bite or morsel of food, as contrasted with a regular meal; a light or incidental repast, goes back in English literature to 1757. Keats used it figuratively in a letter. "Having taken a snack or luncheon of literary scraps." "Snack-house" is a restaurant. The noun "snack," which, first of all meant a snap, a bite, especially that of a dog, may have come from the Middle Dutch or Flemish "snacken," to snap (of a dog), but the Oxford Dictionary regards the word as of doubtful origin.

"Infare" is by no means peculiar to Missouri. In this country it is heard in Louisiana, and adjacent states, also in New Jersey. It is heard in Scotland, in north of England dialects, and in Ireland. The old English "infaer" meant going, journey, expedition. The word is also written "infair" and "infore." It has these meanings: a feast or entertainment given on entering a new house, especially at the reception of a bride in her new home; the homecoming of a bride; the reception after a wedding. The word occurs in English literature as early as 1375 and is still in use. The infare-cake was made of shortbread and broken over the bride's head as she crossed the threshold of her new home. This performance is supposed to have its origin "in the rite of Confarreation whereby the Romans constituted matrimony."

The Edinburgh Magazine in 1818 published an article in which it is stated that the infare is the day after the wedding. "The company is less numerous and the dinner is commonly the scraps that were left at the wedding feast. On this occasion every one of both sexes who has a change of dress appears in a garb different from that worn on the preceding day." This must have been true only of a certain locality. In Ireland the bridal party "at what is called the infair or bringing home" was greeted at every village with shots from muskets and pistols.

The Last Verse.

No, we do not know the last verse of "Ole Dan Tucker" and we would not swear to any first verse, for there are many versions of this highly respectable song. Some months ago The Herald published variants. The last verse as given in a little pamphlet, "Songs of the Virginia Minstrels: A Correct Edition of the Celebrated Songs of the Virginia Minstrels, Originally Composed and Sung by Them at Their Concerts" (Boston, 1843) runs as follows:

Tucker was a hardened sinner,
He nebber said his grace at dinner;
De ole sow squeel, de pigs did squall,
He a hole hog, tall and all.
Git out de way (repeat),
Git out de way, Ole Dan Tucker,
You is too late to come to supper.

But undoubtedly "last verses" were often improvised and in number according to the applause.

Dec 20 1912

CECILIAS OPEN 37TH SEASON

Verdi's "Te Deum" and Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova" Given

By PHILIP HALE.

The Cecilia Society, Arthur Mees, conductor, gave the first concert of its 37th season last night in Symphony Hall. The society was assisted by Mrs. Caroline Hudson Alexander, soprano; Earl Cartwright, baritone; John P. Marshall, organist; a choir of 30 boys from the Mission Church, Roxbury, and an orchestra of players from the Boston Symphony orchestra, with Jacques Hoffmann, concert master. Benj Guckenberger was the pianist.

The works chosen for performance were Verdi's "Te Deum," one of the four remarkable sacred compositions written after he was 80 years old, and Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova," a cantata based on Dante's text. The Cecilia produced the two and there were repetitions before last night.

These compositions are a glory to Italy. For if Wolf-Ferrari's father bore a German name, the son born at Venice is more Italian than German in his music. Even a course of study with Rheinberger did not Germanize him. His operas are distinctly Italian, some of them as Mozart's are Italian; but the latest one is more after the manner of the "Verismo" school.

Wolf-Ferrari, it is true, knows his Bach, but while there is proof in "La Vita Nuova" that he has studied Bach's technic, there is no slavish and impotent imitation. The music is as Italian as the work of Dante itself. There is the same spirit of mysticism in the purest love. Nor is this old century musical speech an affectation. It appears to be the composer's natural expression.

It would be hard to say which are the finer pages of the work. The Prologue, which has the Bachian seemingly never ending melodic lines artfully interwoven effective and sonorous as it is falls in original invention, and in the imagination below the succeeding parts. There is the Ballata with its old world grace, that no German could possibly have thought in that peculiar way. There is the fascinating Dance of Angels which is developed afterwards with uncommon fancy and skill. There is the superb chorus "Lo! now an angel calleth," with the ineffable beauty of the final line. And why speak of the orchestral movement for two English horns, the chorus of women for Sonnetto II.; the noble baritone solo "So pure and fair" or the music that describes the death of Beatrice and the ascent of her soul."

This music stands by itself. There is nothing exactly like it or faintly resembling it. The mediaeval spirit is reflected, and yet is neither archaic nor is it incongruously modern, as are Swinburne's poems in imitation of Dante's contemporaries and immediate successors; yet Wolf-Ferrari is modern in his use of certain ancient formulas, in his choice of orchestral timbres to obtain a mediaeval effect. The father was a painter in Italy, the mother an Italian; and in this cantata the composer favors the mother. When "La Vita Nuova" is compared with the English works in this field or the modern German choral works, or those of such Italians as Bossi, we at once feel the difference between the highly imaginative and the pedestrian and academic.

And Verdi's "Te Deum" is Italian in Verdi's greater manner. The day has gone by for bringing the reproach of "operatic music" against his "Requiem." Still less could the charge be brought against this stately Te Deum in which the music is the true translation of the text, but a translation glorified by the beauty and loftiness of the diction, not one merely literal and correct.

The Cecilia chorus is now a well balanced and euphonious body of singers. The sopranos are again worthy of the old reputation enjoyed by this society, and the male chorus is of better quality and more vigorous than in the immediate past. Mr. Mees has drilled them scrupulously. As the conductor of such works, he is too much of a drill master. There was expressive singing; the orchestra was faithful in its task, but there is more in these two compositions than accurate singing and careful attention to the printed indications.

Mrs. Hudson Alexander had little to do, and did it well. Mr. Cartwright was especially fortunate in his interpretation of the Sonnetto "So pure and fair." In the following Sonnetto "Weary, so weary of infinite sighing," he was a little too lachrymose, and there is a question whether the "parlando" at the end of the Sonnetto is as effective as a delivery more vocal and less choked with emotion. On the whole he acquitted himself with understanding and taste.

There was an audience of only fair size. The works themselves and the performance deserved a larger one.

The Herald published with joy and goodly gree—to use one of Sir Richard Burton's formulas in his "Thousand Nights and a Night"—the story of Pacific Slim's wedding as told by Mr. Halliday Witherspoon. Now comes this letter:

A Mexican Fire Water.

As the World Wags:

I suspect that the distinguished sociologist Herkimer Johnson will immediately pick out the one flaw in the matrimonial record of Mr. Slim which might by a strict purist be taken as indicative of a lack of verisimilitude—to wit, the frequent use of that blessed word "aquadiente." Why this nice derangement of epitaphs? My recollection is that the Spanish, even of the Greaser variety, call this seductive distillate "aguardiente" and do not mean hot water, either, despite the seeming implication.

P. S. M.

Lowell, Dec. 17, 1912.

The copy sent to us by Mr. Herkimer Johnson or by Mr. Halliday Witherspoon is sent up to the composing room inviolate. We should not dream of pruning or revising it. Did Mr. Witherspoon write "aguardiente" or "aquadiente"? That is for him to answer. An essay on the Spanish strong waters after the manner of Chancellor Walworth's famous judicial opinion on beer would be welcomed by thousands and tens of thousands.

Mr. Richard Ford thought poorly of the beverage. Witness his delightful "Gatherings from Spain." He is speaking of the ventorillo, often a roadside hut at which water, bad wine and brandy "'aguardiente' tooth water are to be sold. The latter is always detestable, raw and disflavored with aniseed, and turns white in water like eau de cologne, not that the natives ever expose it to such a trial."

Our correspondent "Denys L'Auxerrois" spoke of Valdepenas as a "humble" wine. The genuine wine made of a transplanted Burgundy grape is described by Ford as "rich, full bodied and high-colored." It should be drunk on the spot. "The wine when taken to distant places is almost always adult r-

[illegible] at Madr[illegible] with [illegible] it lo[illegible] which n[illegible] [illegible] us, acting upon the nerv[illegible] ar system." It wa[illegible] that the Sieur L'Auxerrois [illegible] Vallé [illegible] and saw th[illegible] kings of [illegible] behave in a singularly [illegible] manner on the canvas.

As She Is Spoke.

As the World Wags:

As to words: "Can you tell me, [illegible] Mr. [illegible], why Americans are prone to prefer bad French to good English? In a recent number of our foolish paper [illegible] book reviewer perpetrates this [illegible] l' outrance." Isn't that the [illegible]? Or perhaps he was referring to the L[illegible].

And, O blot upon the face of Truth! We read, front page, "double entendre." This phrase, in perfectly good standing in the Back Bay, is, I understand, like [illegible] black swan east of our Modern Athens.

[illegible] not "Psammead" be a misprint [illegible] Mead—lacking "his mark"?

[illegible], Dec. 18. IDIOTISMUS.

"A l' outrance," we regret to say, is [illegible] found in a volume of Mr. Emerson's complete works. Life's book reviewer is not the only one that has [illegible] this blunder.

"Double entendre," as we are all taught in school, should be "a double [illegible]" yet the former phrase with the [illegible] meaning was not unknown in [illegible] that is now obsolete. Littre gives an example of this use in the 17th century. Dryden more than once spoke of "double entendre" in his plays.

And now as to "Psammead." "Wayback Bayer" a few days ago inquired into the meaning and origin of the word. We have received an answer.

Psam Mead.

As the World Wags:

The "Psammead," as I remember [illegible] the magic maker in one of the [illegible] young folks by E. Nesbit (Hubert Bland), the author of "The [illegible] Fools," "Nine Unlikely Tales," [illegible] delightfully unveracious books. [illegible] in Mrs. Bland's story was [illegible] transport the children into past ages [illegible] strange places. I can't remember [illegible] whether it occurs in "Five Children and It" or "The Phoenix and the Carpet." [illegible] when you find him you need to be careful, for he can do extraordinary [illegible] when he chooses.

ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN.

Boston, Dec. 18, 1912.

For Mr. Faversham.

The Herald spoke recently of the substitution of the word "plaything" for the [illegible] technical term in Portia's speech to [illegible].

As the World Wags:

It had seemed to me that Miss Opp's [illegible] the word—"plaything"—was particularly happy; because it introduced a [illegible] playful word into the vocabulary [illegible] excessively serious minded folk; but [illegible] you prove it to be anachronistic, you make it at once Shakespearean, for are not Shakespeare's [illegible] abounding in anachronisms? [illegible] you not suggest to Mr. Faversham that "interred" rhymes with berried, not [illegible] buried? It seems captious [illegible] even [illegible] a fault' to a man so nearly perfect in his orthoepy! I remember that the late Henry Austin Clapp—careful as he was in diction and notably in that pertaining to Shakespeare—fell into the same error in his pronunciation of the word "erring."

And will you not thank and congratulate Mr. Faversham for his careful and successful drilling of the Roman populace. Its acclamation—applause, cheers, murmurs of discontent and disapproval, [illegible] general by-play—was admirable [illegible] out; but especially so in the scene where Antony delivers his memorable address over the body of Caesar [illegible] showed the master's hand, and was [illegible] refreshing surprise to theatre goers [illegible] the present day. S. M., Jr.

December 18, 1912.

Dec 21 1912

OLD SYMPHONIES PLEASE HEARERS

By PHILIP HALE.

[illegible] is still unable to lead [illegible] and Mr. Urack again con[illegible] in his place. There was a smaller [illegible] than is customary except in [illegible] season. The program of [illegible] public rehearsal of the Boston [illegible] orchestra, which took place [illegible] Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, [illegible] follows:

[illegible] in G minor (K. 550)... Mozart
[illegible] for 'cello, op. 59........... Klughardt
[illegible] in D minor, No. 4 ..... Schumann

[illegible] in [illegible] art [illegible] itates some per[illegible] especially when they have been [illegible] childhood to admire a poem, [illegible] musical composition because [illegible] been pronounced flawless by the [illegible] and the living to whom authority [illegible]. The revolt is natural, [illegible] who, bored by hearing [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] declared [illegible]. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

The symphony [illegible] will be [illegible] years old next year. [illegible] ago [illegible] declared a wonder in the world or [illegible] there have been rebellious souls [illegible] by the demon of perversity [illegible] Not so many years ago a New York writer of reputation boldly declared that this symphony had the only historical interest.

This symphony may be played in a manner to persuade the lover of Mozart to this opinion.

The Andante is often dragged and sentimentalized. The Minuet is not sharply rhythmed. The Finale is a scramble. It is so easy for even skilful players to be slovenly when the music is by Mozart.

Yesterday, as played by the orchestra under Mr. Urack's direction, the symphony was a thing of wondrous beauty. It had freshness, perfection in structure and outlines; vitalization of form through the character of the poetic thought, now tender, now melancholy; graceful even in the stately minuet; never cloying in sweetness; firmly proportioned without rigidity. And again there was the conviction that in this symphony spontaneous and exquisite poetry expressed with consummate art smiles at the passing of the years.

And what has not been said against Schumann's symphonies? How often we have been told that the themes are too slender or formed of little phrases; that melodic and rhythmic repetitions lead to monotony; that the heavy, gray instrumentation is at war against the expressiveness of the melodic lines and prevents contrasts and nuances in the interpretation! Has not Mr. Weingartner said that Schumann's symphonies are composed for the piano, "and arranged, unfortunately, and not well at that, for the orchestra?" Has not M. Vincent d'Indy declared that Schumann found himself out of his element whenever he attempted to rear a musical monument, that he was then guided only by sentiment and, with ideas often of high value, could only improvise works of mediocre importance? These are hard sayings from men, who gladly acknowledge the genius of Schumann, the composer of piano pieces and songs, and they are all true. Yet who can escape the romantic charm of the Romanze, the spell cast by the trio of the Scherzo? Nor are the other movements free from haunting or compelling pages.

Mr. Warnke introduced the 'cello concerto by Klughardt, a busy conductor in theatres and opera houses, a fertile composer in every field from opera to chamber music. There is a long list of his works—and who remembers 10 measures written by him? This concerto is a composition that has obvious claims for the popularity that ends with one hearing. It is frankly tuneful; it is varied in sentiment; there is a slow melody of the sort that might be included among "Gems for the Heart and the Home." There is not too much of exasperating floridity. The concerto has this crowning merit: it is short. Mr. Warnke gave a fine performance. His tone was rich and warm, his technic sure and facile, his taste unimpeachable. Seldom has any violoncellist in Symphony Hall been so heartily applauded.

Mr. Urack conducted with authority and also as a sensitive interpreter of romantic music; for Mozart's Symphony, in spite of the formulas of his period, is charged with romanticism. The city is fortunate in having an assistant conductor of this marked talent.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Bach, Toccata with Fugue, D minor (Mr. Marshall, organist); Sinding, violin concerto in A major (Mr. Noack, violinist); Saint-Saens, Symphony in C minor for orchestra and organ.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE, "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," by Offenbach. Mr. Caplet conducted. The cast was as follows:

Olympia	Miss Scotney
Giulietta	Miss Der Reyne
Antonia	Mme. Edvina
Stella	Miss Sharlow
Niklausse	Miss Leveroni
Une Voix	Miss De Courcy
Hoffmann	Mr. Clement
Le Conseiller Lindorf, Coppelius, Dappertutto, Le Docteur Miracle	Mr. Marcoux
Andres, Cochenille, Pitichinaccio, Frantz	Mr. Cilla
Spalanzani	Mr. Giaccone
Nathanael	Mr. Diaz
Crespel	Mr. Pancharet
Luther	Mr. Sillich
Hermann	Mr. Chassériaux
Schlemil	Mr. Everett

MR. SURETTE'S LECTURE

Thomas Whitney Surette gave the last of his three lectures on Brahms yesterday morning in the music room of Fenway Court. The lecturer spoke in his customarily learned manner of his subject while he analyzed in detail Brahms's Clarinet Quintet opus 115. He was assisted by Rudolph Toll, clarinetist and Rudolph Ringwall, Joseph [illegible], Samuel Rosen and Virginia Stickney, members of Joseph Adamowski's [illegible] class. There was an [illegible] audience of good size.

Orgies in the Back Bay.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] from [illegible] [illegible] black [illegible] not [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] street and [illegible] recent [illegible] horrid [illegible] such as are [illegible] vertisement of [illegible] of the Hesperus, scantily [illegible] arabesques [illegible] didly couched on piled-up cushions green, inhaling shamelessly through rosewater the smoke of the narghile stuffed with tobacco of Shiraz.

"Only the other day"—and Mr. Greenwood's voice trembled with indignation—"I read of a party in the Back Bay where the women were treated to dainty cigarettes. Think of the monstrosity of it. Dainty cigarettes!"

Does he refer to a brand? Is 'dainty' a trade mark, as the Pall Mall, Nestor, Dimitrino, Mah Mal, Melachrino, Pera? Or is Mr. Greenwood shocked at the use of the adjective 'dainty' in connection with cigarettes? The adjective is here appropriate. The word is a good one, approved by Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Dr Johnson, R. L. Stevenson. A T. D. is not dainty. A Mora breva is not dainty. Some cigarettes are dainty; others are rank. The ladies of the Back Bay are to be complimented on their choice. Let us hope that their thumbs and forefingers are not stained.

Clumsy Fingers.

Personally we do not care for cigarettes. When we were "enjoying the advantages of a collegiate education" the students rolled their cigarettes and went about with a tobacco pouch and a package of papers. The favorite tobacco in the first half of the 70's was Lone Jack.

Or seek no farther,
Better can't be found.

Other brands were Durham and Fruits and Flowers. There was a Creole from New Orleans who brought with him a huge roll of perique and a small hay-cutter. The only made cigarettes then in the New Haven market were the Honradez and they were so loose that it was necessary to reroll them. The first American-made cigarette in use there was the St. James and it reeked with perique. There are some men who are not handy. They cannot drive a nail, hang a picture, tie a knot. Some of us could not roll a cigarette and we took to the pipe. Then there was the popular report that if you inhaled cigarette smoke your lungs would soon be coated with nicotine and this deterred the timid. Now, as we are informed, there is a cigarette called the Sanitas.

Mistaken Patriotism.

Furthermore in those barbaric days the smoking of cigarettes was considered by many as a mark of effeminacy. The story goes that Laurence Oliphant was the first to smoke them in London and he for a time was looked on with suspicion. In 1842 an English traveler sourly remarked: "The habit of smoking cigarettes is quite la grande mode of late with certain French ladies." On the other hand to smoke a domestic cigar, especially one of Connecticut or Hatfield tobacco, was to play a part of a man, and a patriot; and, in truth it was a heroic action. Pride of the Sewer, Stinkadora, Fleur de chou—these were the more polite terms applied to the domestic by a lowling swell in the class whose father imported Cabanas—of the kind no longer to be found.

A Matter of Breath.

Now, Mr. Greenwood, we personally are not drawn toward a woman because she smokes cigarettes. The practice does not improve her breath, and when it is indulged in simply from bravado, or the desire to be thought free-minded, it is silly. But it is neither a crime nor a sin for a woman to smoke if she be thus "disposed," and she will not be dissuaded by any show of hysteria on the part of man, the notorious oppressor. If there should be legislation against her petty weakness, it would only make her the more obstinate, and she would smoke two boxes for every one before the passage of a bill. A woman who is passionately addicted to onions is seldom agreeable in sofa conversation, and there are learned leeches who insist that immoderate indulgence in the bulb is injurious to many. There are women who drench themselves with strong perfumes.

The Gilbert Statue.

They are disputing over the statue to be erected in memory of W. S. Gilbert in London. The memorial committee does not wish a full-length statue, for it feels that those clothed in modern dress are not successful. The committee wishes the sculptor to convey to the public some idea of "the genre of Gilbert's literary fancy." There are already letters of suggestion. One writer would like to see a seated figure with a writing pad on his knee, and a little fairy whispering quaint fancies in his ear. Why not represent Gilbert as his own Strephon, "a fairy down to the waist, but his legs are mortal"?

In a [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] looking glass, [illegible] [illegible] themselves [illegible] [illegible] seemed [illegible] the [illegible] might [illegible] answer [illegible] [illegible] seemed like the place [illegible] polite, he "felt go[illegible]" and that [illegible] Rabelaisian story would [illegible] original point. And there [illegible] Hoffmann's wild tale is to be believed who get rid of their looking-glass reflection.

Dec 22 1912

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Enrico Ashton	[illegible]
Lucia	[illegible]
Edgardo	[illegible]
Arturo	[illegible]
Raimondo	[illegible]
Alisa	[illegible]
Normanno	[illegible]

Again Lucia went mad in a [illegible] vocal manner and to the excitement of an audience that filled the Opera House. Mme. Luisa Tetrazzini sang here for the first time this season.

Her voice was delightfully fresh, much fresher than when she was last here, and she was well disposed in every way. Her performance was on the whole a brilliant one. There were moments when she was careless in matters of technic. She would sing with the greatest ease florid passages in an inimitable fashion, as only Tetrazzini can do them, and then she would end a run. She would swell and diminish a tone, she would give surprising echoes of a resounding phrase, and with perfect intonation; her staccato embellishments would be as clear as crystal, and yet she would now and then break the rhythm and disfigure the melodic line merely for the sake of holding an unimportant note.

Mme. Tetrazzini has art and [illegible] tricks. This trick of holding [illegible] and diminishing it while the [illegible] is a direct musical statement is [illegible] annoying. The sextet suffered [illegible] unwillingness to sing Lucia's part in a straightforward way. And it may here be said that this sextet has often been sung here better when the [illegible] was less famous. The continuity of the rhythm was not maintained; the [illegible] was not skilfully prepared, [illegible] Edgardo and Enrico [illegible] measures just before the entrance of Lucia. Mme. Tetrazzini's high [illegible] the end did not save the performance.

Mme. Tetrazzini respects the old traditions of the prima donna. She [illegible] tesies often when applause greets her first entrance. In the mad scene she came to her senses long enough to bow and curtsey after the [illegible] syncopated cadenza. When the enthusiasm of the audience died away, she was again the mad lady of the castle. The wonder is that she did not carry the traditional lace handkerchief of the afflicted heroine.

"Lucia" was composed for [illegible] great tenor and for years the [illegible] anticipated scene was [illegible] Edgardo's farewell to earth and his suicide. Yesterday, the tenor was Mr. [illegible], and interest died with Mme. Tetrazzini's exit. However, the suicide of Edgardo in this instance was heartily approved by the patient, amiable audience.

Mr. Rossi gave marked character to Enrico. Unlike some [illegible] of the last 20 years he did not constantly roar and bluster. His song with unusual comprehension of the text, that occasional [illegible] easily pardoned [illegible] bore, a formidably [illegible] opinion for the Harper in "Mignon." Mr. Mardones made much of the [illegible] in which he acquaints a [illegible] with the distressed [illegible] Lucia. There was another [illegible] We expect from the confidant of the heroine, whether the name of the faithful friend be Inez or Alisa, [illegible] and shrill tones in the expression of sympathy, surprise, horror. [illegible] of yesterday, Miss Heymann sang clearly and well with an agreeably full voice. Mr. Moranzoni conducted [illegible] ably, and his task in accompanying the capricious Mme. Tetrazzini was not an easy one.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "La Traviata." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Fall

Violetta Valery	Miss Scotney
Flora Bervoix	Miss De Courcy
Annina	Miss Heyman
Alfredo Germont	Mr. Blanchart
Giorgio Germont	Mr. [illegible]
Gastone	Mr. [illegible]
Baron Douphol	Mr. [illegible]
Marquis D'Obigny	Mr. [illegible]
Dr. Grenvil	Mr. [illegible]
Giuseppe	Mr. [illegible]

Nervous commuters who left the opera early last night to catch their trains have reason to regret unless the best part of the evening's entertainment. The performance, which had been more or less colorless in the earlier acts, ended with the best singing Miss Scotney and Mr. Ramella [illegible] during the evening. The last act was really worth a breathless dash for the last train. The dying Violetta is [illegible] more suited to Miss Scotney's powers than the more robust [illegible] of the earlier acts.

[illegible] h in th[illegible] th[illegible] [illegible]ting. There [illegible] of [illegible]m a[illegible]pr[illegible]tion by t[illegible]

If you [illegible] perplexed in th[illegible] m[illegible]tter of [illegible] presents and wish to rem[illegible]ber a number of friends in a [illegible]nn[illegible] that will not make them feel a sense of obligation toward you, send them each a copy of "The Artist, a Drama Without Words," by H. L. Mencken of the Baltimore Sun. The little book is neatly published by John W. Luce & Co. of this city. The gift will be es[illegible]ally enjoyed by frequenters of piano recitals whether they be hardened listeners or fresh and enthusiastic.

A few quotations will show the quality of the book. Not a word, it should be known, is spoken aloud during the action of the play. The speeches of the characters are supposed to be unspoken meditations. And the characters are these. A great pianist, a janitor, six musical crit[illegible]s, a married woman, a virgin, 1643 other women, six other men.

Hall and Pianist The concert hall is described as large and gloomy with rows of uncomfortable seats "designed, it would seem, by some one misinformed as to the average width of the normal human pelvis." Busts of composers, now a dirty gray, stand in niches. "It is raining outside and as hundreds of people come crowding in the air is laden with the mingled scents of umbrellas, raincoats, goloshes, cosmetics, perfumery and wet hair."

"The great pianist bounces upon the stage so suddenly that he is bowing in the centre before any one thinks to applaud. He makes three stiff bows. At the second the applause begins, swelling at once to a roar. He steps up to the piano, bows three times more and then sits down. He hunches his shoulders, reaches for the pedals with his feet, spreads out his hands and waits for the clapper-clawing to cease. He is an undersized, paunchy East German, with hair the color of wet hay and an extremely pallid complexion. Talcum powder hides the fact that his nose is shiny and somewhat pink. His eyebrows are carefully pencilled and there are artificial shadows under his eyes. His face is absolutely expressionless."

The First Movement The distinguished pianist attacks a sonata of Beethoven. The tempo of the first movement is Allegro con brio. And he thus affects certain souls in the audience.

THE VIRGIN

Oh, perfect! I could love him! Paderewski played it like a barn dance. What poetry he puts into it! I can see a soldier lover marching off to war and throwing kisses to his sweetheart.

ONE OF THE CRITICS

The ass is dragging it. Doesn't con [illegible]rio mean—well, what the devil does it mean? I forget. I must look it up before I write the notice. Somehow, brio suggests cheese. Anyhow, Pachmann plays it a damn sight faster. It's safe to say that, at all events.

THE MARRIED WOMAN

Oh, I could listen to that sonata all day! The poetry he puts into it—even into the allegro! Just think what the andante will be! I like music to be sad.

ANOTHER WOMAN

What a sob he gets into it!

MANY OTHER WOMEN

How exquisite!

THE GREAT PIANIST

(Gathering himself together for the difficult development section.)

That American beer will be the death of me! I wonder what they put in it to give it that gassy taste. And the so-called German beer they sell over here—good Lord! Even Bremen would be ashamed of it. In Muenchen the police would take a hand.

(Aiming for the first and second C's above the staff, he accidentally strikes the C sharps instead, and has to transpose three measures to get back into the key. The effect is harrowing, and he gives his audience a swift glance of apprehension.)

250 WOMEN

What new beauties he gets out of it!

A MAN

He can tickle the ivories, all right, all right!

A CRITIC

Well, at any rate, he doesn't try to imitate Paderewski.

THE GREAT PIANIST

(Relieved by the non-appearance of the hisses he expected.)

Well, it's lucky for me that I'm not in Leipzig today! But in Leipzig an artist runs no risks; the beer is pure. The authorities see to that. The worst enemy of technic is biliousness, and biliousness is sure to follow bad beer.

THE VIRGIN

How I envy the woman he loves! How it would thrill me to feel his arms about me—to be drawn closer, closer, closer! I would give up the whole world! What are conventions, prej[illegible]ces, legal forms, morality, after all? Vanities! Love is beyond and above them all—and art is love! I think I must be a pagan.

THE GREAT PIANIST

And the herring! G[illegible] Go[illegible] what herring!

These infernal A[illegible]—

A Soulful Adagio [illegible] roaring [illegible]pplau[illegible]

THE GREAT PIANIST

(Bow[illegible]g) I wonder why the Ame[illegible]can women always [illegible]ar raincoats to piano recitals. Even when the sun is shining brightly, one sees hundreds of them. What a disagreeable smell they give to the hall. (More applause and more bows.) An American audience always smells of rubber and lilies-of-the-valley. How different in London! There an audience always smells of soap. In Paris it reminds you of sachet bags, and lingerie.

He plays the Adagio.

ONE OF THE CRITICS.

What rotten pedaling!

ANOTHER CRITIC.

A touch like a xylophone player, but he knows how to use his feet. That suggests a good line for the notice—"he plays better with his feet than with his hands," or something like that. I'll have to think it over and polish it up.

THE VIRGIN.

Suppose he can't speak English? But that wouldn't matter. Nothing matters. Love is beyond and above——

The dean of the critics falls asleep.

THE YOUNGEST CRITIC.

There is that old fraud asleep again. And tomorrow he'll print half a column of vapid reminiscences and call it criticism. It's a wonder his paper stands for him. Because he once heard Liszt, he seems to be a privileged character.

THE GREAT PIANIST.

That plump girl over on the left is not so bad. As for the rest, I beg to be excused. The American women have no more shape than so many matches. They are too tall and too thin. I like a nice rubbery armful, like that Dresden girl. Or that harpist in Moscow—the girl with the Pilsner hair. Let me see. What was her name? Oh, Fritzi, to be sure—but her last name? Schmidt? Kraus? Meyer? I'll have to try to think of it and send her a postcard.

Scherzo and the Finale One's scherzo always fetches the women. I can hear them draw long breaths. That plump girl is gettin pale. Well, why shouldn't she? I suppose I'm about the best pianist she has ever heard, or ever will hear. What people can see in that Hamburg fellow, I never could imagine. In Chopin, Schumann, Grieg, you might fairly say he's pretty good. But it takes an artist to play Beethoven.

He dashes into the finale.

THE DEAN OF THE CRITICS.

Too loud! Too loud! It sounds like an ash cart going down an alley. But what can you expect? Piano playing is a lost art. Paderewski ruined it.

THE GREAT PIANIST.

I ought to clear 200,000 marks by this tournee. If it weren't for those thieving agents and hotel keepers, I'd make 300,000. Just think of it, 24 marks a day for a room. That's the way these Americans treat a visiting artist. The country is worse than Bulgaria.

Sir Herbert on the Continent Sir Herbert Tree returned to London from the Continent before he sailed to New York. He then talked freely with a reporter of the Daily Telegraph:

"From what I have seen I judge in the main that England has learned all there is to be learned from foreign producers. Rather to my surprise I have witnessed nothing, particularly in the matter of acting, with which we need hesitate to challenge comparisons. There is one point especially in relation to which our neighbors might profitably take a lesson from us. In Stuttgart I purchased a stall for a performance of Richard Strauss's new opera. For that I had to pay the equivalent of 60 shillings. While in Paris I booked a place for 'L'Habit Vert'—the great success at the Varieties—for which I had to disburse 60 francs. I went again the following night—a step which cost me 25 francs.

"This, of course, was due to the mischievous system, which largely obtains abroad, of disposing of seats to speculators, a system, I am glad to say, whereof we have little or no experience in this country. On the other hand, I must pay tribute to the manner in which the dignity of the theatre is upheld in Stuttgart, a circumstance due in no small measure to the initiation of the King of Wurtemburg, who has helped appreciably to make the theatre part and parcel of the national life. In Vienna I found Post-Impressionism, or rather, Futurism, rampant. But, truth to tell, the vogue is already becoming a trifle old-fashioned. It has eaten its way into the theatre, but only to be stigmatized there as demode. Apropos, I was taken to see some pictures belonging to the school in question. Invited to express my opinion regarding the subject of one, I unhesitatingly declared it to be 'Monks shooting wild duck.' It really was, as I learned, 'The Dance of Buddha.' Another, that to my mind plainly suggested, 'An Egyptian Mummy preserved in Mixed Pickles,' bore, I discovered, the title of 'A Cab Accident.'

"Strauss's opera struck me as interest[illegible] but odd. As to the report that I purported acquiring it for His Majesty's, I need only say that the English rights belong to Mr Beecham, and that it remains with him to decide to what use he will put them. On the whole, my Continental trip has left me very well satisfied with the existing conditions of affairs in England. In respect of stage lighting and play mounting, I hold we can show results equal, if not superior, to any to be found on the Continent. My journeyings have, however, yielded me a crop of pleasant memories, and, strange to say, I hardly gave a thought in my absence to His Majesty's. Nor have I missed greatly the glare of the footlights."

A Masterpiece or ——" A strange play was produced at Queen's Theatre Nov. 16. We quote the review published in the Pall Mall Gazette of Nov. 18.

Our chief difficulty in dealing with the anonymous play, "Sylvia Greer," produced at the Queen's Theatre on Saturday night, lies in the fact that we cannot decide what the author is driving at. If his intention is merely to delineate a crew of about the most ill-bred men and women ever seen on the stage, then he must be credited with a masterpiece of realism worthy of the most intellectual stage. If, on the other hand, he expects or desires the public to take a sympathetic interest in either his characters or his story, then he has composed an almost incredibly bad play. If the former was his intention he might perhaps have called the piece "A Study of the Ugly in Three Acts." As it is, he calls it "A Comedy in Three Acts." A true comedy, of course, is a reflex of life, and may therefore, contain ugly people; but, for the same reason, they should not be exclusively ugly. In "Sylvia Greer" we could not discover a single person whom it would be any pleasure to know in real life, except, perhaps, one, a rather nice girl called Lillian Channing, who appeared in the second act as an assistant at a rectory garden-party. And, lo and behold! even she, before we had become more than superficially, if pleasurably, acquainted with her, suddenly tumbled on to a table in an epileptic fit.

Were we expected to like Sylvia herself, with her rudeness to her father, her insolence to her stepmother and her downright brutality to her step-sister? Or to take a sympathetic interest in her description of herself as "hot stuff," and her secret midnight meetings, through five "sad, mad, bad, glad Junes," with a middle-aged Rotherhithe doctor, who comes through a window to see her when the rest of the family are in bed? Or to pity her when, at the end of the play, she attempted suicide because the doctor didn't love her? Were we intended to like the ineffable young man in her "set" who, by way of expressing his good wishes to her on her projected marriage with another shocking bounder called Capt. Harte, hopes she will get prosperously "through the operation," and reminds her that he is to be godfather? Or to take a friendly interest in another engaged young couple who have a quite violent discussion as to which shall have the first use of the bathroom when they were married? Were we intended to laugh at a perfectly appalling golf-bore, who strolled on in every act and maundered about his "form" adding a painful stutter to his other attractions; or to find something rather amusing in the confidences of an old wife who tells a girl who is to be married next day that she (the old wife) has come down, so far as "romance" is concerned, to rubbing her husband's chest with liniment when he has a cold, but adds, "We have other common interests"? If all this is simply offered as a picture of ugly types, we can at any rate admire its force and its consistency. But if it is offered as something sympathetically amusing, we can only say that a worse entertainment has never come our way.

A similar doubt attaches to the acting. If Miss Ethel Warwick thinks there was anything sympathetic in her Sylvia she is sadly mistaken. On the other hand, if she was aiming at the evening at impersonating a quite detestable and contemptible young woman, she deserves nothing but homage for the realism of her delineations. The same applies more or less to nearly all the rest of the cast. One little piece of acting, however, left no one in any doubt as to what was taking place—Miss Constance Little's, in the part of Lillian Channing; her representation of the signs of an epileptic fit was painfully realistic. When we add that it gave us the only moment of artistic gratification of the evening, we have [illegible] sufficient to show how exceedingly uncomfortable a time we spent.

New Music in London The concert given by the London Choral Society last night was well attended—a satisfactory fact, seeing that the program contained, as well as the late Coleridge-Taylor's "A Tale of Old Japan," some examples of the work of more recent additions to the ranks of native writers. One, indeed, was quite new, Mr. Hugh R. Hulbert's setting of Milton's "Lycidas." Here is a composer of whose work we have heard nothing before. He is certain[illegible] tal[illegible]nted, [illegible] some way behind his ideas in knowledge of how to make them effective. T[illegible] text chosen in fact, is far beyond Mr Hulbert's powe[illegible]s as they stand at present. Milton'[illegible] fine lines are not for one whose style is so unformed and indecisive in its expressive note. The music hovered also between the commonplace (in rhythm and in harmony) and the frankly dull and ineffective. Occasionally one f[illegible]nd [illegible]nces of intentions worthy of the theme, notably the dirge for the chorus describing the bringing of flowers to strew on the hearse, for here there was some happiness in the design and a feeling for climax, and this in spite of not very distinguished musical material. Mr Hulbert has yet to learn how to disguise his "rosalias" so that they shall not appear so very obvious. To study rhythm, accentuation, and the important question as to how much accompaniment is necessary for any given moment. In the latter respect there was far too little consideration of rightful balance between voices and orchestra, while at times awkward phrases would be used in combination with the vocal part, which, with a rallentando as well, s[illegible]nded quite beyond the bounds of possible effectiveness. The choral writing was not free from failings as regards lack of clearness, boldness or breadth. With a simpler canvas, Mr. Hulbert would undoubtedly have done better, although in some ways his ambition has its praiseworthy side.—Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 5.

The chief event of the concert given by the Royal Philharmonic Society last night at the Queen's Hall was the production of Sir Hubert Parry's Symphony, in four linked movements, under the composer's direction. It is a work of moderate dimensions, lasting about half-an-hour in performance, but important in design and general character. The composer allies himself with latter-day tendencies in writing to a "programme," but it is one concerning emotions rather than actions, and having no need for music of a descriptive or pictorial kind. The scheme gives one a musical commentary on a series of sequential ideas, the mental struggle against the tragic facts of existence, the value of human love as a palliative, with the play, of merriment, and humor as well, while the close suggests seemingly that, rightly regarded, life is to be taken hopefully. Some such idea, one gathers, is the composer's meaning, and it will be evident that theoretically it lies well within the particular province of the symphonic form. Many themes are employed in building up the structure, each of which is to be definitely associated with an idea, "content," "suffering and distress," and the like. All are subjected to varied treatment and transformation. So that the work will not suffer as do many symphonic poems by losing touch with principles of form, the composer has evidently carefully built up his program to allow the thematic illustration and discussion to have a purely musical and logical basis as well. The result is masterly, technically, the music is beautifully knit together, there are no false issues, no deviations into side paths, no irrelevancies, and yet each movement preserves its own character. Moreover, there is unity owing to the skilful use of the same material in a disguised form. These seem to be facts beyond dispute, and, with the general lofty tone of the whole, they place the work so far upon a high level.

Opinion will not be so united as to the value of the musical expression, its intrinsic beauty or no, its emotional quality. Sir Hubert Parry's invention strikes one at the first hearing as having been decidedly unequal, and, in one case, the section corresponding to the middle portion of the scherzo movement, a commonplaceness of phraseology turns up in a very unexpected manner. Briefly, if one cannot, frankly, accept many of the themes as being in the composer's happiest vein, one did, at any rate, take a real delight in the way they were developed, and in the remarkably sure and arresting way the climaxes were arrived at, especially those at the end of the first and the last sections. The second, illustrating the value of human love, was the most significant in its impression of esthetic charm.—Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 6.

Notes at Random Mr. G. R. Sims publishes a letter in the Referee. "Sir: I have been in domestic service for some years and am anxious to get out of it. Could you give me a letter to Sir George Alexander, as I should like to go on the stage? Having always been with first-class families, I should be more at home in society plays than melodrama. The Sunday off will be a great boon to me, as my young man is in a business where he doesn't get his evenings. If you think the theatres are going to be open on Sundays don't trouble, as that would alter my plans."

"Which reminds me," says Mr. Sims, "of George Robey's impersonation of a swell who couldn't go on the stage because his people dined at 8 o'clock."

A queer play, "The Triumph," was produced at the Court Theatre, London, Dec. 11, under the auspices of two health associations. It is called "The Triumph," and was written by Florence Eaton and William Cross[illegible]ng, and there was music by Stephen Philpot. It is a play with a

… Knowledge, Purity, … Perseverance and Plenty … is put to flight. The play was prettily produced by Mr. … Terrow. It abounds in dainty … Microbes and Sunbeams."

French Spiritualist Play

M. Louis Fentere describes his play, "Credulites," given at the Theatre Antoine, as a … in three acts. "Drawing room" would be a better name for it … ing at times, with many pleasant turns in the dialogue. It was … a slow length by the end of … d short act, for the matter is … thin. There is nothing "to it," as the Americans would … A worthy bourgeois family, the … the members of which … the form or other of a fash… credulity. The father is a spir… the mother a "devote," and the … a full share of their … The only sceptic in … is a distant cousin of … family, known as "Tante Barbe," … has received a legacy of half a … in the first act. Of this legacy … a lever to work on the credulity of the Havoly family through the … of her nephew, "Le Petit …" She takes a rose spray from … strips it of its flowers, and tells … Pierre that it is a magic … he has only to wave it and … his wishes, provided that they … sensible, will be granted.

… wishes for a piano, and a piano … Soon the whole family are … ting the virtues of the magic … is a shower of dresses, and … and bags of gold. The third … opens on a family of millionaires in … sense and more deeply im… with the odor of credulity … Then enter Tante Barbe, … confesses herself, and … one other, … air. The fabric of spiritual… principles, having, however, the … The whole thing is rather … The spiritualism attacked is … the … papers. … M. Fentere meant his piece … the actors decided that it was … and played it accordingly. M. Gemier, with recalcitrant forelock and frenzied eye, was the stage … to the life, and the well … Mlle. Jeanne Cheirel as Tante … enlarged our ideas of the dimensions of fairyland.—London Daily Telegraph, Nov. 15.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

… Opera House, … P. M. … concert by the Boston Opera … W. Proctor pianist. See special …

Symphony Hall, 7.30 P. M. Handel's "Messiah" performed by the Handel and Haydn Society. See special notice.

MONDAY—Symphony Hall, 7.30 P. M. Handel's "Messiah," performed by the Handel and Haydn Society. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Tenth public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr Muck conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Tenth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

MUNICIPAL CONCERT

The Music Department of the City of Boston will give a concert at the Franklin Union on Friday evening at 8 P. M. William Howard will be the conductor and Louis C. Elson will lecture.

Overture, "Coriolanus"	Beethoven
… (for strings)	Strube
…, "En …" (for strings)	d'Ambrosio
… "Faust"	Gounod
Miss Pauline Curley.	
… from "Mefistofele"	Boito
… for clarinet, "…"	Barsi
Mons. Arey	
Intermezzo from "The Jewels of the Madonna"	Wolf-Ferrari
… "In the Forest"	Ronald
Miss Curley	
… Hongroise	Brahms

dec 23 1912

RUSSIAN MUSIC IS HEARD AGAIN

By PHILIP HALE.

The fourth Sunday concert at the Boston Opera House took place yesterday afternoon. Mr. Caplet conducted. The program was as follows: Balakireff, symphonic poem, "Tamara"; Moussorgsky, excerpts from "Boris Godunoff," Air of Xenia, La Chanson du Canard, Le Jeu du Khlest, Recitative and Air of Boris; Tschaikowsky, first movement of the piano concerto in B flat minor; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Capriccio on Spanish Themes, Songs: Borodin, The Sleeping Princess; Moussorgsky, the Song of Varlaam, from "Boris Godunoff"; Borodin, Polovtsian Dances from "Prince Igor." The solo singers were Mmes. Claessens, Barrows, Gay and Mr. Marcoux. The chorus and orchestra of the Boston Opera House took part. The songs by Borodin and Moussorgsky grouped were sung by Mr. Marcoux.

The pieces by Balakireff and Rimsky-Korsakoff, the excerpts from Moussorgsky's opera, the songs and the Polovtsi dances were on the program of the first concert (Dec. 1) and were then reviewed at length in The Herald. The performance of yesterday, however, being perhaps more spirited and more expressive in other ways, revealed new beauties in the symphonic poem and the selections from "Boris Godunoff." The audience enjoyed the concert greatly. Mr. Marcoux was obliged to repeat the wild "Song of Varlaam," and there was liberal applause after the orchestral pieces.

Mr. Proctor gave an excellent performance of the first movement of Tschaikowsky's familiar concerto. He was wholly in the vein; one might say in the appropriately Russian vein. Recalled, he played in a charming manner "Marionnettes" from the "Mosaique" of Nicolas Stcherbatcheff, a composer who is unaccountably neglected by pianists in search of unconventional programs.

There are beautiful and exotic pages in Balakireff's "Tamara," suggested by Lermontoff's poem which tells the story of the voluptuous and cruel woman, the oriental Marguerite of Burgundy with her Tower of Nesle, the convenient river, and the corpses of the murdered lovers. And again the music from "Prince Igor," with the enchanting women's choruses of folksong character and the magnificent barbarity of the dances for men sounding the praise of their great Kahn inspired the hearers with the desire to know more of this singularly original opera. The excerpts from "Boris Godunoff" were also enjoyed. Mme. Claessens sang the music of the Nurse with an expressiveness that, while it suggested the opera house, did not pass the boundary line that should separate operatic interpretation from the reading appropriate to a concert hall, and Mr. Marcoux sang impressively the monologue of Boris.

It is a pity that the programs of such interesting concerts of unfamiliar music do not contain short but useful notes. The enjoyment of the hearers would have been increased had they known the story of Tamara. Something about the excerpts from "Boris Godunoff" and the words of the songs. The second act of "Boris Godunoff" shows a room in the Tzar's palace. Xenia, the daughter of Boris, is weeping before the portrait of her betrothed whom she has lost, while her young brother, the Cesarevitch Feodor, is playing with a complicated clock. The nurse wishing to console Xenia proposes a singing game. Boris, the Czar, enters suddenly and speaks gently to his children, and as Feodor describes the map of Russia, he says: "Good, my son; work, for one day this empire will be yours," and then Boris recalls his crime, the murder of Dimitri, rightful heir to the throne. His counsellor and accomplice enters and tells of the revolt in favor of an imposter pretending to be Dimitri. Boris is the victim of an hallucination. He sees before him the corpse of the victim, and as he sees it he foams and gasps. The excerpts yesterday included the scenes up to the entrance of the counsellor.

Next Sunday Verdi's "Requiem" will be performed. The solo singers will be Mmes. Amsden and Gay and Messrs. McCormack and Mardones. Mr. Caplet will conduct.

SINGS 'MESSIAH' FOR 126TH TIME

For the 126th time the Handel and Haydn Society gave "The Messiah" last night in Symphony Hall. Emil Mollenhauer conducted. The soloists were Miss Harriot Eudora Barrows, soprano, Miss Mildred Potter, alto, William H. Pagdin, tenor, and Frederic Martin, bass. H. G. Tucker was organist and Walter Smith, trumpeter. The orchestral music was by the Boston Festival orchestra.

Christmas without "The Messiah" would not be Christmas to Boston. It is as necessary to the grown-ups as the "Night before Christmas" is to the children. Year by year it has worked its way into the fabric of the celebration of the holiday season.

There were in the audience last night, as in previous years, many who have sung in the earlier performances of the oratorio by the society. They are glad to come year after year to hear the old oratorio over and over again. They watch for every difference of tone by the changing soloists and choruses. The great demand for tickets each year shows how well the oratorio wears.

Of the performance last night words of praise may be uttered for the work of Mr. Mollenhauer's splendidly trained chorus and of the soloists. The conductor holds his singers in a tight grip and their response to his directions is … There was … always an … exact … was … The great audience … held the audience with … a … of restlessness anywhere, although the hour was growing late.

The audience singled out Mr. Martin for its most demonstrative applause. It was given after he had sung "Why Do the Nations Rage?" with all his well-known power. Miss Barrows and Miss Potter both sang their parts with feeling. Mr. Pagdin won many friends by the quality of his singing the tenor parts. Particular appreciation was shown of the singing of "He Shall Feed His Flock," by Miss Potter and Miss Barrows.

The concert last night opened the 98th season. It was the 779th concert by the society.

"The Messiah" will be repeated tonight with Mme. Wilhelmina Wright Calvert, Miss Potter, George E. Hasely and Willard Flint as the soloists.

Something in our heart told us that Mr. Halliday Witherspoon would not fail us; that his description of Mr. Pacific Slim's wedding was not marred by slips in spelling—which by the way is an absurdly over-rated art. In all probability Sir Thomas Browne, De Quincey, Hazlitt, Pater and Henley would all have been spelled down in any match in the little old red schoolhouse. Chaucer and Artemus Ward were notoriously poor spellers, and the great and good Gen. George Washington was not always free from reproach. But to Mr. Witherspoon's letter:

Mr. Witherspoon's Spanish.

As the World Wags:

I am indeed shocked and pained by the unworthy suspicions aroused in "P. S. M." by the spelling "aquadiente" in my letter of Dec. 13. As a matter of fact, I wrote "aguardiente." Incidentally I used a lower case "o" in "olla" and a capital C in "City of Mexico." Barring these and a few minor errors the letter as printed was a true copy. Verily the mental processes of the compositor, whether he be a modern "swift" or an old time "bo comp," are beyond the understanding of ordinary mortals.

However, I might well have written "aqudiente" inasmuch as my stock of Spanish is very limited despite several years residence in Mexico. The little at my command is a bastard patois of Castilian blended with several Aztec dialects.

Aguardiente is the only one of the Mexican hard liquors that may be taken with reasonable impunity by white men. A continual indulgence in mescal is productive of large green scabs on elbows, wrists and knees and an involuntary relaxation of the jaw muscles causing the mouth to hang open. Catalan and tequila used even in moderation—as moderation in those things goes—result in acute pseudo bleptia commonly called "the snakes."

So you see it is the part of discretion to stick to aguardiente at celebrations like Slim's wedding, which really happened, even though the seeming of truth was lacking in the telling of it.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Dorchester, Dec. 20, 1912.

Strong and Raging.

If we are not misinformed, mescal is distilled from the fermented juice of the American aloe. But why do some writers about Mexico and Texas confound mescal and aguardiente? Thus Sir H. G. Ward in 182? spoke of a strong kind of brandy called "mexical, or Aguardiente de Maguey." In Bartlett's "Texas" (1854) there is mention of "mezcal, or aguardiente." As for the word "pulque," some think that it is derived from the Araucanian "pulcu," the generic term for intoxicating beverages used by the Indians.

Criminal Sternutation.

A correspondent complains of persons who in public places sneeze into the air as though they did not carry a pocket handkerchief. "Thus the grip secretions are blown into countless atoms only to be inhaled by unsuspecting passers-by."

This is a great evil, but it is not confined to active exercise of it in the open air. The man behind you in the theatre coughs and sneezes without taking the trouble to put a handkerchief or his hat before his mouth and nose. Your neck is sprayed, and if you are imaginative, you feel the microbes at once beginning their destructive work. The woman by your side in the street car barks all over you, and if you move to a corner, thinks herself insulted.

In Folk-Lore.

Mohammed, who discountenanced yawning, because if the mouth be not then covered the devil will leap into it, thought highly of sneezing, for it is accompanied by "lightness of body and openness of pores." He insisted that the sneezer should at once exclaim: "Alhamdolillah!" and those near him should salute him with "Allah have mercy upon thee." The modern Mohammedans pray "Allah avert what … that … The … away by a … and … ning … The … the person that … Codignus informs us that … Emperor of Monomotapa … successive acc … The books are … associated with the simple … arising at first from this … affrighting motion of the brain … observable unto the … from whence some finding dependent effects to ensue, others ascribing to as a cause what perhaps but … ly or inconnexedly succeeded, they might proceed unto forme … felicitating the good, or deprecating the evil to follow."

Our correspondent will surely approve the following advice taken from "The Schoole of Slovenrie; or Cato turn'd wrong side outward; to the use of all English Christendome except Court and Cittie":

When you would sneeze, straight turne your face
unto your neighbour's face;
As for my part, wherein to sneeze, I know no fitter place.
It is an order, when you sneeze "Good men will pray for you";
Marke him that doth so, for I … your friend most true.
And that your friend may know you …
and may for you pray,
Be sure you not forget to sneeze full … face alway.
But when thou hear'st another sneeze, al… he be … father,
Say not "God bless him," but "Choak up," or some such matter, rather.

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That is what takes off the edge and … of exertion in old age: those who were our competitors in early life, whom we wished to excel or whose good opinion we were most anxious about, are gone, and have left us to a manner by ourselves, in a sort of … world, where we know and are as little known as on entering a strange country. … bation is cold with the ashes of those whom we feared or loved.

A Cape Cod Memory.

As the World Wags:

I was talking yesterday with a fine old fellow down on the Cape. He had been a deep-sea skipper and had seen men and cities, likewise women and cannibals. He began to speak with pride about his eldest daughter, who is in New York, successfully married. "Now, Alice—no, that isn't her first name. Mary? No—danged if I can remember it any how, but it's the same as her mother's. Well, I've got to give it up." CYRUS HEAVYSAGE, M. D.

Boston, Dec. 21, 1912.

Merry Christmas.

We have all heard of oriental potentates who in order to ruin an enemy send him a white elephant with a flattering letter breathing peace and good will. There are Christmas presents that bring destruction and desolation with them when there is no sinister intent in the giving. The Emperor William put a modest family to confusion by the gift of eight Hanoverian horses, and there was no stable on the place. Another discomforting present was the herd of deer he sent to a friend who had no deer park. This would be like giving a motor car to a flat-dweller on a moderate salary and not of a … ical turn of mind. The great trouble with this perfunctory Christmas giving is that a man too often gives the thing that he himself enjoys or would like to receive. There is a special danger in giving to any one a book. Nine persons out of ten resent a gift unless it be in the form of money.

Homeless in Boston.

As the World Wags:

Suddenly thrust back into the homeless class after more than 20 years of domestic comfort, I find Boston a dreary place for the unattached man in search of a dinner. There are expensive restaurants that feed one well enough, but I like not their price any better than I like their strict conventions, and the isolation of a single dinner. Once I … on a genuine French pension, where a favored few could dine for a trifle and a … to the feast for another trifle, but that, alas, I fear has fallen under the ban of the police. Now in New York, under the benevolent operation of systematic graft, many such pleasant oases flourish in the urban desert, while my old friend Balloch miraculously manages to live amid the ruthless competition of the East Side, though furnishing a full dinner with a huge glass of wine and seltzer for 35 cents, along with a friendly company of Hungarians and others, and music good enough for any untutored taste. Boston has naught of the kind, and, indeed, the cheaper restaurants of this town are apt to be a bit repellent in food, service and society. One, Italian in cuisine, is as noisy as a boiler factory; others are infested with women in search of profitable society. Down in the North End I found a little place behind a saloon, where the cooking was good, and the service quiet. As to the company it was made up of half a dozen Italian … The last time I went there the … politely, but firmly … that his … keep off …

[illegible] for [illegible] themselves. [illegible] foreign restaurant [illegible] as the coming of [illegible] native American in search of new sensations.

Somewhere in the region of the socially damned I hit one day upon "Swift's Lunch," but I desire nothing swifter than the usual quick-lunchery. Again, wandering about with that hollow feeling at the pit of the stomach and a consciousness that my navel and my spinal column "threatened ither," I discovered a "gents' cafe" which cheerfully announced "Luncheon taken out." In my empty condition, of course, I needed neither the surgery nor the medicine of such a place. I am just as little attracted to those sanitary restaurants that work the word "diet" into their title, and I cannot conceive that any man with an active imagination and a somewhat queasy stomach would trust himself to the ministrations of these and other "kitchens." Hopes were aroused in my bosom by a fellow club member of exploratory habits who announced the discovery of a Greek restaurant, and despite my painful recollection of greasy food, soiled table cloths, and liqueurs suggesting hair oil in several Greek restaurants of New York, I looked in at the place, to find it a little less Arcadian than my informant had led me to expect. When I learn enough Greek, however, to read the bill of fare I mean to make the desperate adventure of trying this restaurant. Meanwhile, as a connoisseur in cuisines, have you anything to suggest?

Boston, Dec. 23. IMPRANSUS.

Thankful.

As the World Wags:

I have acquired knowledge, thanks to the leading-strings supplied by the Rev. Isaac Ogden Rankin, and I hasten to contribute to the gaiety of nations by passing it along. The Psammead created by Mrs. Hubert Bland states that his name means "Sand Fairy," and admits that it sounds a little like Greek. True enough, so far as "psammos" is concerned; as for the rest of it, I suppose we must take the fellow's word.

WAYBACK BAYER.

Boston, Dec. 22, 1912.

JOHN MASON AT HOLLIS STREET

"The Attack," Adapted from Work by Henry Bernstein,

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: "The Attack," a play in three acts, adapted by George Egerton from "L'Assaut" of Henry Bernstein. First performance in Boston. "L'Assaut" was produced at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, Feb. 1, 1912. Production in the United States by Charles Frohman.

Alexandre Merital	John Mason
Antonie Frepeau	Sidney Herbert
Garancier	Wilfred Draycott
Daniel Merital	Frank Hollins
Julien Merital	Clifton Preston
Servant	Daniel Fitzgerald
Renee de Rould	Martha Hedman
Georgette Merital	Eva Dennison

Bernstein's "Apres Moi" was hissed in Paris and rioting drove it from the stage of the Comedie Francaise. The author was taunted with his race. A more severe reproach was brought against him: that he had deserted before his time of military service was over. The excuse was that as a French gentleman he was bound to pursue an amorous adventure, but, for a wonder, this excuse was not accepted. Nevertheless, Bernstein had friends and admirers, and the unprejudiced regretted that foolish Jew-baiting was allowed to invade the playhouse. As for the "desertion," it was shown that Bernstein had acted in a manly fashion afterwards and was not under the ban.

His next play, which we now know in English as "The Attack," made a sensation in Paris and was praised to the skies. It was regarded as a personal document, a sturdy defence, not an apology. As Bernstein had been accused of desertion, so the hero of the new play was accused of theft. The author and the hero were alike guilty; but argues Bernstein, should a rash act committed when a man is young, be brought against him after years of useful and honorable life? And in each instance there were extenuating circumstances. Bernstein felt a duty toward a woman who was in love with him. The hero of the play, in poverty, stole for the sake of his sick wife. In each case there was restitution.

It is easy to see then that in Paris "The Attack" was regarded as peculiarly personal. In this country there is no extraneous interest in the piece. It matters not to the playgoer whether Bernstein were justly or unjustly accused; the playgoer asks himself only whether he is interested in the drama itself or is bored by it.

"The Attack" cannot be reckoned among Bernstein's better and more violent plays. The [illegible] act is tedious [illegible] the exception [illegible] pretty [illegible] a widower over twice her age with grown-up children to marry her, and in this scene, which is long drawn out, sentiment turns into sentimentalism. The man thus pleasantly pursued is Merital, a high respected and influential politician. One Frepeau, owner of a journal and a senator, visits him in his country place to show him a newspaper in which Merital is accused of a theft committed years before in Grenoble.

The second act is a duel of wits between Merital and Frepeau. The alleged blackmailer is to be tried. Merital did steal when he was a young man in an advocate's office, but he learns that Frepeau not only was bribed to further a gigantic swindle, but through envy and ambition published the accusation against him and was in league with the blackmailer, a nephew of the advocate. Frepeau, knowing at last, that Merital has the proofs, strikes a bargain and promises that the blackmailer will withdraw the charge. Then Merital is so touched by his betrothed's confidence in him, that he tells her the truth, and the curtain goes down as he says that they will talk together about it.

They do talk, or rather he talks, through the third act. He tells her of his unhappy boyhood, his temptation, his poverty in Paris, his restitution of the stolen money. This is unnecessary, for Renee loves and respects him all the more although it is not clear whether it is because he stole for his wife's sake, or made restitution, or had become famous and honored.

It is an extremely artificial play, melodramatically unreal in the second act, sentimental in the first and third. There is not a sincere note from the beginning to the end. In its way it is well constructed: that is, there are a few theatrically effective scenes skilfully prepared for effect. But the play does not develop from the actions of the characters; it is deliberately manufactured to introduce characters who do not move of their own volition.

Nevertheless "The Attack" is not to be idly dismissed, and for this reason: it gives that admirable actor, Mr. John Mason, full opportunity for finished and impressive acting. Dignified, graceful, manfully tactful in the scene of Renee's declaration of love, he played the chief scene with Frepeau in such a forcible and artistic manner that the spectator forgot the inherent clap-trap of it all. How well, how naturally, he told Renee the story of his life! How convincing his manner! And again the spectator forgot the rank sentimentalism, and was not disposed to smile when Merital related, how the sight of his first wife scrubbing a floor with her delicate hands drove him to the theft of 4000 francs. The play is worth seeing for Mr. Mason's sake.

Miss Hedman was a charming and appealing Renee and her quiet trust and native sweetness almost robbed her sentimental speeches of their horror. Mr. Herbert was effective as the rascally and hypocritical newspaper owner.

COLONIAL THEATRE—Reproduction of "The Girl from Montmartre," a farce with music by Georges Feydeau and Rudolph Schanzer, music by Henry Bereny, American version by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith, with an interpolated skit by J. M. Barrie, "A Slice of Life." Cast of "The Girl from Montmartre":

Dr. Petypon	Richard Carle
Gabrielle	Anita Rothe
Dr. Brumage	William Danforth
Gen. Petypon	Al Hart
Clementine	Moya Mannering
Lieut. Corignon	George Lydecker
Andre	Alan Mudie
Duchess de Valmonte	Merceita Esmonde
Loulou	Donald Macmillan
Abbe	Percy F. Leach
Praline	Hattie Williams

Cast of "The Slice of Life":

Mr. Hyphen-Brown	Richard Carle
Mrs. Hyphen-Brown	Hattie Williams
Frederik, their butler	William Danforth

"The Girl from Montmarte" is a giddy and mirthful enough morsel, as Richard Carle and Hattie Williams serve it, but with J. M. Barrie's "Slice of Life" slipped into it by the same deft hands, it becomes a theatrical sandwich so toothsome and exhilarating that those who bite it are thrown into most extraordinary paroxysms of laughter. That is just what happened to the big company that feasted on this sandwich at the Colonial Theatre last night.

Mr. Carle, Miss Williams, Mr. Danforth and the host of breezy actors and pretty chorus girls who aid the piquant Montmarte girl in her astonishing and uproarious adventures are right in the midst of their complicated hilarity in the second act, when there is an announcement in song by the three chief fun-makers, a dark change comes and a wee bit "problem play" by Barrie is trotted forth. The problem for the audience at once becomes when to stop laughing and, as in most real problem plays, the thing is not solved at all, so the laughs keep going right on.

According to Mr. Barrie the Hyphen-Browns' butler leaves a note where his master will find it, saying in effect: "All is discovered. Fly!" Mr. H.-B. reads the missive in the presence of Mrs. H.-B. (suppressed hysterics by H.-B. which are not seen by Mrs. H.-B. because she is too busy posing in intense, problem play style). The butler picks up the [illegible] flees, [illegible] to Mrs. H.-B. and she, too, learns that "all is discovered." She emits loud, but restrained shrieks and also prepares to flee. The two guilty wretches bump into each other as their flights from home start and there are mutual and terrible confessions. H.-B., in despair, admits that he was always a perfectly moral man, and Mrs. H.-B., in her horror at this disclosure, declares through her great sobs that she was a good woman up to the moment she met H.-B. Of course, in such fearful circumstances, one of them must leave the house, so they toss a coin, cheating openly, to see which shall depart. Finally they agree they will go out into the world together and they do with fearsomely portrayed emotions. It is all most excellent satire and must be seen to be appreciated.

Not only in the Barrie skit but in the main piece itself Mr. Danforth gives most valiant aid to Mr. Carle and Miss Williams in the fun production. And there other worthy laugh-makers, too. Mr. Hart's gusto as Gen. Petypon is full and hearty. Miss Mannering is a lovely and fascinating bride-to-be. Anita Rothe as Gabrielle is screamingly funny. Mr. Lydecker furnishes good singing and keen zest as Corignon. There is a plentitude of good dancing and pretty girls, whose gowns are not over long or opaque.

CHRISTMAS BILL AT B. F. KEITH'S

Special Holiday Features—Elaborate Pantomime Production.

One feature of the holiday bill at B. F. Keith's this week is the annual Christmas production for the little folks, followed by the distribution of gifts from the stage of the house. For years B. F. Keith has made a specialty of catering to the children during Christmas week, and he keeps up the pleasing custom this year, for not only is there a special children's afterpiece and a Christmas tree at each afternoon performance, but several of the numbers upon the regular bill, including Gillett's animal circus, have clearly been given their places as being especially appropriate for children.

The headline act is Mlle. Minni Amato, appearing in a very elaborate and altogether pleasing three-scene pantomime entitled "The Apple of Paris." It is intensely dramatic in nature and introduces an excellent company of nine, each one of whom from the star down is extremely proficient in the difficult art of pantomime. Kate Watson, who is billed as just in from Saugus—and she surely looks the part—tells the stories and sings the songs that long since made her famous as the best of rural femininity. She was most enthusiastically received last night, as she always is upon her appearance here in Boston.

A brand new sketch and one that is full of humor, as might be expected from its name, is "Fixing the Furnace." The scene is laid in the basement of Mrs. Brewster's home with the thermometer showing 20 degrees below outside, and the furnace positively refusing to work within. George Rolland as Jerry McGuinnis, the furnace fixer, and Billy Kelly in the role of Mike, Jerry's helper, have all sorts of fun in which the audience joined whole-heartedly.

And speaking of fun, two good sized and thoroughly active baboons, connected with Gillett's animal circus, certainly made plenty of fun for Gillett himself and for a couple of attendants while keeping the audience in a roar with their antics and frequent vicious attacks upon each other. A half dozen monkeys of smaller sizes added to the merriment and before any of them appeared a number of well-trained dogs gave a pleasing entertainment.

Adonis, in an act that is full of grace as well as showing the possibilities of muscular development; Earl Flynn and Nettie McLaughlin in "Those Delightful Dancers," introducing several new dances, including the "Bunny Hug," one of their own terpsichorean creations; Ubert Carleton and Kathleen Kay in songs and sayings; Charles Ledegan, a veritable wizard upon the tight rope, round out the bill.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE: "The Gingerbread Man," musical extravaganza in 2 acts, by Frederick Rankin and A. Baldwin Sloane, with burlesques of scenes in "Mme. X" and "Othello." First time in Boston.

Wondrous Wise	John Craig
Machevelius Fudge	Wilson Melrose
The Gingerbread Man	Donald Meek
Simon Simple	Carney Christie
Caramella	Egbert Munroe
Kris Kringle	Walter Walker
Bunn the XIII	George Henry Trader
Marie Bon Bon	Lauretta Brown
Margery Daw	Florence Shirley
First Fairy	Miss Louise Taft
Second Fairy	Miss Margaret Fay
Third Fairy	Miss May Rutland
[illegible] the Moon	Miss Nellie Ferguson
The Fire Dragon	Alfred Hunt
Little Jack Horne	Miss Mary Young

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Charpentier's "Louise."

Louise	Louise Edvina
La Mere	Maria Gay
Julien	Edmond Clement
Le Pere	Vanni Marcoux

Moist

Last evening Charpentier's "Louise" was given for the second time at the Boston Opera House, the cast being the same as that of last Wednesday. A large audience received the performance with marks of evident enjoyment, though the appreciation was rather more moderate than this really splendid presentation deserved.

For this production of "Louise" is in many ways a notable one. The singing of the four principals is in every case delightful and the acting, always effective, reaches in several instances a rare depth and power. Mme. Edvina is a graceful and charming Louise and her singing of the exquisite aria at the opening of the third act is memorable. Her acting is on the whole admirable, though in the final scene of the last act it is notably lacking in restraint. M. Marcoux, as the father, undoubtedly carries off the histrionic honors of the performance. His portrayal is as simple and direct as his technique is sure and the character in his hands is a powerful and moving one. Mme. Gay and M. Clement are excellent in their respective parts, and there are various minor roles which are acted unusually well.

By no means the least praiseworthy part of this production of "Louise" is the scenery. In this respect it is perhaps the most complete and perfect thing the Boston Opera has produced. Of course it is not entirely free from the incongruities and lapses of taste which mar almost every production at this opera house, but it is nearly so. Each setting combines in a remarkable way, realism and a beauty of color and breadth of treatment almost impressionistic. The result is often thrilling.

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A clear and bright sun on Christmas day foretelleth a peaceable year and plenty; but if the wind grow stormy before sunset, it betokeneth sickness in the spring and autumn quarters.

The shepherd would rather see his wife enter the stable on Christmas day than the sun.

The Luck of Israel.

It is reported that Prof. Dr. James Adolf Israel, who performed an operation on the heir to the throne of all the Russians, was paid a fee of $25,000. Great is the wonder and possibly the envy of European surgeons and physicians. It is said, however, that Prof. Lorenz of Vienna received $30,000 for going to Chicago and operating on little Miss Armour.

Russia was still more generous to Dr. Thomas Dimsdale, who visited the Empress in 1768 for the purpose of inoculating her for smallpox. She paid him a fee of $50,000, gave him an annuity of $2500, a present of $10,000, miniatures of herself and her son set in diamonds, and made him a baron of the Russian empire.

There was then such a prejudice against inoculation that the Empress had relays of horses in readiness for his escape to the frontier if the operation were not successful.

What Did Tronchin Get?

A few years before—it was in 1756—there was a shower of pamphlets in Paris against inoculation. There had been an unfortunate case. A mother against the advice of her friends had two daughters inoculated. The younger was not in favorable physical condition. She died on the third day after the inoculation, and then the storm broke loose. The Duke of Orleans, however, with the consent of the King, summoned Dr. Tronchin from Geneva to inoculate his children, the Duke de Chartres and Mlle. de Montpensier; the day of the operation, par[illegible] against the practice were left [illegible] Palais Royal. The story is told at length in the Correspondence of Grimm and Diderot. The operation was successful and Tronchin became the rage in Paris. All the women went to see him and the street was often blocked in front of his dwelling house. A coiffure was named "bonnet a l' inoculation" and a morning dress for women was named a "tronchine," for the eminent physician had counselled women to walk and exercise in the morning, and this dress could be quickly and easily put on. But we are not told the size of Dr. Tronchin's fee for operating on the Duke's children.

Physicians' Fees.

Lawyers are never so happy as when telling stories about fees, asked, received, or expected, but in vain. There is much gossip about physicians' fees; there is much discussion as to whether a physician should ask a fee when he bungles a case; whether he should not have regard for the patient's purse. There was Dr. John Arderne, or Ardern, in the 14th century, skilled in the treat-

… it … that he … for a specialist … had for a patient, "a … man and a great," he charged … (about $200) for a cure, "with … fees of an hundred shillyns … of … year." He would take … $200 "… these men without fees." … in the my lyfe toke I lesse than … cured … for cure of that …" A biographer states that after … with his patients in re… the fees he was to receive, he … security for the payment … the days of Henry VI., physicians … rules. The sick and poor were … treated free, "and in no case was … physician to charge excessive fees, … to study to fit his fee to the pa… purse and 'measurably after the … of his labor.'"

For Collectors.

The Herald spoke some time ago of a tradesman in London whose clerk, wearing a … hat with a huge band … in … letters "Bill Collector" sits on the doorstep of an obdurate debtor. The tax collector in …, Pa., has thought of a noisier … He proposes to hire a band, which will go around on a truck and … each delinquent at his home … band will probably play "If Yo' … Yo' Needn't Come …"; "… It's All Goin' Out and … Comin' In"; "I Don't … No Cheap Man."

The Czar's Eldest Son.

And now to go back to Russia. The … Chronicle says that the Tsar's … known in England as "the Tsarevitch" though the racing world prefers the Anglicized spelling; but in Russia the words Tsar, Tsarista and Tsarevitch, which are used in the church …, are commonly replaced in ordinary … by Gosudar, Gosudarinia and Naslednik.

But do not Czarevitch, or Tsarevitch … witz mean merely a son of a … and has not the title "great …" or as we know it "Grand …" superseded it as official since … of Paul I.? We are under the … that the eldest son, the heir…, has the differentiated … Cesarevitch.

Three Howlers.

An instructor of ingenuous youth … us these "howlers."

From a class in English literature: "H. W. Longfellow was born at Portland, Me., in the year 1807 while his parents were absent in Europe."

… a class in French history. "Revolution of Ju… This came just before the Hundred Years' war and occurred … France. Juillet was attempting … control of the French government."

… asked to name the chief works … the Colonial period, began …: "The chief work of Capt. John Smith was the daughter of Pocahontas."

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Isle of Spice," a musical extravaganza in two acts. Music by Paul Schindler. Staged under the direction of William C. Walsh. The cast:

Donnie Mackinaw	Dudley Hawley
…	Charles Abbe
…	Theodore Friebus
…	T. Earl Pardoe
…	Harry Fearing
… Kernel	William C. Walsh
…	Miss Charlotte R…
…	Miss Beth Franklin
…	Miss Ethel Grey Terry
The …rd Queen of Nicobar	Miss Madeline Frances Gale
The 21st Queen of Nicobar	Miss Bella Cairns
Asbena	Miss Florence Cook
Young Cupid	Miss Irene Martin

Last night was a demonstration of the versatility of the St. James' players. Many who have been heard here before only in straight drama, proved themselves singers of good voice.

As a musical offering, "The Isle of …" is "reminiscent." There are many topical songs that have been happily localized. Mr. Schindler's music is light, of the kind that induces the feet to motion.

The regular members of the cast were assisted by a large chorus that were not lacking in agility and good looks, and the one scene that was used for both acts was appropriately and artistically mounted.

A word of praise is due Mr. Cericola, who conducted. His grasp of every situation was at all times evident, and he gave snap and dash to the music.

Mr. Friebus has a resonant, pleasing baritone voice that he uses effectively with ease. Mr. Hawley was amus… and found an excellent foil in Mr. Abbe.

Miss Ethel Grey Terry as Trinket was dainty and bewitching.

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BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "La Traviata." The cast:

Violetta Valery	Luisa Tetrazzini
…	Mme. De Courcy
…	Miss P…
…	Mr. Gaudenzi
…	Mr. Rossi
…	Mr. …

The celebration of Christmas day with … interests failed to prevent Mme. Tetrazzini from being greeted by a large audience upon her second performance of the season at the Boston Opera House last night. Mme. Tetrazzini was in excellent voice and the music of Violetta was wonderfully sung. The over-anxiety to please, which led to her taking some liberties with the score upon her first appearance, marring somewhat her performance, was fortunately absent last night, and in her duets as well as in the solo numbers she was superb.

Succeeding years add to this singer's acting, and in her role last night she manifested considerable histrionic ability. As ever, curtain calls were numerous and the Tetrazzini arm waving and kisses were much in evidence.

Mr. Rossi gave an admirable performance of the elder Germont. His voice is sweet and powerful and his scene with Violetta was acted with force and dignity. His singing entitled him to share the honors of the evening, a reward that was his.

Alfredo is not even one of Mr. Gaudenzi's best roles and showed nothing that was notable. Mr. Moranzoni conducted with spirit.

Dec 26 1912

Drug sugar and sweeten the portion with
Sugar of lead, and iron and sand,
Sweet as honey of Hydromel.
Or the pressure of Mithridates' hand!
… may be coffee would clear my head
Better than such a cup of tea
Coffee of ochre, Venetian red
And the potent chicoree.

Pure 18th Century Food.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the dangers we daily incur from that deadly poison known as benzoate of soda, the insidious elements that lurk in cans, the germs that swim in the water which helps the milk extracted from tuberculosis cows—but why go on?

Listen to a voice from the 18th century:

"The bread I eat in London is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, alum and bone-ashes, insipid to the taste and destructive to the constitution. As to the greens, the Londoners are so mad as to boil them with brass half-pence, in order to improve their color, and without this improvement in color they have no personal merit.

"Of fish I need say nothing in this hot weather, but that it comes 60, 70, fourscore, and 100 miles by land carriage a circumstance sufficient, without any comment, to turn a Dutchman's stomach. This is not the season for oysters, nevertheless, it may not be amiss to mention that the right Colchester are kept in slime pots, occasionally overflowed by the sea, and that the green color, so much admired by the voluptuaries of this metropolis, is occasioned by the vitriolic scum which rises on the surface of the stagnant and stinking water.

"The milk itself should not pass unanalyzed, the produce of faded cabbage leaves and sour draff, lowered with hot water, frothed with bruised snails, carried through the streets in open pails, exposed to overflowings from mud carts, spatterings from coach wheels. * * *

"There is also the tallowy rancid mass called butter manufactured with candle-grease and kitchen-stuff; and their fresh eggs imported from France and Scotland.

"If I would drink water, I must quaff the mawkish contents of an open aqueduct, exposed to all manner of defilement, or swallow that which comes from the River Thames, impregnated with all the filth of London and Westminster, such as the drugs, minerals and poisons used in mechanics and manufactures, enriched with the putrifying carcasses of beasts and men."

In Spite of Dr. Wiley.

I may say that I have in part repeated—not quoted—this 18th century voice.

Where, where was Wiley then?
One blast upon his hot-air horn
Were worth an undesirably large population!

Just think of it! Its good old Dr. Wiley, and my friend and classmate Dr. Morse—the only member of my class, I believe, who ever was fussy about milk—had both been contemporary with Matthew Bramble, Esq.. Well, if so, what?

My answer is that the airship would now be a condition, not a theory. For this wabbling, rotating and revolving demon which has been handed us to live on would be like the subway during rush hours, on account of the lack of space on its surface to accommodate the human beings saved from early or late death. And in spite of the deplorable fact that Dr. Wiley was not in London during the latter part of the 18th century, I am informed that London is still inhabited. H. L. L.

Medford.

An A…

… from … We … from the … of Dec. 20:

"Impresario … has a surprise in store … opera … last night in the person of M. Said, a new tenor from … two or three of the minor provincial French cities. In the language beloved of the advertising manager, Mr Said is 'something different.' He is something so very different from what one is accustomed to hearing at the French opera! If you don't believe this, go and hear him! * * * He is unique, and one longs for a comparative and superlative to add further eloquence to the adjective. He is large and melting in his personality, with broad lines of feminine grace in his figure, reminiscent of those glimpses into the zenanas of his native Africa, given to us by the pictures by Bridgeman or Gerome. He has what the society writers describe, in speaking of the impressive and wealthy patron, as a full-throat and this throat impresses itself upon the quality of his voice, which is broad but short. His lower notes fall with the full resonance of a feather pillow * * * one of the young tenor's specialties is to disappoint at the most critical moments. The times of greatest artistic need seem to correspond with his moments of 'defaillance.' If you don't know that French word look it up in the dictionary with the assurance that it is quite innocent. M. Said manages the skirt-like cape most cunningly. The other members of last night's cast of 'Faust' were not such as to coax back the shade of Gounod to hear them, but all in all it was rather the tenor who caused a perceptible thinning of the audience before the end. This performance doubtless had to be—like the measles—and it was just as well to get it out of the operatic system as soon as possible."

'SUN DODGERS'

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE: "The Sun Dodgers," a "Fanfare of Frivolity" in two acts, book by Edgar Smith, lyrics and music by E. Ray Goetz and A. B. Sloan. First performance in Boston. Produced at Albany, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1912 by Lew Fields.

Praline Nutleigh	Nora Bayes
Mrs. Honoria O'Day	George W. Monroe
F. V. Hawkins	Harry E. Fisher
Rose Hubbs	Nan Brennan
Wakeleigh Knight	Jack Norworth
Peaceful Knight	Kitty Flynn
Jerry Hubbs	Nat Fields
Todd Hunter	Denman Maley
Sam Porter	Fred Duff
Speedmetre	James Grant, John Schaeffer
Trixie Turner	Maud Gray
A Lamb	Harry Clark
Harry Goode	David Stamper
Officer Muldoon	James Dyson

When the "Sun Dodgers" was produced at Albany, Miss Eva Tanguay was the bright particular star. When it was first performed in New York Miss Tanguay was conspicuous by her absence, and Miss Bessie Wynn was the chief one of "the feminine contingent" to quote from the dictionary of phrases dear to the press agents of burlesque theatres.

And now "The Sun Dodgers" gives opportunity to Miss Bayes and Mr. Norworth to exploit their marital happiness and advertise themselves to the great joy of the audience.

Not since Mr. and Mrs. Henschel sang together here in concert has Boston seen such conjugal endearments on the stage. This is, indeed, refreshing in these days of sudden matrimonial changes, transfers and promotions in the theatrical and operatic world.

"The Sun Dodgers" is in effect a vaudeville show, with songs, most of them pointless and tuneless, a monologue for Mr. Monroe, a double-headed policeman, a trick cow, likewise a trick horse, an unusually fresh and attractive chorus of girls handsomely dressed and well trained, little dancing that attracted attention, though Mr. Clark was earnest in an acrobatic way.

Miss Bayes wore handsome costumes and she and Mr. Norworth sang in their familiar and popular manner. Unfortunately the songs themselves were not so good as those sung by them in past seasons. The two singers also excited laughter by their burlesque melodramatic scene in which Miss Bayes confessed that she had been untrue to her husband, that she had seen the sun rise in the sunless city; had drank the milk of a cow and afterward met the cow, she had persisted in her shameless conduct and enticed other women to take the downward path, forsaking the normal life of cocktails and the life of the Great White Way.

After all Messrs Monroe and Fisher were the life of the show. Mr. Monroe is one of the very few comedians who in female dress are not vulgar. Last night he was very amusing, except in his long monologue, which was built of thin material. In the scenes with Mr. Fisher he was droll and his own enjoyment was shared by every one in the audience. Mr Fisher was delightfully dry, as in his remark to Mr. Monroe after … mobile accident.

… Gray … Mr. Monroe … to "S… …" … Miss Gray … was vivacious … The audience, which filled the theatre every part, laughed continually and … the purpose of the … the management was fulfilled. … Stecke was the musical director.

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Now the wise speeches of these … proceed from one of these reasons … because talking much, and shooting often, they must needs hit the mark sometimes, though not by aim, by hap; or else because a fool's "mediocriter" is "optime" … from his mouth, a sentence; and a … speech cried up for an apothegm, or … because God may sometimes illuminate … and especially towards their death … them to the possession of some part of …

Lacking in Incident.

As the World Wags:

Tonight I read in the columns of an esteemed contemporary of a play now being performed in which, according to the reviewer, the sister of an assistant United States district attorney k… the leader of a band of "white slavers," and later has sent to her a finger of another assistant United States district attorney to show her that the hand is keeping watch upon her.

A little later the reviewer says: "The piece is utterly lacking in incident." What particular protuberance … an ear or what not of the assistant United States district attorney do you think should have been sent to avoid such a criticism? ARENOSUS BRUNO.

Suburbia, Dec 23, 1912.

The Coach Trick.

As the World Wags:

Practical jokes are no longer in favor in reputable adult circles, but they were still a popular form of amusement among the mature Bloods of the forties and later. At the old Bromfield Street House, at the old Marlboro Hotel on Washington street, nearly opposite the head of Franklin street, at the Exchange Coffee House on Devonshire street, at the Stackpole House on Milk street and at some of the other local hostelries of the past, many practical jokes were conceived and executed. I was reminded of this the other night when I took down the volume of Hazlitt, which he calls "Mr. Northcote's Conversations," for bed-time reading, as recommended in As the World Wags a short time since. In the book I found this story … George Beaumont. He was "going in a coach to a tavern with a party of gay young town men. The waiter came to the coach with a light, and as he was holding this up to the others, those who had already got out went round and getting in at the opposite … door came out again, so that … end to the procession, and the waiter ran into the house frightened … wits. The same story is told of Swift and four clergymen … cals."

Now this recalls the fact that the late Edward Harrigan employed a similar device in one of his plays wherein he satirized the overcrowding of … on … occasions. Harrigan was a bright New Yorker of … who from a song and dance man … to a popular playwright and comedian, but Hazlitt would scarcely have come in the way of his reading, so it may be supposed that the trick was well known among his early associates of the days of "Paddy Duffy's Cart."

There is nothing new under the … and … light, and the deception, after all, was only a variation of the old circus fake which used the same … over and over again to feed the mechanical giant of long ago.

Rough and Poor Jokes.

But to return to our practical jokes. A comparatively harmless one was carried out when, at one of the old hotels, the Marlboro I think, a rather conceited man was persuaded to take part in a height-measuring contest. He stood against a door while his altitude was marked by the blade of a penknife, which deprived him of his wig when he turned around to see his measurement. This was a bald performance … amused every one present except … I … in the … of an inn when I was … small … well known …

t" and [illegible]
had to foil
[illegible] entire [illegible]

A Good Ending.

the World Wags:

I never heard any other ending to "Ole Tucker" than this:

[illegible] down So[illegible], not a great way off,
[illegible] Tucker died with the hoopin' cough,
[illegible] dragged him down to ole Hickory Pond,
[illegible] buried ole Tucker with his breeches on.
J. B. L.
[illegible]oston.

Dec 28 1912

TWO SOLOISTS AT SYMPHONY

Dr. Muck was unable to conduct the concert of the Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon, and Mr. Urack again took his place. Dr. Muck expects surely to conduct the concerts of next week.

The program of the 11th public rehearsal was as follows:

Overture to "Coriolanus"..........Beethoven
Toccata in D minor for organ..........Bach
Concerto in A major for violin..........Sinding
Symphony in F major, No. 3..........Brahms

There were two soloists yesterday—Mr Noack, the second concert master, and Mr. Marshall, the organist of the orchestra. Sinding's concerto is not well known to the general public. Mr. Winternitz played it here seven years ago, and in the course of seven years a man, according to tradition, changes his skin, also his ears and taste, unless he be a hidebound conservative and a creature of prejudices. But Mr. Noack's performance, excellent as it was in certain ways, did not materially alter the opinion of those who remembered this concerto.

The orchestral portion of it is much more effective than the solo part. Nothing is given to the solo instrument so striking as the orchestral opening with its pompous stride and genuine fire; nor has the solo violin any page so impressive as the measures for 'cellos and double basses at the beginning of the second section. Too often the entrance of the violin seems an unwarrantable interruption. There is no need of alluding to real or fancied deminiscences in this music. The well-schooled violinist may find a little Brahms, Dvorak, Bruch, in the thematic material, the average hearer may be led occasionally to think of Grieg; but there is no flagrant or fragrant plagiarism. There are pages admirably worked for the orchestra, passages with marked vitality. The wonder is that the solo part is generally so uninteresting.

The program was agreeably varied by the inclusion of Bach's Toccata with the fugue in D minor, the toccata that is known to pianists by Tausig's transcription. The toccata is dramatic and in the better style of Buxtehude, who was singularly imaginative in the structure and the harmonic coloring of his organ pieces. It showed he played dramatically, with full appreciation of significant holds and long pauses. Mr. Marshall gave an interesting performance, although the toccata might have been read with more eloquence and the pace of the fugue should have been a little faster and more steadily maintained.

The overture to "Coriolanus" was well played with the exception of one of those unaccountable slips that occur sometimes even in a performance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Urack was not so happy in his interpretation of the Symphony by Brahms as in that of Schumann's last week. He was inclined to turn the first movement into mosaic work after the exposition of the emblematic figure, the boldest stroke of invention in the whole Symphony. The reading of the second movement and of the finale was mannered, but Mr. Urack was more fortunate in the third movement which was charmingly played.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Holbrooke, "Queen Mab" (first time); old Italian aria (Miss Gerhardt, soprano); Brahms, academic overture; Strauss, songs with orchestra — Morgen, Wiegenlied, Caecilia (Miss Gerhardt); Bruckner symphony No. 7.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Verdi's "Aida." Mr. Moranzoni, conductor.

Il Re..........Mr. Gravina
Amneris..........Mme. Gay
Aida..........Mme. Melis
Radames..........Mr. Zenatello
Ramfis..........Mr. Mardones
Amonasro..........Mr Rossi
Un Messaggiero..........Mr. Giaccone

"Aida" was performed last night for the first time this season. Mme. Melis and Mr. Zenatello made their first appearance this season; Mr. Gravina was [illegible]rd here for the first time, and Mr. [illegible]ssi took the part of Amonasro for the [illegible]t time in Boston. It should have [illegible] a brilliant occasion but there have [illegible]n more spirited performances of [illegible]ida" in the Boston Opera House.

[illegible]r. Zenatello at first led th[illegible] to [illegible]eve that the distingui[illegible] [illegible] for the [illegible] of [illegible] Aida was broken as though [illegible] sickness still affected his [illegible] of breath. Furthermore, he [illegible]ng this tender romance as though it were a battle song, which he surely would not have done had he been full master of his resources. Later and in the heroic passages, he sang effectively.

Mme. Melis sang the music of Aida with more marked intelligence than on former occasions. There was tonal variety; there was a finer coloring to suit the meaning of the text and the significance of the situation. It is to be regretted that she does not free herself from certain mannerisms which seriously impair her dramatic performance, such as tossing her head in air and keeping it in that position till the spectator's neck aches in sympathy. She is a comely woman and has no need of these airs and graces.

Mr. Gravina was not every inch a King, either in voice or bearing. It was his first appearance, and probably he was nervous. It would be fairer to speak of him when he is more accustomed to the stage.

Mme. Gay sang the superb music of Amneris with breadth, dignity and passion. Mr. Mardones was a sonorous Ramfis. But why do he and the priests enter clean shaven? An Egyptologist was seriously disturbed last night. He said there was a dispute whether the priests should have shorn upper lips, but they should surely wear beards, not the chin beard of Uncle Amos, not the beard that suggests spinach, but pontifical beards. If we are not mistaken the priests at this Opera House have always been clean shaven. The Egyptologist was also disturbed at the sight of a brass band playing from notes; but this was Verdi's fault.

Mr. Rossi was a spirited Amonasro, with wildly rolling eyes, who sang discreetly, and did not drive out his predecessors from the memory.

The Priestess sang the Wild Temple song in wabbling tones. The chorus was excellent and Mr. Moranzoni conducted with more care for the Nuances than has lately been his wont. The costumes of the ballet in the second act were not so beautiful as before, nor were the evolutions in the Temple effective.

This afternoon "Haensel and Gretel" will be performed with Mmes. Swartz, Fisher and Claessens and Mr. Hinshaw. Mr. Caplet will conduct. An act from the ballet "Coppelia" will follow with Mmes. Galli, Cronan and Downey and Mr. Pulcini. Mr. Strony will conduct.

Tonight "La Boheme" will be performed with Mmes. Donner and Fornari and Messrs. McCormack, Fornari, Pulcini, Mardones and Tavecchia. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct.

He would pronounce the word "damn" with such an emphasis as left a doleful echo in his auditors' ears a good while after. And when catechist of Christ college, in expounding the commandments, applied them so home, able almost to make his hearers' hearts fall down and hairs to stand upright. But in his older age he altered his voice, and remitted much of his former rigidness.

Street Dangers.

This talk about the fitting location in the city for our statues, tame and under restraint, is entertaining and profitable. One correspondent would have them strung along in a line on the embankment like the milestones on the Dover road. Another would have them all huddled together in one square—the Square of Horrors—segregated as some would have vice segregated—so that a stranger, thinking himself reasonably safe in a street, would not suddenly come upon a statue, dormant, rampant, or at bay.

The talk about men and women dead and gone who should or should not have a statue is also entertaining. They unfortunately have no voice in the matter, and some of them are without descendants who could now protect them against a raging and malevolent sculptor.

Garden Heroes.

The Herald recently spoke of the correspondence in London concerning the proposed statue in honor of W. S. Gilbert; how some do not wish him to be clothed in modern dress, and others insist on the carved expression of his whimsicality. It is no longer the custom to represent in marble or bronze a warrior, statesman, philanthropist, clergyman, poet, in the state of nudity that was not displeasing to the "ancients."

When Pigalle was at work on a statue of Voltaire, the King of Sweden went to his studio in Paris to see the model. He then said that if he were called on to subscribe, it would be to buy a coat to cover the nakedness. Was it Diderot who wrote apropos of this: "A poet, historian, philosopher, should be naked only when he takes his oath, and that is no time to paint him, unless the philosopher be named Seneca, and the bath be his last. Pigalle does not know how to drape. Give to this statue a colossal form, put Jove's thunderbolt or the torch of Prometheus in its hands instead of a pen, and you would not be shocked at its nakedness, especially if you put the statue in a garden." From this it appears that any undraped statue of a Bostonian should be placed in the Public Garden, which still lacks a pair of bulbuls. There still remains the important question of whiskerage. If a man sported Piccadilly weepers, should they be immortalized in bronze?

More Hard Questions.

As the World Wags:

The Sunday Herald of D[illegible] [illegible] an editorial article upon Pujo (Congressman Pujo), but does not say anything as to how the name is pronounced. Do you know how it is pronounced?

In the same issue of The Herald an editorial jotting begins with the words "Fakirs' row," meaning that part of Tremont street which is opposite the Granary burying ground. Is that a correct use of the word "fakirs"? Is not the word "fakers" the one which should have been used? Is there not a wide difference between the respective meanings of "fakir" and "faker"? In the word "fakir" does not the best usage place the accent upon the second syllable (as if the word were "fakeer")?

In the Talk of the Town in the same issue of The Herald the National Cyclopaedia of American Biography is spoken of as "a standard publication of great merit." But it is not so free from errors as a work of that nature should be. Does that work contain any sketch of Christian Sharps, the inventor of what were known as Sharps rifles? The index of the work says (under "Sharps, Christian," and under "Rifles, breech-loading") that such a sketch is to be found on page 517 of volume 5, but the sketch is not there. H. C.

Boston.

Courteous Answers.

Let us take the questions in order.

(1) We suppose that Mr. Pujo pronounces his name as though it were spelled "Pewjo"—"jo" as in Jo Jo, the dog-faced boy. But a man has a right to pronounce his name as he pleases. There are Fergusons who throw a heavy but genteel accent on the second syllable. Miss Geraldine Farrar encourages the practice of accenting strongly the last syllable of her surname. Her father, Sid of the diamond, still accents the first syllable. Perhaps Mr. Pujo pronounces the first syllable "Pooh" as in "Pooh Bah." All this reminds us of an old joke in Vanity Fair:

"A—How do you pronounce the 'g' in lager? Soft as in gin?"
"B—No, hard as in gout."

(2) Right-o! "Fakir" comes from the Arabic and means an indigent person, "but specially applied to a Mohammedan religious mendicant, and then loosely and inacurately, to Hindu devotees and naked ascetics." This is Col. Yule's definition accepted by the Oxford dictionary. The preferred pronunciation is with the accent on the final syllable.

"Faker". is a cant-word, coming from the verb "fake," which originally meant to do or do for, that is, plunder, wound, kill or to put into shape for purposes of deception. Much later it came to mean to "cook" or dress up news for the press. The origin is obscure. Fakir and Faker have nothing in common. "Fakers' Row" should have been the phrase.

We know nothing about the dictionary to which you refer. We get along very well with Jeremy Collier's "Great Historical, Geographical, Genealogical and Poetical Dictionary," two volumes, folio, 1701, the third volume 1705. It is indeed an artesian well of information. The superficial may say that this encyclopaedia comes down only to 1705. But has anything really worth while happened since then? Boston, Mass., is described therein as a "large and spacious town composed of several well ordered streets, graced with fair and beautiful houses and well inhabited by merchants and tradesmen who drive a considerable commerce." **Is it not pleasanter to think of those streets than to see and smell the streets of 1912?**

Dec 29 1912

Mr. Caplet Conducts Humperdinck's "Haensel and Gretel"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Humperdinck's "Haensel und Gretel," followed by the first act of Delibes's ballet, "Coppelia." Mr. Caplet conducted the opera for the first time and Mr. Strony led the ballet.

Haensel..........Miss Swartz
Gretel..........Miss Fisher
Gertrude..........Mme. Claessens
The Witch..........Mme. Claessens
The Sandman..........Mme. De Courcy
The Dewman..........Miss Sharlow
Peter..........Mr Hinshaw

Humperdinck's opera was performed yesterday to the joy of many children in the audience for the first time this season. It has been conducted at this opera house in times past by Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Weingartner. Yesterday Mr. Caplet led. It is fair to infer from this that he likes the music which would seem not to accord with the ultra-modern canons of French taste.

"Haensel et Gretel" was brought out at the Opera Comique in Paris in 1900. Miss Rioton, who had created the part of Louise about four months before, took the part of Gretel, and the contrast between the gushing and warm-blooded young woman of Charpentier's "musical romance" and the little Gretel must have struck her sense of humor M. Messager, who conducted at the Opera Comique, was reproached for unchaining all the sonorities of the orchestra and allowing the voices to be covered. Was it his fault? We have never heard the [illegible] the orchestra did not drown the singers

Instead of speaking about the performance for the frolicsome Haensel, the delightfully acted Gretel, the [illegible]some witch have long given pleasure to the public—let us consider for a moment the opera itself.

It may justly be said that as a stage work it is far superior to the dreary and symbolical "Koenigskinder" of Humperdinck. Is he, after all a man of one opera, as Mascagni is the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana? Like Mascagni he was fortunate in the libretto given to him; for the true charm of "Haensel und Gretel" is in the naivete of the story, which appeals to us all, and the simplicity of the folk-song themes. As long as the composer is satisfied with treating the subject lightly, he writes good operetta music, but no better than that of Offenbach, Lecocq, Suppe or Johann Strauss. When he wishes to be impressive in the Wagnerian manner, he is bombastic and dull. His orchestra, which should talk with little children, then looks on them as whales and thunders accordingly.

Probably the worst pages in the score—the worst in violation of aesthetic fitness—are those that accompany the vision of guardian angels. Fortunately the younger spectators are interested chiefly in what passes on the stage and are not inclined to discuss the works of the post-Wagnerian school. They snatch a fearful joy at the [illegible] of [illegible] witch and applaud her terrible fate. The older in the audience remembering the chapters of Lecky on witchcraft, that terrible book, "The Sorceress," by Michelet, or "The Wonders of the Invisible World," by Cotton Mather, D. D., are not displeased at seeing this witch cavorting on the stage and shooting through the air.

It is better to believe in spells and the evil eye than in nothing at all. We welcome the supernatural on the stage from the entrance of the Statue in "Don Giovanni" to the spectre in "La Habanera," whose typical tune is as haunting as the old Ghost melody of "The Corsican Brothers." Spectators, old and young, can find pleasure, then, in "Haensel und Gretel" without being seriously disturbed by Humperdinck's music.

Delibes's music is a joy, although there are wild-eyed partisans of the ultra-modern school—even Cesar Franck is to them "old hat"—who sneer at Delibes as they pooh-pooh Massenet and Bizet. And seeing "Coppelia" we think affectionately of a scene in "Contes d'Hoffmann."

MISS DONNER AS MIMI

Large Audience Sees Puccini's "La Boheme."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

B. F.

Rodolfo..........Mr. McCormack
Marcello..........Mr. Fornari
Schaunard..........Mr Pulcini
Colline..........Mr. Mardones
Benoit, Alcindoro..........Mr. Tavecchia
Mimi..........Miss Donner
Musetta..........Miss Dereyne
Parpignol..........Mr. Boccalino
Sergente Dei Doganiere..........Mr. O[illegible]y

The popularity of the opera and the unusual strength of the cast brought out one of the largest Saturday night audiences of the season to see "Boheme" last night. The performance was in all ways worth attending. Miss Donner distinguished herself by presenting an altogether lovable Mimi. Her voice met the requirements of the little flower girl and her acting was capital. Miss Dereyne put all the action into her part that one could ask for. She went through the tempestuous scenes with Marcello with great spirit.

Of Mr. McCormack it may be said that he sang in his usual delightful manner. The action was halted once or twice in order to allow the audience to express its keen approval of him. Mr. Fonari was able to bring out the pleasing qualities of his voice. Mr. Pulcini and Mr. Mardones met the requirements of their parts satisfactorily.

Quite accidentally Mr. Fornari put a little more realism into his part than he intended when at the end of the third act as he throws his hat at the retreating Musetta he took too firm a hold and cast off his wig as well. The audience laughed and he showed that he appreciated the humor of the incident when he was called with the others before the curtain.

By PHILIP HALE.

Has Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida" been performed in Boston within the memory of men now living, or at all? Mr. J. B. Clapp can find no record of a performance. We fail to find one of any in New York.

It was stated recently in London that the play has been on the stage only twice since Shakespeare died. In 1907 Charles Fry brought it back to the theatre and the Pall Mall Gazette of June 26, 1907, discussed the question whether Troilus should be a word of three syllables or a dissyllable, and noted that while Pandarus is not a wholly estimable person in Chaucer's

[illegible] of the story, [illegible] reserved [illegible] to [illegible]. Furthermore, [illegible] Mr [illegible] pointed out, [illegible] in the present evil [illegible] used in English literature [illegible] Shakespeare's play was pro-[illegible] a matter of fact Lydeay [illegible]. The latest production [illegible] "Troilus and Cressida" was by the [illegible] Stage Society and Mr. William Poel at the King's Hall, Covent Garden, the 10th of this month.

A Cynical Production

Mr. Poel's production was as strange as the play itself. The Times dwelt on the ugliness of it. "Not the homely-[illegible] which Shakespeare elsewhere would [illegible] give you, out of his sympathy for [illegible] of our earthly nature, even the [illegible], but the morally ugly, exhibited [illegible] a kind of mischievous glee! The [illegible], detestable Cressida! The mop-[illegible] degenerate' Troilus! The cynically [illegible] Diomed! * * * As to the prin-[illegible] lovers in the old tale, Homer's [illegible], Paris and Helen, they seem to be [illegible]sented as merely frivolous idlers, he [illegible] on a couch, she twanging a guitar [illegible] making very poor fun with Pan-[illegible]. In short, all the 'amoristic' side [illegible] play would cure even Don Juan [illegible] of any fancy for love."

The Greeks in this production were [illegible] as Elizabethan soldiers; the Trojans in the flamboyant Renaissance [illegible] costume of contemporary masques, and the Prologue in full armor. Several male parts were given to girls. The stage was in tiers, and in the tent off it Achilles sulked, and through it pro-[illegible] passed. Councils of war and conversation pieces were held at the [illegible] of the stage. Achilles wore top [illegible]. Thersites was clad as an Eliza-[illegible] clown, Pandarus talked with a [illegible] cockney twang. Thersites, a most [illegible] figure, was apparently a Scotch-[illegible]. He was played by a woman. Cressida had a falsetto and a prancing [illegible]. "She was repulsive-attractive, there was something in her that ren-[illegible] the fascination of Troilus and [illegible] by no means absurd." The Daily Chronicle says that she was represented [illegible] "an affected rusee spinster of about [illegible] who spoke in a slow, languid voice, similar to all too many modern flats [illegible] drawing rooms." Achilles and Patrocles smoked pipes of tobacco.

Inquiries Into "Troilus and Cressida"

The tragedy has excited and baffled the curiosity of the commentators [illegible] the general reader. Did Shakespeare intend it to be "a grand history [illegible] in the robust style of Albert Durer?" Ulrici thought it was written "[illegible] warn the world against the over-[illegible] and idolatry of heroes." Coleridge found the characterization of it difficult, but he finally made up his mind that Shakespeare's ruling impulse was "to translate the poetic heroes of paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more [illegible] warriors of Christian chivalry [illegible] to substantiate the distinct and [illegible] profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama." Hazlitt did not dive so deep. Mark the beginning of his essay: "This is one of the most loose and desultory of our author's plays: it rambles on just as it happens, but it overtakes, together with some indifferent matter, a prodigious number of his fine things in its way. Troilus himself is in character; he is merely a common lover * * * The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are very amusing and instructive." And this es-[illegible] contains a statement that the ex-[illegible] tractors of sunbeams from cucumbers might well ponder: "Shakespeare never committed himself to his characters. He [illegible], laughed, or wept with them as he chose. He has no prejudices for or against them, and it seems a matter of perfect indifference whether he shall be in jest or earnest."

The Daily Telegraph of London, considering Mr. Poel's production, waxed eloquent over the play. "In the throes of some conviction of the shame and [illegible] of humanity, he (Shakespeare) sat down to write the drama of disillusion, of the negation of faith and hope and love. He set himself to show the world's heroes fools and brutes, the world's desire cheap beyond all cheap-[illegible], the great adventures of life a wrangling about [illegible] and life itself a [illegible], abominable frenzy. When he had [illegible] into the work some of his deepest [illegible] some of his most consummate [illegible], he found that its logical conclusion [illegible] Thersites. If any man really lived [illegible] the creed of 'Troilus and Cressida' [illegible] as its Thersites was he must needs [illegible] himself a creature who had [illegible] his soul to feed on and find its [illegible] in the ugliness of corrup-[illegible]. No wonder that 'Troilus and [illegible]' was left unfinished. Not in [illegible] black poetry could Shakespeare [illegible] his soul. He turned away to [illegible]. In the valley of the shadow of [illegible] he found a new faith. [illegible] might seem a chaos of night, [illegible] a man could still believe man [illegible] than his doom. The poet who [illegible] imagine the exaltation of the [illegible] agony [illegible] to waste [illegible] this might have [illegible].

[illegible] Mr. Poel [illegible] "Troilus and Cressida" was probably written with [illegible] of satirizing Chapman's [illegible] claims for the [illegible] Homer's Iliad. The answer of the Times is refreshing: "We don't believe that Shakespeare or any other true artist ever wrote anything in that way. He wrote it, we dare swear, just because 'he felt like it': it was the expression of his mood—and not a pretty mood."

A Letter from Paris

Mr. Charles Dawbarn writes as follows from Paris to the Pall Mall Gazette of Dec. 11:

The Theatre Michel has revived a piece by MM. Courteline and Pierre Wolff, which has been renamed "La Cruche." It is clever and amusing. It is a curious study of a young woman of indecisive temperament. She is docile and complacent and incapable of saying "No." And when, at last, she marries the man who was quite willing to abandon her a little while before, one is not quite sure whether she accepts him because of the difficulty of making up her mind or because she is really in love. In any case, one feels that the second man would have had an equal chance had he been equally persistent.

The two men are admirably contrasted. Lauriane is fatuous and credulous, cowardly and talkative. His rival, Lavernier, on the other hand, is a sentimental who has suffered in his middle aged affection. He loves Margot, whilst the other loves, principally, himself, and conquers the lady merely out of egoism. Her acceptance is incense to his vanity. She, on the other hand, says nothing at all, as if overwhelmed by the tempest she has created. Though paradoxical, the characters are strangely true to life. If trees of strange foliage, their roots are in the good brown earth.

M. Gabriel Trarieux's play in three acts, at the same theatre, is remarkable for his picture of the old bachelor, who falls in love with a young woman. Berengere has gone through a marriage ceremony, but flees in horror from her old roue of a husband, within a few hours of commencing the life in common. And an instinct leads her to the house of a bachelor friend, where appearances are saved by the presence of a marquise. The inevitable happens. She inspires the tender passion in a man who has hitherto resisted the blandishments of the sex, and, her former union being annulled, she is united to a more worthy husband. Thus ends happily the "Escapade," which is the title of the play.

The subject is charmingly treated, without the suggestion of offence. But the principal feature is the delineation of Jacques Seignette, the involuntary host of the runaway bride. He is the perfect type of the dilletante. He dabbles in everything, but is good in nothing — from lack of concentration. Wealthy, active in temperament, and having no ties, he is, to the outward eye, favored of the gods; but he floats between periods of labor and laziness and can confine his vagrant energies to no fixed line of work.

His is a lifelike portrait of numbers of beings who just miss an object in life. He cultivates the arts, flirts with literature and publishes a book at his own expense; writes a play which is impossible for the stage and yet is a man of intelligence and good sense. He has talent enough to know he has none and to be a severe critic of every one else. His fault is that he does not try hard enough. He is satisfied with the half-effort. We should like to have seen the author deal more deeply with the "amateur." It is a tempting subject for the theatre.

The Paris stage has many defects: all sorts of influences foreign to art affect it in an adverse sense; but talent, uncommercial, poetical talent, has a chance which is often denied it in other cities. Among the most liberal-minded patrons of the struggling author is M. Antoine, director of the Odeon, who always gives a large place to poetry. And to the honor of Paris, it still shows an appreciation of verse. "Le Double Madrigal," by M. Auzanet, and "L'Heure des Tziganes," by M. Leo Largnier, are charming plays which have just seen the light in the second national theatre and are a comforting comment on the tendency of the times.

There is an original idea in Tristan Bernard's "Les Phares Soubigou" at the Comedie Royale. A young woman disdains to appear virtuous though in reality impeccable, from fear of ridicule. She has lost her fortune and is forced to take service as "chauffeuse" with a rich manufacturer of motor lamps (hence the title, which means Soubigou's lamps), and appears to think that, in placing herself in that position, she must accept all the consequences, to the point of burying her pride. Soubigou has no scruples. Everything is fair game. But when he kisses her she boxes his ears—as if forgetting her pose.

Such a revolt was, of course, instinctive, rather than reasoned. The effect was not dismissal, but a proposal. Would she marry him then and there? This is the incident which gives life and color to the second act, but the first and the third are forced and suggest the reflection that the brilliant and amusing playwright is producing too quickly for his reputation.

[illegible]

Notes

[illegible] story with [illegible] a loaf of bread.

After the Opera [illegible] French of Robida [illegible] Desquos, and [illegible] at the Au[illegible] London, the story of a faithless wife who lures her lover to her rooms when her husband is absent. Hearing a noise below and thinking it made by the returning husband, she makes her lover go out of the window, and is then murdered by a burglar.

Mrs. or Miss W. Brandon wrote "The Man With His Back to the East," produced at the Court Theatre, London, Dec. 9. The man is an English squire who does not provide sanitary conditions for his cottagers and abuses his wife for not giving him a son and heir, although she has provided him with five daughters. She becomes a Christian Scientist and believes that in seven months she will give birth to a son. Her anticipation is punctually realized, and then the squire promises the tenantry "a new heaven and a new earth." There is also the story of Dr. Jervoise's love for a chatty nurse. In her leisure moments—and her conversational energies left her but few—she took to forging powers of attorney and alternately refusing and entreating the caresses of the doctor. In the third act she donned a blush gown trimmed with fur, in which a discerning spectator immediately recognized the sure and certain promise of dramatic happenings; and true enough, before the act was over, she had plumped herself down on a sofa beside Jervoise and told him with heaving bosom that she longed for him. In the last act she got him. Scattered over this double fable was a series of observations on woman suffrage, bad land laws, the necessity of disinfecting cottages after cases of consumption, the wicked partiality of the law towards sons as compared with daughters, the need of a new political party in the state and a great many other subjects." * * * It was an impressive occasion."

Mr. Titterton says of the passing of "A Venetian Night" that the night has been but a short one. "Whether because of the attitude toward it of a certain section of the press or because that was its allotted span need not be canvassed here, but the judicious playgoer must weep to see it end. It was Reinhardt's finest achievement in England—far finer than 'The Miracle,' and, unlike that huge pageant, quite innocent of offence to religious sentiment. It dealt with the affairs of sex after the mad fashion of dreams, and it had a splendid grim nightmare humor that kept it clean. It was full of felicities, it was inspired by a grotesque, inflexible logic, and it was stage-managed like a machine. It had no soul, no organizing will, but in nightmare the soul is actually dormant and the fancy runs riot without a guide (though with an incubus). And because it had no soul, it had no more drama than the cinema film which it sometimes so much resembled. It was admirably representative of our age when the dramatist is dead and the stage manager and the producer have usurped his throne. It was a thoroughly enjoyable and clean entertainment, but, for some subtle reason, it was attacked as immoral by a well known journalist in a well known sheet, the rumor of the attack reached Berlin and was gravely reverberated by an obscure newspaper, devoted, I believe, to the agricultural interest. We may hope it was not this imposing intellectual entente that brought a stimulating stage production to so abrupt a conclusion."

Mr. Dawbarn writes from Paris: "Guitry thinks the English theatre has made great progress during the past 15 years. It is incontestable. I may quote another judge who declares there is more life in the English than the French stage at the present moment. This is probably justified, too. The reason is the harm done by favoritism in giving roles to players without talent, and in the commercialism of some managers—as well as their short-sightedness—in accepting money payments for [illegible] plays. At the same time, the technic of French plays remains superior, as well as the acting, though this is less true than it was. The conventions are just as hard to break down here, if they are better founded. In physique, there is no comparison, the English stage is infinitely better, and commands better material for the chorus. A proof is Guitry's insistence on English 'show girls' for 'Kismet.' 'They look better, and are more seriously inclined,' he declares."

"The Greek Look," a little play produced at the Coliseum, London, is the look that comes into the face of an actress who, rehearsing the part of a woman whose husband is supposed to have died suddenly, receives a telegram stating that her own husband has been killed in an accident.

From London Journals

An interesting feature of some recent premieres has been the absence of applausive receptions of prominent actors and actresses. At the Savoy, for instance, at the premiere of "Twelfth Night" several such receptions were attempted, [illegible] to be [illegible].

[illegible] in short [illegible] attitude [illegible] it is [illegible] distinct [illegible] the Pall Mall Gazette [illegible] many a [illegible] more by [illegible] the great [illegible] for the [illegible] For instance, [illegible] "[illegible]sing Mendelssohn['s] Tune" [illegible] popular tr[illegible] is said to be making £[illegible] a year though not yet 25. "[illegible] Hanging Down [illegible]" brought its composer £20,000. "The Bogey Man" yield £10,000 to composer's royalties and "In Friendship's Name," introduced into the musical comedy "The Lady Slavey," yielded its composer £5 per [illegible]rum for every note in it, for several years. But you have to be a business man as well as a musician to get the supper for your song.—Daily Chronicle.

Many of the poets of our day, from Henley onwards, have sung the [illegible], the bitternesses and the joys of the "mummer," and none has done it with a more lively realism than Mr. Arthur Stanley in "Bedford-street Ballads" (Gay and Hancock, 1s.) Bedford-street, Strand, is near the offices of a [illegible] many theatrical agents, there is also a Bodega there, highly esteemed by [illegible]. Hence doubly its share in the [illegible] title. It is evidently for the actor [illegible] a certain part of Waterloo [illegible] used to be for the music hall "artiste." Mr. Stanley paints, in tripping verse, the tyrannies of stage managers, the [illegible]ties of "leading gentlemen," the [illegible]ful struggle of actresses to "get on" and "keep straight," the failures which occasionally result, and the [illegible] charity in judgment of them. On the whole he gives us not only a ray [illegible] of verse, but something in the nature of an authentic piece of so[illegible].—Pall Mall Gazette.

Michael Zenga's Russian [illegible] dancers are very fresh and [illegible]. They are very expert, but they are better than that. If the top boot dancing is not wild, it is a folly, as the cultured exhibitions of other Russian dancers have made plain. But now, perhaps, we can let the top-boots rest in the cupboard for a time.—Pall Mall Gazette.

In the Musical World

Alexandre Winogradsky, an orchestra conductor well known in Berlin, Vienna and Paris, as well as in Russian cities, died recently at Kieff. He was born in 18[illegible].

The Royal Academy of Sweden has named as [illegible] members MM. Carreno and [illegible] Busoni, [illegible] Schillings, Humperdinck and S[illegible].

An opera, "Medusa," with a libretto relating a love episode in the life of Leonardo da Vinci, [illegible] has been [illegible] Ludomir von [illegible], with great success at Warsaw.

Riccardo Casalaine, who [illegible] the disaster at Messina, left [illegible] the opera "Antony," with a [illegible] based on Dumas the Elder's [illegible] play. The opera has been produced at Palermo. The work is des[illegible] equal, but far from being [illegible].

Massenet's scores of [illegible] except certain ones of his youth, which were burned with the Opera Comique in 1887, were left by him to the library of the Paris Opera.

Mascagni's new opera, "Parisina," libretto by d'Annunzio—will contain a duet for Ugo and Parisina which will last not less than 35 minutes. The libretto originally contained 1730 verses but the composer persuaded d'Annunzio to cut out 250 of them. There will be 80 in the chorus. The first performance will be at La Scala.

A. Gailhard's "Picturesque Roman Scenes," for orchestra, pleased at a Lamoureux concert in Paris on Dec. 1. The movements are entitled "Sunrise on the Campagna," "A Song Pastoral," "A Night in the Gardens of the Villa Medicis" and "The Banks of the Tiber."

D'Albert's new opera, Siroco, is based on a book by Levetzoff.

Paul Pierre prix de Rome of [illegible] has written a symphonic poem in three parts, "From Darkness to Light." There is an argument, a mixture of mythology and Christianity. His song of Nature sleeping under the snow has a violin solo. The instrumentation, some think, is too highly colored. The work received honorable attention recently at a Colonne concert in Paris.

Miss Marie Hall, they say, gave a remarkable performance of Elgar's violin concerto in London, Dec. 9. "It is seldom that playing, the display of sheer technic, gives unalloyed pleasure. Miss Hall * * * with masterly art sent forth a stream of beautiful sounds. To amazing neatness of her execution, its clarity, and, above all, the never failing purity and sympathy of tone were quite captivating. At the pace of all that there was something else, for pure technic must have a controlling force if it holds the attention, and that was the expression of Miss Hall's own personality. It gave the playing its character the revelation of a [illegible] English feminist, [illegible] unobtrusive charm, [illegible] musical sensitiveness."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

[illegible]Y—Boston [illegible] Ho[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]s [illegible]quie[illegible] [illegible] s[illegible] n[illegible] [illegible]ymphony Ha[illegible] 3 [illegible] Mme. Olive [illegible]ad and [illegible]ardo Mar[illegible]tin of the Metropolitan Opera House. [illegible] special notice.

[F]RIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. [illegible] public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Tina Lerner. Franck-Bauer, Prelude, Fugue and Variations; Dohnanyi, Rhapsodie in C major; Schubert-Liszt, Wanderer Fantasie; Chopin, Four Preludes, Nocturne B major, op. 9, No. 3, Fantasie in F minor, Tarantella; Gabrilowitsch, Feuillet d'Album; Hinton, Etude Arabesque (dedicated to Miss Lerner); Tschaikowsky-Pabst, Paraphrase on "Eugene Onegin."

Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. [illegible] concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

Dec. 30

VERDI REQUIEM AT OPERA HOUSE

Fifth Sunday Orchestral Concert Arouses Great Enthusiasm.

Verdi's Requiem Mass was sung at the fifth Sunday orchestral concert at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon. The soloists were Mmes. Rappold and Gay and Messrs. McCormack and Mardones. Mr. Andre-Caplet conducted, and the full chorus and orchestra of the Boston Opera Company took part.

With no reflection on the singing of the principals, the work of the chorus stood out yesterday afternoon as the big feature of the performance. There was precision, fire and dash; there was emphasis that at times became almost percussion; there were niceties of phrasing and expression rarely to be heard when such a large body sings. It was as if each individual in the chorus felt a sole responsibility, and the result was a stirring and dramatic effect hardly to be excelled.

There was pleasant variety in the voice character of the soloists. Mme. Rappold, who was substituting at short notice for Miss Amsden, who was ill, seemed tied closely to the score, which may have detracted somewhat from the spontaneity of her singing. She shook herself free, however, with success in the closing "Libera Me."

Mme. Gay's full and sonorous mezzo was particularly pleasant in duets with Mr. McCormack. She sang with dramatic intensity and expressiveness throughout and carried her more than proportionate share of the solo work in a manner that was above criticism.

Mr. McCormack deservedly drew a spontaneous response from the audience at the close of the melodious "Ingemisco" in the "Dies Irae." Mr. Mardones was dramatic and effective.

Mr. Andre-Caplet conducted with a careful attention to delicate shading and was particularly successful in drawing from the chorus the quick changes of emphasis which the music demands. The orchestra was inclined to be unruly, and at times played too loud. A large audience was enthusiastic in its approval.

MME. FREMSTAD HERE

Gives Concert at Symphony Hall, with Riccardo Martin.

Symphony Hall was well filled yesterday afternoon at the concert of Mme. Olive Fremstad, principal dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Riççardo Martin, tenor, of the same company. This was the program:

Songs—Sospiri miei, A. Bimboni; Als die alte Mutter, Dvorak; J'ai pleure en reve, Hue; Mr. Martin.

Aria, "Dich theure Halle" (Tannhaeuser), Wagner; Mme. Fremstad.

Songs—To Dasies, Roger Quilter; Oh, Let Night Speak of Me, Chadwick; Before the Dawn, Chadwick; Mr. Martin.

Songs—Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen, Robert Franz; Stille Sicherheit, Robert Franz; Fischermaedchen, Schubert; Wenn die Linde bluht, Max Reger; Es blinkt der Thau, Rubinstein; Mme. Fremstad.

Aria, "Vesti la Giubba" (Pagliacci), Leoncavallo; Mr. Martin.

Four Scandinavian songs—Saterjenten's Sondag, Ole Bull; a janta a ja, Swedish Folksong; Med en Primula Veris, Grieg; Et Syn, Grieg; Mme. Fremstad.

Duet, "Zu neuen Thaten" (Goetterdaemmerung), Wagner; Mme. Fremstad and Mr. Martin.

The audience gave every evidence of keen satisfaction with the efforts of the singers, Mme. Fremstad rousing special enthusiasm with her four Scandinavian songs. In response to frequent recalls she sang other melodies of the northland, and finally sat down at the piano, accompanying herself as she gave another of those naively characteristic ditties. She introduced an innovation that her hearers highly appreciated by announcing the titles and composers of songs that she sang on recalls.

From an artistic point of view the most successful number on the program was the duet from the "Dusk of the Gods." Mr. Martin was heard to the best advantage in the "Pagliacci" aria.

No [illegible] does [illegible] our repro[illegible] either in life or in [illegible]. The characters of men and women will always remain for us an absorbing study. When we talk at our firesides, the traits which mark our friends arouse our interest more intimately than politics or philosophy. Nor is it an idle curiosity which prompts us to discuss the oddities of our fellows; rather it is a genuine desire to understand temperament and to unravel motives.

Impressions of America.

Here are impressions made on two men of shrewd observation visiting the United States. We quote first from the diary of Li Hung Chang, now publishing in the Observer (London): "I had several delicious American drinks called cocktails, and I asked Salang to find out just what ingredients were used and how they were made. There was just enough spice and sweetness to them to suit my taste, and I do not think they would hurt me if taken not too frequently. I feel that I will sleep most calmly tonight."

And now we quote from Mr. James Milne's "John Jonathan and Company": "It is a common saying that the American woman can put on her clothes, that somehow she makes them look part of herself, the frame of a charming living picture, not so many folds piled above each other, which is the impression that an Englishwoman often gives. She gets a faint resemblance to a pillow, and its sleepiness may even extend to herself, which is a pity. A delightful American lady, old enough to be granted freedom of debate in these affairs, said to one equally delightful old English lady in my hearing: 'My dear, your countrywomen wear too many petticoats, and so miss the trim shapeliness of the American girl or matron.'"

But would not Hazlitt have preferred the many petticoats to the modern costume that reveals fully the "trim shapeliness"? He praised Wycherley and Vanbrugh, for the "strange, fancy dresses, perverse disguises, and counterfeit shapes" of their heroines; "gave an agreeable scope to the imagination. * * * The senses were not to be gratified in an instant. * * * There was room for years of patient contrivance for a thousand thoughts, schemes, conjectures, hopes, fears and wishes. A mistress was an angel, concealed behind whale bone, flounces and brocade. What an undertaking to penetrate through the disguise! What an impulse must it give to the blood! What a keenness to the invention! What a volubility to the tongue!"

Head Hunters.

On Dec. 3 the Pall Mall Gazette noted the fact that Robert Louis Stevenson died on that day 18 years ago, and added that the strangest announcement of the news was that on the poster of a morning journal in London: "Stevenson Succumbs; Sepulchred on a Samoan Summit." "To this favor," said the Pall Mall Gazette, "do even great stylists come!"

The history of the headline has yet to be written. Dilke in 1890 spoke of the "amazing headlines" of New York journals, and in 1891, the London Times was taunted by a contemporary for "becoming quite smart as a 'headliner'"; but the most startling headlines ever printed were beyond doubt and peradventure those in the Chicago Times of the first half of the seventies. They were always pointed and entertaining, sometimes grotesque, often witty, and occasionally indecent or blasphemous. In our student days we read the Times merely for these headlines. An anthology should have been made of them.

The "headliner" today takes his task seriously. It would appear that his duty is to contradict ingeniously in the heading what is stated as a fact or an opinion in the article under the head.

A retired Indian colonel in London collects liqueurs, and on his "library" shelves stand rows of bottles, rare, sometimes extinct, unknown to the vulgar, who lazily choose between curacoa, benedictine, and green mint. He spurns the familiar, nor is he given to drinking from his collection. He tastes a new "find" and then seals the bottle. You will find there Creme de Cacao, Entre nous, Rheinlaender, Baiser Perpetuel, Meleantis, Goldwasser—there are over 200 bottles in all, but his pride and joy is an old Van der Hum, from the Cape, compounded by Vrouw Daniels. He should read—no doubt he does read—Huysman's description of Jean des Esseintes and his liqueur organ. The neurotic hero believed that each liqueur corresponded to the sound of a musical instrument. Curacoa to the clarinet; Kirsch to the fierce blast of the trumpet; Kummel to the oboe. And there were tonal relations; thus benedictine was the relative minor of the alcoholic major known as green chartreuse. The little barrels of liqueurs were arranged as an organ, and by pulling a stop a few drops would be drawn from any one so that there could be combinations, and sight, taste and hearing could be gratified at the same time. He transferred to his mouth musical compositions. One cordial would sing to him a pastoral, or the tender cacao-chouva would hum sugary romances of bygone years.

Egotists and Thieves.

It is said that there are at least 11,000 hardened and audacious collectors in France. There are 1700 collectors of old engravings; 300 search after miniatures; 140 fancy pocketbooks, and so on. The Countess Chandon de Briailles collects old travelling trunks, while another howling swell, the Vicomtesse de Chezelles, prefers old warming pans. M. Francois Carnot hunts after tin soldiers of the 18th century; M. Schaenerts is not to be deceived as to the antiquity of a clarinet, and M. Furcy Reynaud is satisfied with coal shovels.

Collectors as a rule are egoists and thieves. They are often leading citizens in the great Republic of the Bores. One man will buttonhole you in the street while he tells you in ghastly detail how he finally secured the autograph of the fourth Governor of Georgia. Another will describe minutely his collection of photographs of all the women who have yet taken the part of Carmen. We knew an otherwise blameless person who collected monograms. What one of us has not at some time dwelt in this Arcadia? When we were boys, it was either a collection of coins, beginning with copper cents of the United States; postage stamps or names of locomotive engines. How many had the foresight to keep their coins and stamps? They were scattered, or they disappeared together with a square little book relating the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, that book with deep green covers and wood cuts, apparently cut with a jackknife. For it we would now gladly exchange a complete and luxurious set of books by any author living.

Dec. 31

"THE WOMAN" AT THE PARK

By PHILIP HALE.

PARK THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Woman," a play in three acts by William C. de Mille. Produced by David Belasco. First performed at Washington, D. C., April 17, 1911, with Helen Ware as Wanda Kelly, Jane Peyton, Messrs. Courtleigh, Holt, Hastings, Harrington, Macy, Nichols and Ellis.

The Hon. Jim Blake	John W. Cope
Tom	Harold Vosburgh
The Hon. Mark Robertson	Edwin Holt
Grace	Jane Peyton
The Hon. Matthew Standish	Cuyler Hastings
Ralph Van Dyke	Carleton Macy
The Hon. Silas Gregg	Stephen Fitzpatrick
The Hon. Tim Neligan	William Holden
Wanda Kelly	Mary Nash
A Guest	Eugene Stockdale
A Page	James Gerson
A Waiter	Jose Rossi

The success of this play lies in the excellent acting by all the members of the company and in the ingenuity displayed by Mr. Belasco in the production. The play itself is sheer melodrama and melodrama of not a high order. The long run of the play is a tribute to the skill of the astute Mr. Belasco, which is shown in every detail: in the groupings, apparently trifling matters of stage business, the going and coming of guests in the hotel, the routine of the telephone girl, the complete equipment of the telephone station, the buzzing of electric bells, the distant sound of an elevator—in a hundred ways that contribute to what is known as "realism" in the vocabulary of the modern stage, and especially in the cleverly contrived curtains.

The story is ostensibly one of graft. The men, with the exception of the boyish and honest Tom Blake, are members of a machine. The Hon. Jim Blake, a worldly wise and cynical politician, is at the head of it. They are all backing an outrageous bill, and fear lest Standish will defeat it. This Standish stands for reform. He must be discredited. The politicians find out that five years before he went to a country hotel and registered with a woman not his wife. They, however, are unable to learn her name. A trap is laid for him. They tell Standish the story and threaten him with disgrace. He telephones to a woman in New York; but the telephone girl, whose father, an honest politician, had been ruined by Blake and the gang, erases the number of the call. To her amazement Robertson calls the same number, wishing to speak to his wife, the daughter of Blake.

Mrs. Robertson comes that night to the hotel. She will not listen at first to Wanda and denies that she is the woman. Standish calls and tells her that for the interest of everybody she must prevent the scandalous story from appearing in the newspapers. The story is already written and waiting Blake's order. But the name of the woman is not yet known. Wanda is summoned and questioned by the politicians. She rejects bribes and is not disturbed by threats. At last Mrs. Robertson, who comes in, is suspected by a lawyer Van Dyke. She confesses. Standish triumphs; the bill is defeated, and Wanda, who has saved the good name of Mrs. Robertson, will become Tom Blake's wife.

Now neither Standish nor Grace Robertson enlists the sympathies of the audience. Standish, who by the way looked last night like Dr. Woodrow Wilson, might easily be mistaken for a cad when he tells Grace that he will sacrifice her honor to protect his followers who believe in him and wish to purify politics. He reminds her that he longed to marry her, that he insisted on wedding her, but she threw him over after their little outing because she found out that she loved Robertson better. Robertson at the end, when he learns the truth, stands with bowed head, and plaintively asks his wife: "Why did you not tell me this before I married you? or words to this effect—a foolish question. He answers his own query by saying that he would go on loving her just the same. This scene admits of no help from Mr. Belasco. It is sentimentalism, maudlin and tiresome.

Better the outspoken greed of the professional grafters. Their talk in the "Amen" corner of the hotel at Washington is natural and amusing. There is more life in these corrupt and shameless politicians than in Standish and Grace. The attitude of the audience during the defence, say rather the eulogy of graft from Blake's lips, was interesting. If Mr. de Mille attempted to satirize grafting so as to make it repulsive, he succeeded only in making it something to be admired, for the audience laughed approvingly at every smart speech in which human nature was characterized as hopelessly venal. Nor did Blake's remark that graft was a national institution supported by the great public meet with the righteous applause that greeted Wanda when she refused to betray the name of the woman. A delightful confusion of the moralities throughout the play!

And after all, Wanda, not Blake, not the high-browed Standish, who would not lie like a gentleman, not Grace, the unsubstantial woman in the case, is the chief figure in this melodrama. The play revolves around Wanda. Miss Nash was the telephone girl to the life, nor did she overdo in the realism of her routine, nor was she too heroic under examination. The others, as has been stated, were capital in their respective characterizations. The fat lines were given to Jim Blake and Mr. Cope delivered them quietly and with telling effect. The other politicians were adroitly differentiated. Mr. Vosburgh, as Tom, the sweetheart of Wanda, succeeded where others might easily have failed. Mr. Stockdale in an inconsequential part made much of it.

This melodrama, constructed so that it holds the attention, while the spectator is aware that the play is a machine made for the purpose of two or three situations, is worth seeing by reason of the acting and the display of Mr. Belasco's stage cunning. If Mr. Belasco had not come to Mr. de Mille's assistance, how long would "The Woman" have remained on the boards?

THREE LEADERS ON B. F. KEITH'S BILL

Stella Mayhew, Joe Welch and Homer Lind Head Strong Program.

Stella Mayhew, Joe Welch and Homer Lind, each carrying an entirely different line from the other two, are jointly featured on the B. F. Keith bill this week, and, incidentally, each came in for a lot of applause from the big house at last night's performance. With a number of other good acts backing up these headliners, the bill for the current week is one of unusual excellence.

Miss Mayhew, with Billie Taylor presiding at the piano, comes to Boston from a year's engagement at the New York Winter Garden. She has her New York accent, and it was received with the same enthusiasm. Miss Mayhew has three or four very catchy songs, all of which she sings in characteristic fashion. She was recalled several times.

Joe Welch, than whom there is none better when it comes to the Yiddish business, laments, as has been his wont for several years, the high cost of living and the general unscrupulousness of those engaged in supplying the necessities of life. Then there is his boarder, who owes him too much to fire and who eats too much to keep. Around the boarder Welch builds several funny stories. Others deal with his 19-year-old daughter and her battery of beauty machines.

Homer Lind, late baritone in the Parsifal production, is making his farewell

[illegible] appearance, using the [illegible] [illegible] Opera Singer," in which [illegible] appeared at B. F. [illegible] a supporting company [illegible] and the scene is laid upon [illegible] of a New York vaudeville [illegible]. The famous baritone sings several [illegible] each of which was greeted [illegible] tremendous applause. Another [illegible] having a place earlier [illegible] this week's bill is Ralph Smalley, [illegible], and formerly with the Boston [illegible]. Mr. Smalley played five selections and even then the audience tried hard to induce him to play just one more.

Fred Warren and Effie Conley, whose homes are right here in Boston, appeared in a spicy vaudeville mixture, as the progrem termed it, and they made one of the genuine hits of the evening. Miss Conley sings very well, while Mr Warren is an adept at the [illegible]. At dancing they are unusually good. They are here this week for the first time, as are also Wood and Wyle, who have a sneppy act, the scene of their flirtation being laid in the corridor of a hotel.

Kluting's animal hippodrome with dogs, cats, rabbits and pigeons as the entertainers, is one of the most sumptuously staged ects of its sort ever seen in this city. By no means the least interesting feature are the high jumping cats and the dozen pure white [illegible] pigeons, the latter revealing wonderful intelligence. The cats and the pigeons are upon the best of terms all through the act. Lena Pantzer on the tight wire is about the best ever in her line, while the closing act is that of Caron end Herbert as comedy acrobats.

PROFESSIONAL DEBUT AT THE CASTLE SQUARE

Miss Virginia Tanner Dances in "The Gingerbread Man."

Although "The Gingerbread Man" is in itself popular, Mr. Craig has engaged Miss Virginia Tanner as an edded attraction [illegible] present her Egyptian dences, and she appeared in them near the close of the last act yesterday. This was Miss Tanner's professional debut, for although she has been for some time favorably known in amateur circles, it remained for Mr. Craig to bring her before the public et large.

Miss Tanner's dances are original and they tell a dramatic story. The accompanying music by Rimsky-Korsakoff adds to the dramatic effect. On the stage et the [illegible] time with Miss Tanner is Wilson Melrose, and his presence gives a realistic touch to the scene.

HARRY LAUDER AT THE SHUBERT

Harry Lauder was welcomed back to Boston last night by en audience that crowded the Shuhert Theatre and greeted the canny Scot with every mark of affection and esteem. The progrem with a touch of conscious pride announced that it was his "first American appearance since appearing before King George and Queen Mary of England."

Of course, Mr Lauder's Yankee admirers are gled to know that he appeared before the King and Queen for they [illegible] certain thet thereby their [illegible] were permitted to enjoy an [illegible] pleasant half hour on so of [illegible] lief from the cares of state, [illegible] so pertinent to say that his [illegible] friends here flock to see Harry [illegible] alone and the fect that he [illegible] songs, laughed his inimit[illegible] winked his winks and jested [illegible] jests before all the po[illegible] Europe and Asia or all the [illegible] rulers of the Orient would [illegible] ased their fondness for [illegible] no jot or made their joy in him a bit greater.

For it is the genuineness of Harry Lauder and his own heerty sincerity [illegible] much as the extreme of art concealing art in the smallest details of his [illegible], looks and voice that endear him to us and make him and his performance something apart. It was the same Harry that has been so much admired here in the past who appeared last night—or en even jollier and more [illegible] one. It isn't necessary to catalogue what he did. He just sang and talked and walked and took the audience into his confidence as usual, and in consequence there was much rejoicing from the orchestra seats up through the balconies to the top gallery. For the sake of the record, however, it might be said that his selections were: "Same as His Faither Wes Before Him," "She's the Lass for Me," "The Kilty Leds," "A Wee Deoch-An-Doris," "I Love a Lassie," "A Wee Hoose" and with lots of extra fun in between and on the side.

Before Mr. Lauder appeared an exceptionally good vaudeville program was furnished. Arthur Astill from the Oxford Theatre, London, did some expert whistling [illegible] from the London Alhambra [illegible] remarkably realist[illegible] the Yard-Yale game. Lena [illegible] The Six Musical Cuttys did [illegible] stunts with many instruments. [illegible] from the Folies Bergere Paris, aided by Mme Alexis, did some startling dancing and Carl Rosine, from the Olympie Paris, did some astonishing tricks of magic, though he took pains to let his eudience see there was no deception about anything and, es he expressed it, he was not going to "magish." With so many from London and Paris and with Harry Lauder from the Highlands of Scotland it was rightly labelled an international show.

Seats will go on sale at the Shubert Theatre next Thursday morning for next week's attraction at the Shubert Theatre, "The Merry Countess," which comes direct from its long run at the New York Casino with the original consolidated New York and London cast.

LESLIE GROSSMITH

Leslie Grossmith, the English entertainer, gave his first recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. The program, which was pleasantly varied, consisted of humorous songs, monologues, character sketches and piano solos, including pieces by Beethoven and Liszt.

Mr. Grossmith may justly boast of marked versatility in his profession, although his talents might find a more fitting setting in the drawing room. The audience yesterday afternoon, however was both responsive and warm in its expressions of pleasure.

Among the most amusing numbers on the program were impersonations of well known London characters, and the musical melodrama by Sidney Lewis in which the hero, heroine, villain and scenic details were represented by appropriate themes on the piano. Mr. Grossmith further exhibited his pianistic skill end excited the wonder of those present by his performance with the left hend only, of an air from "Don Pasquale."

The recitals will be given every afternoon and evening during this week.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Haensel und Gretel":

Peter	Otto Goritz
Gertrud	Maria Claessens
Hansel	Jeska Swartz
Gretel	Bernice Fisher
Die Knusperhexe	Maria Claessens
Sandmannchen	Florence DeCourcy
Taumannchen	Myrna Sharlow

Followed by "Cavalleria Rusticana":

Santuzza	Maria Gay
Lola	Elvira Leveroni
Mamma Lucia	Florence DeCourcy
Turiddu	Umberto Sacchetti
Alfio	Anafesto Rossi

TREMONT THEATRE — Raymond Hitchcock in "The Red Widow," a musical play in three acts. Book and lyrics by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, music by Charles J. Gebest. Produced under the direction of Frederick G. Latham. Ballet and march numbers staged by James Gorman. The cast:

Cicero Hannibal Butts	Raymond Hitchcock
Violet Butts	Claire Grenville
Oswald Butts	George White
Anna Varvara	Flora Zabelle
Yvette	Minerva Coverdale
Ivan Scorpioff	Edward Metcalfe
Baron Maximilian Scareovich	George Romain
Dick Graham	Charles Prince
Popova Popolotski	George E. Mack
Capt Basil Romanoff	Theodore Martin
Princess Sophya	Gloria Gray
Countess Alexandra	Nan Brown
Krigig	Stanley Howard
Paskof	D. Dickson
Adyk	Ray Russell
Ovak	William Lafferty
Manager of the Alcazar Music Hall	Stanley Fields
Clerk of the Hotel De L'Europe	Stanley Fields

Let us today relate some improving anecedote. Let us recall the deed or saying of a famous man, so that the young may take heed and the old grow thoughtful considering the inevitable end. Dr. Johnson condemned the use of the word "anecdote" in its modern meaning, and to him an anecdote was only an unpublished detail of history, although in a later edition of his Dictionary he allowed the word as we understand it. What would Boswell's life of him be without the anecdotes, the light gossip about peculiarities, characteristics, prejudices, habits?

A True Philosopher.

Bernard Le Bovier de Fontenelle was passionately fond of asparagus, especially when it was dressed with oil. One of his friends—it may have been the Abbe Terrasson—who preferred asparagus with butter, dined one day with Fontenelle. The host said: "Come now, I'll sacrifice myself for your sake. I'll give you half of my asparagus and order that it be served with butter." Before the dish came to the teble the abbe fell to the floor with an apoplectic stroke. Fontenelle rose from his seat, ran to the kitchen and shouted: "The whole of it with oil! The whole of it with oil!" Some time afterwards dining with Lord Hyde in Paris and seeing asparagus on the table, he said: "I observe that my little joke has put asparagus in fashion."

In his lifetime Fontenelle was counted a philosopher.

Profess[illegible]

[illegible] are [illegible] the [illegible] fiddlers, [illegible] to their [illegible], chiefly [illegible] anecdotists and press agents are so inaccurate in statements of fact. Mme. Edvina, for example, chatted [illegible] about M. Charpentier, who, it appears, is tickled almost to death with her impersonation of Louise, and she was reported in The Herald of last Sunday as saying that "Louise" was produced at the Opera Comique on Feb. 1, 1901. Why should she have been so circumstantial? A day, e week, a month does not matter in anecdotical outpouring; but if prima donnas and press agents prefer to be particular they should be "heestly perticular." "Louise" was produced on Feb. 2, 1900.

A Learned Contribution.

Having "Accuracy," Mr Joseph Pulitzer's famous work, steadily before our eyes, as a youth in school gazes on a motto lozenge given to him by a shamefaced girl, let us read and digest the following:

As the World Wags:

The suggestion can hardly hold that "pulque," the name of the famous ancient and modern Mexican intoxicant, made from the juice of the meguey, is derived from the Araucanian "pulcu," a term applied to what is also known as "chica" (this word is of doubtful origin, though possibly from some Indian dialect of Peru or thereabouts), the popular drink of Chile. As our best authority on such matters for Chile, Mr. Rodolfo Lenz, says in his "Diccionario Etimolojico de Los Voces Derivados de Lenguas Indijenas Americanas" (Santiago de Chile, 1904-1910) under the word "pulcu" (p. 643), which, in Araucanian (or Mapuche) signifies "chica" in general, the term "pulque" was in too early use among the Spanish chroniclers of Mexico to have been derived from Araucanian. Ramos, E. G., in his "Diccionario de Mejicanismos." (Seg. ed. Mejico, 1898) cites "pulque" from a Mexican document of 1529, a date much anterior to the Conquest of Chile by the Spaniards. Araucanian "pulcu," therefore, seems derived from Mexican "pulque" end not vice versa. Lenz defines "pulcu," which word has crept into the Spanish of the frontiers, as "the 'chica' mede by the Indians from all sorts of fruits and grains, but chiefly apples." For the manufacture of "chica" (p. 276), maize and quinoa (chenopodium), grapes, apples, pears, quinces and the fruits or berries of a number of Chilean plants and shrubs are in use, such as the "mirtilla," "bruinguan" (Duvaua dependens), "maqui" (Aristotelia m.), "molle" (Schinus m.) etc.

ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN,
Clark University, Worcester, Dec. 23.

And all this wealth of erudition, and this maze of parentheses resulted from the quotation in this column of a remark in the Oxford Dictionary.

"Pulque, Spanish American 'pulque,' of uncertain origin. According to F. X. Clavigero (Istoria antica del Mexico '1780-81' (Eng. trans. 1787 I. 435), neither Sp. nor Mexican, but from Araucanian 'l pulcu.' The generic name for the intoxicating beverage used by the Indians." And so in familiar speech, the word "rum" is used loosely to denote any intoxicating drink, from hard cider to cooking gin. Mr. Helliday Witherspoon is responsible for it all: not "pulque" itself, but for suggesting unconsciously the diecussion.

An Imperial Feeder.

Apropos of two meals a day and consequent health and lusty old ege, we like to think of the Emperor Charles V. It was his habit to breakfast at 5 A. M. on a fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices. Then as there was nothing doing, except inside of him, he slept. At noon he dined and always on 20 dishes. After vespers he supped, and at midnight or 1 A. M. he ate the most substantial meal of the four. After he had put down meat he made way with vast quantities of pastry and sweetmeats, washing down the whole mess with gargantuan draughts of wine and beer. And for 40 years he thrived. After that he lost his fine taste, and all dishes looked alike to him, and were insipid.

The class in aneedotage is now dismissed for the day.

Jan 1 [illegible]

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone
Close up his eyes, tie up his chin
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door
There's a new foot on the floor my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

A Forgotten Matinee Idol.

How little attention has been paid by the newspapers in this country to George Rignold, who died in Australia on Dec. 16th or 15th! And yet there was a time when he and H. J. Montague were the idols of matinee girls in this country. He was [illegible] his singularly [illegible]

[illegible] lines' [illegible] are the [illegible] and the Pistol of [illegible] was the Pr[illegible] Rand was R[illegible] the play was brought out at [illegible] Theatre in New York.

Rignold was also seen as [illegible] to [illegible] Jewett's Juliet, and [illegible] was a benefit at the [illegible] of Music New York, for a [illegible] society, Rignold came from San Francisco to play again the part of [illegible] to keep a rash promise that he had made. He went back immediately to sail for Australia.

He had played with famous women of the stage: Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal, Adelaide Neilson were chief among them, but in London he never was a [illegible] favorite until his production of Henry V., in 1879, at Drury Lane. About 1880 he went to Australia, where he was highly esteemed as an actor-manager, but he reappeared in London in 19[illegible] at the benefit performance for William Rignold.

Rignold was seen as Henry the Fifth at the Boston Theatre in November and December, 1875. Mr Thomas [illegible] then took the part of Rumor as Chorus, D. J. Maguinnis played Bardolph and G. W. Wilson, Nym.

Certified Gifts.

As the World Wags:

A few days ago I heard two [illegible] talking together in a street car. I did not listen, for I could not help hearing them; in fact, they disturbed my [illegible] of the advertisements as [illegible] documents. One said to the other: "A funny thing happened to me. I received a vanity bag on Christmas from Mrs. —, and, do you know, I believe it is the very same bag I gave to her deughter last year. Mistakes like that will happen. She should have been more careful. I make it a point to get rid of presents that I don't like, or are duplicates, within the next week." The other woman smiled and said: "I take the presents I gave this Christmas, that is, outside of my own family, were worth at least five times the amount I spent on the presents I received. Of course, you are sometimes deceived as to the real value."

Hearing these words in Christmas tide, I said to myself, Why would it not be a good plan for a person sending a present to ask the shopkeeper to put **in the box a statement of the goods sold** and the price, or, better yet, a receipted bill? Then the receiver will know that the gift was bought for her and her curiosity will be satisfied. Perfect knowledge casteth out suspicion.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.
Blossom court, Boston, Dec. 31.

The Time for Disappearing.

The death of Charley Ross's [illegible] excited talk concerning strange disappearances. There is the mysterious case of Mr H Wilfrid Jagger. About two years ago on a Sunday morning he left his rooms in the neighborhood of Regent's Park, London, with a book under his arm and a sovereign in his pocket. Nothing has been seen or heard of him. He was not in trouble of any kind. An alert man of clean life, 28 years old, he stood 6 feet 2, had money at home and in the bank and knew the ways of the world. On the night before he wrote, as was his custom, a loving letter to his mother. When he left his rooms he said he might take a trip in the country or go to Eastbourne. What became of him?

What became of the Harvard student who disappeared unaccountably and is still mourned by many?

Perhaps the wildest tale is that of Mr. Howe of Jermyn street, London. He told his wife he had business in the City. From the City he wrote to her stating that he must go at once to Holland for en absence of three weeks or a month. Mrs. Howe did not see or hear of him for 17 years. He was counted dead and his estate was administered under a special act of Parliament. One evening, when she was stepping a note was put into her hand. It was an invitation to meet the writer in Birdcage walk. Her brother-in-law said the handwriting was Mr Howe's. At the appointed time and place Mr Howe appeared end kissed Mrs. Howe. He had never left London; at least so he said. He used to watch her admiringly. He used to dine two or three times a week in a house opposite hers, and he then liked to stand at the window and look into her drawing room. "He loved her still through glass." This wes his only explanation. Suppose she had been courted meanwhile and had listened favorably. Would he have interfered? Would the pleasure of his little game have been marred, or would he have given a special point to it by walking up the aisle as she was about to accept the ring of No. 2? And is this the story that pleased the fancy of Hawthorne (Nathaniel, not Julian)?

A Last Honor.

To "C. M. D." No, the offer of the English government of a battleship for the transport of Whitelaw Reid's body to New York was not "unique." The body of George Peabody was sent [illegible] by the British government in the new frigate Monarch. Did not the United States government send the body of John [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] to Chili on a battleship the [illegible] of President Montt, who had died [illegible] Are there not other instances of a like courtesy paid by the United States government to distinguished foreigners?

Jan 2 1913

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Aida." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Il Re....................Mr. Sampieri
Amneris....................Mme. Gay
Aida....................Mme. Rappold
Radames....................Mr. Zenatello
Ramfis....................Mr. Mardones
Amonasro....................Mr. Polese
Un Messaggiero....................Mr. Giaccone
La Sacerdotessa....................Mme. DeCourcy

Anyone can name a dog, but it is another thing to give a dog a name which other dogs will applaud.

A Pleasing Madness.

The Herald recently referred to the natural depravity of collectors, especially collectors of books, coins, postage stamps. We now read that the late Prince Regent of Bavaria collected bills of fare, cookery recipes and cook books. There have been others; there are others. What is the name of the woman in New York who brought together 10,000 or more bills-of-fare and gave them to a museum? We have heard of a man in Vienna who has 70 volumes of such bills, systematically arranged and scrupulously indexed. The Pall Mall Gazette recalls the case of the Earl of Dudley, who kept the programs of dinners he attended and made notes on the cards about the quality of this or that dish. The same newspaper speaks of a "knowledgable diner," who wrote the bill-of-fare for his dinner in a memorandum book and recorded his impressions on the opposite page. He then showed the page of comment to his cook for prayerful study. This "knowledgable diner" is now dead. Rest his—stomach!

Gastronomic Notes.

Cook books are often good reading. Even the books edited by chief officers of sanitariums or "health retreats," and the medical inventors and proprietors of health foods appeal to any one with a sense of humor. There are certain French cook books of the 18th century more fascinating than the contemporary novels. Madame, if you wish your daughter to acquire useful information for her future household and at the same time study French, put three volumes of "La Vie Privee d'Autrefois," the series edited by M. Alfred Franklin, into her hands. She will be dull if she does not profit by pondering pages of "La Cuisine," "Varietes Gastronomiques," and "Les Repas."

Is there anywhere an essay on foods that were once thought injurious to health and are now esteemed? When we were young and leading a comparatively blameless life in the village these things were considered by many unwholesome: Sweetbreads, tomatoes, pineapples, bananas, English walnuts, pecan nuts, beechnuts, Brazil nuts, lobsters, crabs. There was a particular prejudice against the pineapple. We used to read of prodigal Englishmen who would travel for miles to Covent Garden, there to purchase a "pine" for a guinea or two guineas. Was there not something about the luxury of a "pine" in "Sandford and Merton"? Fired with a desire to know the full lusciousness of the fruit, we would suggest the purchase of one. "Miserable stuff!" was the parental answer; "pineapple tastes like chips in sweetened water." Now the acid of pineapple is recommended as a digestive.

Overlooked or Non-Existent?

To "H. C."—In a letter published in The Herald of Dec. 28 you referred to the National Cyclopaedia of American Biography and asked whether it contained a sketch of Christian Sharps. You then made this statement: "The index of the work says under 'Sharps, Christian' and under 'Rifles, breech-loading' that such a sketch is to be found on page 517 of volume 5, but the sketch is not there."

Answering your letter, we admitted that we knew nothing about the said cyclopaedia and got along comfortably with Jeremy Collier's that comes down in the history of the world to 1705. Curiosity led us to look at the National Cyclopaedia of American Biography, for we were told that it is highly valued by those that have occasion to consult books of reference. On page 517 of volume 5, we found a short, but adequate, biographical sketch of your friend Christian Sharps.

Is it possible that you overlooked it? Or was there a mistake in the indexing for an earlier edition than the one consulted in The Herald office?

In January.

There is weather lore associated with the first days in January.

The first three days of January rule the coming three months.

Jan. 2—As the weather is this day so will it be in September.

Jan. 3—It will be the same weather for nine weeks as it is on the ninth day after Christmas.

Do not congratulate yourself and your neighbor on mild and balmy days in January. Listen to the weather wise: January blossoms fill no man's cellar. If birds begin to whistle in January, frosts to come.

When [illegible] in January the peasant becomes [illegible].

Much rain in January no blessing to the fruit.

When oak trees bend with snow in January good crops may be expected.

A cold January, a feverish February, a dusty March, a weeping April and a windy May presage a good year and gay.

Anecdote for the Day.

Here is an improving anecdote for the season. It was first told by the minister of Tillicoultry, in the county of Clackmannan and may be found with other valuable matter in the "Statistical Account of Scotland," vol. xv., p. 201 (Edinb. 1795).

"One William Hunter, a collier, was cured in the year 1758 of an inveterate rheumatism or gout by drinking freely of new ale, full of barm or yest. The poor man had been confined to his bed for a year and a half, having almost entirely lost the use of his limbs. On the evening of Handsel Monday, as it is called (i. e., the first Monday of the New Year, O. S.), some of his neighbors came to make merry with him. Though he could not rise, yet he always took his share of the ale as it passed round the company, and, in the end, became much intoxicated. The consequence was that he had the use of his limbs the next morning, and was able to walk about. He lived more than 20 years after this, and never had the smallest return of his old complaint."

For Mr. Witherspoon.

A letter addressed to Mr. Halliday Witherspoon is now at The Herald office, Room 86. It should be of special interest to him. Will Mr. Witherspoon either send his address or call?

Jan 3 1913

O seat-compelling Beauty! Time may mar
Thy Flower Face; how infinitely are
Those Beauties of the Mind to be preferred
That get small credit in the trolley-car.

Mr. Wilson on Diaries.

Mr. Woodrow Wilson, reading the Diary of Gideon Welles, was asked whether he kept a diary. "No," he answered. "I kept one for a while when I was a boy. People usually keep diaries when they are very young, and have nothing to put in them. Later, when they have something, they are too busy. Welles says that he wrote his after the day's work, usually between 11 and 12 o'clock at night. Probably the weariness he must have felt at that hour colored his views to some extent."

Mr. Wilson may or may not have said these words. He was reported as saying them, and they will serve.

In the first place, it does not follow that because Gideon Welles wrote his diary late at night he was, therefore, mentally or physically tired. The change in work was probably a relief, a relaxation. The secretary of the navy could sleep better after he had freed his mind on paper. The thoughts of many a man are nimbler during the red-pepper hours, as Clement Scott characterized the period of time in which dramatic criticism is written for a morning journal. Mr. Welles at a cabinet meeting was often bored, often irritated. It comforted and soothed him to think: "Aha! There's my little diary waiting for me. Tonight I'll get even with Billy Seward."

A School for Prigs.

There are professional moralists who urge boys and girls to keep a diary. "Enter daily your acts of meanness, the harsh and disagreeable words you speak at home or in school, your resolves to be better. Note your progress or slackness in your studies. Put down any useful information you may have acquired. Write neatly and legibly." Thus were many wretched youngsters started on a new year. Fortunately, the old Adam in them prevailed, and they did not develop into prigs or statisticians. The entries were few late in January and from March 1 the remaining pages were blank. There were prudent fathers who insisted that the wife and children should keep a strict cash account. We remember a mother who could never make her cash account balance, and her husband, a brisk man with figures, eyed her with a pity akin to contempt. In Albany, N. Y., there was an honest Scot who, whenever a child was born to him—and children came with due chronological regularity—bought an account book and entered against that child all expenses incurred for sustenance, clothes, education. When the child became of age the father produced the book and said: "See what you have cost me. I expect you to pay me back when you can do so, and you had better begin by giving me a little every week."

Born, Not Made.

It is said that John Lord Harrington was "one of the first who began the pious fashion of a diary." The true diarist is not the one who keeps the record of the thermometer thrice daily throughout the year, notes snow storms, heavy rainfalls and perturbations of Nature, the first appearance of this or that flower or the sight of a belated raspberry. The great diarists are few and were born expressly to keep a journal. Pepys, Evelyn, Greville Amiel, the De Goncourts [illegible] not [illegible] of routine. Of course Pepys, who wrote in cipher and not with one eye on a possible public, is alone and incomparable.

Our Daily Anecdote.

"He (William Butler, physician) was much addicted to his humours, and would suffer persons of quality to wayte sometimes some houres at his dore, with coaches, before he would receive them. * * * Dr. Gale of St. Paul's schoole, assures me, that a French man came one time from London to Cambridge, purposely to see him, whom he made stay two houres for him in his gallery, and then he came out to him in an old blew gowne. The French gentleman makes him 2 or 3 very lowe bowes downe to the ground; Dr. Butler whippes his legge over his head, and away goes into his chamber, and did not speake with him."

An Entertaining French Woman.

Apropos of diaries, there is agreeable matter in Mme. Marcelle's Tinayre's latest book, "Madeleine at the Mirror; or the Diary of a Woman." She explains why people dread a rainy day. They are obliged to stay at home with those they pretend to love, to read books they pretend to like; they are thrown on their own resources; they look within their soul and see nothing. "That is why men do not like the rain." Colette, a country cousin, is introduced. She thinks that she is in the front rank of the intellectuals. "Ah!" writes Madeleine, "if only virtue became fashionable Colette would knit wool and nurse her own babies. Instead of that she writes hopelessly platitudinous poetry, and tries to look like a Sultaness at the evening parties of the 'Sous-prefet.' If the fashionable novelist of the day should wear a ring in her nose, Colette would wear two, and consider that she was surpassing the original in genius, beauty and audacity." Madeleine would sooner not vote than walk down the Avenue de l'Opera dressed in green, violet and white, the colors of the suffragists. She does not see why women should not please men. "There is an honest and necessary coquetry. Be learned, but try to look nice."

The Real Thing.

Here is Maria Gironci's recipe for macaroni and tomatoes:

Put in a pan one quart of boiling water, eight ounces of macaroni cut into medium-sized pieces, two pounds of ripe tomatoes with skin, core and seeds removed; cut into pieces four ounces butter, and pepper and salt to taste. Stew over slow fire, stirring frequently, until macaroni is cooked. (More liquor can be added if required.) Arrange nicely in dish and serve with grated Parmesan cheese.

Jan. 4

"Queen Mab" by Holbrooke Is Brightly Colored—Elena Gerhardt Sings.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 11th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted after an absence of three weeks. The program was as follows:

Academic Festival Overture.......Brahms
"Il mio bel foco"................Marcello
"O del mio dolce ardor"...........Gluck
"Queen Mab" (Shakespeare) Poem No. 7, Holbrooke
Songs with orchestra: "Morgen." "Wiegenlied," Caecilie"...........R. Strauss
Symphony No. 7 ("Romantic")..Bruckner

Dr. Muck was heartily welcomed. He received the tribute with his customary modesty and then gave the most effective reading of Brahms's overture that has been heard here during the last 20 years: it was so exquisitely proportioned, so clean cut in thematic exposition and development, so definitely rhythmed. Nor would it be fanciful to say that the performance was in the spirit of the German university, suggesting scholastic dignity with the joviality and comradeship of student life.

Holbrooke's "Queen Mab" was played for the first time in Boston, and probably for the first time in the United States. This singularly original and fertile composer is almost wholly unknown here except by name and foreign report. Miss Goodson played his etude Fantastique for the piano a few years ago, but his many orchestral pieces and chamber music are as a sealed book. From the catalogue of his works it appears that he has been greatly influenced by Poe; but he has also been moved to write music by Wordsworth, Longfellow, Byron, Keats, Vaughan, Shelley, Emerson, and even Mrs. Hemans!

"Queen Mab" was of course suggested by Mercutio's speech, which fired the fancy of Berlioz and led Gounod to write pages which usually fall flat when sung by the baritone in "Romeo and Juliet." Holbrooke quotes the opening lines; the description of Mab galloping through lovers' brains and then driving o'er a soldier's neck. These three sections are connected, and there is a choral epilogue, "Arise, fair sun," which may be omitted, as it was at this concert.

This tone-poem is an uncommonly brilliant composition and one of marked originality. It is conspicuous for rhythmic effects and gorgeous [illegible] orchestral coloring rather [illegible] for striking musical contrasts, the [illegible] the "love theme" is itself emotional and is developed emotionally. In the [illegible] section Holbrooke succeeds in avoiding the suggestion of Berlioz's famous Scherzo and in the soldier's dream of "breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades," there is no lapse into the vulgarity of square-toed march or conventional battle music. There is a persistent and audacious phrase which is extraordinarily effective, and the whole string section is appropriately fantastical. The performance was as brilliant as the composition, which awakens the desire to hear other orchestral works of this Englishman who has escaped the bondage of Mendelssohn, cathedral organists and the sound professors at the academy aghast at his wild and dangerous tendencies. Nor is there any trace of his being influenced by Wagner, Tschaikowsky or Strauss.

It might be well in future to perform a Symphony of Bruckner with only an overture on the program. After music has been heard for an hour, even the "Romantic" Symphony may be as a stumbling block to many. It contains wonderful pages. The first movement, with its serene and confident opening and noble thoughts; the indescribable solemn lamentation with its overwhelming climax, and the trio of the Scherzo are enough to stamp Bruckner as a genius. Alas! this genius was not a self-examining master. After a passage of rare beauty or sublimity, there will be measures of childish chatter, pages of damnable iteration. Then there are the disturbing haltings; the prevailing lack of logical continuity—but why now repeat the charges that have justly been brought against this strange and colossal apparition in the symphonic field?

Miss Gerhardt is first to be thanked for acquainting the audience with the fine air of Marcello and the still finer air of Gluck, an air that is the perfect expression of tender emotion. Marcello's air suffered from the manner in which the accompaniment had been orchestrated without regard to certain instruments not used in the time of Benedetto Marcello and without regard to the character of the song. Fortunately Gluck's simple accompaniment—strings and oboe—was not tinkered. She is also to be thanked for singing these ancient airs so beautifully. The appearance of an applauded operatic singer at a Symphony concert is to be looked on with suspicion. Miss Gerhardt is distinctively a lieder singer, but no woman of the opera could have interpreted the air from "Paride ed Elena" with greater dramatic significance. After the air of Gluck, the songs of Strauss seemed common place, and, in fact, few modern songs could have better stood the test, or vied at all with the affecting simplicity of Gluck's. Yet on an ordinary program, "Morgen" is sure to make its sentimental appeal, and "Wiegenlied" is not without charm. The composer would have enjoyed Miss Gerhardt's interpretation.

There will be no concerts next week. The program for those of Jan. 17-18 will be as follows: Weber, overture to "Der Freischuetz"; Bruch, Concerto for violin, No. 2 (Mr. Witek, violinist); Strauss, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5.

"LUCIA" AT OPERA HOUSE

Donizetti Work Repeated—Tetrazzini in Title Part.

Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor" was repeated last night at the Boston Opera House. There was a large audience. The cast was as follows: Lucia, Mme. Tetrazzini; Alisa, Miss Heyman; Edgardo, Mr. Sacchetti; Enrico, Mr. Polese; Arturo, Mr. Giaccone; Raimondo, Mr. Mardones, Normanno, Mr. Diaz. Mr. Moranzoni conducted. Mme. Tetrazzini was brilliantly florid in song. Mr Polese was an effectively wicked brother. It may be remembered that he took this part when Mme. Tetrazzini first sang in Boston as a member of Mr. Hammerstein's company. Mr. Mardones was again a sonorous family chaplain.

At a meeting of the shareholders of the Boston Opera Company, held on Dec. 30, it was unanimously voted not to terminate the voting trust. The election of officers and directors for the ensuing year took place, resulting as follows: Eben D. Jordan, president; F. S. Converse, vice-president; Charles Hayden, treasurer; Harold Blanchard, secretary, and Francis Peabody, Jr., N. L. Amster, W. C. Baylies, G. W. Chadwick, G. R. Fearing, Jr., C. M. Loeffler, R. L. Flanders, Otto H. Kahn, T. N. Vail, C. K. Cobb, H. M. Sears, H. D. Burnham and Robert Jordan, directors.

Jan. 4

I write this romance in the French style.

Yes: Something that way.

The French style consists of making just as many paragraphs as possible.

Thus one may fill up a column in a very short time.

I am paid by the column, and the quicker I can fill up a column—but this is a matter to which we will not refer.

We will let this matter pass.

Our Daily Anecdote.

Ralph Kettle, D. D., "was irreconcilable to long haire; called them hairy

[illegible]pes, and as for periwigges which were then very rarely worne) he be[illegible]ed them to be the scalpes of men [illegible]tt off after they were hang'd, and so [illegible]ed and dressed for use. When he [ob]served the scholars' haire longer than [ord]inary (especially if they were scholars of the howse), he would bring a pair of cizers in his muffe (wch he commonly wore), and woe be to them that sate on the outside of the table. I remember he cutt Mr. Radford's haire with the knife that chipps the bread on the buttery-hatch, and then he sang, 'And was not Grim, the collier, finely trimmed?' "

His Royal Nibs.

As the World Wags:

You ask in your issue of Christmas morning "Does not Czarevitch or Tsarevitch, or Czarovitz, mean merely 'son of the Czar, and has not the title of Grand Duke' superseded it?"

May I explain that there are in Russian two distinct words, "Tsarevich" (three syllables) and "Tsesarevich" (four syllables). Both are accented on the penult "ev." Tsarovich means simply a prince of royal descent. It is practically obsolete, though carefully retained in the Gruzkinsky family (descendants of the old Tsars of Gruzia (Georgia). The sons and daughters of this family are all called Tsarevich and Tsarevna. But the members of the imperial family of Russia are not called Tsarevich and Tsarevna for the good reason that the Emperor of Russia is not called Tsar. His title is "Imperator I Samoderzhetz Vse-Rossisky," i. e., Emperor and Autocrat of All-Russia. His minor titles are, among others, Tsar of Moscow, Tsar of Poland, Tsar of Novgorod, Lord of Pskoff, Grand Prince of Finland, Grand Prince of Lithuania, etc., etc., but such a title as "Tsar of Russia" has no existence, except in the language of newspaper correspondents.

The other title, "Tses-ar-ev-ich" (the French rendering is Cesarevitch), means "son of Caesar." But one person in all Russia bears this title, and he is the heir to the Russian throne, the "Nasliednick," as the Russians call him, which is the equivalent of the English "Heir Apparent" and of the German "Thronfolger."

The Tsesarevich, or, rather, "Nashlednick-Tsesarevich," is not necessarily the son of the reigning Emperor. For instance, during the early years of the reign of Nicholas II. the "Nashlednick-Tsesarevich" was his brother, Grand Duke George. On the death of George, the title went to the younger brother, Michael, who bore it until the birth of a son to the Emperor.

The other members of the imperial family bear the old historic titles of "Velikiy-Knyaz," i. e., Grand Prince (Grand Duke in English, Gross-Fuerst in German) or "Rossikiy-Knyaz," i. e., Prince of Russia.

In my recent novel of Russian court life, "Faith Brandon," I explain that the Emperor and Empress are usually referred to and addressed simply as "Gosudar," i. e., Lord, and "Gosudarynia," i. e., Lady.

HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER.

Boston, Dec. 26, 1912.

Tsar and Lord.

We welcome this letter for we are fond of Russia leather, Russian caviare, Russian novels, and Russian music—in moderation. Nor do we question for a moment the accuracy of our correspondent, chiefly because we know nothing about the Russian language or Russian court life, or court life anywhere, not even in Boston. But is the statement that the title "Tsar of Russia" has no existence "except in the language of newspaper correspondents" correct? John Evelyn uses the term in his diary; Milton in "Paradise Lost" speaks of "the Russian Ksar in Mosco," and it is found in Morfill's "Russia" (1890) as in Eden's "Decades" (1555).

Certain Englishmen, and some of them should know better, sneer at Americans for speaking of "Lord Bacon," yet Mr. John Aubrey in his life of Bacon sent with other lives in 1680 to Anthony a Wood wrote "Lord Bacon replied. etc." and alluded frequently to "his Lordship." Other English writers in more than one century have spoken of "Lord Bacon."

A Beerometer.

Often in court there is question concerning the precise degree of intoxication, when an arrested person is charged with drunkenness. Mr. E. V. Lucas found in a Sussex museum this Staffordshire beerometer:

6—Drunk as a lord.
4—Drunk.
40—Disguised in liquor.
3—As sober as a man ought to be (knows what he is about).
[illegible]—Drunk without, but sober within.
[illegible]—Fresh (worse for drink).
[illegible]—Market fresh (has had a drop).
10—Sober as a judge
5—Sober as I am now (five quarts among three).
0—Sober

This is a rough schedule. There is a disappointing neglect of fine nuances, and as Verlaine sang:

Car nous voulons la Nuance encor
Pas la Couleur, rien que la nuance!

With Brains, Sir.

We recently [illegible] sweetbreads; how in the dear dead days beyond recall they were flouted by the general, tossed contemptuously by the butcher to some customer with a curious taste. We now read that in England it is not easy to obtain ox, calf or sheep's brains at a butcher's, for expert cooks doctor them so that they pass for sweetbreads, as chicken for salad is too often veal. Most of the carcasses of sheep sold in butchers' shops of London are headless. The heads are sold for sweetbreads of brains or in the poorer localities to people who cook the head. A half of a freshly cooked sheep's head is sold for two and a half pence.

Jan 5

"LOUISE" AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Charpentier's "Louise." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Louise	Mme Edvina
La Mere	Mme. Gay
Irma	Miss Bern
Camille	Miss Fish
Gertrude	Miss Leveroni
L'Apprentie	Miss Gauthier
Elise	Miss Swartz
Blanche / La Gavroche	Miss Von Aken
La Danseuse	Miss Ga[illegible]
Julien	Mr Zenatello
Le Pere	Mr. Marcoux
Le Pape des Fous	Mr. Lipmann
Le Chiffonnier	Mr. Lankow
Le Chansonnier	Mr Everett
Premier Philosophe	Mr Pulsin[illegible]
Le Peintre	Mr. Chasseriaux
Le Jeune Poete	Mr. Giaccone
L'Etudiant	Mr. C[illegible]a
Deuxieme Philosophe	Mr Ouhcia[illegible]ff
Le Sculpteur	Mr. Bourquin
Marchand D'Habits	Mr. Saldaigne

"Louise" has been materially cut since the first performance at this opera house, and it is still too long. The first half of the morning street scene in the second act is now omitted. We could well spare the nocturnal and symbolical wanderer, but with this exception the scene in the mist at five o'clock is characterstic of Paris and has much to do with the atmosphere of the whole work. The disappearance of the ragpicker is especially to be deplored. The story he tells of his daughter tempted and borne away by a lover of pleasure, gives point to his appearance in the third act, when he sings in melancholy strains of his lost daughter, and Louise is in doubt whether to return home with her mother. And there was Mr. Lankow to tell the tale to the morning folk. So, too, the recitation of the street sweeper has ironical significance, prophetic as to the future of Louise. This woman boasts that she was one of the queens of Paris; now she is in the mud of the street, but she does not regret it, for she remembers past joys and is glad thereof. in which she contradicts the famous saying that Dante put into the mouth of Francesca. We miss also the sight of the father going to work.

We could better spare much of the third act. The duet of the lovers, especially the hymn to Paris, is blatant and tiresome. Probably for the sake of Mrs. Grundy, the pages in which Louise is perfervid in her declaration of love, and with her "Des baisers! Julien, des baisers!" is now the pursuer instead of the pursued, have not been retained. The Festival is interesting only as a spectacle. Musically, the scene is dreary It may be said that this gayety emphasizes the entrance of the sombre mother. Her appearance while the lovers are shouting in amorous delirium would be equally effective.

The Herald has spoken at length concerning the opera, libretto and music, and it is not necessary after a third performance to dilate on this subject, or to analyze the charming impersonation of Louise by Mme. Edvina, whose singing of the music allotted to her would alone cast a spell; or to consider again the strong dramatic performance of the Father by Mr. Marcoux, singularly lifelike, nobly, not sentimentally pathetic. Then, too, there is the striking impersonation of the Mother by Mme. Gay, one of the chief features of the performance. Seldom on the operatic stage is there a scene comparable for quiet and tragic intensity with that in which she entreats Louise to go back to her father. Here even the silence of Mme. Gay was eloquent.

It may here be said that Charpentier is far more successful in portraying in music the peace of domesticity, the happiness of a humble but honest household, than in the glorification of free love. With the exception of Louise's air "Depuis le jour" the raptures of the lovers are forced, strident, tiresome [illegible] Aurevilly wrote that Flaubert was so obsessed with hatred of the bourgeois that he finally became a bourgeois in spirit and in literary expression. Is it possible that Charpentier, who raves so loudly against parental tyranny and the smug conventions, is at heart in sympathy with the marriage bond, the pot au feu, the pipe [illegible]

[illegible] Journal.

[illegible] He has sung [illegible] and evidently has not yet wholly recovered from the grip. Yet it was a pleasure to hear his voice and observe his art.

As before the minor parts were well taken, although the voice of the Pape des Fous is not an agreeable one. Miss Leveroni, as the lyric sewing-girl, sang in the right vein. Miss Gauthier as the apprentice would have been still more amusing if she had realized that after all she was not the chief figure in the scene.

The orchestra was musically euphonious. The management of lights in the third act left much to be desired. There was a large and deeply interested audience.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci." Mr. Moranzoni conducted. The casts

Santuzza	Miss Amsden
Lola	Miss Leveroni
Mamma Lucia	Miss Heyman
Turiddu	Mr Ronzito
Alfio	Mr. Freese
and	
Nedda	Miss Barnes
Canio	M Gaudenzi
Tonio	M Blanchart
Beppe	Mr Giaccone
Silvio	Mr. Everett

PIANO RECITAL BY MISS LERNER

Miss Tina Lerner gave her second piano recital of the season yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Franck-Bauer, Prelude, Fugue and Variations, Dohnanyi, Rhapsodie, C major; Schubert-Liszt, Wanderer Fantasie; Chopin, Four Preludes, Nocturne B major, op. 62, No. 3, Fantasie in F minor, Tarantella, Gabrilowitsch, Feuillet d' Album, Hinton, Etude Arabesque. Tschaikowsky-Pabst, paraphrase on "Eugene Onegin."

Miss Lerner again displayed in full the admirable qualities that have given her young as she is, a commanding position among pianists. The beauty of her touch was never more conspicuous there was always an exquisite sense of proportion; there was the poise that is indispensable to true art. She is one of the few pianists who with marked technical proficiency have also the ability to play a melody as an accomplished singer would sing it. There are others who hammer it out or poke at it. Especially delightful yesterday was her interpretation of Franck's composition, written originally for the organ, the aria section of the Wanderer fantasie and Chopin's Nocturne. The Tarantella was not so effective, and it is not among Chopin's better pieces. We should have preferred to hear Miss Lerner play almost any other bravura composition than Pabst's paraphrase. Of the three less familiar pieces Hinton's etude was the least interesting.

It is always a pleasure to hear Miss Lerner. She reconciles one to the use of the piano in public, a use that is too often an abuse.

The audience was thoroughly appreciative. It should have been much larger. No student of the piano, no teacher of the piano in this city can afford to miss such recitals.

Lovers of the theatre who are weary of musical comedies should take courage. Mr. John Drew will be here this week and next in a play by Mr. Sutro; "The Garden of Allah" is coming at last, and so is "Milestones"; Mrs. Fiske will arrive later in the month, and the Irish Players will probably come in February.

The Debussyites will have a holiday, for "Pelleas et Melisande" will be revived. The long-delayed Freida Hempel will bring pages of florid song with her and there is promise of seeing her first as Rosina in Rossini's old opera that is ever fresh and new.

After the lull in concerts, they now break out afresh. This week, for example, although the Symphony Orchestra will be away, Mme. Clara Butt will be heard this afternoon after an absence of 13 years, and her husband, Mr. Rumford, known in England as a good cricketer and baritone, will visit us for the first time. There will be a concert of French music at the Opera House today, with Mr. Clement as the chief singer, and he will give a recital on Thursday. The Kneisels will play Mr. Loeffler's fine quintet for strings, which they produced here as far back as 1895 and played again in 1902. Miss Germaine Schnitzer will give a piano recital on Saturday. She gave recitals here early in 1907 and in 1909 she played Liszt's concerto in E flat major at a Symphony concert

Two Tall Contraltos

Mme. Clara Butt was Miss Clara Butt when she visited Boston in 1[illegible]. The press agents had m[illegible]

[illegible] two and a [illegible] would now be a [illegible] Mr. Slezak in [illegible] been other singers [illegible] height and Mme. Fl[illegible] a contralto of the Metropolitan [illegible], is no shrimp. Felicita Vestvali, "Vestvali the Magnificent," who sang in Boston in 1[illegible], and was the [illegible] Azucena seen here was [illegible] Grant White wrote of her: "She was the tallest woman that I ever saw upon the stage; I believe the tallest woman I ever encountered; but she was also one of the most beautifully formed. * * * Magnificent as she was, she was too large." Vestvall at last abandoned opera for the drama, and was seen at the Boston Theatre in 1864 in "Gamea, or the Jewish Mother" (with songs by Robert Stoepel); de Lagadaire in "The Duke's Motto," and as Massaroni and di Strozzi in "The Brigands."

Vestvali was the first woman to appear as Gluck's Orpheus in this country. This was in New York in 1863. The opera was sung in English.

And it was as Orpheus that Clara Butt made her first appearance in opera. Born at Southwick, near Brighton, Eng., she studied with Mr. Rootham at Bristol and sang in concert in December, 188[illegible]. Then she entered the Royal College of Music and distinguished herself at the concerts of this institution. She made her debut in London with the Royal Choral Society in Sullivan's "Golden Legend" (Dec. 7, 1892) and on the 10th of the same month she made a sensation by her impersonation of Orpheus at the Lyceum Theatre. In July, 1893, at the annual meeting of the corporation of the college the Prince of Wales (afterward Edward VII.) congratulated her in his speech, described his pleasure at hearing her in Gluck's opera and in concert, and wished her well. Mme. Butt studied in Paris with Bouhy, and in Berlin with Etelka Gerster, according to report. She became famous as a festival singer, so that Elgar's set of Sea Songs was written especially for her (Norwich festival, 1899). Her performance of these songs excited an admirer to a poem of four stanzas in her honor. A contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette hoped that Sir Arthur Sullivan would write a "Cleopatra" for her. "Her features of a Greek type broadened out, if one may so venture to describe them, her dark hair and expressive eyes and commanding figure probably more commanding than was Antony's destroyer would all give effect to the part; and if Sir Arthur allowed full play to his rich imagination, and gave full scope to Miss Butt's compass, we might have an English Cleopatra that would satisfy the musical world, for miracles are sometimes worked even nowadays." This is all very pleasant; but the talent of Sullivan was better suited to the musical portraiture of the Lady Jane than to Egypt's queen.

Mme. Butt sang here for the first time at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra Oct. 28, 1899: Gluck's "Divinites du Styx" and Goring Thomas's "My Heart is Weary." She gave a recital in Association Hall Nov. 23 of the same year with Leo Stern, the 'cellist, and another recital on Nov. 28.

Some New French Plays

Pierre Froudaie has dramatized Claude Farrere's novel, "L'Homme qui Assassina." The assassin is a French and romantic colonel, the slain is Sir Archibald Falkland, an English director of the Ottoman Debt who rendered his own wife miserable, plotted her moral destruction and the abduction of their child. Tired of his wife the Creole, he wished to marry a cousin. Col. de Sevigne fell in love with the Creole, and stabbed Sir Archibald, who had just "wrung from his wretched wife an avowal of misconduct." This misconduct was due to him, for he had encouraged a Russian prince to make love to his wife. The play is at the Theatre Antoine and Gemier took the part of the colonel.

"Les Singes" at the same theatre is a study in the psychology of servants "The Monkeys" are ourselves judged by those down stairs. As the curtain rises they are giving their masters a hard character. A telegram arrives announcing the death of the mistress and the accession of the cook to dignity and wealth. The cook assumes the grand air, dismisses her former fellow servants and is alone in her glory This satire is by Albert Keyzer, a brother-in-law of Sir Rufus Isaacs, and Charles Martel. The two are journalists.

Count Albert du Bois's four-act comedy in verse about Lord Byron was produced at Monte Carlo Dec. 20. The play does not deal with real incidents. The young Byron is shown at Newstead Abbey in 1812, and the first act shows him surrounded by a hunting party in the Gothic Hall. Hobhouse and the Count d'Orsay are there. Molly Blackwell, a fictitious playmate of the poet's youth, is about to marry a sporting squire and Byron's pride is piqued. The squire offends him by calling him "the lame man." Byron is shown drinking from a skull and thus shocking a clergyman. Molly becomes the wife of the squire. Byron, for Lady Caroline Lamb wishing to revenge herself plots the unhappy marriage. Molly pol[illegible]

ted thereto by the language of the poet, whom she takes seriously, and the poet improvises a love ode to her as she is dying. The author, who lived for years in London as secretary to the Belgian legation, says: "I have not flattered Lord Byron, but I have an infinite respect for his memory." Albert Lambert took the part of Byron.

One of the latest horrors at the Grand Guignol, Paris, is "The Kiss in the Night," by Maurice Level. A woman has cut holes with vitriol in the face of a man. He is blind, and his brother and a hospital nurse are looking after him. The woman has been acquitted by the court because her victim refused to appear and thus influence the jury. He went so far as to tear up the medical certificate of his condition. The brother is annoyed by this exhibition of weakness. The victim says that he would like to see the woman; he would like to pardon her. She visits him; they talk together; he asks her how she will live in future. She cries and begs forgiveness. He draws her to him and asks her to guide his lips to hers. Then he takes her by the throat, pushes her head back, and, saying that ordinary punishment would be too good for her, pours vitriol in her eyes. It is reported that on the first night the doctor of the theatre fainted.

The Theatre Moliere, Paris, has accepted a five-act play, "Une Aventure du Capitaine Lebrun," by an American, Miss Irene Osgood. The play, which tells of Algiers in the days of Napoleon Bonaparte, will be produced next month.

The Pleasure of Playgoing

Mr. H. M. Walbrook, the dramatic critic of the Pall Mall Gazette, is the author of a delightful article entitled "The Pleasure of Playgoing." The following extracts will surely be appreciated.

"The real playgoer is like the real poet—born, not made. He must be intensely sympathetic, and he must have the child's delight in illusion. He must be able to feel the delights of others as his own, and their troubles must make him mournful. He must feel a sense of awe when Fate strikes her blows at men and women he has never met before and never can meet again, save with a row of footlights, to say nothing of a thousand other barriers, between them. He must have a sense of humor, as well as a sense of pity; and once he has taken his seat in the playhouse both these senses must be capable of a complete divorce from all that is practical and commonsensible. For what could be less commonsensible than to shed a tear over the madness of Ophelia, or to feel a sense of exultation over the triumph of Portia?

"A happy audience in a theatre is one which, for a few hours, is composed of these entirely unpractical people; and if here and there you see a morose person, then you may be sure that you see a person who is only suffering from a hypertrophy of common sense. The late W. P. Frith, the painter, used to tell of such a person who once sat near him and his father in the pit of Drury Lane during a performance of 'King John,' which was exercising a most powerful effect on the emotions of virtually the entire audience. It left him unmoved. All he did was to suck oranges loudly. At last the elder Frith turned to him, and said, 'You don't appear to be much interested in the play, sir?' 'Why should I be?' 'At any rate,' said Mr. Frith, rather irritated, 'you might desist from disturbing other people by eating your oranges quite so loudly.' The man dived under his seat, and brought forth a red handkerchief, tied in a knot, and having untied it, he disclosed a nest of 10 oranges. 'I'm going to eat every one of these,' he said, firmly, 'before the play's over; so, if you don't like it you'd better go and sit somewhere else!' That man was in all likelihood a good son, a good husband, an honest man of business and a blameless ratepayer; but he was a bad playgoer.

"I knew a man years ago—a clergyman's son—who for a whole year was unable to talk with any conviction on any subject except a young actress with whom he had never exchanged a word but whom he had seen dance with a skipping rope on the stage of the Gaiety in the burlesque called 'Gulliver.' Every night, for 12 months, that young man slept with the portrait of that young lady under his pillow; and to this very day—though he is now a devoted husband and the admirable father of many children—he has, in a place of honor in his smoking room, a reproduction of Whistler's portrait of Miss Constance Gilchrist. How many men, who never saw her off the stage, have 'fallen in love' with Ellen Terry? There is a burst of adoration of her, as Camma, in Du Maurier's 'Trilby,' which expresses perfectly what thousands have felt—her magnificent and seductive apparition as the priestess of Artemis in 'The Cup.' And the wonderful Ada Rehan, as Peggy in 'The Country Girl'—how many a man has lain sleeplessly tossing to and fro through the night, with that laughing vision before him, never dreaming for a moment of so wild an impossibility as that it might ever be his own, in any other way than the romantic one of dreams! And Lily Adelaide Neilson. More than 30 years have passed away since—with her beauty triumphant even in death—she was laid in her grave in Brompton Cemetery; yet there is a man living in London at this moment who only saw her act, and never saw her off the stage, and who visits that grave on a certain day in every year and lays a bunch of violets on it. All very sentimental, of course, and 'unpractical.' But, after all, life is not entirely governed by material things; and 'man does not live by bread alone.' And here, at any rate, it is not true that:

> Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment,
> Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie.

for the pleasure of this love can last a lifetime, and there is no chagrin at all.

"And who, that has reached middle age, and now fulfils his playgoing in the splendor of stalls or boxes, does not, now and then, as he takes his cushioned seat that has cost him half-a-guinea,

> . . . cast one longing, lingering look behind'

at the crowd in the pit, of which in his younger and less-endowed days he was so often a member, and—peradventure—wish that he could be one of them again? After all, life went very well then. What a joy was the waiting 10½ hours in the block outside the Lyceum pit for the first night of 'Romeo and Juliet,' or 'Faust!' And to stand seven or eight outside the Gaiety pit for the return of Nellie Farren and the company from Australia, or that famous night when the crowd in the gallery hung forth their great flag inscribed with the words, 'The Gallery Boys Welcome Their Nellie!' And do those well-groomed curvilinear, middle-aged playgoers, whose heads, like the trees in 'As You Like It,' have

> Their high tops bald with dry antiquity

do they ever laugh now as they did 30 years ago at Mr. Terry singing 'La Premiere Feuille' in 'The Forty Thieves,' or 40 years ago at Mr. Sothern as Lord Dundreary? And don't they wish they could? What wouldn't they give to be 25 again, and in the pit watching Irving in "The Bells,' or seeing Sarah Bernhardt for the first time as Adrienne, or Kate Vaughan waving her little lace-hemmed handkerchief as she waltzed round the stage with Edward Royce, or the plastic splendors of Violet Cameron in 'Bocaccio,' or dainty Florence St. John singing that delicious little minuet in the second act of 'Madame Favart'! And then the oysters and stout at Gow's, or the sandwiches and Burgundy at the Cafe Royal; and so back to some pleasant rooms in Chelsea, where there would be a pianoforte and a host who could play it, and Schumann's 'March Against the Philistines' would put into its most perfect form all that they felt on the subject of pot-boiling dramatists, stupid critics, and everything and everybody that was shoddy, vulgar, bounding and self-advertising in the worlds of art and letters! Many a young man in a London pit tonight will spend much such a night, and will be none the worse, but a great deal the better for it tomorrow. And 30 years hence, how wistfully he will be wishing that he could spend it again!"

A Few Stage Notes

Mrs. Edith Lyttelton's play, "The Thumbscrew" (produced by the Pioneer Players in London Dec. 15), depicts a roomful of East Enders who are sewing hooks and eyes on cards for miserable wages. The lover of the eldest girl is going to Canada, and the girl for time is willing to wed him and go with him, but she cannot leave her mother and sisters and brothers in poverty, so they go on sewing for dear life. There is a young man in a corner dying from lead poisoning, who maunders on and on. His favorite wheeze is: "The best end of this life is death, and the sooner it comes, the better."

An old mystery play, a fragment of a Corpus Christi play from the Coventry Collection, but dealing with the Annunciation and birth of the Saviour, was performed in London on Dec. 20. There was a narrow stage opening within the proscenium, and a lower apron stage in front, instead of a movable stage in the market square, otherwise the primitive simplicity was retained. Marie Brema's daughter Tita Brand was the producer and Mme. Brema and her Orpheus Society sang old carols.

There was a benefit at the Oxford, London, last month for Charles Coborn, the man that sang "The Man That Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" and "'E's All Right When You Know 'im." Mr. Titherton remarked: "Let us not forget that he showed Chevalier what could be done with that great coster song, and thus inspired one of the finest of our comedians to venture on the music hall stage. Some say he was finer than Chevalier, but that I cannot well believe. Is it necessary to speak of Coborn in the past tense? He cannot be, and he does not look, a very old man; he is certainly better equipped for service than many of the distinguished reputations that dazzle periodically the eyes of our variety audiences. He is still a sure card for provincial managers. Why do we not see him in London?" Mr. Titherton also speaks of Coborn's "strong, dignified" face, and the two "immortal lyrics."

A new farce comedy called "Majolica," which promises to sail dangerously near to the lese majeste winds, is shortly to be produced in Berlin. Its plot is laid [illegible] of the Kaiser's famous majolica pottery works, and is supposed to burlesque the prevailing craze for wares bearing the imperial hall-mark. The leit-motif, presumably, is the ease with which the way to the Emperor's affections can be won if people will only buy his majolica. Several very plebeian folk in recent times have been the recipients of his favor on that account. They have a theatrical censorship in Berlin, which works as many wonders at its London prototype. It will be interesting to wait and see how much of "Majolica" in the original form is allowed to cross the footlights.—Pall Mall Gazette, Dec. 16.

Inasmuch as he is a constant visitor to this side, nothing has impressed Mr. Broadhurst more decisively than the dearth of young English actresses. There is, for instance, in "Bought and Paid for" the part of a girl, supposed to possess qualities both of keen humor and maidenly sentiment. "Several suggestions have been made to me regarding it," he recently declared, "the only objection I can offer being that in each case the actress is 'forty and a bittock.' In America I could place the part half a dozen times over; here I look in vain for what I want. There is another point I should like to emphasize. On the occasion of a former visit to London I could not help noticing how deplorably careless English actresses are regarding their footgear. They will spend anything on their hats, but to their shoes they apparently pay no attention. Now, if women would only understand, there is nothing appeals more directly to a man's sense of form than a trim ankle and a well-shod foot."—Daily Telegraph.

Mr. E. V. Lucas says that 20 years ago he rewrote a pantomime. He says it was a bad one, with one noteworthy line, the joint product of himself and Mr. Vincent Brown. The line in the original ran: "I can't endure his huge Scotch-whiskied nose." Mr. Lucas changed to vermilion nose; then Mr. Brown made it, "I cannot stand his huge, redundant nose," and killed the show.

A "Temperamental Lady"

The Pall Mall Gazette published (Dec. 16) an amusing notice of a singular play:

"One of the principal characters in Mr. B. M. Hastings's play, 'The Tide,' introduced at the Queen's Theatre on Saturday night, is one Dr. Stratton, who, having been able to retire at 40 from a practice devoted principally and prosperously to the cerebral ailments of women, seems to find himself largely surrounded by ladies who are exceedingly 'temperamental.' For example, at breakfast one morning in a London hotel he is called to the bedroom of a Miss Felicity Scarth, who has been found under her bed unconscious, with a revolver beside her. Diagnosing an interesting case—and discovering the lady to be decidedly comely—he very sensibly has his breakfast brought up to her room, shares a sandwich with her, and learns the tragic story of her life. At 16, or thereabouts, she had become a mother, to the horror of her pious parents, who had at once sent the infant away, so that poor Felicity had never even known whether it was a boy or girl. And as a result of this blow to her innate motherliness, she had become a sort of female profligate all over Europe and America. Like the nun in John Davidson's ballad, 'Through all the towns of Belle-Marie' she had 'made her progress like a queen.' And now, at 33 or so, her moral collapse has been followed by a physical one. She has attempted suicide, but has made a muddle even of that. Oh, to see her child! 'There is no heaven for women,' cries this experienced lady. 'It is here—in Motherhoood!' And, touched by her sufferings—and perhaps by her chestnut hair—the doctor first bids her go to Guernsey and lead the simple life, and then promises her that he will find her child for her. (Here endeth the first act.)

"In the second act we find Miss Scarth looking exceedingly well on the beach at Petit Bot Bay. The simple life has evidently agreed with her, and an old boatman lets us know what a grand sight she is when swimming. She has also made quite a lot of friends there, among them Mrs. Bretherton and her daughter Maisie, and Maisie's fiance, a certain Mr. Car Whithair, a lieutenant in the army. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Withair, has fallen in love with Miss Scarth, and out of it with Maisie. As he charmingly puts it—

> In the way they have in the Army,
> They way they have in the Navy,
> The way they have in the 'varsities

—he has 'no use for Flappers.' Pretty 16-year-old Maisie, however, has no intention of being dropped quite so easily; so off she goes, accompanied by Mrs. Bretherton, to Miss Scarth's cottage, where she finds that lady at dinner—in evening dress; we always dress for dinner in our little Guernsey cot—and entertaining, not only Mr. Withair, but also Dr. Stratton, who has discovered the whereabouts of his hostess's long-lost child. Regardless of company, Maisie at once comes to the point. 'How dare you come and take my Car away?' she shrieks. 'What devil's work are you here to do?' Alas! An awful truth has to come out. Maisie is that long-lost child! Mrs. Bretherton is only her mother by adoption! And when the full horror of this discovery has possessed the girl, she first nearly has a fit, so great is her loathing, and then she rushes screaming from the place, a course in which she is speedily followed by the gallant Whithair; and Mrs. Bretherton is left in a collapse of grief, Felicity in a collapse of shame, and Mr. Stratton dumb before the tragedy of life (End of the third act). In the last act, Felicity and Dr Stratton discover that they love each other; Maisie attempts suicide, but is rescued and left with Mrs. Bretherton, perhaps to be married to Car by and by, and the curtain finally comes down.

"It will be seen that Mr. Hastings has packed a rare lot of "situations' into his play, and that most of them are of the kind that playgoers have generally found exceedingly thrilling. He has also worked a lot of 'character' into it, as to the veracity of which, however, we prefer to withhold an opinion. It may be true that after 16 years of 'debauchery' (the word is the doctor's) Felicity would still be longing for the 'heaven' of maternity; that Mr. Whithair would behave as he does; that Maisie, supposedly a girl who has been well brought up, would rush into Felicity's cottage and scream at her in the presence of three spectators, and that a man of Dr. Stratton's knowledge of the degenerate type would in the end marry such a woman as Miss Scarth. The play certainly has its theatrically 'telling scenes,' and would have more of them if the author had not made a great deal of his dialogue strained and affected-in-the-extreme. It was also exceedingly well staged, and it had a hearty reception.

"The acting honors of the evening were carried off by Miss Cicely Hamilton, who, as Mrs. Bretherton, gave in the third act—in the scene where she realizes that she may have to give up Maisie—a display of the sincerest and most beautiful art. Nothing could have been more simple or more affecting than the expression of her grief, through the voice, the face, and above all, the restless, nervous, extraordinarily significant hands. If only for the memory of those few minutes of perfect understanding and vital impersonation we are grateful for Saturday night."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Boston Opera House, 3:15 P. M. Concert of French music, orchestral and vocal, by the orchestra and the singers of the Boston Opera House. See special notice. Symphony Hall, 3:15 P. M. Song recital by Mme. Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Third Kneisel Quartet concert. Brahms, quartet in C minor, op. 51, No. 1; Loeffler, quintet in F major for three violins, viola and 'cello; Schumann, quintet in E flat major for piano and strings.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Edmond Clement, the distinguished tenor of the Opera Comique, Paris, Metropolitan Opera House and Boston Opera House. Saint-Saens, Melodie Persane; Bruneau, Mignonne; Widor, Enfant de Catane; G. Faure, Automne; Hue, A des oiseaux; Chausson, Nocturne; Massenet, Menteuse Cherie; Hahn, Le Printemps (dedicated to Mr. Clement); Debussy, Beau Soir; Bizet, Serenade; Erlanger, Aubade; Godard, Chanson de Juin; Charpentier, La Clochesfelee; Weckerlin, Bergerettes.

SATURDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano recital by Miss Germaine Schnitzler. Schumann, Sonata, op. 11; Bach-Busoni, Chaconne in D minor; Chopin, Twelve Preludes; Debussy, Sarabonde and Toccata; Olsen, Papillons; Liszt, "Venezia e Napoli."

Jan. 6

> Yet I note the little chisel
> of ever-napping Time,
> Defacing ghast and grizzel
> The blazon of my prime.
> When at night he thinks me sleeping
> I feel him boring sly
> Within my bones, and heaping
> Quaintest pains for by-and-by.

A Glorified Stool.

A correspondent of the Daily Chronicle (London) writes: "Do you know that in Cornwall the old folks called a small stool a 'cricket'?"

We asked a dozen Bostonians yesterday, young and old, whether they had ever heard the word in this sense and they shook the head. Yet in Vermont and in Hampshire county of this commonwealth in the last sixties a stool was almost always called a "cricket," and without regard to the shape or the number of legs.

The dictionaries treat the word respectfully. "A low footed stool," "a low wooden stool," "a foot stool" are the common definitions. Here is one more precise: "A small, low stool, with either three or four legs, serving as a footstool, a milking stool or a child's seat." In Shropshire—for the word is not confined to Cornwall, the cricket is "rectangular in form, but longer than wide; it is closed in at the ends and sides, and so stands as upon a frame, instead of legs. A curvilinear aperture at the top admits the hand for carrying it." There was evidently a distinction drawn in some localities, for Gray speaks of "nine chairs, five stools and a cricket." In stories by Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Yonge children sit on a cricket at the knees of an older person or before the fire, so that in the latter case there may be more than one cricket on the hearth.

A Family Pew

There is one old lady in Boston who [illegible] with the love and [illegible] going in the elm-shaded [illegible] years ago. The cricket [illegible] stool, longer than it [illegible] broad, with four legs, standing rather low and often covered with a strip of carpet which was sometimes stuffed.

The high-backed pews with a door that bolted were provided with at least three or four crickets, and more if there were plenty of children ripe for hymns and sermons. The old lady in the farther corner, swathed in crape, munched caraway seeds, put her feet on a cricket and dozed as soon as the [illegible] was well under way. The [illegible]-in law next her, conscious of her bonnet that came from New York, kept her eyes on the dress of the [illegible] at the water cure a woman who would soon be back in Pairs, made [illegible] notes and even sketched on a [illegible] leaf of "Watts and Select." Her children were for the time forgotten. Her husband sat at the head of the pew, with oiled hair and glossy whisker[illegible] for in those days the hair was "slushed" on a Sunday morning. He sang the air of the hymn tunes fervently and a half-tone flat.

During the Long Prayer

Those were the days of the "long prayer." During it grown folks and children were expected to stand, unless they were physically disabled. The boy enjoyed the relief from restraint. He stood on a cricket. Across the aisle he saw his sworn companion and watched a fearful joy by making faces at him, knowing that if he were detected, if the parental eyes should suddenly open and fall on him, he would be flogged either with a rawhide or the carriage whip, according to the humor of his father, or his choice of exercise. At the end of the church near the pulpit was his sweetheart. Her father and his were usually opposed to each other in town meeting, but there was no Montague—Capulet feud. They spoke [illegible]ntly as they passed. And the [illegible] on the Cricket would stare and [illegible] and stare at her, dreaming of the [illegible] for them until the "Amen," proceeded with a wail as though the [illegible] had little expectation of being heard at the Throne of Grace, brought the dreamer back to the stern reality of the endless sermon.

CONCERT BY CLARA BUTT

Mme. Clara Butt, the English contralto singer, and her husband, Kennerley Rumford, baritone, gave a concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The house was filled, while many [illegible] along the side walls. Harold [illegible] was accompanist and John P. [illegible] The program:

[illegible]	Richard Strauss
[illegible] Dämmerung	Richard Strauss
[illegible] Veris	Grieg
[illegible] une Augen	Grieg
[illegible]	Grieg
[illegible]	Grieg
Kennerley Rumford.	
[illegible] Il Sereno (Sosarme)	Handel
[illegible] (Alessandro)	Handel
[illegible] Liebe	Brahms
[illegible]	Schumann
[illegible] Wanderer	Schubert
Mme. Clara Butt.	
The [illegible]	MacDowell
[illegible]	C. H. Parry
[illegible]	Arr. by Arthur Somervell
[illegible] (Irish air)	Arr. by C. V. Stanford
[illegible] Homeward Fly	M. V. White
[illegible] (Cavalier song)	M. V. White
Kennerley Rumford.	
[illegible] at Sea	Goring Thomas
Mme. Butt and Mr. Rumford.	
L'Angelus [illegible] air)	Arr. by Bourgault-Ducoudray
[illegible]	Debussy
[illegible]	Graham Peel
The [illegible] and the Wind	Franco Leoni
Abide [illegible] Me (by request)	S. Liddle
(With organ accompaniment.)	
Mme. Clara Butt.	

Mme Butt has sung in America before. She was here 12 years ago. This is Mr. Rumford's first visit to these shores. So many glowing words have been printed about Mme. Butt in advance [illegible] interesting career, her phenomenal success in England and Australia, her great "takings" in money, with [illegible] much iteration of the word "[illegible]al," that cautious persons went to hear her yesterday prepared to be disappointed. They were not; they were happily surprised. The utter absence of any trace of the sensational was one of the singer's chief charms.

They saw an uncommonly tall woman, whose figure was so well proportioned, however, as to be entirely pleasing. Her [illegible] was calm and gracious, her movements gracefully deliberate, her [illegible] presence betokening refinement, [illegible] and self-command without as[illegible]. And when she sang, the promise of her aspect was more than fulfilled. [illegible] more musical, more resonant [illegible] powerful voice has seldom been [illegible]. Her middle and high notes possess a peculiarly ringing quality combined with remarkable sweetness of [illegible]. Her deepest notes are rich, full [illegible]ious. In lighter passages her delivery is delightful [illegible] listen [illegible] power is called for her tones swell with no power [illegible] without an appearance of effort forth with[illegible] fill the hall with melody and overtop easily the great volume of sound from the piano and the full-voiced organ.

The program was admirably chosen to exhibit the wide range of Mme. Butt's capabilities. She sang the Handel pieces with serenity and splendor, Schumann's "[illegible] Nussbaum" with delicious lightness and tenderness and Schubert's "Wanderer" with moving pathos and a strength that was thoroughly masculine without a bit of hardness. In the "Angelus" she gave the old Breton air with charming simplicity. Her most effective piece was "Abide with Me," with organ as well as piano accompaniment. Here was the chance for sensationalism, if there was to be any, for that distressing something too much that so often spoils such music. There was not a shadow of it. Here, as in all of Mme. Butt's other selections, there was full, strong sentiment, searching, poignant, but its expression was finely restrained, while enforced and animated by a pervading sincerity.

Mr. Rumford is nearly as tall as Mme. Butt. His voice and his use of it fall still further below the height of both her talent and her art. His tones have a pleasing singing quality and much sweetness, but strength and force are lacking, and there is so constant and manifest an effort to express sentiment that the region of sentimentality is too often invaded.

Both singers were received with hearty acclaim and responded to several recalls. Mme. Butt, after "Abide with Me," sang "The Lost Chord" with splendid effect.

SIXTH CONCERT AT OPERA HOUSE

Program of French Music Given, with Edmond Clement and Others.

The sixth Sunday orchestral concert at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon was devoted to French music. The soloists were Mr. Edmond Clement, tenor, and Mr. Horace Britt, first cellist of the orchestra. Mmes. Edith Barnes, Ernestina Gauthier and Messrs. Rafaelo Diaz and Michele Sampieri sang in quartet. Messrs. Walther Straram and Charles Strong were at the piano. The full orchestra assisted. Mr. Andre-Caplet conducted. The program:

"Le Carnaval Romain" Overture	Berlioz
"Variations Symphoniques." For 'cello and orchestra	Boellmann
Mr. Britt.	
"Air." From the opera "Le Roi d'Ys."	Lalo
Mr. Clement.	
"Prelude a l'Apres-Midi d'un Faune," Eglogue by Stephane Mallarme	Debussy
"Chansons a Quatre Voix" For piano duet and vocal quartet; a., Vehemente; b., Nostalgique; c., Tendre; d., Martiale	Florent Schmitt
Mmes. Barnes, Gauthier; MM. Diaz, Sampieri.	
"Pavane pour une Infante Defunte," "Vieilles Chansons," Venez, agreeable printemps, La Batelière, L'Amour s'envole, Les Filles de la Rochelle	Maurice Ravel
Mr. Clement.	
"Impressions d'Italie." "Napoli."	Charpentier

The works of Florent Schmitt are not well known here. This Frenchman was born in 1870. He took the Prix de Rome in 1900, and has become one of the leaders of the modern French school. These songs for piano duet and vocal quartet were written in 1903. A single hearing is not likely to cause a feeling of greater intimacy with the composer. The apparent lack of simplicity and unity of purpose among the parts left a confused impression and a doubt as to what, if anything, the composer meant. Of the four, the Martiale was most easily to be understood and had a distinctive wild and aggressive character.

Maurice Ravel's mournful "Pavane Pour une Infante defunte" was originally a piano piece and was played here by Harold Bauer. It has since been orchestrated. It has a certain sad beauty of theme, but the orchestration seemed disjointed, scrappy. There is a tendency for wood wind instruments to wander off aimlessly through a maze of strings, but there are breadth and dignity in many passages. The remainder of the program was familiar.

Mr. Clement's singing was a delight throughout. He was in good voice and sang the air from Lalo's opera admirably. The four "old songs" on the program for his second appearance became seven before the audience would let him go. In interpretive delicacy, in sympathetic expression and in tone adaptation the singer was wholly successful.

Mr. Britt's playing of the Boellman variations was a treat. He had breadth of tone and ease of technic.

The orchestra played the Debussy number sympathetically, and gave spirited, dashing performances of the Berlioz overture and Charpentier's "Napoli."

[illegible]

An Omitted Anecdote.

Returning again the anecdote that we had chosen for today, we regretfully come to the conclusion that it might offend the man, sensitive [illegible]ants in the Boston garden, although in our eyes it would be a joy to the old and as a lantern to the feet of the young. Let us therefore give way to correspondents.

Several days ago "H. C." wrote, saying that he could not find in the "National Cyclopaedia of American Biography" a sketch of Christian Sharps, although the index pointed to one on page 517 of volume 5. We replied that in the edition of this Cyclopaedia frequently consulted in The Herald office, there was a sketch of Sharps on the page indicated.

Antiquated Editions.

As the World Wags:

In all the copies that I have seen of "The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography"—and I have seen several—the text of the 5th volume ends on page 502 and the index (at the end of that volume) of that and the four preceding volumes begins on page 507. I don't own a copy of that cyclopaedia, and the copies of it which I have seen are at public libraries. Every copy that I have seen of volume 5 is dated 1894, but it seems from what you say that some copies of that volume, which I presume were issued later, have more pages and contain a sketch of Christian Sharps.

This deficiency in the copies of the volume possessed by so many public libraries calls to mind the fact that it is a common experience to find that many public libraries have the first editions of works, but do not have the corrected and enlarged editions which were issued later. At the Boston Public Library I have, to my disgust, frequently failed to find the latest and fullest editions of works, and have had to content myself with editions which are less full and complete than the later ones. As an example (and one example is as good as a score), I lately wanted to consult Abby Maria Hemenway's work entitled "Poets and Poetry of Vermont," but I could find in that library only the antediluvian edition of the work, which is much inferior to the modern edition and did not give me the information of which I was in search and could have obtained from the modern edition. I lately looked at another book there, and noticing some glaring errors in it, took the liberty of calling them to the attention of the author, who informed me that all the errors I had pointed out had been corrected in later issues. It is too bad that libraries do not have more of the later issues of works.

Please explain what you mean by "'Accuracy,' Mr. Joseph Pulitzer's famous work," which you mention in The Herald of Dec. 31. Is it a book, magazine article, newspaper article, or what?

H. C.

Boston, Jan. 3.

We wrote "word" not "work." The allusion was to a story told about Mr. Pulitzer that is well known in newspaper offices; a trifling, foolish jest.

A Good Word.

The London correspondent of the N. Y. Sun says that the word "serendipity" is not explained in any dictionary. The word with an explanation is in the Oxford English Dictionary (vol. viii., page 492, third column), and is defined there. "The faculty of making happy and unexpected discoveries by accident." There is also reference to Horace Walpole, who coined the word. In a letter written to Sir Horace Mann (Jan. 28, 1754) Walpole says. "I once read a silly fairy tale called 'The Three Princes of Serendip'; as their highnesses travelled, they were always making discoveries, by accidents and sagacity, of things which they were not in quest of: For instance, one of them discovered that a mule blind of the right eye had travelled the same road lately, because the grass was eaten only on the left side, where it was worse than on the right—now do you understand serendipity? One of the most remarkable instances of this 'accidental sagacity' (for you must observe that no discovery of a thing you are looking for comes under this description) was of my Lord Shaftsbury, who, happening to dine at Lord Chancellor Clarendon's, found out the marriage of the Duke of York and Mrs. Hyde, by the respect with which her mother treated her at table."

Serendip, by the way, was a former name for Ceylon.

Walpole's word is in the supplement of the Century Dictionary, but not in the first and original editions.

Cricket Again.

As the World Wags:

The word "cricket" as applied to a small, low stool is [illegible] Northumberland, the [illegible] county of [illegible] from southwesterly Cornwall [illegible] includes footstool.

JOHN [illegible]

Winchester, Jan 6.

Yes, and the word [illegible] found in a dozen other English [illegible]

JOHN DREW AT HOLLIS STREET

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The P[illegible] Husband," a comedy in four acts by Alfred Sutro. Produced at Wyndham's Theatre, London, Sept 1[illegible] when the parts were taken by Messrs. du Maurier, Swete and Benedict and Miss Seyler, Miss Henrietta Watson, Miss Millett and Miss Bell. First performance in New York at the Empire, Sept. 2, 1912.

Thomas Pelling	John Drew
Clarence Woodhouse	Hubert Druce
Potts	Walter Soderling
Sophie Pelling	Nina Sevening
Dulcie Elstead	Margaret Watson
Agatha Marzell	Alice John
Kalleia	Mary Boland

This is a play of dialogue, not of action. Mr. Sutro is satirical at the expense of woman suffrage, and his satire is put on the stage in the form of a comedy so wildly incredible that the play might well be called a farce.

Mr. Pelling, a buyer and seller of tea, prosaic except in his love for his wife, returns from Russia and finds his home invaded by a windy philosopher Woodhouse, the "Master" of a circle of suffragettes, and Dulcie Elstead, who left her husband and children to work for the "Cause," to free women from their bondage. Mrs. Pelling sits at the feet of the "Master" and tells her husband that she will no longer be a parasite, the first woman in his harem. She has seen "The Doll's House" and purposes to be another Nora. She does not even know whether she can love him again, and she rejects a set of sables that he has brought to her.

Pelling, perplexed, is advised by his sister Agatha to pretend that he is converted to the "Cause" by the reading of Dulcie's books and listening to the hifalutin of Woodhouse, who has a fine taste in wines and a habit of borrowing five pound notes. She also advises him to invite his discharged typewriter, Elizabeth Green, to visit the family, so that she can convert her. She is an impossible creature who worships the beautiful, is always reading or writing poetry, burns with a desire to see Athens that she may be ecstatic over the temples and statues. She was once a model and she calls herself Kalleia.

Kalleia comes and Pelling tells her what he wishes of her. Mrs. Pelling is somewhat disturbed, for the unwelcome guest is pretty and wears attractive clothes. Kalleia is also preposterously naive. Pelling pretends to repent of his atrocious love for his wife and be ripe for further instruction. The wife gradually becomes jealous. Finally Pelling kisses Kalleia, and the two agree that now she had better leave the house. Not that she is in love with him, not that he is faithless in any way to his wife. She goes with a present of £200 and easily persuades the Master to forsake the "Cause" and accompany her to Athens. Dulcie also leaves, when Mrs. Pelling enters the room in a handsome gown donned that she may please her husband.

As a play this comedy does not deserve serious consideration, yet it amused a large audience last night chiefly by the humor and wit of the dialogue. This dialogue is not of a high level throughout, and at times the play drags. The husband and wife are not living characters; Kalleia is wholly fantastical, the "master" is a caricature, a Chadband in his eloquence, a humbug that surely would never have had women of any perceptions at his beck and call. Agatha is a puppet, dressed by Mr. Sutro, for prompting the slow-witted husband and voicing the beliefs of the normal woman who has all the rights she desires, though a wife and a mother. The one character that has the semblance of life is Dulcie. Perhaps this impression is due to the admirable manner in which the part was played.

Mr Drew's part is congenial to him and it favors his well-known ability as a light comedian, also his equally well-known formulas and mannerisms. He entered into the farcical spirit of the play, invited the audience into his confidence, grimaced as of old, and, not taking the satire or himself too seriously, was amusing. But with all his dexterity and jauntiness, he could not carry the whole comedy.

Mr. Druce was also amusing as Woodhouse. Miss Boland was pleasing to the eye, but has been seen to greater advantage here in other plays. She did not redeem the part from its extreme artificiality. Miss John made Agatha a hard, metallic person, so that if any sympathy was excited, it was for the suffragettes whom she ridiculed.

Margaret Watson played the part of Dulcie with fine reserve, quiet intensity, in a truly authoritative manner. Although she was evidently suffering from the prevailing epidemic, her voice was a delight to the ear.

Mrs. Fiske in "The High Road" will come to the Hollis Street Theatre after an absence of two seasons and present this play by Edward Sheldon. [illegible] Her engagement will be limited to two weeks.

"LA TRAVIATA" AT OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"La Traviata," opera by Verdi in four acts. The cast:

Violetta Valery.....Luisa Tetrazzini
Flora Bervoix.....Florence De-Cesary
Annina.....Maud Phillips
Alfrodo Germont.....Giovanni Zenatello
Giorgio Germont.....Giovanni Polese
Gastone.....Ernesto Giacone
Baron Douphol.....Attilio Pulcini
Marquis D'Obigny.....Michele Sampieri
Doctor Grenvil.....A. Sillich
Giuseppe.....Riccardo Ghidini

Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

The performance was a smooth and animated one, and the mounting, stage setting and costumes were of the utmost brilliance. The music of "Traviata" sounds curiously archaic today; and not all the arts of costuming, singing and acting can give it much inherent interest. Passages of good acting last evening made it seem dramatic, and the singing was generally excellent. Applause was generous throughout. The audience applauded the scene at the close of the second act, between Mr. Zenatello and Mr. Polese, with evident appreciation of the emotional significance of the dramatic action. Elsewhere, for the most part, the applause was of a personal nature, and was responded to as such by the several singers.

Mme. Tetrazzini was warmly applauded, and, with the exception of an occasional moment when her voice seemed slightly veiled, sang with all the flute-like brilliance for which she is famous. There were many curtain calls. The house was crowded.

OPERETTA AT THE SHUBERT

"The Merry Countess" ("Die Fledermaus" up to Date) Greatly Enjoyed.

MISS COLLINS IN TITLE PART

Support Excellent—Mayor Fitzgerald Attends Performance.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The Merry Countess" ("Die Fledermaus" brought up to date), music by Johann Strauss, book by Gladys Unger, lyrics by Arthur Anderson. Cast:

Ilka.....Miss Fritzie Von Busing
Gabor Szabo.....Maurice Farkoa
Leopold.....Rex Fuehrer
Countess Rosalinda Cliquot...Miss Jose Collins
Dr. Bernecastler.....Claude Flemming
Count Max Cliquot.....Forrest Huff
Hochheimer.....Tom A. Shale
Adele.....Miss Yancsi Dolly
Felice.....Miss Rozsika Dolly
Minna.....Miss Mabel Burnege
Prince Orloffsky.....Martin Brown
Neirstiner.....Frank Farrington
Mattonl.....A. W. Baskcomb

"The Merry Countess" is a revised version of the jolly old "Fledermaus." It is the same old story with several new lyrics set to Strauss waltzes that were not part of the original score and with much new incident, dialogue and an up-to-date or sort of new thought prison in the last act. The piece is full of gayety and merriment, but, strange to say, the countess herself is not merry. She's the only one of the lot that has any real misfortunes or is bothered hy what they have, and she is in a peck of trouble most of the time through her frivolous and faithless husband and the two unwelcome lovers who pursue her. If it must bear her name, the production should be called "The Unhappy Countess."

There is a free and frank display of indiscriminate love-making, a general disregard and hilarious contempt for marital ties, dancing and costuming that conceal little, and yet the censorship is apparently not a bit ruffled, for Mayor Fitzgerald himself saw the final act last night and there was no interruption of the festivities.

The first act drags. The second act livens up considerably, and the third act is all exceedingly brisk in a prison that is organized for the comfort and ease of the inmates. The best fun of the whole piece is furnished here by Mr. Baskomb, whose wonderful get-up and comical business as a new warden, who is the butt of every one in the ultra-modern prison, excite roars of laughter.

Miss Collins, by her attractive presence, her spirited acting and her excellent singing, wins abundant admiration as the Countess. Mr. Farkoa's fine voice, which he uses most effectively, adds a pleasing touch to his vivacious impersonation of the ardent Hungarian. Mr. [illegible] Orloffsky is extremely [illegible] his dancing, which he [illegible] action, is strenuous enough [illegible] most exacting latter day taste.

Mr. Shale is very funny as the new thought prison governor in his solicitude that his prisoners shall have every attention, every dainty and an entirely satisfactory housekeeper.

There is an abundance of chorus beauty and plenty of abandon in the copious dancing. The second act is illumined by a sparkling hallôt, led successfully by Miss Lysa Graham.

DOUBLE BILL AT THE TOY THEATRE

TOY THEATRE: Third production this season. Double bill: "Victoria," a play in three acts by Laura Wynne; and "The Christmas Fantasy," a monologue with musical accompaniment, by Roger Noble Burnham.

"VICTORIA."

Hardy Shurman.....Mr. Stetson
Victoria.....Miss Delano
John Flinting.....Mr. Dynes
Miss Eggar.....Miss Jones
Mr. Jack Eggar.....Mr. De Gozzaldi
Mlle. De Veau.....Miss Smith
Mrs. Sumner Speed.....Mrs. Briggs
Mr. Stern Chase.....Mr. Stanton
Mr. Burr.....Mr. Miller
Mr. Flagg.....Mr. Wetherell

"THE CHRISTMAS FANTASY."

The Grandfather, Fritzchen, The Baby.....Mr. Burnham

The play was not the result of a happy choice. Indeed, in that particular there has been much trangression at the Toy Theatre this season. This error, in the present instance, was responsible for the production of a play which, though determinedly sinful in theme and development, supplies, by reason of its large cast, opportunity to several competent players.

"Victoria" is an inexplicable, yet simple play. The parodox arises precisely because everything that happens, happens so easily—and there are great big absorbing passions present, too—that one is at a loss to explain the facility with which things readjust themselves. To wit: A young tutor in a South Shore family is enamoured of the wife, not a widow, and mother of three children. His enthusiasm carries him so far that he even hazards to court the object of his attentions in the living room of the house, which would not have been so unusual perhaps if he had not elected to do so while symmetrically garbed in a how-come-you-so bathing suit. But this he did and made her forget her baby who forthwith fell into the ocean and was rescued by the copper-tanned hero. However, the next day, they talked about their ancestors, there were skeletons in their closets. Besides a sojourner at the beach had just been arrested for running away with somebody's husband. These facts proved eloquent and, in the wake of a beautiful sunset, they shook hands and parted.

The play is eloquently unreal in its dramatic treatment. There are superfluous characters who talk uninteresting and bad French, the personages enter upon and leave the stage with little motive, soliloquies abound, as do side speeches.

However, Mr. Stetson, Mr. Miller and Mrs. Briggs managed to be convincing, which was very much to their credit. In addition, Mr. Pratt was much in evidence, with an eye for design and color. The setting last evening was artistic in every detail.

"The Christmas Fantasy" proved interesting. Mr. Burnham, in a "Music Master" get up, was resourceful and eloquent.

MISS BARRYMORE IS AT B. F. KEITH'S

Delights Two Large Audiences in Barrie's "The Twelve-Pound Look."

Miss Ethel Barrymore delighted two large audiences at B. F. Keith's yesterday with her presentation of "The Twelve-Pound Look," a one-act play by J. M. Barrie that Miss Barrymore is using in a limited vaudeville engagement. It is the same little play that Miss Barrymore presented in connection with her last appearance in this city something over a year ago when she was starring in "Alice Sit by the Fire." Many of Miss Barrymore's critics have always asserted that her playing of Kate, the typist in "The Twelve-Pound Look," was one of the best things she has ever done. She was certainly most charming and effective in the role at yesterday's performances, receiving at the conclusion of the act several enthusiastic curtain calls. No head-liner of a Keith bill this season has been accorded quite the reception with which Miss Barrymore was greeted.

The scene is at the home of Sir Harry Sims, a successful but haughty and egotistical Englishman who has just been knighted, and whose wife, upon his nominee's orders, has engaged a typist to come to their mansion to take the replies to the congratulatory telegrams Sir Harry has received upon his latest laurels. Entirely unaware that the home to which she is going is that of her former husband, whom she left years ago because she had tired of his own self-conceit and his constant glorying in his achievement, the typist discovers upon her arrival the identity of her employer of the day. Sir Harry, of course, seeks to find out for whom typist Jane left his home, and discovers that there was no man in the case, as he had imagined, but rather that she had quietly earned sufficient money to purchase a typewriter, and upon that achievement she had decided to leave her husband and his home to make her own way in the world.

In the role of Jane, the typist, Miss Barrymore was most pleasing, acting the part in her most convincing yet simple manner. Percy Standing was capital as Sir Harry Sims, and Miss Suzanne Sheldon was the Lady Sims, whose only obvious pleasure in life was that she was the wife of a knight whose every word to her was law. Frank J. McCoy as Tombes, a minor messenger boy part, completed the cast.

Easily the most elaborate ventriloquist act ever staged at B. F. Keith's is that of Ed F. Reynard, who presents "A Morning in Hicksville." The stage settings are excellent and his entire performance goes with a snap that is often lacking in acts of this nature. Adler and Arline in "A New Idea," a burlesque upon stage hypnotism, have a sketch that is genuinely unique as well as being highly acceptable.

Armstrong and Ford as the English Johnny and the cop; the Alpine troupe in startling feats upon the double wire; Harry Linton and Anita Lawrence in "The Piano Store"; Campbell and Brady in Indian club swinging and novelty work; Peppino, an Italian accordion expert, and the Taisee Brothers, Japanese jugglers, complete the bill.

"HANKY-PANKY" AT THE MAJESTIC

There is a great satisfaction in greeting old friends whom you have learned to like and last evening's reception and welcome home of "Hanky Panky" on its return to the Majestic was an enthusiastic "Old Home Night." Max Rogers and his band of conspirators against gloom and rainy-night grouches found that Boston was glad to see them back and their numerous curtain-calls showed that they were back among friends.

Last evening proved the truth of one adage and the falsity of another. The first is "Old friends are best friends"; the latter, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

The familiar, tuneful bits of melody, particularly "Circus Days," "Where the Edelweiss is Blooming" and the "Lyre Bird and the Jay," repeated the successes of their first visit to Boston, while the funmakers, Max Rogers, Bobby North, Harry Cooper, William Montgomery and Florence Moore, kept the audience in spasms of laughter from which there was little surcease.

If there is plenty of catchy music, comedy galore, sparkling dialogue and an attractive setting of feminine beauty, a musical comedy needs no plot. This is applicable to "Hanky Panky," yet there were few in the audience that missed one, they were kept so busy enjoying the rest of the show.

Christine Nielson proved her voice was as sweet as ever, while Clay Smith and Virginia Evans danced their way back into the hearts of Boston's theatre lovers. The support, if an attractive galaxy of plump and clear-voiced femininity may be so termed, was excellent.

"FOLLIES" AT THE COLONIAL

COLONIAL THEATRE—First Boston presentation of Ziegfeld's Follies, an entertainment in two acts and 10 scenes. Words by H. B. Smith, music by Raymond Hubbell, staged by Julian Mitchell. The cast:

A manager.....Leon Errol
A theatre-goer.....Charles Scribner
M. Poulet.....Charles Judels
Cigar seller.....Bernard Granville
Mam'selle Paree.....Ethel Amorita Kelly
Mags.....Evelyn Carlton
Mr. Knox Freely.....Charles Gilmore
Mrs. Freely.....Arline Boley
Cabman.....Bert Williams
Nicodemus, a race horse, Le Brun and Queen
A summer girl.....Elizabeth Brice
Walker Foote.....Bert Williams
Uncle.....Max Scheck
Lotta Ginger.....Ray Samuels
Bonnie.....Elizabeth Brice

Ziegfeld's Follies (the 1912 series) had its first Boston presentation at the Colonial Theatre last evening. There was an overflow audience. Last night's performance must take its place as the most dazzling, the most sumptuous Mr. Ziegfeld has yet offered.

There are so many scenes and such a long list of principals that there is hardly room to treat of the individual merits of the cast. The author has been generous and has distributed the good things with impartiality. The dialogue here and there would fall flat with less competent interpreters and there is a wonderful amount of business by the principal comedians.

Of the music of the Follies there is nothing that will endure, yet there is a plenty of the catchy variety. There is a brilliant array of stage beauties.

Mr. Ziegfeld carries one through a maze of novelties. Here one finds himself at the opening gazing at a billboard scene, and the next minute the auditorium is turmoil, for persons on the floor and in the boxes start the fun and there is an exciting verbal riot passing over the footlights.

The exterior of a theatre and a Broadway stage door provide a locale for the next two scenes; next a cottage and then Herald square with the kaleidoscopic "Broadway Glide" conclude act 1.

Act 2 opens with the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, and then there is revealed the Cafe, the Beauty Palace, the exterior of a circus tent, and finally the circus scene, an elaborate affair.

Mr. Williams was seen in several characters, as were most of the principals. He was cordially applauded. His quiet and droll mannerisms are irresistible, and his songs, among others "You're on the Right Road, Sister, but You're Going the Wrong Way," and his dancing were equally good.

Leon Errol made a decided impression. His dances were new. They are at once acrobatic and graceful.

Bernard Granville, too, combines dancing talent with comedy.

Elizabeth Brice moved the big audience to share her songs. Hers is a pretty face and her voice is uncommonly good for interpreting popular songs. Miss Samuels, too, sang admirably.

The principal song hits were "You Got to Keep a-Moving and Dance," "Row Row, Row," "Dip, Dip Dip" and "Beautiful, Beautiful Girl."

For when Jupiter and Juno's wedding was solemnized of old, the gods were all invited to the feast, and many noble men besides: Amongst the rest came Chrysalus, a Persian Prince, bravely attended, rich in golden attires, in gay robes, with a majestical presence, but otherwise an ass.

Our Daily Anecdote.

"In his youthfull time was one Charles Chester, that after kept company with his acquaintance, he was a bold impertinent fellowe, and they could never be at quiet for him; a perpetuall talker, and made a noyse like a drum in a roome, so, one time at a taverne Sir Walter Raleigh beates him and seales up his mouth, i. e. his upper and neather beard, with hard wax."

Two Questions.

"H. C." writes: "What do you think of the expression 'Nom de plume'? Is that expression to be found in standard French authors?"

"Nom de plume" to Frenchmen is not French. They have the phrase "Nom de guerre," meaning a name assumed by one who in any profession conceals his own name. The phrase comes from the ancient practice of a soldier taking a name when he enlisted. Yet in English "Nom de plume" has been used by "good writers," for instance, De Quincey. "Pen name" is preferred by some who remember Prof. Hill's objection to "borrowed finery." "Alias" suggests to the genteel the police court. You often hear and see the word "soubriquet," but this is unknown to the French, who, for our good old "nickname," say "sobriquet."

"H. C." also asks: "Whence comes the expression, so often heard of late, 'Whose sword knows no brother'?"

We do not know, and what a pleasure it is to confess rank ignorance instead of cudgelling the brain for a plausible bluff!

With the Old Gusto.

Mr. George R. Sims is now in his 65th year, and we are all growing old along with him. His page in the Referee entitled "Mustard and Cress"—known to the sitter in the seat of the scornful as "Custard and Mess"—has naturally lost in sparkle and slap-dash of late years. There has been too much attention to politics, the future of the British Empire, the German invasion, the advantages of the protective system, etc., etc. The greater the joy then at finding in a recent number of the Referee a paragraph written with the old-time gusto. "'Now,' said I to my friend, as we sat down to luncheon, 'I am a desperate man, I have had a week's insomnia on baked apples and hot water. I am going to change the dietary.' Oh, that luncheon! It was magnificent. I had lobster fresh from the sea. I had dressed crab. I had steak, lark, kidney, mushroom and oyster pudding. I had a tender pullet. I had asparagus and I had greengage tart. Then I went into the lounge and drank coffee and smoked Brobdingnagian Partagas—and then—I fell asleep." Mark how Mr. Sims's cornet rises and his voice is that of a trumpet when he writes about food. So Montaigne no longer asked "Que scais-je." Nor did he twiddle his thumbs and smile ironically when the talk was about Socrates.

Plain and Wholesome.

A few days before Christmas the Pall Mall Gazette published an article, "Meals on Xmas Day, how to arrange that digestion shall not suffer." This article was written in all seriousness. The author began by stating that the

[illegible] of [illegible] the day [illegible] increase [illegible] and respect [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] which on Christmas day should be plain." The writer's conception of a "plain" luncheon is as follows: Fish [illegible] cutlets, boiled capon with chestnut stuffing, veal cutlets, roast beef, horse radish sauce, apple charlotte, whipped cream, mince pies, custard pudding, cheese, dessert, coffee, cold dishes, ham, Leicester pie.

Dinner is "of more consequence than breakfast or luncheon." Listen to this: "[illegible] menu is one which is [illegible] heavy"

[illegible] oysters [illegible] beef, [illegible]

[illegible] Dry champagne should be served, and the liquor should be 10-year-old-brandy with mulled claret and [illegible] punch for after-dinner drinks. Soon after this light repast there will be room for supper.

BRAHMS C MINOR QUARTET HEARD

By PHILIP HALE.

The Kneisel quartet gave its third concert of the season last night in Steinert Hall. Miss Frieda Siemens, pianist, and Samuel Gardner, violinist, assisted. The program was as follows: Brahms, quartet in C minor, op. 51, No. 1; Loeffler, quintet in F major for piano, violins, viola and 'cello (Ms.); Schumann piano quintet.

The quartet in C minor, in marked contrast to its companion in A minor, is for the most part in the composer's most melancholy vein. Some years ago Mr. Runciman wrote an amusing article on the pessimism of Brahms. "Pessimism," however is too strong a word, for Brahms was by no means a confirmed pessimist either in his music or his life. He enjoyed the tavern and mixed with appreciative eyes on occasions of humble life, in which respect he resembled Hazlitt, who admitted that he was disconcerted by the Clementinas and other noble dames. Nor was he pessimistic in his enjoyment of nature, painting and sculpture. He was robust, and he was often intolerably rude, and this may be said of his music by him.

Take this quartet, for instance. The beauty of the pages are forbidding. The idiom is rugged, at times [illegible]. The better Brahms is revealed in the third movement, which [illegible] could not have otherwise.

Mr. Loeffler's quintet is in a finer and more imaginative vein. It had been played here at least twice by the [illegible] before last night. It is beautiful music. While it is in the composer's earlier manner, it has the characteristics of his individuality. How [illegible] and enforced the opening measures! How varied the thematic presentation! And in the development [illegible] the freedom that shows mastery. The fancy does not droop in its flight, nor is the composer obliged to take refuge in those life saving stations known as conventional formulas that [illegible] some hearers, who at once protest the user of them as a sound [illegible], a safe guide for the young, a [illegible] that "does not take liberties with its audience." In this one movement is material that the more thrifty would have spun out in the orthodox number [illegible]. The fancy is not allowed to become merely a fantastical exhibition of [illegible] the invention of the bizarre. There is necessary logical continuity of thought, but the logician is not seen at work. The artist wrote for his own pleasure. Here is music, absolute music which the hearer can supply his own program music that needs no title serving as a sign-post and requires no [illegible] argument.

Schumann's familiar quintet brought the concert to a close that was greatly enjoyed by an audience of good size. Miss Siemens has played here before. On May, 1905, she appeared at a concert of the Boston Band as a child-wonder, and her name on the bill was Frieda Siemson. Five years later, as Miss Siemens, she gave a recital in Steinert Hall. Last night she again displayed a fluent technic and musical taste. Mr Gardner is a young violinist, who has been heard here in private concerts. He came, I believe, from Providence, R. I., and has been studying for some time with Mr [illegible].

The performance of Brahms's quartet was noteworthy one. Heard on the [illegible] test of Mr. Loeffler's quintet, Mr. Letz, the [illegible] viola, [illegible]

APOLLO CLUB

W

The Apollo Club of Boston gave its second concert of the season last night in Jordan Hall. Emil Cartwright, baritone, assisted. The program was as follows: F. Otto, "The Wind"; Von Weber, "Silent Night"; Haydn, Serenade; Van der Stucken, "In a Year" (unpublished); "The Song of Nidaros"; H. J. Stewart, "The Song of the Camp"; Debois, "Fairy-Rose"; E. Kreisler, Old English Song; Marschner, Serenade; Sullivan-Brewer, "The Lost Chord"; by the club. Lizzi-Pecci, Floria, Milliken-Fox, "My Thousand Times Beloved" "The Foggy Dew," C. W. Coombs; "Her Rose," John A. Loud, "Flower Rain," by Mr. Cartwright.

In spite of unfavorable weather a large audience was present and there was hearty applause for the performance of the club as well as for the soloist. The program was pleasantly varied, battle laye, serenades, songs of a devotional, amorous and rustic nature succeeded each other. The familiar and excellent characteristics of the club were in evidence and Mr. Cartwright's manly and sonorous voice wae heard to advantage.

The third concert will be on Tuesday evening, Feb. 18, Miss Irma Seydel, violinist, will be the soloist.

Jan. 9

O master mine, I am he, The Silent Man hight, by reason of the fewness of my words, to distinguish me from my six brothers. For the eldest is called Al-Bakbuk, the prattler; the second Al-Haddar, the babbler; the third Al-Fakik, the gabbler; the fourth his name is Al-Kuzal-aawani, the long necked Gugglet, from his eternal chattering; the fifth is Al-Nashshar, the tattler and tale-teller; the sixth Shakaahik, or many-clamors; and the seventh is famous as Al-Samit, the Silent Man, and this is my noble self!

Strictly Personal.

Discuesing the cricket, we touched hearts and revived memories. Only yesterday ten or a dozen men of high standing and noble purposes said to us at the Porphyry or in the street—and their voices trembled with emotion—"My boy, do you mean to say that there is any one who does not know what a cricket is? Why, when I was a youngster a footstool wae always called a cricket in our house." And then followed a long-winded anecdote about Uncle Amos. Yet there were three or four who shyly confessed that the only cricket they had known was the chirper on the hearth. Those who had been brought up with the cricket-footstool from their childhood, had summered and wintered with it and been through it with a dark lantern, disagreed over one important point; some said the cricket must have legs; others maintained that it might be box like and legless. Our crickets, our old family crickets always had legs, but not necessarily black ones.

Letters have come to us on this vital subject. What a privilege it is to awaken the people to a sense of responsibility! Alas, there are some that do not trust us with their names—fearing poseibly lest they afterwards receive invitations to purchase tickets in the Denmark Lottery or be asked for a subscription to the fund for providing Indigent Working Girls with Birds and Bottles. They—among them "Coolidge Corners"—should have more confidence in ue. Their names would remain inviolate within our shaggy breaet.

Why "Dromedary"?

As the World Wags:

As a little girl during the Sixties, we alwaye called a footstool a "cricket." Indeed, it still seems the best name for that unsteady and somewhat noisy piece of furniture with its sprawling black legs. Our family came neither from Kropshire nor Cornwall, but have been plain Massachueetts folks since coming from Devonshire in the 1630's.

If collecting a menagerie of furniture, do not forget Carolyn Well's Spider, "that insect strange, which loves to stand upon a red-hot range." Then, if minded to pureue the subject further, pray tell me why in my grandfather's household, my much prized old cherry low-boy was always called "dromedary"? I have searched furniture books and consulted Cyclopediae in vain for authority.

(As they say in the Spectator)

I am, Sir, etc;

HARRIET WATSON DUNBAR.

Brookline, Jan. 6.

From Lowell.

As the World Wags:

Your article on the "Cricket" which appeared in Monday's Herald brought back to my memory the first time I ever heard the word used to designate a small stool. * * * A number of years ago, when quite a small lad, I was visiting my old grandmother in Lewiston, Me., and ehe was a typical old-fashioned, large-hearted grandmother, who always kept on hand several old earthen crocks filled with stuffed cookies, thick molasses cookies, apple tarts and ginger bread for the delectation of numerous grandchildren.

One day during my visit she, being unable to reach something on the top shelf of a cupboard, turned to me and said: "Sonny, go and fetch annie the cricket." Not [illegible] that time [illegible]

[illegible] cricket, [illegible] "Lad, that [illegible] that's a hassock." On [illegible] of what a cricket really was, she [illegible] me as followe: "A cricket is a small stool which always has legs—now remember, always has legs." * * * There le another term that I always used as a boy, and that was "fritters" instead of "griddle cakes." * * *

Lowell, Jan. 6. DR. H. E. DAVIS.

Postponed.

Other passages from Dr. Davis's interesting letter will receive attention tomorrow.

We regret to say that our anecdote for the day—one that would benefit the community—must be told later. It is not perishable. Benjamin Franklin might have quoted it in hie autobiography. It will be equally instructive in 1998.

"PELLEAS" AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Revival of Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Pelleas.....Mr. Riddez
Golaud.....Mr. Maroux
Arkel.....Mr. Lankow
La Petit Yniold.....Miss Fisher
Le Medecin.....Mr. Mardones
Melisande.....Mme. Edvina
Genevieve.....Mme. Gay

In an ideal performance of Debussy's opera there should be no special feature. All the characters are enwrapped in "the atmosphere of sorrowful legend as in a veil of crape." They are alike distant, enigmatical, yet human, led by fate, whither they know not. This one is a wise and aged monarch to whom seemingly trifling events have deep significance. That one le the flower-like youth who will not leave the castle though his stay brings death. Another le named Melisande, she knows not why; she only knows that when a ray of sunlight falls on her through the dank mist it is for the unhappineee of hereelf and others. The servants who entsr Melisande's chamber, unsummoned, feeling the approach of death, are personages as well as Golaud. There is no one commanding figure in this tragedy. The tragedy of humanity. Names are given to types as at random. Nor is any player in the orchestra of less importance in the performance than the men and women on the stage. There is no other example of such a blend of music and drama. Even "Tristan und Isolde" in comparison is a conventional opera.

It is hard to escape from the traditions that rule our sight and hearing in a theatre. The appearance of another singer in a part that has already been admirably played must arouse interest if only by way of inciting discussion and comparison. We are often told that a composer declares this or that woman to be his ideal heroine. Composers, as a rule, are easily satisfied or even grateful when the public applauds. One nail quickly drives out another. Yet eome of us will always associate Melisande with Mlle Mary Garden, the Melisande of the first performance, not of the eecond season, when the illusion was not so complete. Mme. Georgette-Leblanc made us remember Miss Garden with the greater enthusiasm. As the wife of the Belgian philosopher and dramatist ehe satisfied curiosity, but Mme. Leblanc wae at times artificial, and Melisande was alwaye artless. We did not have the pleasure of seeing Miss Maggie Teyte, who had delighted the Debussyites and the general public of Paris, although Miss Teyte was anxious, it is said, to appear here.

Mme. Edvina took the part for the first time in the United States. When she appeared in it at Covent Garden (April 27, 1911) Mr. Mareoux was the Arkel. Her impersonation last night was interesting. She sang delightfully and the quality of her voice is suited to the character and the music. She, as others in the performance, labored under a disadvantage. The stage in certain scenes was eo dark that it was impossible to observe her facial expression. In the forest, a spot light shone on her lying down. The moment she arose, her face might as well have been masked. There were accidents last night in the stage management. Such accidents are unusual in this opera house and may be easily excused, but there has been just complaint concerning the management of the lights this season. There were eome fine effects, as in the room where Golaud's jealousy masters him; but too often the faces of the singers were only dimly seen.

Since this was so, it is not easy to speak definitely of Mme. Edvina's performance. It did not seem, however, that she has yet fully comprehended the character of Melisande. She did not suggest the elusive, mysterious maiden, who le unlike any other heroine of legend or history; who through love for Pelleas and the sadness of life growe into womanhood and yet remains an enigma, not to be solved by Golaud, who in his remorse still questions her and vexes her departing soul. Mme. Edvina was graceful, simple, and at times appealing. Melisande was at [illegible] his "so[illegible] to [illegible]

[illegible] protest [illegible] an [illegible] Pelleas [illegible] her [illegible] of [illegible] increase of [illegible] of tapestry [illegible] to [illegible] The Pelleas of Dalmorès would [illegible] married Melisande [illegible] Indeed [illegible] and admiration were [illegible] to him. Mr Riddez has a [illegible] of the character and does [illegible] in patently outside the frame. M. Maroux gives a striking performance of the ruined Golaud, a strong Melisande with the adoration of the elder for the younger of the [illegible] for the weak, conscious that she lives in a world into which he cannot enter, therefore is he the more easily perplexed; obsessed by sorrid suspicion even when, dying, Melisande sees things as they are and knows the folly of falsehood. This impersonation is even stronger and at the same time more carefully considered than it was last season. Mr. Lankow has the majestic voice of Arkel. [illegible] Fisher the innocence of Yniold. Her [illegible] rich tones give weight to the reading of the letter, one of the most impressive scenes in the drama. [illegible] by the suggestion of bodement by the prevailing stillness, the hush of anticipation more compelling than that of reflection.

The scenery provided for this opera has been enthusiastically praised. In most instances it is uncommonly effective and in the Maeterlinckian—Debussyian spirit. There are two scenes in which we should prefer a more open stage. In the scene outside the castle in the first act, there should be a broad view of the ocean, and the lighthouse seen by Melisande should be seen by the audience; not necessarily because ehe mentions it, but because the expression of distance thus determined adds to the poetry of the situation. The scene of the murder is too cramped. There is no possible suggestion of Golaud's terrible approach. It might also be said that in the opening an extensive forest scene would be more to the purpose than the boxed picture now shown, with Golaud so close to Melisande that his delay in seeing her is well nigh absurd.

The orchestra led by Mr. Caplet with care was often eloquent.

The operas next week will be as follows: Monday, "Pelleas et Melisande"; Wednesday, "Carmen"; Friday, "I Gioielli della Madonna" (first time in Boston); Saturday matinee, "Haensel und Gretel" and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

GIVES LECTURE RECITAL

Miss Bessie Hyams Describes Opera by Wolf-Ferrari.

Miss Bessie Hyams of New York gave a lecture recital yesterday morning at the home of Mrs. Louis Levisseur on Commonwealth avenue. Her subject was Wolf-Ferrari's "The Jewels of the Madonna." After briefly contrasting the operatic works of the composer, who has recently come into prominence, Miss Hyams gave a detailed, graphic and picturesque description of the opera which will be heard in Boston for the first time next week.

A young woman of marked talent and an accomplished musician, Miss Hyams played many passages of the opera on the piano and sang several arias to her own accompaniment in a manner which revealed her skill as an interpreter and gave a clear understanding of the work.

A large, interested and appreciative audience was present.

Jan. 10

There is talk only of crickets. The air is full of them; the sky rains crickets; the earth yawns and belches them forth; they float upon the waters. And all because a few days ago we described a boy in a village church standing on a cricket during the long prayer and gazing across rows of high-backed pews at his beloved.

Silent Adoration.

There were other joys in churchgoing. When the night services began, either in church or chapel, there was the wild rush for the door after the benediction, the standing in line without; the anticipation of the sweetheart's appearance; the offer to see her home, the bliss of acceptance, the agony of rejection. Yet there are superficial thinkers who speak of "calf-love." There is no romantic passion comparable to that of the boy for the girl. The meditation on the cricket during the long prayer was pure ecstasy. No rival could then chatter or interfere. The adored one could not then be peevish, contrary, malicious. She could not escape this adoration. It enwrapped her.

She never married. After she passed her fortieth year she waxed fat, and when she died was not fair to the eye. The boy still sees her slight, sallow, with sparkling eyes, and, alas, a little toothy. Now when he is alone, or even in a crowded street car, lo, he is back in the old church. The sexton, shifting his quid, shows the stranger to an honorable pew near Lawyer Delano's. The boy watches for the entrance of the beloved one. The [illegible] Will she come? [illegible] the Invocation [illegible]

...and there ... too ber boots ... long.

The Daily Anecdote.

"The Dr. lyeing at the Savoy in London, next the water side where was a balcony look't into the Thames, a patient came to him that was grievously tormented with an ague. The Dr. orders a boate to be in readinesse under his windowe, and discoursed with the patient (a gent.) in the balcony, when on a signall given, 2 or 3 lusty fellowes come behind the gent. and threw him a matter of 20 feete into the Thames. This surprize absolutely cured him."

Hassock and Ottoman.

Dr. H. E. Davis in his letter to The Herald of yesterday spoke of the "old stuffed hassock" in his grandmother's house in Lewiston, Me. This hassock had ears.

In Northampton the word "hassock" was not used generally in the Sixties except in connection with the Episcopal church. According to the strict definition, a hassock is a thick, firm cushion or bass, often stuffed with rushes or straw, used to rest the feet on, and especially in places of worship to kneel upon. These church hassocks in England were sometimes of turf or peat.

The thing called "hassock" in Lewiston was known to us as ottoman. It is true that the word in England was first applied to a cushioned seat like a sofa, but without back or arms. We knew only the stuffed footstool or low seat with a gay covering of cloth and two ears, which a black and tan puppy chewed with intermissions of yapping.

Dr. Davis says that as a boy he used the term "fritters" for "griddle cakes." He adds: "Wasn't this word used a number of years ago to apply to that most excellent dish now commonly known as griddle-cakes?" We never heard the term with this meaning, nor do we find any warrant in English or American dialect dictionaries for the use.

Esteemed Correspondents.

Mr. Albert H. Hall of Cambridge was amazed at the ignorance of certain Bostonians. "Of course there are crickets. There always were crickets. I always heard my elders speak of them as crickets. Nobody ever called them anything but crickets. And you asked a dozen Bostonians young and old and they had never heard of crickets! Did their fathers come over in the Cunarder instead of the Mayflower? There is one under the table on which I am writing used now as a footstool for my seven-year-old. It has come down to her from her great-grandmother, and is now topped with tapestry tacked on, though the original top was of cane."

Mr. Needham of Manchester writes: "Had you asked an Essex county man I think you would have heard a different story, as, being brought up in this county where the use of this word has been almost universal, I today find myself still using it freely with no thought of using 'stool' or any other word of like meaning."

"H.," born in Plymouth and now nearly 85 years old, has read The Herald "ever since my old friend E. C. Bailey published it in 1849-50 at 15 State street. I enjoy it more than ever. It is the best paper in Boston." He, too, was surprised at the shameful ignorance. "When I was young I sat on a cricket. When I was older I put my feet on a cricket, and so on all my life. A stool was higher, to sit on at a table or desk."

CLEMENT'S ART AIDS PROGRAM

By PHILIP HALE.

Edmond Clement, the distinguished tenor, gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience. Maurice Lafarge played excellent accompaniments. The program was as follows: Saint-Saens, "Sabre en Main"; Bruneau, "Mignonne"; Widor, "Enfant de Catane"; G. Faure, "Automne"; Hue, "A des oiseaux"; Chausson, "Nocturne"; Massenet, "Menteuse cherie"; Hahn, "Le Printemps" (dedicated to Mr. Clement); Debussy, "Beau Soir"; Bizet, serenade from "Les Pecheurs de Perles"; Erlanger, "Aubade"; Godard, "Chant de Juin"; Charpentier, "La Cloche felée"; Weckerlin, "Bergerettes."

Mr. Clement's program was disappointing as a whole. Only his exquisite art made some of the songs tolerable. The two songs conspicuous for their beauty and imaginative quality were Gabriel Faure's "Automne" and Chausson's "Nocturne." The latter may be ranked with the songs of Henri Duparc, who with Gabriel Faure stands at the head of modern French composers in this field. There is a depth to the "Nocturne" that is not often found even in Faure's songs, charming as they are. Saint-Saens's "Sabre en Main" depends for its effect largely on sturdy declamation and ... Mr. ... who ... des ois... a ... ress and ...

Reynaldo Hahn, wishing to show his admiration of Mr. Clement's great talent, should have invented something of greater distinction than "Le Printemps." "Beau Soir" is one of Debussy's first songs. It was written in 1878, and only the close hints at the author of "Pelleas et Melisande." The rest of it is mediocre Massenet. It is not easy to understand why a singer of Mr. Clement's taste should have chosen Erlanger's stupid "Aubade."

"La Cloche felée" is No. 6 in the collection of 16 songs entitled by Charpentier "Poemes Chantes." This setting of Baudelaire's poem is far inferior to Mr. Loeffler's composition for a voice, viola and piano. Charpentier did not catch the spirit of the poet's fancy. Mr. Loeffler's song is as the voice of the unhappy poet.

Weckerlin's "Bergerettes" were sung here with gusto by the lamented Charles Gilibert, and it is almost impossible to refrain from comparing his interpretation with that of Mr. Clement. Mr. Clement is more raffine, more artistically malicious. Gilibert had more of the folk-song quality. His interpretation smacked of the soil. It was simpler, franker, more unctuous; nor was it devoid of peasant slyness.

The Herald has often praised the art of Mr. Clement as a singer of songs. The purity and expressiveness of his diction, the musical intelligence displayed in his care for detail and in his appreciation of the character of the song and its one climax; the subordination of non-essentials to enhance the general effect; the sincerity of his art while the singer is conscious of the paradox of Diderot, and is in sympathy with it. These admirable qualities give him high standing on the list of true interpreters.

May he often visit us to the enjoyment and instruction of us all! Yesterday he was generous in responding to imperative recalls.

Jan. 11

There was the tramp across a damp park to an imperfectly-ordered service in a cold church, with a faint odor of long-descended ancestry forcing its way up through the floor of the family pew. There was eating on the largest scale, and of the most revengeful food. There was the boisterous merriment of a company of cousins, who recalled Lord Beaconsfield's sardonic saying that "an affectation of gaiety may often be detected in the young." There was, in brief, a combination of distresses which might justify the childish petition, "Forgive us our Christmases, as we forgive them that Christmas against us."

For the Last Time.

As the World Wags:

The word "cricket" applied to a small four-legged stool was in everyday use in Bristol county, Mass., in the first consulship of Ulysses. As the "Old Colony" is a section that but slowly changes its phraseology, this word, I doubt not, came over in the Mayflower along with a few gross of the articles that it designated. Inhabitants of several of the Hampshire county towns went further in pre-revolutionary days from the "Old Colony" and very likely carried the furniture and the name with them.

Your description of the boy's experiences at the meeting house on Sunday leaves one of your readers wondering whether the congregation turned to face the choir when the last hymn was sung. They did so in some old New England churches within a very few years and possibly do so now in the same communities. The custom has seemed to be a survival from the old days when the precentor "lined out" the psalm and the folk stood at attention during the ceremony. How was it in Hampshire county?

SHAWSHIN.

January 7, 1913.

In the Old Church of Northampton, a noble example of old-fashioned ecclesiastical architecture, the high pulpit with stairs was at one end and the choir loft at the other. There was a broad gallery on each side of the church, and a certain number of pews on each side of the pulpit, but on the floor, were known as "side pews." They were at right angles with the main body of pews. The word "slip" was not heard there in the Sixties. The congregation faced the minister in all the hymns. We are informed by Mr. George F. Babbitt that as a boy he was a constant attendant at the church in Barre, and it was then the custom for the congregation to face the choir with backs to the pulpit during the singing of the last hymn.

A "State Dish."

As the World Wags:

As I was born in Vermont and sat on a cricket in my childhood and ate milk toast served from a covered dish called a "state dish," will you please tell me what the origin of the word "state" is? I have been trying for years to discover it.

L. E. M.

Andover, Jan. 8.

The Brotherless Sword.

"H. C." asked recently: "Whence comes the expression, so often heard of late, 'Whose sword knows no brother?'" We have received the following letter:

As the World Wags:

Can this be the sword mentioned in your column this morning? The following verse is part of Thomas Campbell's poem, "O'Connor's Child"-

... row, ... that dealt the blow — ... brother's!

Boston, Jan. ...

J. D. K.

We know that. The brotherless sword was not the sword of Hunker Bill that Mr. M. J. Dwyer describes in heroic song.

Our Daily Anecdote.

On June 15, 1889, Octave Mirbeau spoke in a curious manner about the fear of death that haunted Maupassant and was the cause of his constantly wandering over sea and land to escape the nagging thought. Once on a time Maupassant disembarked at Spezzia, but when he learned of a case of scarletina in the town, he countermanded the luncheon ordered at the hotel and went on board his yacht. A literary fellow was wounded by something Maupassant wrote. Invited to dine with him, he pored over medical treatises for several days before the dinner. When they were at table, the guest described vividly cases of death brought on by diseases of the eyes, so that Maupassant's nose literally fell on his plate.

Only Fair.

To "B. S. D." We cannot publish your letter, unless you confide to us your name. We'll put this name in the office safe or in a safe deposit vault along with our iron will and the world will never be the wiser, but we do not publish anonymous letters, whether they be didactic, complimentary to some person, or abusive.

"LOUISE" AT OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Louise," Mr. Caplet conducted.

Louise	Mme. Edvina
La Mere	Mme. Gay
Irma	Miss Barnes
Camille	Miss Fisher
Gertrude	Miss Leveroni
L'Apprentice	Miss Gauthier
Le Gavroche	Miss Von Aken
La Danseuse	Miss Galli
Julien	Mr. Zenatello
La Pere	Mr. Marcoux
Le Pape des Fous	Mr. Lipmann
Le Chiffonier	Mr. Sampieri

P.H. Fake

Charpentier's opera was performed for the fourth time. The production taxes the resources of any large opera house, for the list of characters is a long one, and each character must be sharply defined. The resources of the Boston Opera House have proved wholly adequate. The audience is interested in each one of the men and women in this drama of Parisian life, a drama in which realism and symbolism are curiously blended, although the symbolism rarely interferes with the course of the action.

Mr. Zenatello is recovering the full use of his voice, and his Julien bids fair to rank among his most effective roles. Mr. Marcoux's Father is a remarkable impersonation in every way, lifelike, simple, pathetic and at the end tragic. Mme. Gay's Mother is worthy to stand beside this Father. The part suits her admirably, and the music is in her voice. She is now the cross-grained, prejudiced, nagging woman who stands between Louise and happiness, and now the sombre figure who brings Louise for a moment to her senses, the mother whose pride is wounded more than her heart by the flight from the hearth.

It has been announced that Mme. Edvina will not be seen again this season as Louise. This is to be regretted, for her performance vocally and dramatically is emotionally beautiful. It is to be hoped that she will not read the article about the superstitions of the "midinette" in the current number of La Revue, lest she be tempted to unnecessary and disturbing realism.

As before, the minor parts were well taken.

Jan 12 1913

MISS SCHNITZER

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Germaine Schnitzer gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Her program was as follows: Schumann, sonata, F sharp minor, op. 11; Bach-Busoni, Chaconne, D minor; Chopin, Twelve Preludes; Debussy, Sarabande and Toccata; Olsen, Papillons; Liszt, Venezia e Napoli.

Miss Schnitzer has broadened her interpretative faculties, and refined her style since she last played here in 1909. Her performance then was chiefly characterized by fire and brilliance. Her impetuosity sometimes ran away with her, and she was the true pupil of Mr. Pugno who at one time could undoubtedly play faster than any one of his rivals. Now she has a finer sense of proportion. She is still brilliant but musically brilliant, not at the expense of beauty. Her dynamic contrasts are not so violent. Her performance is more varied in coloring. She is mistress of nuances. The interpretation is more thoughtful, more poetic. The reports concerning her artistic growth were not exaggerated. She is justly ranked among the leading pianists, and although her reputation is high and firmly established it is a pleasure to hear her. This cannot be said of certain pianists who by reason of technical proficiency are counted among the great.

Yesterday, during the first pages of Schumann's sonata, she was not wholly in the vein. Perhaps she was vexed by the entrance of the customary late comers; perhaps she was disturbed by more or less musical sounds in another part of the building. Not till the Finale of the sonata did she do herself full justice.

Mr. Busoni played his transcription of Bach's Chaconne for violin as far back as 1893. We wished then that he had not made the transcription, and when certain violinists plough laboriously through the piece, we wish that Bach had never written it. But Mr. Busoni is a man of transcriptions. Exulting in his technic, he longs for new worlds to conquer, and so he creates these worlds. There is no law either here or in Europe compelling pianists to play these transcriptions. Virtuosos are attracted by the difficulties contained therein. Miss Schnitzer played the formidable thing as a virtuoso and a musician.

What a pleasure it was to hear the Preludes of Chopin after this Chaconne! And how poetically, how dramatically they were played! Charming, too, was the interpretation of Debussy's Sarabande with its suggestion of a modern Watteau born in the impressionistic school. The Tocata and Liszt's familiar bravura piece was brilliantly performed, but brilliance was not the only characteristic of the performance. Olsen's "Papilions" was unknown to many in the audience. The composer is classed as a "new-romantic," although he has passed his 60th year. The Norweglan butterflies fluttered over the keyboard as any other butterflies, but the audience insisted on a repetition, as it had insisted on a repetition of one of the Preludes.

At the end Miss Schnitzer was enthusiastically applauded, and she was gracious to the never satisfied. She will probably give another recital here before she plays with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The hall should then be crowded.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Puccini's "La Boheme." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Rodolfo	Mr. Laffitte
Marcello	Mr. Polese
Schaunard	Mr. Fornari
Colline	Mr. Mardones
Benoit	Mr. Tavecchia
Alcindoro	Mr. Tavecchia
Mimi	Mme. Melis
Musetta	Miss Dereyne
Parpignol	Mr. Boscacci
Sergente	Mr. Olshansky

The performance yesterday was an animated one. The announcement had been made that Mme. Bori would take the part of Mimi. This announcement proved erroneous, and many were thereby disappointed, but Mme. Melis was in good voice, sang well and gave a pleasing impersonation of the grisette. Miss Dereyne was also in good voice and her intonation was more secure than on other occasions this season.

It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Laffitte again. He has an agreeable, manly voice, and sings without tricks and mannerisms. Until Mr. Zenatello returned, Italian operas often fared poorly in the matter of tenors. The presence of Mr. Laffitte would have been a relief. Mr. Polese was an excellent Marcello and the other parts were well taken.

Mr. Mardones was deservedly applauded for singing the "Farewell to the Coat," but the introduction of this ditty is the one blot on the opera. Here is a woman dying. Every second counts. The philosopher Colline goes out to bring relief, but before he goes the librettists compel him to address his overcoat in song, while Mimi and the Bohemians do nothing but listen with the courtesy that singers should show to a comrade. These two pages of music shortened Mimi's life while apparently lengthening it for operatic purposes.

"La Boheme" is the one opera of Puccini that is wholly fresh, spontaneous and original. In the operas that followed Puccini remembered other composers and repeated himself. The latest of them, "The Girl of the Golden West," now seems the oldest, in spite of the composer keeping himself to Debussy's music with both hands.

"CARMEN" AT OPERA HOUSE

Mme. Gay Repeats Her Former Triumphs In Title Part.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Bizet's "Carmen," in four acts. The cast:

Don Jose	Fernand De Potter
Escamillo	Jean Riddez
Zuniga	Michele Sampieri
Morales	R. Chasstrian
Lillas Pastia	Edgard Bourquin
Carmen	Maria Gay
Micaela	Diamond Donner
Frasquita	Myrna Sharlow
Mercedes	Florence De Courcy
El Dancairo	Leo Devaux
El Remendado	Ernesto Giaccone

Charles Strony conducted.

[illegible] Weingartner, who as a [illegible] at the Boston Opera House [illegible] visit the city, is known not [illegible] as one of the first conductors of the world and as a composer, but also as a writer of marked ability concerning the art that he adorns. His books ("The Symphony Since Beethoven" and "[illegible] Conducting") are valuable additions to musical literature. His [illegible] volume, "Akkorde," a collection of essays, is also a stimulating work, full of shrewd observations and sane suggestions, with here and there an entertaining ancedote.

Soloists in Orchestral Concerts One of the essays in this volume is entitled "The Soloists in Orchestral Concerts," and [illegible] with a dialogue that might, with [illegible], be heard in Boston as in New York as in Munich, Chicago as in London or Paris.

"Are you going to the Symphony concert [illegible]?"

"What's going on there?"

"Fraeulein N. sings."

"Is she young? Is she good looking?"

"[illegible] so. Her photographs are [illegible]. She has sung at many court [illegible] and the Berlin critics say she [illegible] she must be good for [illegible]."

"What does she sing?"

"I don't know."

"Never mind, the main thing is that she's good looking! I'll go."

"I'll see you later."

Mr. Weingartner continues:

"[illegible] the night of the concert the hall [illegible]. Well contrived puffery has [illegible] curiosity, and curiosity has [illegible] its box-office drawing power. [illegible] one is talking about the new [illegible], and there are all sorts of [illegible].

"She'll surely wear a light colored [illegible]."

"[illegible] in the picture at the music [illegible] she has a dark dress.'

"Have you noticed that handsome [illegible]?'

"[illegible] wear it tonight? She seems to have a slim and beautiful figure.'

"I hope she will wear a low-necked [illegible]. In the photograph her neck is a [illegible].

"[illegible] is she staying?'

"With F[illegible]kommerzienrat/ "X"

"She brought letters to the wealthiest families.'

"Yes, these artists have a good [illegible]."

Mr. Weingartner pictures the concert. [illegible] amusing description.

While Fraeulein N. Sings "The conductor appears and raps for order. Late comers delay the beginning as [illegible] a noise taking their seats. [illegible] programs and program books are [illegible] for the first time. At last the orchestra plays an overture. The audience listens quietly, but without marked attention. Everyone is awaiting the [illegible] of the singer. The performance is applauded and there is a sigh [illegible] the thought: "Now she'll [illegible]." The door of the artist's room [illegible] again. Perhaps her [illegible] not taken in the right way, [illegible] was somewhat dis[illegible]. "Yes, yes, it is no small thing [illegible] a strange audience." [illegible] look toward the door. Necks [illegible] And now leaning on the [illegible] a white-gloved man the star of [illegible] comes. "Didn't I tell you [illegible] wear a dark dress.' "She is [illegible] pearl necklace.' "She is [illegible] and handsome."

"The singer modestly casts down her [illegible] triumphantly the audi[illegible]. She smiles coquettishly and the [illegible] louder. While opera[illegible] levelled at her she sings [illegible] popular "Bell" aria [illegible] or Proch's Variations, [illegible] to be taken as an [illegible] classics, an air of the [illegible] of Night. If her voice is of [illegible] she will choose an aria [illegible] or a song from one of Handel's [illegible]. This is sure: We hear [illegible] that suits neither what pre[illegible] what will follow. If the per[illegible] is not too disappointing she [illegible] again and again. The ex[illegible] audience ill brooks the conductor's [illegible] to order. There will be only [illegible] to hear there will be nothing [illegible] the eye. The orchestra plays something 'modern.' If the composer's [illegible] has authority the music is pro[illegible] beautiful. Otherwise there is [illegible] dissonances and reminis[illegible]. Hearts are now lighter, for the [illegible] brings out her group of songs. [illegible] is heartier than before. [illegible] songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, without thought of [illegible] in the order; but there is [illegible] only after the last song, [illegible] effective" by Wolf or [illegible], or a gushing ditty by Tosti or [illegible]. The piano accompani[illegible] sounds thin in the great hall. [illegible] it. De Capos, additional [illegible], bouquets. And if she [illegible] 'chanson' or a 'canzonetta' in [illegible]

[illegible] of all [illegible] dark [illegible]

And Then the Symphony The concert is not over. There's a symphony. Some deserters leave the hall [illegible] truly aesthetic hiss.

"How [illegible] to go away before the symphony?'

"Haven't they read in the newspapers that the symphony is the most important feature?

"Yes, if it were only not so long.

"One should not say this.

"Do you recall the officer in Simplicissimus who was unwilling to hear a symphony because the rotten thing had four movements?"

The orchestra plays the symphony. Some in the audience leave after the first movement, more and more after those that follow until just before the finale the exits are crowded.

"What wretched accommodations in this cloak room."

"Our carriage has been waiting at least 15 minutes, the horses will catch cold."

"We are invited to a ball."

These and other excuses; but there are brave persons who sit till the end and then give the conductor "an ovation."

What Should Be Allowed Mr Weingartner declares this to be a faithful description of a subscription concert and who is so bold as to contradict him? Perhaps the public may wonder whether the violinist sports a mustache or a full beard and guess the number of his decorations, but the story is practically the same.

It does not follow, he says, that there should be no soloists at Symphony concerts. "The soloist should not be engaged to display his own virtuosity or to swell the receipts, but to assist in the interpretation of works which need his assistance. A soloist should choose only the compositions that are within the frame. Songs with piano accompaniment, piano pieces of an intimate nature, as well as empty virtuoso compositions, should not be allowed, for they are not worthy to stand by the side of important orchestral pieces. There should be the greatest care in the selection of arias. The 'song with orchestra' should be more cultivated by composers, but there is no objection to songs with skillfully orchestrated piano accompaniments, if the text and the music do not war with the rest of the program." Mr. Weingartner recommends Schubert's "Erl Koenig" with the orchestration of Berlioz, Mottl's orchestration of songs by Wagner, Schubert, Beethoven. There should be no "additional" songs or pieces. If the public is wildly enthusiastic a repetition may be allowed. (Here I venture to disagree with him. A singer seldom is so successful in repetition. Why mar the first impression?) The soloist should be compelled to respect the prevailing character of the program. "A concert that begins, for example, with the 'Meistersinger' overture and includes an Italian bravura aria is inartistic."

The public may be educated in this respect. "The truly dangerous foes of art are the dilettanti who hide themselves behind the phantom 'Public,' so that they may gratify their own wishes. Frau-So-and-So who adores Fraeulein So-and-So, the trilling lark; Frau Y., whose heart palpitates for the black haired fiddler Herr Z, are ever at the ears of the conductor and the management. They are influential and pull many backwards with them; they are the ones to be watched carefully."

Mr. Weingartner says that in 1891, when he took charge of concerts in Berlin, he had only one soloist for the season. In spite of this, the receipts in the course of the year were five times as great as in preceding seasons with a soloist for each concert.

Opera House and Concert Hall Andre Sardou has turned the greater Sardou's "La Sorciere" into an opera, and Camille Erlanger wrote the music. The opera has been produced at the Opera Comique, Paris. "The subject is happily treated by M. Erlanger, whose instrumental phrases are moving and pathetic, and at other moments vehement. Moreover, he has created by his themes, which admirably express the ideas and situations, an atmosphere of mystery eminently suitable to the prevailing 'note'."

A writer in La Revue Hebdomadaire maintains that the human voice becomes a shade deeper with each successive generation. Among our more remote ancestors a genuine bass voice was unknown, and [illegible] of them spoke and [illegible] in what would now be called falsetto tones. Nowadays, among male singers baritone voices are the most common, and these are of a lower timbre than they were 50 years ago. All singing masters agree that sopranos are becoming more and more difficult to find, and the tenor voice has already been called a disease. Dr. [illegible]

At Yale [illegible], "David S. Smith [illegible]

[illegible] Weingartner [illegible] Berlin [illegible] the old [illegible] What would [illegible] heard [illegible] wit[illegible]

Mr. Beecham and his orchestra have made a [illegible] hit in Berlin. Mr. Spanuth of the Signale was enthusiastic over the conducting, and the character of the orchestra. Every young player is a true artist. The violins have a rich and noble tone, the wood wind instruments fascinate by their euphony and the brass is never blatant. Then there is remarkable accuracy and plasticity. As for Mr. Beecham, he led an unequalled performance—"that of Nikisch not excepted—of "Brigg Fair" by Delius, a performance remarkable for spontaneity and attention to nuances. Some critics [illegible] objected to Mr. Beecham's "indiscreet gesticulations" and "personal mannerisms." Mr. Spanuth declares that these are not affectations, for the conductor is wholly possessed by the music that he interprets. "Chock full" is better than "possessed" for Mr Spanuth's German word.

Felix Weingartner concluded his series of concerts at Fuerstenwalde, near Berlin, with a most successful performance of Beethoven's two last symphonies.

A correspondent who desires to remain anonymous has written to me on the subject of original music for military bands on which I wrote one article a few weeks ago and another on Saturday last. He says: "No bandmaster really wants original works for military hands, or practically none; he wants pieces that have become popular in other ways. Publishers, too, want music for the regiments of the line, whose standard of technique is not so high as that of the guards' bands, the members of which are skilled and trained to a high pitch. Practically all publishers regard orchestral and military band parts merely as a means of advertising pianoforte pieces; that is, your composition must make a good piano piece, and then the band parts of it (in arrangement) are given away to advertise the piece. Military band scoring is a knack, not an art; this because there is no room for breadth of imagination; it requires a little training and experience, that is all." This being the case, it is obviously not worth the while of the "young composer" to turn his hand, as I suggested he should, to writing original music for that little-explored field, the military band; and all the more since many correspondents have told me that hardly any two military bands have precisely the same constitution. There is, in other words, no standard military band; each, roughly speaking, varies at the will, more or less, of its bandmaster, and I suppose, its treasurer. But, all the same, I think Dr. Mackenzie Rogan could a tale unfold if so disposed!—Daily Telegraph.

Hearing the boy Korngold's Theatre overture in Berlin, the critics describe it as a weak work that is wonderfully orchestrated when the age of the boy is taken into consideration. The overture is "thought" for the orchestra, and only for it.

The Nachrichten of Hamburg, noting that Max von Schillings has been re-engaged as conductor of the Royal Court Opera House in Stuttgart, says that this is a pity for the opera house. "For Schillings is a wholly incapable conductor."

Arthur Pougin of Paris—he is in his 79th year—hearing Rivarde play Beethoven's violin concerto at a Conservatory concert, protested against the "interminable, abominable and frightful cadenza" then introduced. "In truth, I wish that the wretch who invented the monstrosity called cadenza, which is the negation of musical style and of music itself, were hung in effigy in all the concert halls of the universe. It is simply the odious triumph of odious virtuosity, by the aid of which a master work is mutilated, degraded, soiled for the sole end and pleasure of exhibiting skilful mechanism.'

Vincent d'Indy's cantata "The Song of the Bell" (after Schiller), which won for him the prize given by the city of Paris in 1884, has been produced at the Monnaie, Brussels, as an opera.

To the true playgoer the theatre is a place of mysterious and fascinating realities, and, however old he may grow and however familiar its features may become, that fascination and that mystery continue. The mere outer walls of the building appeal to him as do those of no other building in the town. The bills posted on them are full of diverse fascination. The pit and gallery doors are entrances into a land where dreams become enthralling realities. The very twiddlings of the orchestra, as they tune up for the overture, make a more exquisite music to his ears than a Mozart ever wrote. The rising of the curtain is a dawn, and its final descent a sunset. The stage door is a place of solemnities, through which men and women greatly gifted, deeply stricken, and remote in their wonderful comeliness, pass from the realm of fact to that of imagination.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A [illegible] About Milestones [illegible]

[illegible] in Vienna [illegible] world.

[illegible] Arnold Bennett's [illegible] Knoblauch [illegible]

It was Frank Vernon, [illegible] stage manager and producer, [illegible] conceived the idea of "Milestones" [illegible] together Arnold Bennett, [illegible] and Edward Knoblauch, [illegible] and inspired them to write [illegible] Frank Vernon, who [illegible] the authors together [illegible] to collaborate in a [illegible] when they had [illegible] play on the stage [illegible] evoked their liveliest gratitude."

A New Detective Drama The Pall Mall [illegible] of Dec 2[illegible] new detective [illegible] shocking [illegible] manner.

"The hero of the detective drama, 'Written in Red' by Mr. F. M. Douglas, which was brought out at the [illegible] Theatre last night, is a distinguished Old Bailey barrister named John Redwood, who has a cabinet in his chambers [illegible] skulls, of [illegible] of no fewer than 10 murderers. He also wears [illegible] small wig, and yet so fond is he that on returning to his Temple chambers after a tiring day in court, he lights his pipe [illegible] before he can make up his mind to remove the beloved ornament. He further has a penchant for embellishing his talk with literary 'tags.' On one occasion he goes so far as to bring down the curtain with 'God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world!' And we seem to remember him murmuring elsewhere [illegible] so sweet the days that are no more. Indeed, several of the characters in 'Written in Red' have this trick of breaking into quotation at critical moments; and we are, therefore, moved to hint to the author that [illegible] people do not do this. A man who quotes in a crisis is obviously an insincere [illegible]. If he has any feelings at all they will express themselves in their own way, not in a borrowed one.

"Mr. John Redwood soon finds himself in a very grave crisis indeed for the wealthy Mr. Robert Rackshaw of S[illegible]perton-on-Thames, has been murdered by poison, and who should be accused of the crime but the pretty Mrs. Hilda Larment who turns out to have been an early love of Redwood? His duty is, of course, clear; he must prove her innocent. And his task is considerably facilitated by meeting her husband, Amos, who is so visibly a murderer that the merest glimpse of him would provide anybody—much less a shrewd barrister—with a very useful clue indeed. So Redwood, if somewhat tortuously, gallantly sets to work, and in the last act he has the satisfaction of seeing Amos found guilty and Hilda acquitted; and in the last glimpse we catch of him he is passionately clasping the young lady's hand. As, moreover, Amos considerately commits suicide the moment his crime is brought home to him, there seems every reason to believe that his widow will in due course become Mrs. Redwood and that the two will live happily ever after.

"We regret we cannot 'the strain upraise of joy and praise' over Mr. Douglas's processes as a dramatist. There is a scene in the third act in which, by means of a telephone, Amos is virtually made to confess his guilt in the hearing of three persons, yet five minutes later these very three appear to acquiesce in the arrest of Hilda on the capital charge. It seems a heavy price, in the way of improbability, to have to pay for the privilege of listening to a fourth-act trial scene. The trial, too, struck us as exceedingly unreal; at any rate, we have never known barristers to take liberties so grave with the etiquette of their profession as the counsel for [illegible] pent do in the [illegible] in Red.' Neither [illegible] accept the [illegible] of the play [illegible]

... with a ... the ... covered ... up ... company ... which ... about the garden and ... the back of it, in large letters and with ... dead ... blood "Amos Larpent is a Poisoner." The incident is no ... it ... to be thrilling. It hardly ... in that way. As for the trial scene, all we can say is that the combined prolixity, irrelevance and brutality of the opposed counsel made up an ... of tedium which a bank holiday audience bore beautifully, but which, we should say, will scarcely appeal with much sense of refreshment to the general play-going public, even in the provinces. At any rate, unless it is considerably pruned, 'Written in Red' will do well to avoid those towns in which the repertory theatres are setting a rather high standard of realism."

Mr. Galsworthy's Curate

The Pall Mall Gazette published this contribution:

A correspondent in the Press has been falling foul of Mr. Galsworthy for his portrait of a clergyman in "The Eldest Son," on the ground that it is neither correct nor pleasant.

It is a little difficult to satisfy some people. We all know that to depict a parson accurately with neither too much unctuousness nor too much of the foxhunter or football player in his composition, is no easy matter. Else why do we find such admirable essays in farce as the Rev. Robert Spalding, with ... tags and his ever emphasized mannerisms, which took the town a generation since?

If that impersonation was put forward as a piece of real life it was ludicrously overstated. But as a mirth-provoking character the Rev. Robert nevertheless, will live as long as recollection exists in the minds of those who saw him in his palmy days.

Yet Mr. Galsworthy, to return to our immediate inspiration, is a very serious person, profoundly serious in fact, and he is now taken to task for depicting a modern curate who fails to command respect. With every regard for the cloth, one asks oneself whether such a figure is really overdrawn: whether there are not, after all, blameless young gentlemen fresh from the university who may any fine afternoon be found imbibing tea and gossip in harmless fashion with the elderly ladies of their flock and ogling the younger ones?

Mr. Galsworthy is censured, moreover, for making his curate light shy of contracting a mesalliance. Well, perhaps, none of us, or at any rate very few, can afford to cast stones in that matter. Time was, perhaps, in our salad days, when we fancied ourselves desperately enamoured of a pretty housemaid, but it by no means follows that we should have been willing to face a legal contract enforced with the full rites of the church.

Then as to mothers' meetings, no one shines at those excellent functions with a splendor undimmed and all his own, and if Mr. Galsworthy has limned this latest offspring of his brain with some lack of bold color on his palette, it is by not means certain that he has not erred in the right direction.

When one thinks of the Rev. Robert and his bottle of milk, and remembers how he appealed to the public taste of his day, one feels we must not be hard on Mr. Galsworthy. Besides, does not Sir Oliver Martext insist that ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout him out of his calling, and is not the drama Mr. Galsworthy's calling and the reflection thereon of people whom we meet every day, curate included, part of his stock-in-trade?

It may be that, like the memorable egg, his curate is sound only in parts, but even such a criticism as that, if admitted, does not vitiate an honest attempt at character drawing.

And Mr. Galsworthy has the reputation of being painfully honest. Witness his solemn, almost funeral, procession of sordid prigs in "Strife." The chairman of directors moves as if by machinery, so determined is he that no human motives shall be seen in his conduct. To such an extent does he carry his impersonal way of doing things that one is irresistibly reminded of Watts's "Mammon" in the Tate gallery. Had Mr. Galsworthy, one wonders, been wandering Vauxhall way when he conceived this adamantine personage?

Then there are the consumptive wife, and the unbending chapel-goer, and the ranting Socialist, with a host more of lugubrious individuals, the study of not one of whom most distantly suggests that Mr. Galsworthy could be guilty of the subtle humor of presenting a curate in order to make him look contemptible as a means of expressing what are stated to be his own Socialistic proclivities.

To the Editor of The Herald:

An Older Adaptation of "The Bat"

"The Merry Countess" is not the first musical play made from Strauss's comic opera of "Die Fledermaus" that we have had in Boston. The opera itself has been ...ng here by Sembrich and Goritz, and on March ..., 1..0 'The Lark" based on the op... ... the ... of "The Lark" was ... by Meilhac and Halevy's "Le Reveillon," and it was adapted by Nat Childs and Dr F A Harris, with the orchestration by John J Braham. In the cast were John P. Mason, George W Wilson, J H Jones, George A. Schiller, Rose Temple and Alice Carle. The first act took place in a drawing room, the second in a salon in the prince's villa and the third showed the reception room in the city jail. "Le Reveillon" was first acted at the Palais Royal on Sept. 10, 1872.

With "The Lark" at the Museum was given another piece by Nat Childs, called "Robinsonade," with Mary Shaw, Joseph Haworth and George W. Wilson to sing in this "musical eccentricity" of the adventures of Crusoe and Friday. All the names in these two casts are familiar to Boston playgoers. Alice Carle will be recalled as a most attractive Nanki-Poo in "The Mikado," and Rose Temple did not disdane to play male parts on occasion. It must have been one of Mr. Childs's pleasantries that transformed "Die Fledermaus" into "The Lark."

J. B. CLAPP.

YSAYE PLAYS TO GREAT AUDIENCE

By PHILIP HALE.

Eugene Ysaye gave a violin recital yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. There was a great audience. Many sat on the stage, and many were turned away. Mr. Ysaye was assisted by Camille Decreus, pianist, and John P. Marshall, organist. The program was as follows: Veracini, sonata in A minor; Gemlanini, sonata in B minor; Viotti, concerto in A minor, No. 22; Vitali, Chaconne (with organ accompaniment); Ysaye, Reve d' enfant and Old Mute; Saint-Saens, Rondo Capriccioso. Viotti's concerto was substituted for Mozart's concerto in G major, which had been announced. Mr. Ysaye's secretary forgot to bring the notes of the latter composition, and the substitution was unavoidable. Viotti's beautiful concerto was played here at a Symphony concert by Mr. Kneisel 17 years ago. To the great majority of the audience it was wholly unfamiliar.

Mr. Ysaye was in his happiest vein, and we can well understand how Vieuxtemps, old and tired in Algeria, longed to hear once more the E string of his beloved pupil.

In the music of the old masters there was nothing meretricious to excite the wonder of a holiday audience. The hearers were moved only by the beauty of the music itself and the inspired interpretation. There was no thought of the period in which this or that composer lived; there was no thought of a violinist standing between the composer and the hearer. The hearers were conscious only of an exquisite and emotional flow of music, now tender, now gay, soothing or stirring. The notes were brought to life; the cold phrases on paper were warm and eloquent. There were no rhetorical flourishes, no oratorical tricks. The violinist was as a rapt improvisator. It was as though he filled out and completed what each composer in turn had sketched in the hope that a genius would understand his thoughts and clothe them in radiant loveliness.

A performance like this is not to be analyzed coldly. It would be idle to speak of the charming Siciliano of Veracini, the suavity and nobility of Geminiani's Sonata, the flawless beauty of Viotti's Concerto, the dignity and the constant grace of the Chaconne. To speak of technical proficiency, purity and warmth of tone would here be an impertinence. There is only one Ysaye. No other violinist can sing "so wildly well a mortal melody."

A performance without guile, without affectation! And this music of bygone centuries proves to be for all time when it is played by a master.

Of the two pieces by Ysaye, the "Old Mute" has the more character. Saint-Saens's Rondo was played with inimitable brilliance, and for once the title "capriccioso" had meaning. The enthusiasm of the audience did not wane, and Mr. Ysaye was generous in acceding to its demands. He was fortunate in having with him Mr. Decreus, an accomplished pianist and a sympathetic accompanist. Mr. Marshall, as organist, accomplished a difficult task effectively and with taste.

TETRAZZINI AT OPERA HOUSE

Mme. Tetrazzini drew an audience to the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon that practically filled the house. It was the seventh Sunday orchestral concert. Mr. Britt, the first 'cellist, was the other soloist. Mr. Andre-Caplet conducted, but was succeeded by Mr. Moranzoni in the closing number, and Mr. Strony was at the piano. The program:

The Barber of Seville, Overture........Rossini
Serenata Medioevale..........Riccardo Zandonai
Mr. Britt.
(a) Serenade Du Passaut..................Pitt
(b) Rhapsodie........................De Koven
Mme. Tetrazzini.
Suite Romantica..................Franco Alfano
(a) The Swallows........................Cowen
(b) Serenade............................Brahms
Mme. Tetrazzini.
Two Intermezzi from "The Jewels of the Madonna"......................Wolf-Ferrari
Valse Brillante......................Venzano
Mme. Tetrazzini.
William Tell, Overture..................Rossini

Mme. Tetrazzini was in good voice and delighted her audience by singing "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Home, Sweet Home," among her encores. She was very evidently in a house of friends, and the warm welcome she received was apparently not without its effect in stirring her to thoroughly sympathetic and musically effective singing. The audience was loth to let her go and brought from her at last a spoken "Good-by until next year."

Mr. Britt's musicianly and sympathetic playing of the 'cello was heard again in the Zandonai Serenata, which was played for the first time in Boston. The music seems descriptive in character, and there are many plaintive, questioning phrases from the solo instrument through a peculiarly musical accompaniment that suggests the Wagnerian "Fire Charm." Mr. Britt seemed to understand his music thoroughly and made it expressive and sensible.

The Alfano suite was also heard for the first time here. It seems vague, confused, formless, with strange dissonances and an unusual preponderance of wood win, but it is oddly attractive, nevertheless, and leaves a desire for more. A second hearing should increase the pleasure of the auditor.

The orchestra scrambled through the "Barber of Seville" overture and played the intermezzi from "The Jewels of the Madonna" in a manner that indicated thorough familiarity and sympathy.

Mr. Moranzoni conducted the Tell overture, and one need not hope to hear it played better. The tempo was not hurried, strange to say; there were unusual niceties of expression and the beauties of orchestratio were brought out in such a way as to seem to discover new charm in this familiar and much abused piece.

The Herald alluded Saturday apropos of the performance of "Louise" at the Boston Opera House to an article in La Revue about the superstitions of the "midinette." If a young dressmaker sees a mounted municipal guard she must lift her left foot and spit thrice. Then she will surely receive good news. If she finds a white thread in her hair, a young man is thinking of her, and if her hair happens to be black, he is dark; if it be red, he is auburn or a strawberry blonde. If a pin-tray falls in a dressmaker's room three pins should be thrown over the left shoulder, and the girl should say each time, "I don't care." The first young man who on May 1 offers a midinette a bunch of lilies of the valley will be her husband.

The Glory Is Departed.

As the World Wags:

Recently, since the more or less cold weather has come, I have been indulging on occasion in hot rum, with or without butter, and I have noticed to my great disgust that the liquor frequently has that juniper berry taste commonly looked for in gin. It happens to be a flavor most detestable. I rather suspect that the rums sold at a dollar a quart under the specious label "Medford Style," "Old New England Type," etc., are infernal mixtures containing turpentine, coal tar, oil of mageezlum and like spring medicines. What is a poor man to do, with genuine old Medford quoted at $2 to $3 the quart?

My loathing for that ginny taste comes from an experience of years ago—years and years ago.

Cause and Effect.

My boyhood was passed in a little Essex county village on the Merrimac. When I was 8 or 9 years old it was my habit to spend a good deal of time in the cemetery, a beautiful spot on the top of a hill with pine groves all about and the broad reaches of the river below. The place had a peculiar fascination for me, and I used to prowl alone among the graves. The family lots of the village gentry were usually surrounded by thick fir hedges, and juniper ran wild in the old part of the graveyard. One hot August afternoon—one of those still, stewing dog days with the air heavy with sizzling balsam—I was inside one of the hedged enclosures hunting a thrush's nest when a funeral sneaked up on me. Before there was any chance to escape the graveside service was in progress on the next lot, and I peeped through a gap in the hedge to look on a dead face not four feet from mine. It was the first corpse I had ever seen, and I stood still and sweated. The clergyman, a dreary, tactless man, whom I hated, droned through the service, and I stood, a small boy steeped in horror and heat and the smell of juniper. And as I looked, one of those huge, repulsive, business-like, blue-bottle flies circled around and settled on the nose of the dead man. The minister, making one of his customary breaks, reached out with a motion as if to swat the fly, recovered in time, and brushed the insect away with a handkerchief. A grief-stricken relative, perhaps the mother, s... a horrified "O..." and gagged, and fled.

And now when I detect that Christmas tree smell in a hot rum already paid for I swallow hard two or three times, grab something solid with the left hand, shut my eyes, think of something else, wolf it down, and stagger out, breathing hard through the nose.

Born Out of Due Time.

I am inclined to envy your most entertaining correspondent, "Balze," the weight of his years, for he can hark back in memory almost if not quite to the days when every New England grocery had a barrel of rum horsed up in the back room good sound liquor, well flavored with wild cherries—and a generous noggin to drink from.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Dorchester, Jan. 8, 1913.

The Daily Anecdote.

His manner of studie was thus, he wore a long quilt cap, which came 2 or 3 inches at least over his eies, which served him as an umbrella to defend his eies from the light; about every 3 houres his man was to bring him a role and a pott of ale to refocillate his wasted spirits; so he studied and drank, and munched some bread; and this maintained him till night; and then he made a good supper: now he did well not to dine, wch breakes off one's fancy, wch will not presently be regained. * * * Upon the opening of the Parliament, he girt on his long rustic sword (longer than ordinary), Sir William Waller marching behind him. As he went to the House, W. Prinne's long sword ranne between Sir William's short legges, and threw him doune, wch caused laughter.

More Howlers.

The University Correspondent publishes these howlers from recent examination papers:

An equinox is a man who lives near the North Pole.

An abstract noun is something we can think of but cannot feel—as a red-hot poker.

Cave canem: Beware lest I sing.

Tennyson wrote a beautiful poem called "In Memorandum."

Chemin de fer: A fur shirt.

By PHILIP HALE.

Among those who came to visit me were some who had received a liberal education at the Colleges of Unreason, and taken the highest degrees in hypothetics, which are their principal study.

The Long Prayer.

As the World Wags:

In the region where I was caught, some 300 miles south of Boston, we had hassocks, ottomans, and footstools, but no crickets. The word "cricket" for the footstool was of purely literary use. I mind well the long, low narrow carpeted stool in the pew at church, a stool for the feet, since to kneel upon a stool would have been thought "Popish" and idolatrous. Years after, when I attended public worship in a village church of our own vintage, and not so often in the country churches to which I was bred, there were no stools, and the pews were so constructed that during the long prayer one who sat and bowed his head instead of standing, as was the approved fashion, could see his front neighbor's feet, and it was fun to guess the identity of man or woman by the visible boots. That, however, was a wicked employment of such leisure as the long prayer granted, and I found one more profitable.

It was my custom when the prayer opened, to begin the Latin declension of nouns, and to go on rapidly through all the variable parts of speech, and so to the rules of syntax. By the time the sermon began I had almost finished my Latin paradigms and rules, and was ready for a like rapid summary of Greek grammar, all from memory, with the result that I had the essentials of both languages amazingly pat in the course of two or three years. Early piety, which has left my head still well thatched and brown in my mid-seventies, thus also contributed to my classical education. Those who have used that hair dye will use no other, but the hint comes too late for some of my friends. As to the declensions and rules of syntax, Latin and Greek, alas, they have almost faded from memory, so long is it since I habitually attended church, and at a recent revel when learned members of a club which I frequent were deliciously witty in the dead languages, I too was well nigh dead to much of their humor. Such is the deserved fate of him who neglects the means of grace.

INDOCTUS.

Boston, Jan. 11, 1913.

Our Daily Anecdote.

"On the same night that I baptized him, he tried for the 20th time to steal the brandy, which made me rather unhappy as to whether I could have baptized him rightly. He had a prayer book—more than 20 years old—which had been given him by the missionaries, but the only thing in it which had taken any living hold upon him was the title

of Adelaide, the Queen Dowager, which would repeat whenever it strongly moved or touched, and which did really seem to have some deep spiritual significance to him, though he could never completely separate her individuality from that of Mary Magdalene, whose name had also fascinated him, though in a less degree."

Phony.

As the World Wags:

It seems almost irreverent to ask the authority that has just resurrected "serendipity," the meaning of the word "phony," so frequently used in connection with confidence men and their brothers of the underworld; but I would very much like to know.

WAYBACK BAYER.

Boston, Jan. 10, 1912.

We take it that "phony" means false or faked; as in "phony moneker," a false name. The word is not in the dictionaries of slang and cant, except in Mr. Joseph M. Sullivan's little pamphlet, "Criminal Slang" and he does not trace the derivation. Does the word come from the Hebrew? Perhaps Mr. Halliday Witherspoon will enlighten us.

"Hug-Me-Tight."

"T. S." inquires about another word not in the dictionaries. There was a time when women, old and young, in New England, wore under the cloak or jacket in cold weather a protector known as a "hug-me-tight." In what years did this knitted, or otherwise made, garment flourish? Is the name still applied anywhere to the garment?

Commendable Temperance.

Mr. George R. Sims describes his breakfast for the benefit of readers of the Referee. He is hungry only in the morning: then he eats fish, eggs and bacon, tea, toast, marmalade, and apples. "That is a meal." Yes, yes, too much of a meal, a gross and sensual meal. But Leigh Hunt in his delightful essay on breakfast insisted on "something potted." We breakfasted with Mr. Herkimer Johnson yesterday. The eminent sociologist ate half of a large raw apple—the whole apple cost five cents—a slightly damaged banana, two rolls and several dabs of blackberry jam. He was then prepared for the herculean work of the forenoon. He dined at 1 o'clock: one small chop, potatoes, turnip, cut up oranges and a piece of cake with frosting on it. He worked till 5 P. M. and was then easily persuaded to drink about a quart and a half of ale. A light supper at 6:30, and he was ready for the onerous social duties of the evening. He takes nothing between meals—at least so he says—except tobacco and an occasional alcoholic draught. His cheek is ruddy; his figure is slim; his flesh is firm, and he has, like the poet's Hester, a springy motion in his gait.

"MILESTONES"

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "Milestones," a play in three acts by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch. Produced at the Royalty Theatre, London, March 5, 1912, with Dennis Eadie as John Rhead. First performance in the United States at the Liberty Theatre, New York, Sept. 17, 1912, with Leslie Faber as John Rhead.

John Rhead .... Malcolm Cherry
Gertrude Rhead .... Gwendolen Floyd
Mrs. Rhead .... Blanche Ripley
Samuel Sibley .... Clayton Greene
Rose Sibley .... Sybil Walsh
Ned Pym .... Crouin Wilson
Thompson .... Charles Combe
Nancy Sibley .... Marie Hassell
Arthur Preece .... Charles Vaughan
Young Lord Monkhurst ...... Geoffrey Douglass
Muriel Pym .... Una Venning
Webster .... Reginald Walter
Footman .... William Armstrong

"Milestones" has been characterized by some as a powerful play, others have described it as a great play. The comedy is not powerful: it is not great. It is a pleasing comedy, built on platitudes that appeal to us all; to those of us who have passed the roaring forties, and to the more fortunate, or unfortunate, who look upon a man of fifty, as one that has reached a ripe old age.

The story of the comedy was well known before the announcement of a performance in Boston was made, and it is not necessary to tell the story at length. In 1860 John Rhead, as a young man, believed in iron ships. His partners, the Sibleys, father and son, did not. Rose Sibley believed in Rhead—also iron ships. She braved the domestic storm, and was an obedient wife to Rhead until the Golden Wedding Day when she insisted that her grand-daughter should marry the man of her choice. Rhead prospered and was made a baronet. Preece, an inventor in his employ, believed in steel ships. Sir John Rhead in 1885 did not. His daughter Emily loved Preece. The parents insisted that she should marry Lord Monkhurst, a Dundreary-like peer, but a gallant man who courteously died and left Emily a widow with two children, Muriel Pym and Lord Monkhurst. The latter in 1912 was selfish and a fool. The Hon. Muriel Pym, a young woman of ultra-modern views, insisted on marrying an engineer, Sibley, and going to Canada with him. Again there was opposition in the family circle; there were bitter words and hot tears. The Hon. Muriel had her way. The former Mildred Preece, who had made money and was the head of the Labor party in Parliament. Old Sir John and his wife sat by the fire and thought of the various events that had occurred in the drawing room. "We live and learn."

There is another character in this comedy, Gertrude Rhead, proud, lonely, nourishing her bitter grief. In 1860, as a young girl, she broke her engagement with Sibley, because he would not listen to arguments. Sibley married, when he was 50, his typewriter Nancy, a good-natured, rather coarse, capable woman from Yorkshire. Gertrude never married. In 1885 she urged Emily to marry Preece, and told her the simple tragedy of her life. In 1912 she approved the choice of Muriel. The old maid has often been caricatured on the stage and in fiction. Balzac has shown her terrible in malice and revenge. The authors of "Milestones" have treated Gertrude kindly. She is the sanest, most lovable, and most pitiable character in the comedy.

This play interests because it is true to life. The characters presented are all familiar. There is the resolute man who as he grows old grows more and more conservative, pigheaded, selfish. There is the wife whose devotion is idolatry, whose love is self-obliteration, until in extreme old age she asserts her will. There is the woman who, not marrying the man she loved, sees no other man in the world for her, but wishes the young to be warned by her fate. There is the young woman who, although she loves a man, has not the strength to withstand opposition. There is the young woman of today who knows her own mind and purposes to obey her inclination. Each one of these characters is more or less swayed by selfishness and pride.

The minor characters, amusing as they are—the stiff-necked Sibley, the "person" whom he married, young Monkhurst, the insufferable egoist and "boob"—they and the others are not introduced merely to excite laughter or make funny remarks. The comedy would not be complete without them. They have a right to be in the drawing room of the Rheads, the one scene for the three acts.

The interest does not depend at all on the costumes and manner of speech of each period, though these costumes and the references to books, ideas, fads of each period, add to the illusion and general effect. A London critic asserted that it was a slip to make a character say "Shake!" instead of "Shake hands!" in 1860, but this locution was in Punch of that year. Was the word "faddist" used in 1860? How unessential is this anxiety for accuracy on the part of critics, who, thus nosing the dialogue, miss the spirit of the play!

The dialogue, by the way, is delightfully natural. There is no straining after epigrams. There is no concerted rivalry in wit. When a line is amusing, it is because it is a revelation of character. There are no forced situations. The audience sits as in the drawing room, tempted to approve or disapprove this suggestion or that action. Yet realism is not carried so far that any scene is ineffective.

As a presentation of various characters this comedy should appeal to any person of ordinary intelligence. The dramatists do not pretend to preach a sermon, yet there are many simple lessons that we all know and do not heed, and this play reminds us of them. The theme is simple; the situations are simple; the dialogue is simple; but what one of us is not interested in love, marriage, success, failure, and the burdens and vexations of the gilding years?

The comedy was admirably acted. The characters at the different periods of life were impersonated so skilfully that there was no interruption in the illusion; there was no shock of surprises. To speak of this actor or that actress would be invidious. If Miss Floyd, Miss Walsh, Miss Hassell were excellent in every way, if the performance of Mr. Cherry was masterly, so the insolence of young Monkhurst was finely expressed, as was the fatuousness of his father.

Seldom of late years has any play produced here given such unalloyed pleasure.

"PELLEAS" AGAIN AT OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Second presentation this season of Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande."

Pelleas .... Mr. Riddez
Golaud .... Mr. Marcoux
Arkel .... Mr. Lankow
Le Petit Yniold .... Miss Fisher
Un Medecin .... Mr. Mardones
Melisande .... Mme. Edvina
Genevieve .... Mme. Gay

"Pelleas et Melisande" is an opera in which the spectator should feel the presence of but two elements, the music and a mysterious and illusive tale, so remote and so shadowy, in its background of dim and boding romance, that its impression should be no more virile than the odor of incense rising thinly in a blue cloud, or the passing of a sacristan through the shadows of a vaulted sanctuary. Its scenes should follow ... might ... and well-used ... the soft recurring ... curtains.

In short, the opera depends for its charm on the creation and maintenance of an atmosphere of softness and mystery, and this, of course, can not be had without something approaching perfection in the settings and the management of the lights.

Much has been said and written about the present production at the Opera House, and last year when it was first seen much praise was lavished on the scenery. It is the lighting which has been most criticised, and that so frequently that one is weary of the tale. But certainly the performance last evening was almost wholly lacking in the atmosphere which is so much to be desired. From start to finish the production is theatrical. The settings are "painty" and are sadly lacking, in many cases, in much needed effects of distance. In an opera whose very essence is "la nuance, toujours la nuance," the scenes are like an over-exposed negative—glaring contrasts of black shadow and high light. These people of Maeterlinck did not move in darkness, but in twilight, and yet the stage is kept so obscure that in order to make the figures visible at all recourse is often had to that relic of vaudevillism, the spotlight. Each time that one settled down to a momentary experience of the shadowy world of Melisande's unhappiness he was rudely dragged back to reality by the ever recurring realization of the existence of the electrician.

Mr. Marcoux repeated his splendid performance of last week. His Goland is so perfect and so human a characterization that the sympathies of the audience are all but turned from their proper point of focus on the lovers. Mme. Edvina and Mr. Riddez were also heard again and Mme. Gay and Miss Fisher pleased in their smaller but important parts.

BOSTON THEATRE—"The Garden of Allah," a panoramic drama in three parts and 10 tableaux, being a dramatization of Robert Hichens's novel of the same name by Mr. Hichens and Mary Anderson Navarro. First time in Boston.

Domini Enfilden .... Dorothy Donnelly
Suzanne .... Florence Johns
Count Anteoni .... Charles A. Stevenson
Fr. Roubier .... Frank Kingdon
Capt. de Trevignac .... Edwin Brandt
Dr. Andravsky .... Sheridadn Block
Batouch .... Jose Ruben
Hadj .... Harry O. Ford
Ouardi .... Francklyn Hurleigh
Larbi .... Dikran Seropyan
The Sand Diviner .... J. D. Walsh
Boris Androvsky .... Lawson Butt

There was evidence of lavish disbursement by the producers in matters of stage settings and scenic appointments. In so far, the production commanded attention. And inasmuch as in this country the keenest gratification is derived, even in the field of art, from the contemplation of the spectacular, the play proved interesting to a large audience.

No confusion results in the mind of the pageant-loving aesthete when a spectacle is made to appeal to him for its own sake. In consequence if "The Garden of Allah" could be viewed as a compelling panorama, with only so much narrative as is necessary to explain each picture, no fault could be found in the undertaking. In that event the spectator could derive uninterrupted enjoyment from the really remarkable stage pictures that were presented last evening and wonder at the magic of stage craft. Then, the tropical luxuriance of the exquisite garden with its many colored leaves, its endless paths and its indescribable noises; the contrasting perspective of the broad, arid desert, thrillingly still; the repulsive din of the dancing house; even the realism of the extraordinarily continued sand storm; all these tableaux could be applauded for their true significance.

It so happens, however, that one is required to accept this great spectacle merely as a background to furnish the proper atmosphere for a dramatic theme which, as it is developed in the play at least, might well be developed anywhere, at any time, in any setting. It is probable that, in the name, there is sufficient reason and time to warrant the building of such a background. The form of a novel is not that of a play. It is more licentious, and description is not out of place. Sufficient cause was not given in the play last evening to show why it had need to be placed in its present frame. From the standpoint of the play, then, the spectacle is obtrusive. The spectator is compelled to give it his entire attention. That this should be so is the result of an unwarranted confusion of the arts wherein one, and the wrong one, is emphasized at the expense of the other.

The play, however, would suffer by being removed from its present setting. In its present form its sophistry is not flagrant precisely because the spectacle overshadows its moral. But place it, bare, where it may be dissected: Two sensualists are thrown together. There are mutual elements of seduction in each. One is a fierce Werther, a romanticist that might well have worn a flamboyant waistcoat at the "premiere" of "Hernani." Ostensibly, he is a stranger with the charm of the unknown. In fact, he is a renegade monk, convert to the flesh, a priest turned ... The ... mental. A ... the wake of ... desert and a ... open graves of ... this of the ... The woman discovers the ... and unhesitatingly ... him back to the monastery ... ceased to minister to her ... not fail, what matter it to her then that he had been stoic or saint. Her altruism is unreal, unnatural in the deepest sense.

For the rest, the dialogue of the play is declamatory in the oriental way, well written, occasionally true. The dramatic moments are well contrived, each in its place, but cohesion is lacking in the incidents of the plot. The secondary characters have some semblance of reality. But the mysticism that saturates them is not akin to the deistic element that Loti discovered in the Arab.

The cast was competent in every respect. Mr. Butt was strikingly resourceful in an exacting and ungracious part. Certain it is that his voice, exquisitely modulated, was largely responsible for his success. He has the tragic depth and more, he is able to express it in a persuasive way. Miss Donnelly, so pleasantly remembered for her emotional characterization of "Madame X," has a less oppressive part. She delighted in the manifestation of great exuberance. Yet, there was discretion in her method. Mr. Stevenson, as a nostalgic dreamer, was unctuous and veneered. It is an admirable part and he sustained it well.

Altogether, a gorgeous spectacle, diverting and interesting. A pageant, but not a play.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The New Sin," a play in four acts by Basil MacDonald Hastings. First performance in Boston.

Hilary Cutts .... John Craig
Jim Benziger .... Wilson Melrose
Maximilian Cutts .... Donald Meek
Will Grain, M. P. ... George Henry Trader
David Llewellyn Davids ... Walter Walker
Stuart Campbell .... Egbert Munro
Peel .... Al Roberts

This play is one of dialogue not of action. Produced at the Royalty Theatre, London, last February, it excited considerable comment, and this was again the case upon its recent production at Wallack's Theatre, New York. Mr. Craig is to be thanked for its early introduction to Boston.

"The New Sin" is none other than the business of living. Hilary Cutts, a clever but improvident young artist, the eldest of a large family of brothers and sisters, is disinherited by his father, whose Quixotic will directs that the inheritance shall not be divided among the others until after his death. Harassed by plaintive and repeated demands for assistance from his relatives, all shiftless and incapable of battling with life, Hilary contemplates suicide the only visible means of relief for his famished brethren. His resolve is momentarily arrested by the appearance of his brother Max. He has been discharged by his employer, Davids, for seducing a young girl. Davids himself enters, on a friendly errand, and Max shoots him with the pistol intended by Hilary for himself. Here, however, is an opportunity to seek death. Hilary allows himself to be convicted of the murder. But his reprieve soon follows.

In the fourth act, which might well be omitted, except for those who insist that problems presented for consideration on the stage, shall be ultimately solved, Hilary frees himself from the band of clamoring brethren, marshaled beneath his windows by the irrepressible Max with the promise to pay each of them a yearly sum of money.

Mr. Hastings' play is eminently interesting. If the story is chaotic and somewhat preposterous the keenest perceptions are shown in the presentation of types. All the characters are admirably drawn, from the generous hearted Hilary, to the money-lender and Peele, the confidential servant, who enjoys Pascal. There are no women in the piece. Forceful opinions are exchanged concerning much discussed topics of the day by a variety of cleverly contrasted personalities. Davids, the complacent voluptuary, who can afford to pay for his vices, discusses life with Max, a pallid, shuffling reprobate, and Jim Benziger, successful novelist and melodramatist, voices entertaining sentiments on journalism and other matters. The dialogue is crisp, caustic and absorbing but the characters are at times needlessly profane and extravagant in speech, not necessarily an evidence of virility on the part of the author.

The performance yesterday afternoon was generally excellent. Mr. Craig played the part of Hilary Cutts with sincerity and finish. Mr. Melrose was affable as Jim Benziger, while a feature of the performance was Mr. Walker's impersonation of the swaggering Davids. Mr. Meek gave a vividly realistic portrayal of Max and Messrs. Trader, Roberts and Munro were individually effective.

Next week "Believe Me, Xantippe," the Harvard Prize play by John F. Ballard will be presented for the first time

ARIED PROGRAM AT B. F. KEITH'S

"The Movies" Heads the Bill—Excellent Features All Hays... Around.

The current week's program at B. F. Keith's Theatre represents a capital blending of the various features of present-day vaudeville. It is a bill of unusual action and of unusual excellence, in which the head-lined act is "The Movies," a sketch that has all the novelty that its name would indicate. It is based, of course, upon the present craze for motion-picture shows with illustrated songs as a side feature. It is presented in three scenes, one showing the entrance to the moving-picture house, another the stage entrance and the third the interior during the progress of the show. There's the pianist, the woman with the bothersome baby, the special policeman to preserve order, the lovesick couple and all the other customary adjuncts of a five-and-ten-cent motion picture house. The gem of the entertainment is the singing, with suitably colored picture slides, of "When the Onion Crop Is Gathered, Mabel Mine" by the bleached blonde who sells tickets "out front" most of the time, but sings the star number five times a day.

Rosa Crouch and George Welch in "The Lively Play" made one of the biggest hits of the evening. A little of everything, particularly in the line of singing and dancing and even a bit of melodramatic acting, is included in their sketch. The best feature is Miss Crouch's own dances in which she is so capably assisted by Mr. Welch. Miss Crouch is one of the hardest working young women seen upon B. F. Keith's stage for a long time and she was enthusiastically received.

It has been several seasons since Tim McMahon and Edith Chappelle in their scream "How Hubby Missed the Train" have appeared in Boston. They are at B. F. Keith's this week. They were cordially welcomed by their old friends and heartily applauded by the new ones they made through the assistance of the same act they have carried for several seasons with hardly the change of a line. Headed to join a theatrical company, they miss the train and, of course, the wife blames it all upon the husband. Opening hostilities being over, they seat themselves upon a suit case, in front of the station, to await the arrival of the next train and during the interval they keep up a running fire of repartee, each regretting the steps that led away from lives of single bliss to the less fortunate marriage stage.

Linden Beckwith sang several songs, displaying a voice of great range and, later, a figure that was altogether attractive. William Burr and Daphne Hope in "A Lady, A Lover and A Lamp" have a little act that is quite out of the ordinary, at the same time being extremely dainty and pleasing. Merlin displayed wonderful work with a pack of cards, making the right card appear always at the right time. Jed and Ethel Dooley have a sketch that shows their versatility in several lines and is altogether too good to be used to open the bill with. The Bowman Brothers, as black-face minstrels from the Blue Grass Country and the four Cliftons, European muscular marvels direct from the Olympia, Paris, so the program states, complete the program.

Next week Cecilia Loftus will have the headliner's position upon the bill.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Greyhound," a play in four acts, by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner. Staged by William C. Walsh. The cast:

Louis Felman.....Theodore Friebus
Jack Fay.....William C. Walsh
J. Crawford Alexander.....Dudley Hawley
Baroness von Hilde.....Beth Franklyn
McSherry.....William J. Florence
Claire.....Miss Ethel Grey Terry
Murray.....Hubert Pierce
Henry Fenmore Watkins.....Charles Abbe

COLERIDGE-TAYLOR MEMORIAL CONCERT

Entertainment Given in Honor of Negro Composer.

An exceptionally well executed program was given at the Coleridge-Taylor memorial concert in Jordan Hall last night. The program was composed of selections by the young negro composer, who died last year at the age of 37, and the singers and players gave each selection with ability. The concert was a testimonial to Mrs. Coleridge-Taylor and her children.

One of the features of the evening was the address by Dr. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois of New York, who spoke of Coleridge-Taylor as man and musician. He told of his personal recollections of the composer, of his creative ability, of his home life and of his works.

"It is a fortunate thing that Coleridge Taylor was born in England," said Dr. Du Bois. "In America he could have had no career. We know in America how to choke ability when it is born [illegible] Dr. Du Bois said that the young composer's work was not done, but only well begun when he died.

Those who took part were: Roland W. Hayes, tenor; Harry T. Burleigh, baritone; William H. Richardson, baritone; Maud Cuney-Hare, piano; Jacques Hoffmann, violin; Ludwig Nast, violoncello, and Frederic P. White, organ.

Jan 15 1913

MR. PATTISON IN PIANO RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Lee Pattison gave a piano recital last night in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Sonata, op. 101; Weber, Momento Capriccio; Schumann, Kreisleriana; Chopin, Scherzo in C sharp minor, Etude op. 25, No. 6; Liszt, Funerailles; Baermann, Etude op. 4, No. 6, Polonaise Pathetique.

Mr. Pattison, who gave a concert last season in this hall, has evidently studied diligently. He has acquired a certain mechanical proficiency. Thus he was able last evening to play the notes without too apparent effort and with a knowledge of the structural arrangement. The choice of pieces showed him to be a serious-minded pianist of honorable ambitions. His program was not well suited to a miscellaneous audience, for Schumann's "Kreisleriana" are singularly subjective compositions, which, with the exception of the Moderato section, are caviare to the general.

It would be idle to dispute Mr. Pattison's earnestness and sincerity. It is to be regretted that he has not cultivated the more poetic qualities. He has not yet a beautiful tone, and he is master of only a few dynamic gradations. He plays in black and white, not in rich colors, and his performance is without delicate nuances. His interpretation of the pieces by Beethoven and Schumann, which are essentially romantic, was for the most part uniform and dry. The performance of Weber's Caprice should have been characterized by feathery lightness and elegance.

Mr. Pattison is one of many students who do not learn by hearing. Only this season Messrs. Godowsky and Copeland, Miss Lerner and Miss Schnitzer have enchanted audiences by the beauty of their touch, by their wealth of nuances, by their exquisite cantabile. In these days a pianist whose tone is not beautiful may be respected for diligence and perseverance, but an audience demands something more than these qualities, something more than the mere ability to play pages of notes without stumbling. The wonder is that all teachers do not insist on the necessity of tone and color. For piano pieces that are worth playing and hearing, whether they be by Scarlatti or Chopin, Schumann or Debussy, are inherently poetic, and poetry is something more than lines that can be scanned and correctly pronounced.

"The Little Town of Bethlehem" Performed at Majestic Theatre Matinee.

MAJESTIC THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Little Town of Bethlehem," a Christmas play of the Nativity by Katrina Trask (Mrs. Spencer Trask). Produced at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Jan. 12, 1909 by the Ben Greet players.

Faustina.....Leah Winslow
Cordelia.....Martha Mayo
The Inn-Keeper's Wife.....Alice Donovan
Shepherds, Cyril Raymond, William H. Pringle, George Briggs.
Roman Soldiers, Malcolm Fasset, Ralph Kline, George Morrill, Charles Van Zant.
Cariston.....Charles Balsar
Nicodemus.....William H. Pringle
Pompilius.....Robert Homans
Glaucus.....Walter Dickinson
A Maiden.....Margaret Curtis
The Songs of Mary sung by....Esther Dale

This little play was first performed, as stated above, in Brooklyn for the benefit of the Hampton Institute. It was performed in New York at the New German Theatre Jan. 21, 1909, and the proceeds were given to the National Society of Craftsmen.

Little can be said about this play, which is a series of scenes rather than a drama. The theme is handled delicately and the treatment throughout is full of religious feeling. Faustina, a frivolous Roman lady, at Bethlehem refuses to give up one of her rooms to accommodate a poor Hebrew woman who can find no place in the inn. Faustina is courted by the haughty Pompilites and the Greek poet Cariston. Shepherds are seen following the star. The third scene shows the exterior of the stable where the Blessed Babe lies on straw. Mary is heard singing and many persons pass by. Each one boasts of his race and laughs at the exultation of the mother who believes her son to be the Messiah, but the shepherds fall to their knees in adoration.

The second part shows the Wells of David and a highway in Bethlehem. In the third part the scene, "The Revelation," is 30 years after the birth of the Saviour, and again the dialogue is by the Wells of David.

Faustina is smitten with leprosy and the Roman lover runs from her. The Greek searches for her. The years go by. She is cleansed by the Saviour whom she scorned when he was a babe, and Cariston at last weds her.

The dialogue is impressive when it is taken from the Scriptures. The lines written by Mrs. Trask are now simple and now traditionally Roman. They are sprinkled liberally with "Sooth," "In Sooth," "By Bacchus" and other oaths dear to stage Romans. We preferred the simplicity of Mrs. Trask to these attempts at national color.

The actors yesterday were the Northampton Players from the Municipal Theatre of that town. It is to be regretted that they did not appear in a play that would have tested fully their abilities. Yesterday the performance was noteworthy by reason of the unaffected but effective simplicity of some of them and by the excellent diction. Miss Dale who sang Mary's songs has a rich and beautiful voice but her enunciation was indistinct.

The stage settings were interesting and the scene "The Wells of David" was effective. There was the idea of space and distance.

An audience of good size was in sympathetic mood.

So long as a man has not been actually killed he is our fellow creature, though perhaps a very unpleasant one. It is in a great degree the doing of others that he is what he is or in other words, the society which now condemns him is partly answerable concerning him. * * * A man should carry his profession or trade into prison with him if possible; if not he must earn his living by the nearest thing to it that he can; but if he be a gentleman born and bred to no profession, he must pick oakum, or write art criticisms for a newspaper.

State Dish.

As the World Wags:

Your Vermont correspondent, "L. E. M.," who sat on a cricket when a child and ate milk toast from a covered dish called a "state dish," may be interested to know that the writer has one of these dishes in his possession which is said to have been on the table when Lafayette was here in 1825. It is of blue and white ware, having a border of conventional leaves and flowers, with a picture of the State House on both the dish and cover, and the Common in the foreground, with cows and sheep contentedly grazing. There is also a rustic in a smock frock, together with a rather citified-looking pair with a lad of the Rollo type in tow. Rollo has his hat in hand as if presenting it to one of the cows as a peace offering, which would have chagrined his Uncle George had he been there to see it. One can almost hear the latter say in an expostulating tone: "Why, Rollo, you are so green, it is a wonder the cows don't eat you!" Dear, delightful Uncle George! Your creator builded better than he knew. The dish above described is sometimes called a "steak dish" as well as a "state dish," a perfect specimen being prized by collectors.

In a West End Church.

Regarding the word "cricket." It was commonly used in Boston in my boyhood days and I clearly recall several at home as well as two or three in our pew in the church at the West End. Nobody ever knelt on them, for it was a "dissenting chapel," as the Episcopally-inclined would say. My legs were too short for my feet to reach these crickets, but when the sermon bored me, or when Prof. Stowe on a warm Sunday afternoon, read from one of his Sanscrit manuscripts, written within and without, making me feel in my small way like the mournful author of Lamentations, I used to nod and slide off my seat, kicking over one of the crickets in my descent. Even the very young have their sorrowful times, but I can recall one or two enchanting moments when the deep rumble of the organ made the backs of the pews tremble, and when the bass singer struck his "Simon the Cellarer" note at the close of the long Amen. That was Heaven indeed; and besides it meant home and a plentiful Sunday dinner. J. W.

Boston, Jan. 12, 1913.

The Heel of Despotism.

As the World Wags:

I read in a "special Cable to The Herald" that it is fashionable for New York society women to wear jeweled watches on their ankles.

I wish to say that for years my wife has used her heel as an alarm clock, and we only live in Cambridge, Mass.

ARENOSUS BRUNO.

Jan. 12, 1913.

Our Daily Anecdote.

His discourse was extraordinary facetious. One night riding, upon the suddaino he crossed himselfe, "majori cruce," crying out, "Jesu Maria, doe not you see that prodigious dragon in the skye?" they all lookt-up, and one did not see it, nor the other did not see it, at length one had spyed it, and at last all had spyed; whereas, there was no such phantome, only he imposed on their phantasies.

In Cleveland.

It appears from the London Times as that clubs in London are due and payable in that city on Jan. 1. At the Cavalry Club (this is exceptional) if a member has not paid his subscription by Jan. 31, he is liable to a fine of 20 shillings. If he is shy, when St. Valentine's day comes, he is posted and has no right of entrance until he has paid up. On March 1, if he is still remiss, he ceases to be a member. The extreme grace-time almost everywhere is March 1.

The Pall Mall Gazette tells of a club where "as long as you paid your subscription in the course of the current year, the precise time you paid it didn't matter. It was rather a popular sodality, but it was not long-lived. A club cannot live on casual donations."

Erenthophobia.

Unseasonable and unreasonable blushing is a disease and the name erenthophobia has recently been given to it. Misplaced blushing may cause the victim annoyances of many sorts and as Dr. Chaumat shows by telling a grisly anecdote, may bring him to the gallows.

In 1905 a new disease was discovered in London: Ergophobia, a hatred or terror of work. We have suffered from ergophobia since the day we were sent from home to a boarding school. It is now too late for us to suffer from erenthophobia.

Jan 15, 1913

Our Daily Anecdote.

"Capt. Wright was a thorough seaman, but a man of few words. Born when quite small, he had immediately commenced a seafaring life, and, although several times shipwrecked and twice captured by the Onondago County Indians, his health was very good. As evening approached, there were cheering indications of a smacking breeze to the N. W. E., observing which Capt. Wright advanced to the middle of the deck, and in a calm and dispassionate voice spoke as follows: 'General order 510—Luff her! Damn your eyes, luff her! Avast!' He then went upstairs to bed."

Balze and Artemus

As the World Wags:

In turning over the pages of "Artemus Ward's Best Series," recently published by Harper & Brothers, I find "Affairs Around the Village Green." This sketch, which W. D. Howells in his introduction to the volume says is not surpassed in its way by anything that Mark Twain did, was originally published in the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette. It led to my first meeting with Charles Farrar Browne. This took place in the office of the paper mentioned, then at the corner of Franklin and Hawley streets, in 1865, while Benjamin P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) was still one of its editors. The two humorists were old friends then and had been associated 13 or 14 years previously on the Carpet Bag, where Browne's earliest literary efforts were printed long before he became celebrated as Artemus Ward.

Browne and the Printers

The immediate cause of his visit on the occasion referred to was to secure for publication in a volume the paper on the village green. He had retained no copy of it, and the number containing it was to be found only on the office file. He was told that he might have the loan of this for the purpose of transcription, but he said, "Nay, nay, Pauline, too much work," or words to that effect, and engaged the office boy to perform the labor to which he was averse. The youth completed his task to the best of his ability and Artemus said, as he looked over the manuscript, that it was not copperplate, but, like Mercutio's wound, it would serve. Later I encountered Browne in the office of the Pathfinder, then on the southerly side of Court street near Washington street. George K. Snow was one of the publishers of this railway guide, and he had also printed the Carpet Bag during the brief period of its existence, which covered about two years. The now famous humorist come in to chat with the old printers with whom he was formerly associated in sticking type. They used to tell some funny stories about his youth that had nothing to do with the case.

In the biographical notes by Clifton Johnson, which are unusually concise and to the point, I find no allusion to Browne's will in which he left a house on the Hudson River for a home for aged printers. He had so small an equity in the estate that the bequest never materialized. Poor fellow, he meant well, but he was so loose in financial matters that he did not know really what he owned. He did not intend his will as a joke, as more than one Crabtree averred.

Among the Savages.

E. P. Hingston, who was in Boston with Heller, the magician, at the Buckleys' old minstrel hall in Summer street, was Browne's press agent abroad, and there were some American reflections on him after the death of the humorist in England in regard to monetary resources, but I think they were unjust, for Artemus expended his

... Indeed ... said that ... after ... him to ... the war path. ... by the way, was considerable of ... especially at the piano, on ... with the proper application he ... have been a performer of ... It was said, however, that ... who was an "amoozin cuss" ... of Heller's witticisms. ... Cruikshank and his friends ... wrote "Oliver Twist," still, ... generally is content to let it ... to Dickens.

... to come back to Browne. I do ... recall that he ever gave a reason for the adoption of Artemus Ward as a pen name. With the exchange of one letter it was identical with the name of an honored American general. This ... ed to make an old Boston associate of Browne indignant. He said it was an ... to the memory of a patriot and a ... to use his cognomen to designate ... itinerant showman. BAIZE.

Dorchester, Jan. 11.

SONG RECITAL BY MR. JOSLYN

By PHILIP HALE.

Frederic Joslyn gave a song recital last evening in Steinert Hall. Arthur de Guichard was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

MacDowell, Long Ago, The Swan Bent Low, A Maid Sings Light, As the Gloaming Shadows Creep, The Sea. Schumann, Im Wunder... Monat Mai; Wenn ich in Deine Augen seh; Ich grolle nicht. Schubert, Du ... die Ruh, Aufenthalt. Massenet ... Aquoi bon l'economie, Vision ... Ouvre tes yeux bleus, Pensee d' ... 17th Century, Down Among the ... Old Irish, The Stuttering Lovers; ... the Crean; Hutton, Bid Me ... Live ... Messager, Fond Heart Farewell.

Mr. Joslyn has a good voice, better in the upper than the middle register. His voice is fairly well controlled, the management of breath allows the singer to sustain long phrases without flatting at the end, and without the final gasp ... too often heard, an indication that the breath supply is exhausted. ... crudities in mechanism, which ... moved if the singer will give attention to them, are easily pardoned in consideration of the fact that he really endeavors to differentiate in expression. All songs were not alike to him last night. It was evident that he appreciated the sentiment of each, even when he was not wholly fortunate in expressing it. There were times when he gave undue accent to unimportant notes in a phrase, and missed ... true rhetorical emphasis.

Mr. Joslyn is by no means yet a polished singer. He is still lacking in ... misses points that would be ... He has much to learn in the ... and in the subordination of ... that are not essential, but with ... good voice, his sincerity and his desire to be expressive, he should in time ... diligent study and by listening to the phrasing of skilled singers, violinists, pianists, an oboist like Mr. Longy, the Symphony orchestra led by Dr. Muck, a master of phrasing, gain a ... respectable position.

There was a friendly audience.

TREMONT TEMPLE CONCERT

Large Audience Enthusiastic at "Old Folks Night" Program.

Miss Bernice Fisher, soprano, of the Boston Opera Company; Miss Ethel Cecilia Smith, violinist, and Michael J. Dwyer, tenor, gave a concert last evening at Tremont Temple. Mrs. Hughes and Carl Lamson were the accompanists.

The occasion was "Old Folks Night" of the regular concert course held at Tremont Temple and the evening was devoted to familiar songs.

Miss Fisher, whose voice was heard to excellent advantage, sang with much expression, directness and becoming simplicity. Among her selections were "Ever of Thee," "The Lass of Richmond Hill," "I Dreamed I Dwelt in Marble Halls," from "The Bohemian Girl," "Sally in Our Alley" and other popular melodies.

Mr. Dwyer pleased by his renderings of "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Tom Bowling," etc., while Miss Smith played Chopin-Sarasate's Nocturne, Rehfeld's Spanish Dance, the ... tation from "Thais" and Kreisler's "Liebesfreude."

A very large and enthusiastic audience was present and the program was lengthened.

... is to ... the word ... is to ...

To Wayback Bayer.

As the World Wags:

The anxious inquiry of Wayback Bayer regarding the origin of "phony" ... suggests "mug," strangely. It stirs vague memories of a nearly forgotten past ... some 15 or 20 years ago, in my hobo days, I was familiar with a type of the underworld known as "fawney man." He was always conspicuous at the hang-out by reason of his flashy dress and certain cheap swagger. Essentially a hobo in that he stole his transportation and anything else that he could, the "fawney man" was the shabby genteel of trampdom and made his living, not by begging, but by petty gambling, selling cheap jewelry (not "fake jewelry" —that's something else again) to the zobo, and an occasional go at peddling novelties at holiday time. He had usually been a bally hoo, shell man or slum butcher with a small circus.

It is my impression that "phony" is comparatively recent slang, and I am inclined to think it may be a contraction or corruption (if the word may be used in that sense) of "fawney." Perhaps the books will tell you the origin of "fawney." It sounds like a good old English cant word.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Dorchester, Jan. 14, 1913.

The Fawney Man.

Capt. Grose in his "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" (London, 2d ed. 1788) thus defines "Fawney Rig": "A common fraud, thus practised: A fellow drops a brass ring, double gilt which he picks up before the party meant to be cheated and to whom he disposes of it for less than its supposed, and 10 times more than, its real value." "Fawney" originally meant a finger ring. The word is also spelled "fauney." Later, fawney was the name given to the swindle just described. The swindle was also called "fawney-dropping" or "fawney-rig." "Fawney bouncing" is selling rings for a pretended wager. John Camden Hotten tells us that this practice was founded on the old tale of a gentleman laying a wager that if he were to offer "real gold sovereigns" at a penny a piece at the foot of London Bridge, the English public would be too incredulous to buy. He stationed himself with sovereigns in a tea tray and sold only two within the hour. He won the bet. The fawney bouncer tells this story to the public, but offers brass, double-gilt rings instead of sovereigns. The ring-dropping trick has been practised many years in England, for George Parker in "Life's Painter" (1789) spoke of "fawney" as an "old, stale trick."

The word "fawney" is not in Chief of Police Matsell's "Vocabulum; or The Rogue's Lexicon" (N. Y. 1859); that is in the dictionary proper—or improper; but we find it in the poem "A Hundred Stretches Hence," on page 124 of that curious little volume:

> And where the swag, so bleakly pinched,
> A hundred stretches hence?
> The thimbles, slang, and danglers filched,
> A hundred stretches hence?
> The chips, the fawneys, chatty feeders,
> The bugs, the boungs, and well-filled readers,
> And where the fence and snoozing ken,
> With all the prigs and lushing men,
> A hundred stretches hence?

Mr. Joseph M. Sullivan defines the fawney-man of today as a pedlar of bogus jewelry.

Dr. Murray admits "fawney" and the compound words into the New English (or Oxford) Dictionary and derives it from the Irish "fain(n)e," meaning ring.

Is not Mr. Halliday correct in his supposition that the modern "phony" is a corruption of the older word?

The Daily Anecdote.

"We must board you," said Capt. Wright, as he approached the flagship.

"All right," replied the sagacious pirate, "but you must find lights."

"I tell you I shall board you!" said Capt. Wright sternly, standing in the stern of the boat.

"I understand you. You will board me for $3.50 per week and do my washing? I generally have about two pieces in the wash a week, to wit: A shirt and a drawer."

Capt. Wright staggered wildly—he pressed his hands to his burning temples his eyes glared frenziedly—white froth stood upon his lips!

"This it is to be a humorist!" cried the sagacious pirate, weeping afresh.

Instead of "Dessert."

As the World Wags:

When I was a boy in Berkshire county I used to hear frequently the expression "second after" equivalent to "dessert." Some one would ask at table: "What are you going to have for second after; pie or puddin'?" Are any of your correspondents familiar with this term? I do not find it in the American or English dialect dictionaries. W. E. P.

Boston, Jan. 15.

Jan 18 1913

MR. WITEK PLAYS

By PHILIP HALE.

The 12th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck conductor, took place yesterday ...

... "Der T... ... in C minor ... account of some ... was tardy ... to and Strauss ... was the ... reversed.

... the compositions were familiar, but the interpretation gave freshness and brilliance to the orchestral works. The performance of Strauss's Rondo was especially brilliant. It seems as though "Till Eulenspiegel," "Don Juan" and "Tod und Verklaerung" were still the highest achievements of the composer in program music. The opening of "Also sprach Zarathustra" is stupendous; there is music in "Heldenleben" that reminds one of Beethoven; the episode describing Don Quixote discoursing nobly of the soul and the death music of the knight are beautifully imaginative; the love music in the "Domestic" Symphony is superbly sensuous, but no one of these later compositions is so perfectly rounded, so complete a work of art as the three above mentioned. And in "Till Eulenspiegel" the composer shows himself a master in the expression of the humorous and the grotesque. The episode in which the rogue is brought to justice and dances his last dance in air is enough to stamp Strauss as a genius. How effective in folk simplicity are the introduction and the postlude! As though the narrator began: "There was once a rascally fellow named Till Eulenspiegel" and ended: "Now I have told you the story of this rogue." The Rondo was read by Dr. Muck with the keenest appreciation of its character, and the performance was one of astounding brilliance, a performance by an orchestra of virtuosos played on at will by a master hand.

Admirable, thrice admirable in another vein was the performance of the great symphony. There was no attempt on the part of the conductor to introduce new readings, to discover hidden voices, to surprise or startle. Beethoven spoke as no one since him has spoken. Especially impressive was the reading of the mysterious Scherzo and the strange measures, charged with anticipation, that lead to the triumphant Finale.

Mr. Witek gave a carefully considered and excellent performance of the concerto. As ever, he showed himself an accomplished violinist. He played with breadth and spirit the more dramatic passages, and his sentiment in cantilena was never mawkish. But is it not high time to put this concerto on the shelf? This music is empty in its pomp and commonplace and spineless in themes and thematic development.

The program of the concert next week will be as follows: Dvorak, "Carnival" overture. Debussy, Lia's aria from "L'Enfant Prodigue"; Strube, two symphonic poems, "Narcissus and Echo," and "The Loreley" (first performance). Charpentier, Air "Depuis le jour," from "Louise." Sinding, Symphony in D minor. Miss Maggie Teyte will be the singer.

> "Get up!" the caller calls, "Get up!"
> And in the dead of night,
> To win the bairns their bite and sup,
> I rise a weary wight.
>
> My flannel duddens donned, thrice o'er
> My birds are kissed, and then
> I with a whistle shut the door
> I may not ope again.

A Few "Americanisms."

There is much curious information in the part "Ti-Tombac" of the Oxford English Dictionary which has just been published. For instance, the phrase, "to have a good time," is constantly derided as an "Americanism" by the roaring lions of the English press. Yet, the phrase was common in England from about 1520 to about 1688. It came legitimately to us. The scapegrace Skelton wrote as far back as 1529: "For to have good time and to live merrily." The Dictionary states that the phrase was "readopted in Britain in the 19th century." It appears that the phrase "on time" is an Americanism.

Another Americanism is the word "ticket" as applied to "the list of candidates for election nominated or put forward by a party or faction." The earliest quotation given is from the Penn-Logan correspondence (1711): "Chester (Penn.) carried their ticket entire." Listen to the joyous whoop of Sarah Franklin writing to Benjamin (1766): "The old ticket forever! We have it by 24 votes." Other Americanisms are ticket broker, ticket scalper, ticket chopper and the verb "to ticket," meaning to issue tickets.

Visiting Ticket.

"Ticket" for many years in England meant "a visiting card." The first quotation given is dated 1673. A character in Miss Burney's "Cecilia" (1782) exclaims: "Why, a ticket is only a visiting card, with a name upon it; we call them tickets now." The word thus used is found in Thackeray's "Adventures of Philip." An English novelist only a dozen years ago did not hesitate to use "ticket" for visiting card. Was the word, thus applied, known in New England?

A Grave Omission.

We find no allusion to "... ..."

... The ... Tyre ... were there ...

... women who ... congregation ... the newspapers of the ... thundered against the ... as ... against the ... the bravery of their ... about their feet, the ... daughters of Zion ... stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing" as they went.

At Random.

We all know the lobster fat as tomalley. Is the word a Carib one, first spelled in English "taumally"? Mr. ... W. Greene in a letter to the editor wrote: "When I was a youngster in Massachusetts, we called the great nou... part of a baked maize pudding, the tom-alley. It somewhat resembles in appearance the 'tom-alley' of the lobster but in meaning it comes very near the Mexican, Cuban, and Southern U. S. use of 'tamauli' or 'tamalli' as the name of a kind of maize pudding.

Did the term "Tom and Jerry" the name of a pleasing beverage, with a little nutmeg floating on top, come from the two chief characters in Egan's "Life in London"? Other derivations have been given, to which the dictionary does not allude. The definition "a kind of highly-spiced punch" is shockingly inadequate.

The Daily Anecdote.

But we must make way for our daily and improving anecdote.

Sometimes Mr. Burke walking the streets at night addresses a stranger with the courtesy of Haroun-Al-Raschid. The stranger climbed the six flights that led to Mr. Hare's garret. He was offered a seat on the sofa and for a drink Scotch whiskey. Mr. Burke then questioned him on the most surprising events in his life—for Mr. Burke was an insatiable listener. The recital was always interrupted by Mr. Hare just before daybreak. Mr. Hare's manner of interruption was always the same and most imperative. To interrupt the recitation Mr. Hare had the habit of going behind the sofa and putting his two hands on the mouth of the narrator. At the same moment Mr. Burke took his seat on the visitor's chest. The two of them in this position ... vable, of the end of the story that they never heard. In this manner Messrs. Burke and Hare ended a great number of tales which the world will never know.

Story Is Squalid, Music by Wolf-Ferrari Disappointing.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance in Boston of "I Gioielli della Madonna," opera in three acts on Neapolitan life. Plot and music by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari. Verse by C. Zangarini and E. Golisciani. Mr. Caplet conducted.

Gennaro	Mr. Zenatello
Carmela	Mme. G...
Maliella	Mme. Edvina
Rafaele	Mr. Ma...
Biaso	Mr. G...
Ciccillo	M...
Rocco	Mr. ...
Stella	Mme. A...
Serena	Mme. De C...
Concetta	M...
Grazia	M...
Totonno	Mr. D...

The story of this opera is simple and squalid. Maliella, a child of the streets, is taken and reared by Carmela. The girl grows up headstrong, reckless, insolent, at heart a wanton. It is carnival time at Naples, and Maliella challenges the youths who pursue her. She is seen by Rafaele, a bully and a bit of a fop in a cheap way, swaggering, sensual, a leader among the Cammorists. He is inflamed and swears that he will possess her. At first she repulses him and even stabs him with a hairpin; but the procession of the Madonna passes, and he says that for her sake he would steal the sacred jewels that she might bedeck herself with them. She is wooed by Gennaro, a blacksmith, the son of Carmela. Maliella cares not for him, and she relates the impious boast of Rafaele. This Rafaele is the man she could love.

Gennaro goes out and steals the jewels. During his absence there is hot love-making between the girl and the bully. Gennaro returns and finds Maliella in an amorous frenzy. She accepts the jewels, wishing they were from Rafaele, persuading herself that they are his gift, and having put them on she abandons herself to Gennaro, longing at the time to be in the arms of the bully.

When she comes to ... a low haunt of the Camorrists, where Rafaele is carousing ... and women. She ... terrified. She too ... accepting the ...

IRST PERFORMANCE OF "JEWELS OF THE MADONNA" IN BOSTON

OME OF THE CHARACTERS IN WOLF-FERRARI OPERA GIVEN FOR FIRST TIME HERE LAST NIGHT.

(Photographs by Ruttenberg, Boston Opera Company.)

Mr. Zenatello as Gennaro Is Shown Pleading with Mme. Edvina as Maliella. Seated Is Mr. Marcoux as Raffaele.

ing to do with her. As for Gennaro, he will kill him. Gennaro enters, crazed by terror and remorse. He makes his dismal confession. Maliiela goes out to throw herself into the sea. Gennaro knifes himself before a rude shrine of the Virgin.

The composer has said that he read this story in a Neapolitan newspaper and at once exclaimed: "Here is a libretto for an opera." It matters not where he found the story. The plundering a goddess to please the vanity of a light woman has already served as motive for an opera: Witness the "Aphrodite" of Camille Erlanger, based on the ingeniously pornographic romance of Pierre Louys.

The libretto of "The Jewels of the Madonna," intensely melodramatic, gives full opportunity for stage effects. The scene in the square with its bustle and din, the shifting crowds, the sacred procession, is vividly spectacular. The second scene appeals to the scene painter. There is the opportunity for Neapolitan music "off" and on the stage. Then, after the love death, there is the return of Gennaro with the jewels, the horror of the woman, the subsequent fascination, the thought of Rafaele who had boasted that he would do this. Maliella, bedecked and to the eye as the Madonna borne in procession, yields to Gennaro. And here the Italian stage directions are of appalling frankness. Fortunately for the sensibilities of the audience, Mr. Zenatello did not carry out these instructions. It is enough to see an amorous woman dressed as the Madonna. Will this opera be given with success in Naples?

The third act is also chiefly spectacular, with the effective stage setting, the band of Camorrists, the dancing women, Rafaele as a transplanted Apache, the entrance of Maliella.

There is every reason to believe that this melodrama will be popular in Boston. Mr. Urban's settings are picturesque in design and gorgeous in color. Certain episodes in the first and third acts will please many who dislike "Pelleas et Melisande" and they will think for the time that they are attending a glorified performance of "The Follies of 1912."

The wonder is that Wolf-Ferrari wrote the music to this melodrama. In "La Vita Nuova" he expressed with modern means mediaeval mysticism. In his earlier operas, with subjects of light comedy, he wrote in the vein of Mozart, and Cimarosa. His operatic music was characterized by refinement, grace, elegance. In "The Jewels of the Madonna" he puts the band that have fought under the banner of "Verismo" to shame and confusion by outstripping Giordano, Mascagni, and Leoncavallo in crass and brutal effects. How could the subject have appealed to the Wolf-Ferrari of the earlier works? It may be said that "The Jewels of the Madonna" shows his versatility. It may also be said that it shows the entreaty of a publisher who has both eyes on the box-office.

In the first act the chief musical interest is in the employment of folk songs and in the themes cast in the folk song mould. The sacred hymn is also worthy of consideration. But nine-tenths of the music of this act is simply music for a spectacle. The composer has caught the spirit of the folk. There is a faithful reproduction of the wild gaiety, the confusion, the deafening noise. Auber's Neapolitan music in "La Muette de Portici" is drab in comparison. Here is realism that out-Puccinis Puccini. But is realism the one thing to be struggled for and admired in opera? There is a realism that admits of an ennobling touch of the ideal. I do not find it in this act or in the third.

In the second act the composer drops his realism for the time. His characters sing as in any old-fashioned Italian opera, but the melodies are neither compellingly beautiful in themselves, nor do they express the character of each person. The love music of Rafaele and the girl is singularly tame. Here passion should be at its height, but the passion is chiefly in a kiss of the Olga Nethersole variety.

In the third act there is a return to realism in the opening of the scene; there is a return to brutality. Nor does the confession of Gennaro or of Maliella reach musically dramatic intensity.

It would be folly to deny the "cleverness" of the composer in suiting his music to the rough action, in giving atmosphere and reflecting the life of the street and the boozing-ken. We have a right to expect something better from Wolf-Ferrari than cleverness. Skilful orchestration alone will not save an opera, and many pages of "The Jewels of the Madonna" are orchestrated in a manner that emphasizes the inherent cheapness of the musical ideas.

In the whole opera only one person is characterized by the music. That person is Rafaele.

The production is one that reflects the highest credit on Messrs. Russell, Urban and Caplet. The enthusiasm of the audience was honest, and forthcoming productions will no doubt excite an equal amount of applause. Even the second intermezzo, inferior in musical worth to the first, was redemanded last evening. What a fate for the composer of "La Vita Nuova" if he were to be known to the great majority as the author of this second Intermezzo

Mr. Zenatello was in excellent voice and his performance was noteworthy in every way. It was he that gave the semblance of character to Wolf-Ferrari's music for Gennaro.

Mr. Marcoux, a master in the art of make-up, was the swaggering scoundrel to the life; in walk, in slouching repose, in ruffianly, superstitious and sensual expression. The part of Rafaele is now added to the long list of his impressive impersonations.

The part of Maliella is not suited to Mme. Edvina, who is first of all a lyric singer. A pathetic Antonia, a charming Louise, she has not the elementary passionate nature, the southern abandon. Maliella is something more than coquettish or waspish. She is what the genteel used to call a "creature." An Aguglia, with a singing voice, would be the woman for the part. There were fine moments in Mme. Edvina's performance, too fine perhaps for the situations, and she was a beautiful apparition in the second act.

Mme. Gay had an uninteresting role and she made it interesting. Her voice gave beauty to the otherwise dull music in the duet with Gennaro.

The male minor parts were well taken. The women in the minor parts were less effective. Mr. Caplet conducted with marked spirit and as though he enjoyed the music, which must be alien to his own taste.

The performance of "Haensel and Gretel" this afternoon will begin at 1:45. Mr. Zeni, who has been singing at Montreal, will make his debut tonight as Radames.

"Hansel and Gretel" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" Given In Afternoon

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Double bill, being a repetition of Humperdinck's Hausel and Gretel" and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," conducted, respectively, by MM. Caplet and Moranzoni.

HANSEL AND GRETEL.

Peter.....Mr. Hinshaw
Gertrud.....Miss Claessens
Hansel.....Miss Swartz
Gretel.....Miss Fisher
Die Knusperhexe.....Miss Claessens
Sandmannchen.....Miss De-Courcy
Taumannchen.....Miss Sharlow

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA.

Santuzza.....Mme. Melis
Lola.....Mme. Casavant
Mamma Lucia.....Mme. Heyman
Turiddu.....Mr. Gaudenzi
Alfio.....Mr. Rossi

It is frequently recounted of Humperdinck that in the composition of "Hansel and Gretel" he undertook to prove that Wagnerian methods were sufficiently plastic to be applied to the lightest theme. That is tradition to please the analyst. Certain it is that the opera, at least in the way it was presented yesterday afternoon, can be enjoyed without recourse to analysis or tradition.

The cast, the same as on past occasions this season, was pleasingly competent. Miss Fisher and Miss Swartz fairly revel in the reading of the delightful melodies. It is a privilege to witness their exuberance and a pleasure to hear their intonations. Miss Claessens was in a happy vein histrionically. Vocally she was not so pleasing. Mr. Hinshaw invariably satisfies, while Miss DeCourcy contrives to court applause even in so small a part as that of the sand man.

The performance of "Cavalleria" was scarcely so pleasurable as that of the first opera. Mme. Melis, following the duo of imprecations, found herself hoarse. Mr. Gaudenzi is a pleasing actor and a resourceful one. Pity 'tis that he has not the vocal resourcefulness that Turiddu requires. Mr. Rossi is scarcely a great singer nor an artist. Mr. Caplet conducted the Humperdinck opera with a nice regard for its lyrical beauties. Mr. Moranzoni was not appreciably discreet with the Mascagni score.

Tomorrow evening, first performance this season of Rossini's "Barbiere de Seville." Mme. Hempel will then make her debut. MM. McCormack and Marcoux will be in the cast.

MISS CHEATHAM

Miss Kitty Cheatham, the distinguished diseuse, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Mrs. Flora MacDonald Wills was the accompanist. The program consisted of selections by Weckerlin, d'Hardelot, Graham Peel, Paul Lawrence Dunbar Debussy, Lehmann and others, besides old negro songs and sayings.

Miss Cheatham's methods are original and her manner of presentation simple, direct and full of charm. Yesterday she displayed imagination and a keen sense of humor in her performance while she showed herself to be a veracious delineator of children's characters. Admirable in her vividly realistic interpretations of the songs by Wade, Coalbourne, Lehmann and Carpenter, concerned. Among others with self-willed, untruthful and musical children, the artist was less successful in the songs by Weckerlin which were lacking in a certain indispensable piquancy.

Few, however, have revealed a truer understanding of the negro character than did Miss Cheatham in her songs and sayings, given, as they were, spontaneously and not as laborious imitations of the dialect. Before each number the artist said a few words in explanation or to give an appropriate setting for what was to follow and in this instance she deplored the fact that the negro of today is inclined to be ashamed of the early melodies of his race.

A very large audience was warmly appreciative and the program was lengthened. Mrs. Wills played sympathetic accompaniments.

"AIDA" REPEATED

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE "Aida," opera by Verdi in four acts. The cast:

Il Re.....Michele Sampieri
Amneris.....Olympia Leveroni
Aida.....Elizabeth Amsden
Radames.....Francesco Zeni
Ramfis.....Jose Mardones
Amonasro.....Giovanni Poisse
Un Messaggiero.....Ernesto Giaccone
Una Sacerdotessa.....Florence De-Courcy

Mr. Zeni as Radames made his first appearance here. He was more effective to the eye than to the ear. He is of commanding height, and made a picturesque figure; but his voice was inclined to be strident, and to emit sound without volume. Miss Amsden has an agreeable voice and sang acceptably; but her action was exaggerated, and her gestures those of the so-called "aesthetic" dancer. She wore a costume that was beautiful in itself, so that in repose she was a pleasure to the eye; but the tightness of her drapery hampered her action, and she made her several exits as though walking a crack. Miss Leveroni looked well, and made of the whole a rather good-humored Amneris, who was occasionally malicious on a small scale rather than treacherous on a grand one.

Mr. Poiese was secure in voice and dramatic in action, and his performance gave much pleasure. The other parts were adequate, the chorus good, and the scenery of sumptuous beauty throughout.

Mr. G. B. Shaw was greatly vexed—so the cabled reports informed us—because audiences at the Kingsway Theatre laughed immodestly at the lines in "John Bull's Other Island" and applauded during the course of the play.

Perhaps he believes with Baudelaire that laughter is sinister and infernal; perhaps he has been reading Mr. Bergson's treatise on laughter. He thinks that smiling is more complimentary and applause should be reserved until the end of the play. And now here is a copy of a letter which was distributed in the theatre on Jan. 10. It was thus headed:

"To the Audience at the Kingsway Theatre. A personal Appeal from the Author of 'John Bull's Other Island.' Dear Sir or Madam.

"G. B. S.'s" Appeal to His Audience

'It is your custom to receive my plays with the most generous and unrestrained applause. You sometimes compel the performers to pause at the end of every line until your laughter has quieted down. I am not ungrateful; but may I ask you a few questions?

"Are you aware that you would get out of the theatre half an hour earlier if you listened to the play in silence and did not applaud until the fall of the curtain?

"Do you really consider that a performance is improved by continual interruptions, however complimentary they may be to the actors and the author?

"Do you not think that the naturalness of the representation must be destroyed, and, therefore, your own pleasure greatly diminished, when the audience insists on taking part in it by shouts of applause and laughter, and the actors have repeatedly to stop acting until the noise is over?

"Have you considered that in all good plays tears and laughter lie very close together, and that it must be very distressing to an actress who is trying to keep her imagination fixed on pathetic

[...] to hear bursts of laughter [...] out at something she is supposed to be unconscious of?

"Do you know that even when there is no such conflict of comic and tragic on the stage, the strain of performing is greatly increased if the performers have to attend to the audience as well as to their parts at the same time?

"Can you not imagine how a play which has been rehearsed to perfection in dead silence without an audience must be upset, disjointed, and spun out to a wearisome length by an audience which refuses to enjoy it silently?

"Have you not noticed that if you laugh loudly and repeatedly for two hours, you get tired and cross, and are sorry next morning that you did not stay at home?

"Will you think me very ungrateful and unkind if I tell you that though you cannot possibly applaud my plays too much at each fall of the curtain to please me, yet the more applause there is during the performance the angrier I feel with you for spoiling your enjoyment and my own?

"Would you dream of stopping the performance of a piece of music to applaud every bar that happened to please you? And do you not know that an act of a play is intended, just like a piece of music, to be heard without interruption from beginning to end?

"Have you ever told your sons and daughters that little children should be seen and not heard? And have you ever thought how nice theatrical performances would be, and how much sooner you would get away to supper, if parents in the theatre would follow the precepts they give to their children at home?

"Have you noticed that people look very nice when they smile or look pleased; but look shockingly ugly when they roar with laughter or shout excitedly or sob loudly? Smiles make no noise.

"Do you know that what pleases actors and authors most is not your applauding, but your coming to see the play again and again, and that if you tire yourselves out and spoil the play with interruptions you are unlikely to come again?

"Do you know that my plays, as revised, are just the right length; that they are as long as you can bear; and that if you delay the performances by loud laughter you will make them half an hour too long?

"Can I persuade you to let the performance proceed in perfect silence just for once to see how you like it. The intervals will give you no less than five opportunities of expressing your approval or of disapproval, as the case may be.

"And finally will you believe me to be acting sincerely in your own interests in this matter as

"Your faithful servant,

"THE AUTHOR."

This led the Pall Mall Gazette to remark: "This, we should say, is the first time in the history of the theatre an author has written to protest against his audience's incidental laughter and applause. We have never known an author who was not rendered happy by such demonstrations. The writer of a farce which was very popular in London a few years ago used to say with ecstasy to his friends, You should just see how it goes! Why you can't hear half the dialogue for the laughter!" Such a treatment of 'John Bull's Other Island' would apparently move Mr. Shaw to wheel a quick-firing gun on to the stage, and start it working on the pit and stall. To avoid being driven to any such painful necessity he has discharged the above quoted battery of suggestions, which, for the sake of their lives, the public had better consider with some seriousness."

And "J. D. S." wrote these verses:

G. B. S. TO THE G. B. P.

My works are joy (for they are Shaw),
But pray restrain the loud guffaw,
Learn to bear it gladly;
So tickled by an Irish pen,
Remember to be Englishmen
And take your pleasures sadly!

Mr. Knoblauch and Mrs. Fiske

Edward Knoblauch, when he was in Paris busied with the production of his "Kismet" in that city, was invited by M. [...] dramatic critic of Le Temps, to write an article for that journal about the theatre in the United States. In the course of this interesting article which was duly published Mr. Knoblauch made this allusion to Mrs. Fiske's [...]

"And what Belasco has done in the [...] domain, the incomparable artist Mrs. Fiske, with the co-operation of the sympathetic director, Harrison Grey Fiske, has made in the domain of the emotions. Her art is of a superior quality to that of Belasco. She concerns herself less with the material detail, but her species of refinement has not been less a revelation than the minute pains of Belasco."

Goethe's "Faust" In Paris

Mr. G. D. Gribble contributed to the Pall Mall Gazette of Jan. 4, an account of a remarkable production of Goethe's "Faust" at the Odeon, Paris:

"[...] suite d'images a propos de [...] is the appreciation of an eminent Paris critic of M. Antoine's new [...] it [...] to sum up the intention of the [...] which is evidently not [...] the vain task of staging the [...] tragedy, but rather to [...] the essential moments of the work. Viewed from this point, M. Antoine's production is not only entirely successful, but even illuminating. In a series of 12 pictures the essential scenes of the first part and a suggestion of the second of the tragedy are unrolled with consummate art and a notable fidelity to the original. To those who are intimate with Goethe's poem these scenes are full of suggestion; to those who are not—and they must necessarily be in the minority here—they will go far toward pointing out the true significance of the original, as well as helping to correct the erroneous conceptions and distorted figures of the perennial opera of Gounod, misnamed 'Faust.' For 'Faust' is not a mere tragedy of betrayed innocence, and Marguerite is but an episode, which begins only in the latter half of the first part of the original version.

"The opening 'Prologue in Heaven,' with the wager between the Almighty and Mephistopheles, gives the audience at once the measure and note of the new version. The Deity is, of course, not represented, nor is He merely heard 'off,' as is the case in the German productions. His presence is made perceptible by a large rose window of stained glass, such as we see over the portal of a cathedral, which glows with an ardent light whenever the Divine Voice speaks. The action begins with the scene of the Easter morning promenade. Under a massive Gothic arch, which spans the stage, we see a vision of mediaeval Germany, such as Durer has portrayed—in the foreground a tavern and the banks of the river, and in the background the turreted walls and gabled roofs and spires of the town. Then again, we have a mellow-toned Rembrandt, the interior of Faust's study, a reproduction of the 'Old Philosopher' in the Louvre. The famous scene in Auerbach's cellar would seem to be by some Flemish master, with its brawling hilarity; while the 'Witch's Kitchen,'

A glade unhallowed and enchanted
As e'er beneath the waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover.

reminded one of Boecklin's uncanny dream-visions."

"The six scenes of the second act are included in one stage picture of surpassing loveliness. In front of us Dame Martha's garden slopes towards the river ground, with a view of town and river in the distance. On the left is Marguerite's house; and across the garden is Martha's window. The garden—one of those romantic, shady, untended pastures of delight—is bounded on one side by a stone wall, which separates the stage in two parts; on the other side of the wall a narrow winding flight of steps, such as abound in Montmartre, for instance, forms the approach to the garden. Down this flight of steps Marguerite will presently come and meet her fate at the shrine where Faust accosts her. This disposition is ingenious and simple, for it enables the six ensuing scenes to evolve naturally and without effort. From the street to Marguerite's house, then to the garden and back to the street, is but a few steps for the actor, and yet the milieu of each scene is differentiated with clearness. Only once the curtain descends during this scene to mark a lapse of time between the first love scenes in the garden and the tragic sequel, ending with the death of Valentine.

"The scene on the Brocken which follows—the famous 'Walpurgis Night,' which the late Sir Henry Irving was, I believe, the first to attempt to stage—is an achievement in more senses than one. Scenically it realizes the 'Witches' Sabbath' of our imagination, and artistically it comes very near to the ideal. Weird figures, grotesque and hideous, lewd, half-nude bacchantes whirl over the chasms whence sulphurous smoke is seen ascending, while the equinoctial storm shrieks overhead, reaching a climax when the master of the unhallowed crew, Herr Urian, appears aloft on a rocky promontory with a bishop's mitre and sacerdotal robes, surrounded by his infernal acolytes. It is a bold attempt to realize the unrealizable, and ends, indeed, as the scene was first conceived by Goethe, the present version, with its satirical interpolations, being in the manner of the second part, the why and wherefore of which is still, and will probably always be, a mystery. The scene of the prison is the one familiar to opera-goers.

"Now comes a brief excursion into the cosmos of the second part. After the poignant tragedy of the prison scene, Mephistopheles has brought Faust to an arcadian vale on the banks of the Elbe, where we find him stretched on a bank of verdure. To heal him of the remorse which is gnawing at his heart, Mephisto has recourse to the benignant forces of nature—not a very devilish proceeding! He summons the sylphs and elves, and a host of tiny white-robed creatures, with gossamer scarves and bare, twinkling feet, rush blithely to his call. This scene alone should make the Odeon Faust a popular success, for it is difficult to imagine anything more genuinely elfin than this ballet of sylphs, danced by Miss Loie Fuller's little pupils. The brief evocation of Helen of Troy and the antique world, which follows, serves but to indicate the trend of the second part, and the evolution of Faust and of Goethe [...] to prove [...] the interpretation of [...] Poe[...] 'Ewig-weibliche' [...] 'verführen,' to quote the [...] is ransomed [...] essential presence. It is noteworthy that this closing scene of the second part depicts a Catholic heaven with a madonna and attendant saints, whereas in the opening prologue the conception of heaven appears Lutheran. The antithesis is interesting as a sign of an artistic, if not a moral evolution in Goethe, or perhaps an intentional blending of two ideals.

"The Marguerite of Mlle Sylvie is a conception which does her credit as an artist and as an actress. Nowhere did she force the note. She remained from beginning to end the simple child of the people, chaste until her senses respond to her passions, and then all instinct, unquestioning, accepting her fate with the resignation of her kind, an episode and yet a symbol, and, above all, every inch a sentient woman, and not the sentimental coquette of the 'Jewel Song' calibre. Joumbe's Faust—a Faust a la Delacroix—is interestingly conceived, very gallic in tenor, but always distinguished. He falls into the common error of depicting the Faust of the first scenes as one bowed down with age, whereas the famous doctor is by no means the hoary-headed sage. Consequently, throughout the first scenes the note of revolt was perceptibly lacking. The keynote here is to be found in Faust's own words to Mephisto. 'I am too old to trifle, too young to be beyond desire.'

"That M. Desfontaine's Mephistopheles would be no banal performance was a foregone conclusion for those who know the extraordinarily gifted artist, one of the most intellectual personalities on the French stage, and certainly one of the most versatile. His reading of the part was doubtless based on the Deity's reference to him, when he says in the prologue: 'Of all the spirits which deny, the buffoon is the least importune.' It is a conception which has the merit of being original and avoiding the pitfalls, on the other hand, the mordant cynicism and the scathing sarcasm of Mephisto's repartees are somewhat lost. The make-up of this excellent actor is always a thing to be admired. The clap-trap adornments of the opera devil were carefully avoided. Agile, mercurial, elusive, like his native element, M. Desfontaine's Mephistopheles comes nearer to the intuition of the author than the average one.

"It is unavoidable that in a synthetic work, such as that of M. Vedel, the adapter of Faust, much must be lost. With, however, a few exceptions—notably the unfortunate amalgamation of the evocation of the earth-spirit with the incantation of the sinister poodle—this new version of Faust deserves all praise, for the flavour of the original is maintained, and, if the verse does not soar and reverberate with the timbre of the original, it at least expresses very faithfully the underlying idea. Not the least share in the success is due to the musical part, the interludes being bridged by excerpts from the most notable composers, who have been inspired by Goethe's masterpiece: Berlioz, Liszt, Schumann, Beethoven; and, strange to say, of Gounod nothing at all!"

Mr. Dawbarn's Paris Letter

The Herald recently gave an account of Mr. Brieux's latest play. Mr. Charles Dawbarn in his letter from Paris to the Pall Mall Gazette discusses it and other dramas.

"The second balcony has not always the taste of orchestra stalls. It is particularly so in the drama that deals with big problems, with the vital questions of the hour. There is no man who has specialized in this more than Brieux. Remember the lances he has broken for freedom as against convention and social hypocrisy in such plays as 'Les Remplacantes,' a satire on the mothers who delegate their duties; 'La Robe Rouge,' in which he castigates the magistrates who commit crimes against justice for advancement, and 'La Avaries,' in which is exposed the ravages of a social evil. Brieux, notwithstanding his attacks on religion in 'La Foi,' has the temper of an apostle. He is actuated, perhaps, by an atavic faith.

"To others, he leaves what he calls 'the secrets of the alcove.' He does not spend his time in analyzing tiny emotions, in probing into human psychology, in laying bare the secret openings of the feminine heart. Rather, as the man posted at the masthead, he searches the horizon and reports his observations. His method has its advantages as well as its limitations. In the latter is to be placed his tendency to preach—to usurp the place of the personages—until we feel inclined to say, 'Drop your thesis and get on with the story.' But the two are inextricably bound. You cannot have the one without the other, the preserve without the powder—but sometimes the dose is overpowering.

"In his latest play this dramatic hot-gospeller lectures us on the new woman. He feels that new impulses are stirring [...] pulses of Feminism—towards equality of the sexes; but the [...] he [...] left [...] her [...] choosing [...] of the [...] country, where [...] resent the prejudice [...] the [...] school, finds the [...] able without the [...] particular man whom [...]

"[...] Brieux, evidently [...] portion of the average man of [...] in his relations with defenceless [...] where Therese meets with [...] employers in her search for work. It is to be hoped that the case is overstated, and that the tyranny of [...] has not reached such despicable depths. In a woman's journal Therese encounters jealousy from her own sex, in an industrial enterprise for women, the hospitality of trade unions. But though the story in itself is simple and the conversations natural to a point that approaches banality, there is a wealth of matter in the discourses that is bewildering. The author touches on a dozen 'burning topics'—on sexual relations, on the education of women, on personal liberty and social convention, on the dangers of isolation, on the drink question and even on flirting.

"The moral—there must surely be a moral—is that woman should not attempt the path of independence without full knowledge of its dangers. And again, one may suppose that man is invited, by suggestion, to change his view of the sex. In any case, M. Brieux has to run the gauntlet of Parisian witticism excited by his diatribes against society. But he appears to take little stock of criticism, and finds probably his reward in the applause of 'the second balcony.' Yet his style is not to be practised with impunity.

"The Comedie Francaise is not beginning the year well. M. Henri Lavedan has withdrawn his plays, including the famous 'Marquis de Priola,' 'Sire,' and the new 'Servir,' and M. Le Bargy and Mlle. Prevost are now engaged at Boulevard houses. M. Jules Claretie, however, continues to smile, for has he not engaged M. Andre Brule, 'the matinee idol?' Thus 1913 will contain its compensations.

"The year that has gone out with the old calendars has been remarkable for the number, if not the quality, of new plays. But, though there are few of outstanding merit, there are equally few which are hopelessly bad. The evolution is toward a good general level. Another reflection is the short life of the favorite author. There today, [...] gone tomorrow—gone, perhaps, to literature or journalism. It is difficult to keep one's place on the slippery boards, even when it has been gained by much labor. The most consistently successful dramatists are the perpetual collaborators, MM. de Flers and de Caillavet. They move from one triumph to another. 'L'Habit Vert,' the brilliant and amusing satire on the Institut, continues to fill the Varietes.

"Another amazing success is 'La Prise de Berg op Zoom,' which scintillates with wit and comprehension of life a la Sacha Guitry. This young man, who is not yet 30, has established a record in plays that make the public laugh by their whimsicality or gasp at the human insight displayed. Essentially Parisian in his conception of things this precocious genius would hardly interest the playgoer abroad, who would be disconcerted, probably, by his irreverence and audacity.

"Though some of the old names no longer draw—and this is true of artists as well as of dramatists—MM. Bataille and Bernstein have evidently not exhausted their vogue. The first judgment was not altogether favourable to 'Les Flambeaux,' in which M. Bataille demonstrated with a slow dramatic movement the weakness of a great man, but the play has been well received by the public. M. Bernstein's revised and re-written 'La Detour' has also scored a great success. Again M. Hervieu's 'Bagatelle,' condemned by many of the critics, has found favour with the playgoers of the Francais. It is more than ever difficult to determine what does or does not please the ultimate judges of the drama.'"

Notes About Music and the Stage

The New York critics were loud in praise of Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler's quintet played at a Kneisel concert in that city Jan. 14. Mr. Krehbiel of the Tribune wrote "It has not been published probably because it no longer speaks the composer's artistic creed. But it is beautiful music, full of haunting, exotic loveliness, some of which is due to its employment of melodies which either came from the Orient or were inspired by the Spirit of the East. * * * No matter what the source of the other themes, they are fascinating in themselves and have been made thrice fascinating by their ingenious and thoroughly musical treatment. The five instruments sing incessantly and it was a sluggish fancy which was not stirred into activity by their song last night, which was of the highest order to which masters of the loftiest form of music can give utterance."

The music of novelists has [...] long been fair game for the [...] and many is the gibe that the [...] fired at the [...] through a [...]

... an example of the "stupidity" of the writers of a hundred novels. Of course the same thing might, and probably does, occur in every day life, whensoever the shoemaker, so to speak, does not stick to his last. But whatever the right and the wrong may be, I cannot refrain from quoting two examples that I read in a novel much talked of a year or two ago. Here you are: "'Listen to this,' said the delighted Paragot, jumping on his feet and tucking his fiddle beneath his chin. And there in the pure dawn, with nothing but God's sky and green fields around us, he played Gounod's 'Ave Maria,' putting into his execution all his imaginative fervor, and accentuating the tremolo passages in a vibrating ecstacy which, to Blanquette's uncultured soul, was the very passion of music. I have since learned that the greatest violinists do not over-emphasize the tremolo." Shortly after this feat the "delighted Paragot" "advanced to the edge of the verandah, and, as a solo, played Stephen Heller's 'Tarantella,' which crowned his triumphs!" I can quite believe it. I freely offer these contributions to the aforesaid lecturer; they may come in useful when he is about to prepare another discourse on his favorite subject of novelists and music.—Robin H. Legge in the Daily Telegraph, (London.)

Rip and Bosquet, the witty authors of the latest Parisian "revue," entitled "Paris Fin de Regne," are looking forward with dread to Jan. 17. They have already ordered a supply of wet towels and long drinks for that fateful eve. It happens that one of the scenes in their review takes place at the Elysee, and depicts not too reverentially a visit of the President of the Senate to the President of the Republic. Now, on the 17th, M. Fallieres leaves the well-graced stage of the Elysee. He must also, it follows, quit the boards of the Folies-Bergeres, and who is to succeed him there, as at the Elysee? MM. Rip and Bosquet, not having, presumably, the gifts of prophecy, must await, like ordinary people, though more feverishly than most, the official announcement. For the presidential patter must be brought up to character and the date.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Boston Opera House, 8:15 P. M. Vocal and instrumental concert by singers and orchestra of the Boston Opera Company and Hans Letz of the Kneisel Quartet. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 8:30 P. M. Concert by Miss Elena Gerhardt, soprano, and Miss Vera Barstow, violinist. See special notice.

MONDAY—Fenway Court, 3 P. M. Miss Terry's second concert. "Loo-Ting, China," an original play in one act by Joseph Lindon Smith. Characters: D. Seet, Gretchen Seet, Rebecca and Frances, and Mrs. Dupe-Ever. The scene represents the room of the Seet family in Hotel Port Arthur, in Tientsin, China.

TUESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. George Copeland's third piano recital. Mattheson, Air and Minuet; Scarlatti, Capriccio; Mozart, Adagio from Sonata No. 6; Beethoven, Sonata "Appassionata"; Moussorgsky, Tableaux d'une Exposition, No. 6; Debussy, six pieces; Albeniz, Zortzico; Grovlez, Recuerdos.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Chamber concert by Mr. and Mrs. Anton Witek and Heinrich Warnke. Haydn, violin concerto in C major (first time in America); Handel-Brahms, variations for piano; Bach, sonata No. 1, for 'cello; Schubert, "Trout" quintet. Messrs. Noack, Ferir and Huber of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will assist. For remarks about Haydn's concerto, see "Concert Notes."

Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Pianola recital with Mrs. Gertrude Holt, soprano.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Longy Club, Saint-Saens's Caprice on Danish airs for flute, oboe, clarinet and piano; Florent Schmitt, Lied and Scherzo for horn principal, piccolo, flute, oboe, English horn, two clarinets, horn and two bassoons (first time here); Weingartner, Quintet for clarinet, violin, viola, 'cello and piano (first time here); Pierne, pastorale variee for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, two bassoons and trumpet. Messrs. Noack, violin; Ferir, viola; Warnke, 'cello, and Heim, trumpet, will assist.

Steinert Hall, 8 P. M. Piano recital by Ernest Hawthorne. Bach, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 28; Chopin, Waltz in E minor, prelude in D minor, Nocturne in E major and Barcarolle; Debussy, Ballade; Paderewski, Cracovienne Fantastique; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 13th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 13th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

CITY CONCERTS

The city of Boston will give three concerts during the week. William Howard, conductor; Louis C. Elson, lecturer.

TUESDAY EVENING, JAN. 21, AT 8.

Charles Sumner School, Roslindale.

Overture, "La Dame Blanche"......Boieldieu
Liebesgefluester (for strings)..............Andre
Air De Salome from "Herodiade"....Massenet
Miss Divver.
Fantasia on themes from "Samson and Delilah"..........................Saint-Saens
Fantasia for clarinet, "Puritani"........Bassi
Mr Arey.
"Petite Marche," from the suite "Gitanella"....................................Lacome
Song, "Chanson provencale"........Dell'Acqua
Miss Divver.
Waltz from the ballet "Dornroeschen" Tschaikowsky

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JAN. 22, AT 8.

Dorchester High School.

Godard..........Allegro moderato, Trio, op. 72
Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. Brooks, Mr. Webster
Rubinstein...........................:"The Asra"
Parks..................................."A Dream"
Huhn...................................."Invictus"
Howard White.
Wagner-Wilhelmj....."Walther's Preislied"
Mrs. Hilton.
Chaminade..................Lento, Trio, op. 34
Chaminade......Presto leggiero, Trio, op 11
Van Goens.................................Tarantelle
Dvorak...Waldesruhe
Casella.....................Chanson Napolitaine

[illegible] ... [illegible]
King ...."[illegible]"
Hawley ...."[illegible] Night"
Hammond ....."The Pipes of Gordon's Men"
Howard White
Godard ....Allegro Vivace, Trio, op. 72

FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 24 AT 8.

Franklin Union Hall, Boston.

Overture from "The Magic Flute".....Mozart
"Hora Mystica" (for string quartet).Sinigaglia
Aria, "Prayer," from "Rienzi"........Wagner
Mr. Fichtner.
Symphony in B minor, Allegro Moderato Schubert
Allegretto and Finale, from Concerto in A minor, for 'cello..................Saint-Saens
Mr. Goldstein.
"Petite Marche," from the suite "Gitanella"..................................Lacome
Song, "The Erl King"......................Lowe
Mr. Fichtner.
"Morris Dance," from suite "Henry VIII."..................................German

Jan 20 1913

There was Dr. Downie, Professor of Logomachy. He could say nothing in more words than any man of his generation. His text-book on the "Art of Obscuring Issues" had passed through ten or twelve editions, and was in the hands of all aspirants for academic distinction. He had earned a high reputation for sobriety of judgment by resolutely refusing to have definite views on any subject; so safe a man was he considered, that while still quite young he had been appointed to the lucrative post of Thinker in Ordinary to the Royal Family.

Great Scott!

As the World Wags:

I supposed you had finished the cricket controversy some days since, but as I notice in this morning's paper another essay on this subject, I venture to add still further to the discussion by quoting from Walter Scott's story of "The Monastery." In a recent re-reading of this novel, I found in chapter 26 the word "cricket" used as an adjective: "The boy lingered long enough to allow his substitute Tibber Tacket heartily to tire of her own generosity and of his cricket-footstool by the side of a huge fire." F.

Watertown, Jan. 14.

"Cricket-stool" is a compound noun found in the works of various authors about 1700.

"A Reader" in West Falmouth writes: "In our kitchen, since my earliest recollection, has stood the little yellow cricket, made of wood, oblong in shape, and sides partially boxed in."

And this is positively the last word about cricket; positively the last chirp.

Looking Forward.

As the World Wags:

Last May you introduced me to "Phoenixiana" and I am pleased to state I was able to obtain a copy signed by Capt. Derby.

In this "suffragette movement" I would call to your notice his remarks on page 148, lines 7 to 17 as appropriate to the present, although now more than 50 years old.

Boston. F. H. B.

"Ladies," said the President, "you are aware of the object of this meeting. Tied down by the absurd prejudices of society; trammelled by the shackles of custom and of unworthy superstition, we have found it necessary to form ourselves into a society, where, free from the intrusion of execrable man, aloof from his jealous scrutiny, whether as father, brother, or that still more objectionable character of husband, we may throw off restraint, exert our natural liberty, and seek relief from the tedious and odious routine of duty imposed upon us in our daily walk of life."

The Daily Anecdote.

Lodowicke, Archbishop of Magdeburge, celebrating a solemne feast at a towne called Caluen, invited many of the worthie citisens to make merrie with him: the place for their joyaltie was the great hall wherein judiciall causes were appointed to be discussed. Here after the banquet ended they fell a dancing, men and women mixtly together, such a ridiculous roundelay, and such a multitude, that what with the weight of their bodies, or rather the indignation of God against them for this scurrilous and immodest behaviour, the beames of the house began to cracke and threaten a certaine ruine; whereat the Archbishop, affrighted, caught hold by a faire dame, and began first to goe downe the stayres; but the steps afore loosened, as soone as he trode upon them, tumbled downe, and he and his consort headlong withall, and were crushed in pieces. And thus he that was principall of the feast and sport, was made an example to all the rest of the Lord's vengeance, because he dishonored his calling and profession by such lewd and light behaviour; and this was one goodly effect of dauncing.

"Phony" Again.

As the World Wags:

The cant term "phony" is probably of simpler derivation than Mr. Witherspoon thinks. Consider the expression "Shoving the queer," which refers to queer or "funny" money—counterfeit. When suspicious, one says: "It may be all right, but it looks funny," without implying anything comic. "Phony" is a Yiddish dialect pronunciation of "funny," that's all. Like other slang of a similar origin, it has crept into the colloquial terminology of New York and thence abroad. HEN DOWST.

Boston, Jan. 17, 1913.

Foot Stoves.

As the World Wags:

As to crickets, the subject seems exhausted. There is an adjunct, however, that has not been written of: The foot stove, a great comfort in cold weather to the occupant of the pew of a country church. I have one, retained from the church of my boyhood in Vermont. In a wooden frame is a perforated tin box a foot square and six inches high; inside a sheet iron pan withdrawn through a door. The church was heated by two large stoves near the entrance door, in which wood was burned. The foot stoves were collected and placed near the stove, and as the owners entered were filled with coals and taken to the pew. H. S. M.

Newton.

We have seen foot stoves made of soapstone.

True Hospitality.

When the late King Leopold visited King Edward at Marlborough House he complained of discomfort in bed, for he was 6 feet 4 inches and the bed was of ordinary size. The generous host at once ordered a seven-foot brass bedstead for His Royal Nibs. Many guests in this country sleep uncomfortably in sumptuously equipped houses. The bed is too short; there is a ridge in the middle; there is a hollow in the middle; the mattress is queer; the blankets and comforter do not come up to the neck. A hostess before she invites friends should sleep in every guest room, so that the question in the morning, "I hope you slept well?" be not one of bitter irony.

MISS GERHARDT

Miss Elena Gerhardt gave a recital yesterday afternoon, in Symphony Hall. She was assisted by Miss Vera Barstow, violinist. Erich Wolff and Carl Lamson were the accompanists. The program was as followers: Schubert, "Der Wanderer an den Mond," "Das Fischermadchen," "Vor Meiner Wiege"; Schumann, "Wer Machte dich so krank," "In's Freie"; Brahms, "O Nachtigall, dein suesser schaal," "Standchen," "An eine Aeolsharfe," "Blinde Kuh," "Sapphische Ode," "O liebliche Wangen"; Wolf, "Gesang Weyla's," "Bescheidene Liebe," "Die Zigeunerin"; Strauss, "Meinen Kinde," "Standcher," "Cacilie"—Miss Gerhardt. Von Kunits, "Albumblatt"; Kreisler, "Caprice Viennois"; Wilhelmj-Schubert, "Ave Maria"; Hubay, Zephyr; Paganini, Concerto in B minor; Miss Barstow. K.W.

The Herald has often praised Miss Gerhardt's incomparable art as a singer of lieder. Never were the superlative qualities of this art more fully revealed than yesterday afternoon. The singer was in fine voice, while haunting beauty of tone, finished phrasing and delicacy in the use of nuances were among the many features of an admirable performance.

There was variety in the matter of interpretation, impressive delivery and the artistic sobriety which in moments of dramatic significance as well as those of a more tenderly emotional nature is eloquent without overexaggeration or hysteria. Miss Gerhardt's accompaniments were excellently played by Mr. Wolff.

Miss Barstow, who made her first appearance in Boston, is a young woman of indisputable talent and praiseworthy attainments. Her tone is round, full and mellow, her technic is commendable, and she plays with evident poise and fluency. As an interpreter she is, as yet, conventional rather than interesting.

An audience of good size gave hearty expressions of its pleasure, and both singer and violinist were generous in adding to the program.

OPERA HOUSE

The eighth Sunday orchestral concert was given yesterday at the Boston Opera House, Mr. Lankow, basso, and Mr. Hans Letz, second violinist of the Kneisel quartet, were the soloists, and Mmes. Fisher and Gauthier and Messrs. Diaz and Sampieri sang in quartet. Mr. Andre-Caplet conducted and Messrs. Straram and Strony were at the piano. The program: G.

"Gwendoline" overture..................Chabrier
Two arias from "The Magic Flute"....Mozart
Mr. Lankow.
Scotch Fantasia for violin and orchestra Bruch
Mr. Letz.
Prelude a L'Apres Midi D'un Faune..Debussy
Liebeslieder .... Brahms
Quartet.
Pavane Pour Une Infante Defunte........Ravel
a—Tomorrow..............................Strauss
b—To Music..............................Schubert
c—Group from Tartarus.................Schubert
Mr. Lankow.
Marche Hongroise, from "The Damnation of Faust"............................Berlioz

It was a program of sufficient variety and uneven in interest. Mr. Lankow was wholly admirable in the songs, handling his voice with skill and singing with effective expression, but even his virile voice could not put strength into the Mozart arias, which suffered somewhat by their place on the program. Mr. Lankow gave the impression of reserves of power, which made his emphasis all the more effective. He was enthusiastically received, and responded twice to the demands of the audience.

Mr. Letz showed himself a skilful violinist, with facile technique and sympathetic expression. He played the interminable Fantasia with musicianally care and agreeable effect. He seems to have an intense feeling for the music, behind a somewhat impassive exterior. Mr Britt conducted during this number, and was evidently handicapped by the orchestra's unfamiliarity with the soloist.

The quartet had a more agreeable task than at a previous concert and the Brahms "Lieder" were sung with dash and emphasis, but with too little apparent conception of the spirit of the songs.

Mr. Caplet is making progress with the orchestra. Ravel's mournful dance-dirge, which was played at these concerts two weeks ago, developed dignity and an elusive, appealing pathos. The orchestra seemed to understand its work better both in this and in the Debussy number. Chabrier's clean, crashing, manly overture was given a splendid performance.

Unseasonable weather made the audience small, but there was no lack of appreciation.

Jan 21/1913

Have you ever thought how short your life is? I mean your conscious life? Seldom more than 20 years at the utmost. Twenty active working years, and you have reached the grand climacteric. Before 25 or 30 you are mentally a pulp; after 50 begins the return to the traits of your individual tribe or family. The mental gait slackens; it is a happy period, for the biting, burning passions that urged the wheels around have begun to lose their glow. You are billeted, ticketed, described, classified and understood. You will do nothing after 50 that can surprise us. Your style may become more polished; your art finer, but you have done.

In Society.

As the World Wags:

You may remember that I obtained in New York last fall a new swallow tail coat, trousers and waistcoat to go with it, and two white waistcoats, for the purpose of lecturing this season. I was measured for the suit, sir. It was not ready-made, in spite of the whispers of certain envious and flatulent rivals. I may also say that the suit becomes me and as Zerlina sings in "Fra Diavolo" before the looking-glass, my figure is not much amiss.

Although I am not addicted to social diversions, as balls, receptions, formal dinners, for any pleasure to be derived therefrom, I am often seen in the parlors and at the dining tables of our "best people" and numbered among the prominent guests at functions in clubs and public halls, for I feel it my duty as an earnest student of sociology—we are all students till we die, and perhaps afterwards—to collect material for my colossal work, even at great personal discomfort. My new suit has been a comfort to me, and yet of late an irregularity in dress has caused me mortification.

The Fatal Sleeve.

When I was at college I was never wholly fortunate in the matter of dress. Did I wear a new suit, of good material and well cut? Either my boots yawned or were run down at the heel, or my hat excited the impudent questioning of observing boys in the street. Since then I never have been completely and at the same time well dressed. Often when men and women gazed at me admiringly, I was conscious of the fact that my linen shirt, immaculate in front, was nothing but rags behind; or as I shot a cuff with a sweeping and romantic gesture I saw that it was cracked and black at the rim. But in last December I thought that I was fully equipped; that there was no out; even my white gloves fitted me.

Alas, for the pride of man! On the 7th of January as I was conversing with an English visitor, a lady with a commanding and aristocratic nose—her grandfather was a Bishop and her deceased husband was an Honorable Something or other—I saw her eyes fixed on my left coat sleeve. To my horror the sleeve of my undershirt had crawled down beyond the linen cuff. I at once called the Hon. Mrs. Arabella Blank's attention to an impressionistic water color and coined an epigram, while I poked the sleeve up my arm. The sleeve obstinately returned, as though it wished to see the sights, the company, especially the Lady Arabella.

Naturally sensitive and shy, I left the house. Some days afterwards I heard that the Hon. Mrs. Blank had asked why all distinguished sociologists were careless in their dress.

I write you on the 20th. For 18 days I have not been able to prevent my undershirt sleeves from crawling out upon my wrists. In the morning I turn them back above the elbow. I have pinned them back with safety pins. One morning I glued a sleeve with mucilage. I

[illegible] the [illegible] con's pleas- [illegible] hen to no [illegible]. As I write, the sleeve looks up at [illegible] to add that this is not [illegible] of Jan. 7.

In my youth I read about the shirt of [illegible]; how it brought Hercules to his [illegible] and apotheosis. Some have [illegible] that this shirt prefigured the [illegible] abomination to which we all [illegible], but what is the poisonous shirt [illegible] Nessus to the diabolically refractory [illegible]tsleeve that brings humiliation [illegible]rse than death?

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Blossom court.

Two Questions.

[illegible]s the World Wags:

Will you kindly tell me who Helda [illegible], or is? I have heard recently [illegible] about "Helda's apples, which keep alive [illegible] God in one." I am nonplussed. I [illegible] quite sure that she does not work in [illegible] department store.

[illegible]d why, please, do I continually find [illegible] "tasie" instead of "fantaisie" on [illegible]cal programs? As well as I can [illegible] out the former word does not exist [illegible] the French tongue.

QUAEREUS.

[illegible]ston, Jan. 19.

[illegible] regret to say we do not know [illegible]a. Is it cheaper to buy her apples [illegible] barrel? At present we are pay- [illegible] cents apiece for apples that [illegible] often disappointing.

Program French and hotel bill-of-fare [illegible] are alike wonderful. "Fanta- [illegible]" is not French, but it has been an [illegible]cepted variant in English of "fan- [illegible]." Thus in Morley's "Introduction [illegible] Music" (1597) we find: "The chiefest [illegible] k which is made without [illegible] is the fantasie, that is, when [illegible] man taketh a point at his pleas- [illegible] and wresteth and turneth it as he [illegible]." So Playford in 1674 spoke of "fan- [illegible]s."

Miss Frieda Hempel as Rosina.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Mr. Moran- [illegible] conducted.

[illegible] D'A [illegible]	Mr. McCormack
[illegible]	Mr. Tavecchia
[illegible]	Frieda Hempel
[illegible]	Mr. Fornari
[illegible]	Mr. Marcoux
[illegible]	Mr. Pulcini
[illegible]	Miss Leveroni

What a pleasure it was to hear oper- [illegible] music again! Not "realistic" music; [illegible] "atmospheric" music; not "psycho- [illegible]" music; but real music that flows [illegible]ntaneously, music that came without [illegible]ht or labor nearly a hundred years [illegible] from one of the great melodists [illegible] the world.

And here is an opera that does not [illegible] on elaborate stage settings, rich [illegible], or even a famous coloratura [illegible]. Many years ago I saw a per- [illegible] of Rossini's opera in a little [illegible] theatre. The orchestra was [illegible] and not made up of virtuosos. The singers were not conspicuous. Rosina sang some simple song in the [illegible] scene. But the singers were born [illegible]comedians. They sang, as the orchestra [illegible] with gusto. The audience—each [illegible] there knew the music by heart— [illegible] with them and was sympathetic. [illegible] we all remembered gratefully the [illegible] of Rossini.

A[illegible] pleasure in hearing this [illegible] comes from reminiscences and [illegible]isons. Was there ever a Rosina like Adelina Patti? But it is not neces- [illegible] to go back so far. Many women have delighted audiences in Boston by the archness of their coquetry and by the beauty of their song. Was there ever a fairer apparition of youthfulness, grace and high spirits than Lydia Lip- [illegible]?

[illegible] we all have seen and heard within the last 20 years women who [illegible] to be light footed, fresh and kittenish in spite of the respectable [illegible] of flesh that encourage the [illegible]pathy of middle age. They were [illegible]tigable; they ran runs and trilled [illegible], but the runs and trills were not [illegible] and slighter years, [illegible] Rosina was the elder and more [illegible] than the sorely tried countess in "[illegible] Marriage of Figaro."

[illegible] night Miss Frieda Hempel sang [illegible] first time in Boston. Fortunate- [illegible] she came before she was bul- [illegible] her voice was traditional. [illegible] itself is a fine one. It is warm [illegible] register and of pleasing [illegible] the upper part. It is a voice [illegible] compass: it is smooth and the [illegible] are even. Miss Hempel is wide- [illegible] as a coloratura singer, but [illegible] more than that. Her ex- [illegible] register is brilliant, but [illegible] the expense of the other tones. [illegible] bravura measures her staccato is [illegible] and of flawless intonation. [illegible] might be much better. Her [illegible] are smooth, without gaps in a- [illegible] or descending passages. She [illegible] with rare and delightful ease.

[illegible]tative she has the requisite flu- [illegible] and lightness. She gave both mu- [illegible] rhetorical emphasis. In sus-

[illegible] face [illegible] to [illegible] a face that [illegible] not merely a mask with [illegible] of a ballet dancer. She carries [illegible] gracefully, she is not extrava- [illegible] gesture, she knows the value of [illegible] that is still significant. Her [illegible] was not a hoyden, not a simp- [illegible] coquette. Many singers forget that Dr. Bartolo's ward was a girl of fam- ily [illegible] bred. This Rosina had a sense [illegible], she was coquettish, petulant, [illegible] but never a soubrette.

In the lesson scene Miss Hempel sang Arditi's "Il Bacio," and the old waltz revived memories of celebrated singers, of voices long ago choked by dust, of the composer who came here in the forties with the Havana Company and was for many years the great visiting operatic leader.

Mr. McCormack's oily, beautiful and flexible voice is admirably suited to the florid music of the Count. In the opening air he fell for a moment below the true pitch, but after that his sing- ing was delightful. Rather stiff and with perfunctory gesturing in the first act, he did not overdo the drunken entrance, and as the singing teacher he displayed unexpected lightness. His treatment of recitative was especially happy. In the singing lesson he had the courtesy to abstain from idle and silly tricks as the accompanist; tricks in which certain tenors have indulged for the sake of exciting foolish laughter to the injury of those who took the part of Rosina.

Mr. Marcoux's Don Basilio is as [illegible] as it was last year. It is a pleasure to hear him again in music that is within his natural vocal range. The impersonation is strongly marked, not wholly free, however, from exag- geration, and there was too much "detail" in the interpretation of Rossini's noble air.

Mr. Tavecchia's Don Bartolo was, as ever, admirable. Mr. Fornari's Chatty Figaro is well known in Boston. He was loudly applauded after his animated and voluble performance of "Largo al factotum."

The opera on Wednesday night will be "I Gioielli della Madonna," with the cast of the first night.

CECILIA LOFTUS AT B. F. KEITH'S

Clever Imitations of Popular Actors Chief Feature of the Bill.

W. F. A.

Cecilia Loftus—it was Cissie Loftus when she first appeared in Boston at the Music Hall back in 1895—is once again in Boston, playing a limited engage- ment of one week as the head-liner of the B. F. Keith bill. In her tremen- dously successful stage career Miss Loftus has jumped from the music hall and vaudeville to the playing of Shake- spearean roles and even to the singing of grand opera, and back again several times. She has been Marguerite in Sir Henry Irving's production of "Faust," Viola in E. H. Sothern's "Twelfth Night" and Ophelia in "Hamlet." She was successful, too, in all of them, but Miss Loftus each time returns to the vaudeville stage, finding that it gives the best scope for her remarkable versa- tility and skill in mimicry.

Several years ago Miss Loftus was credited with declaring in Chicago that Boston audiences were the coldest and most difficult to entertain of any before which she had ever appeared. Last night she was given a warm welcome and the audience was genuinely en- thusiastic over her true imitations of noted stage folk. And, as the crowning masterpiece, she concluded with an imi- tation of Maude Allan in some of the latter's Grecian dancing, appearing upon the stage in flowing robes of white with bared feet and legs. Imitations appar- ently have no limitation for Miss Loftus.

It would be difficult to put one's finger upon any one of her several numbers and declare that particular one to be superior to the others. They were all too excellent to make any com- parison possible. Jane Cowl's big scene in "Within the Law," one of New York's successes, was perhaps the most serious of Miss Loftus's work and it afforded her ample opportunity to show her own emotional ability. In a scene in the "Chorus Lady," Miss Loftus imitating to the most minute detail every word, every move, every facial expression of Rose Stahl. Formerly Miss Loftus included a bit of Sarah Bernhardt in her work, but this time she is imitating Miss Elsie Janis in the latter's interpretation of how the divine Sarah would sing "Everybody's Doing It." And that was one of Miss Loftus's biggest hits. Nora Bayes singing "When Mother was a Girl," Bert Williams playing a game of poker; and Carrie DeMar in "Lonesome [illegible]" were Miss Loftus's other imi- tations.

There are a lot of other [illegible] things

[illegible] After the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] "The [illegible]" [illegible] Miss Pollard [illegible] Murphy's Home [illegible] [illegible] in Harrigan [illegible] Dan Quinlan and Vic [illegible] "[illegible] Quack Dentist" made [illegible] for [illegible] and for the audience.

Charles Cartmell and Laura Harris, [illegible] clever and graceful dancers, received the same cordial reception that always awaits their Boston appear- ance. Marie Fenton, the melody maid [illegible] several songs most admirably, and her five changes of costumes gave the gentler portion of the audience— and any others that might be inter- ested—an opportunity to see the latest in toilettes.

The Three Gladdenbecks in gymnastic work and Lew Wells, an added starter, in monologue and saxophone solos pro- vided the opening numbers, while one of the biggest acts came last in the eques- trienne exhibition by the great Wirth family, headed by Miss May Wirth, the 17-year-old young Australian girl, who, although handicapped by stage limitations, showed that she is fully entitled to rank as the most wonderful equestrienne of the time. She performs, upon her beautiful horses, feats that none others of her sex undertake.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"The Lion and the Mouse," a play in four acts by Charles Klein, staged by William C. Walsh. Special engagement of Miss Grace Elliston. The cast:

John Burkett Ryder	William J. Florence
Jefferson Ryder, his son	Dudley Hawley
Judge Rossmore	Hubert Pierce
Hon. Fitzroy Bagley	William C. Walsh
[illegible] Roberts	Charles Asbe
Ex-Judge Stott	Henry Gr[illegible]y
Rev. Pontifex Deetle	Sydney D[illegible]dley
Shirley	Miss Grace E[illegible]
Mrs. Rossmore	Miss Emily Vaughan
Mrs. John Burkett Ryder	Miss Mary Grey
Kate Roberts	Miss Beth Franklyn

"BUNTY" AT THE MAJESTIC

MAJESTIC THEATRE—First per- formance in Boston of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," a comedy in three acts by Graham Moffat.

H. M.

Bunty Biggar	Miss Molly Pearson
Rab Biggar	Edmund Beresford
Susie Simpson	Miss Vera Pole
Tammas Biggar	Ethelbert Hales
W[illegible]um Sprunt	Sanderson Moffat
Helen Dunlop	Miss Amy Singleton
Teenie Dunlop	Miss Margaret Nybloe
Jeems Gibbs	J. E. MacGregor
Maggie Mercer	Miss Marjorie Davidson
Dan Birrell	Leonard Booker

The first production of this play in America occurred on Oct. 10, 1911, at the Comedy Theatre, New York, and the cast of the present production in Boston is with a few exceptions the original one. Since October a year ago "Bunty" has enjoyed a career of un- dimmed success in New York and in the West, and the reception it met with last evening was marked by every sign of approval and enjoyment.

Simplicity in dramatic material and Victorian costumes certainly seem to constitute the trappings of success these days. We are blessed here in Boston at the present moment with no less than three plays which come out strong for the fashions of a generation or two ago and which indeed run the gamut of hoop skirts and bustles, not to be so low as to mention occasional flashes of pantalettes. And of simple themes there have been any number among the plays of the last year or two. "Bunty Pulls the Strings" possesses all these charms, and in addition its characters are very cleverly drawn, its lines are full of a most delightful humor and its material, if not essentially dramatic, is at least dramatically handled. The sit- uations are obvious and many of the occurrences of the play are foregone conclusions; but in each such case the interest is preserved by some whimsical little turn in the manner of doing of the thing which the audience is expecting to be done.

There is nothing particularly engross- ing about the plot of "Bunty." It is merely the story of how a very modern young lady—almost too modern for the period one might say—manipulates the affairs of an old fashioned family in such wise that a scheming and venom- ous maiden aunt is discomfited, a stern parent is softened toward his some- what wayward offspring, a family calamity is averted and three loving couples are started fairly on the road toward that bourne whence so many travelers return, the holy estate of matrimony. It is in the character draw- ing that the interest in "Bunty" lies, and in the constant stream of quizzical Scotch humor that follows the move- ment of the play.

But it is difficult to distinguish the point at which the excellent character drawing of Mr. Moffat leaves off and the excellent characterization of the company begins. The praise probably belongs equally to both, but, however that may be it is certainly true that rarely does a more capable company of players come to reward the [illegible] watcher of Boston theatr[illegible].

[illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible] [illegible] ng and y[illegible] [illegible] part [illegible] quite incon[illegible] [illegible] Ber[illegible] [illegible] whose [illegible] [illegible]siveness were the [illegible] An[illegible] yet the [illegible] of everyone in [illegible] [illegible]leton and Miss Pole were delig[illegible] in their respective parts.

The cast as a whole deserves a [illegible] of praise for excellent enunciation and [illegible] delivery of the lines, which might [illegible] been rendered very obscure by the [illegible] rolling burr of the dialect.

MRS. FISKE AT HOLLIS STREET

"The High Road" Is a Pilgrim-

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First production in Boston of "The High Road," called by its author "a pil- grimage in five parts," by Edward Sheldon. Cast:

[illegible]

Winfield Barnes	Fr[illegible]k [illegible]
Alan Wilson	Herbert D. D[illegible]
[illegible]n Stephen Maddock	Ar[illegible]
Silas Page	[illegible]
Harvey Lawrence	[illegible]
Martin Denison	Lewi[illegible]
Cornelius Murray	George F[illegible]
Leslie Farley	Joseph [illegible]
Joseph Kenyon	Frederick Van R[illegible]
Mary Page	Mrs. F[illegible]

Mrs. Fiske never does anything that is not characteristic, original. If she should go out for a most commonplace stroll, she would do it in a way that would surely be interesting. So when she takes a pilgrimage on a high road that brings her into strange and sur- prising adventures, it is inevitable that many spectators will eagerly watch her course. This alone would account for the large audience that followed her surprising journey at the Hollis last night.

As usual, they admired her superb art- ing, and, led by the charm of her per- sonality and the subtlety of her art, they suffered or rejoiced with her in keen sympathy amid her changing situa- tions. Yet they went along and at last away with mixed feelings, for she was accompanied by a mixed lot of compan- ions, and the things that happened to her were passing strange.

Daughter of a hard-hearted, slave- driving farmer, she dreams dreams, as she feeds the pigs and when a rich young artist comes along and lures her with talk of the glorious world be- yond the hills, she just goes along with him, when he says come. That's sur- prise No. 1.

They live together unmarried for three years in a beautiful Riverside Drive apartment, but the inast[illegible] on the walls, the grand piano (out of ture, by the way) and all the other costly fittings stifle her, for she has taken to reading Karl Marx. So she refuses to marry Alan Wilson and goes to work in a shirt factory. Surprise No. 2.

She organizes the girl workers, be- comes a great woman labor leader and gets passed at Albany a wonderful bill for their betterment. While lobbying for her cause she wins the heart of Gov. Barnes, who was a farmer boy once, and knew her when she tended pigs. When he asks her to marry him she tells him of Alan Wilson and he goes all to pieces, while she starts to go away, vowing she is disappointed in him. In a second he changes his mind, bids her stay and they embrace. Sur- prise No. 3, that the man should be so weak and strong in the same instant.

Barnes is nominated for President and a few days before election, Maddock, a wicked editor, whose "chain of papers" is kept going by profits from cigar fac- tories where women and girls are en- slaved, tries to blackmail him into doing his will by threatening to expose Mrs. Barnes's life with Alan Wilson. Barnes in the presence of his campaign leaders first bravely says he'll tell Maddock to "go to hell." At her husband's sugges- tion Mrs. Barnes first tries to lie out of the Wilson entanglement, but finally, cornered, she owns up and her can- didate husband slumps all in a heap again. Surprise No. 4.

The lady braces up her tottering hus- band, sends him off to speak at Madi- son Square Garden, calls in Maddock, dictates into a phonograph while he listens to a statement to the country exposing the low-down editor's motives and the source of his tainted income and the only strong man so far in the whole pilgrimage weakens and with draws all his threats. Surprise No. 5.

When her shaken husband re[illegible] from his speech he takes back all [illegible] hard things he said to her before [illegible] in the bravery of despair [illegible] happy in their love [illegible] [illegible]w she be[illegible] Ma[illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]use for de[illegible]pair [illegible]

...uks like great ... won't repine ... over t... children, because ... has h... ...ise No. 6 at the ch...n... ..., an author who confes...s that ... ...ibits a supposedly strong man ... overgrown baby.

Mrs. Fiske portrays the dreams, the hopes, the disappointments, the bravery the firmness, the ever cheerful optimism of Mary Page with her accustomed charm, repressed emotion and subtle suggestion.

Mr Perry has an impossible task to make Barnes seem a real man of flesh and blood, and he naturaly does not accomplish the impossible.

Mr. Blyron exhibits quiet power and refreshing strength of character and by his complete art makes the wicked editor admirable because he is alive.

The other characters are capably set forth particularly that of Mary Page's skin-flint father by Mr. Bowker ... naturalness, not suffi...ent ... ...n the humor. Mr. Yorke suffers somewhat in matters of pure diction, yet his Marlowe possessed delightful charm. There was not an item of theatricality in his inconstant bashfulness. Mr. Westley is a refreshing actor, unhampered by artifice. Even so small a part as Hastings he flavored with invigorating graciousness. Miss Paget presented a rather inarticulate Mrs. Hardcastle, who emphasized entirely the impulses of a doting mother. Miss Goodwin was a pleasure to the eye.

The comedy was adequately mounted. There is a judicious omission of massiveness in the settings and appointments.

Altogether, an admirable revival that deserves a larger attendance than the one that evidenced approval last evening.

ANNIE RUSSELL

SHUBERT THEATRE: First appearance in Boston of Miss Annie Russell's Old English Comedy Company in Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer."

St. J. P.

Sir Charles Marlow	Thomas F. Fallon
Young Marlow	Oswald Yorke
Hardcastle	Fred W. Permain
Hastings	John Westley
Tony Lumpkin	George Giddens
Mrs. Hardcastle	Ffolliott Paget
Kate Hardcastle	Annie Russell
Constance Neville	Henrietta Goodwin
Dolly	Katherine Clarendon

Within the last two or three years, praise be to those who deserve it, there has been no disheartening dearth of interesting plays, a hopelessly distorted taste on the part of audiences to the contrary notwithstanding. Strangely enough, together with this appreciable fertility in matters theatrical, there has grown up the practice of reviving old plays, classical, standard or otherwise. In consequence it would seem that, in order to deserve commendation, a revival should possess qualities other than the mere extrinsic merit of being a revival.

Thus Miss Annie Russell and her old English Comedy Company who brought Goldsmith's delightful farce to the Shubert last evening, would scarcely be satisfied with misdirected praise for essaying the revival. There is no great virtue in that fact alone. "She Stoops to Conquer" can scarcely fail to please despite the inflexible style of its dialogue. It is out of date in that respect alone. True, it is dressed in old fashioned clothes; yet that should delight our modern folk. The broad element of farce that is in it smacks of modernity. Besides, it is so human in its hardy characterization, in its wholesome, honest merit that even Dr. Johnson was wont to laugh at it, and "when he laughed, everybody thought himself entitled to roar."

And so it is that Miss Russell and her company are to be commended not alone for the revival, but for the pleasurable way in which the play is presented. Many names, associated with the play are traditional only with the younger generation. We have many of us, heard tell of John Gilbert, Burton, Lester Wallack, Ada Dyas, and that so frequently that we can almost fancy having seen them. And so we could tell only from hearsay whether or not the players in the present existance carry out the best traditions of the parts.

Absolutely, the impersonations were enjoyable in the extreme. Somehow the entire cast contrived to enter into the spirit of the comedy—no small task for those unaccustomed to this method of presentation. Miss Russell's Kate was most commendable for her refined pleasantry. There was just the proper archness, the coy pertness in her conception. But Kate was a vivacious flirt, saucy and piquant. Probably Miss Russell conceives her to be more moderate in her reserve, less impulsive. In consequence there was not in the impersonation the quantum of spontaneity that one could wish. For the rest, it was a privilege to note the delicate distinction of her delivery. Few actresses are gifted with such beauty of diction as is the happy asset of Miss Russell. Probably there was in it an over-amount of modulation. That comes of the frequent conventional reading of Shakespeare. But it was negligible when offset by the other beauties of the characterization.

Tony Lumpkin was perfect. No more pleasurable bit of comedy has been seen in Boston for many a day. Mr. Giddens is one of the old school, an actor of consummate resourcefulness. There was no hardness, no coarseness to his humor. And that is praise unstinted, for Tony, after all, was only a boarish country clown, a clumsy nobleman. How free he was from artifice, how rollicking, with his irrepressible animal spirits! How irresistible his laughter was, yet how unuproarous! A boyish rogue was this Tony, with an exalted opinion of his own low cunning and jolly, good-natured face. A wonderful creation in every respect by an admirable actor, the like of whom is seldom seen in this heddày of mimicry and convention.

The Hardcastle of Mr. Permain was an adequate presentation, perfect in its technical execution. Yet, somehow it lacked soul. If Mr. Permain were a French actor we should say that he possessed the methods of the "Conservatoire." There was an appreciable lack of sincerity in his impersonation. There was not the adequate amount of

PRIZE PLAY AT CASTLE SQUARE

Webber

"Believe Me, Xantippe," by John

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—First performance of the third Harvard prize play, "Believe Me Xantippe," a comedy in four acts by John Frederick Ballard.

George McFarland	John Craig
Arthur Sole	Wilson Melrose
Thornton Brown	George Henry Trader
Buck Kammon	Walter Walker
Sam Calloway	Donald Meek
Wren Rigley	Al. Roberts
Martha	Mabel Colcord
Violet	Laurette Brown
Dolly Kammon	Mary Young

Mr. Ballard, as winner of the Harvard Prize contest, proved himself a dramatist of real merit. The play was replete with quick action, and more than held the attention of the audience, whose ready appreciation of the play is sufficient indication that it will have a good run.

The plot was ingenious, fit material for adroit situation. The first act dragged despite the interpretation of Mr. Craig, and the second act, although exhibiting a knowledge of rapid action, was streaked with frequent repetition and incredible sequence of event. The last two acts were filled with good dialogue and situation which raised the whole play to a point beyond the usual amateurish attempt at modern drama.

"Believe Me Xantippe" is a series of adventures enacted by McFarland, a wealthy New Yorker, who declares that he can evade the officers of the law for a period of a year and goes to the extent of betting his lawyer and a detective friend $30,000 that such a thing is possible. The following three acts follow McFarland through a maze of episodes wherein he is captured by a Colorado sheriff's daughter when he says "Believe me Xantippe," and is placed in custody with another Western outlaw. Of course something happens to his friends and the supposed thief is sentenced with a sentence in Sing Sing. The play has a very clever ending wherein McFarland fails to escape through the aid of the girl and is brought back from a neighboring picket where a broncho has thrown him. He wins his bet, much to the chagrin of his friends, who leave him to ask the little girl who both captured and freed him to marry him. Then the curtain goes down.

Mr. Craig's characterization of the versatile McFarland was equal to a part demanding varied action and supreme comedy relief. The love parts shaded with the ridiculous of situation gave him ample opportunity to display his understanding of such a complex character. How the part of Dolly as played by Mary Young could have been bettered would be difficult to see. The dramatist was fortunate in having so experienced an actress as Miss Young to bring out the practical firm side of the character without losing a bit of that innate womanly instinct. Wilson Melrose and George Trader seemed adequate to the half playful mannerisms of two New Yorkers. Walter Walker, as the sheriff, played in a creditable manner. Al Roberts as the jailer introduced an unusually good bit of farcical acting. Certainly he gave the jail scene a substantial lift. The rest of the characters fulfilled the best anticipations.

Mr. Ballard's reticence in not appearing upon repeated curtain calls from his Harvard friends was answered in a short speech from Mr. Craig himself. The play bears prophecy of more than ordinary prize-play success.

Jan 22 1913

Mr. Johnson walks under the chandelier, bows to some of the guests, and at last finds a suitable subject for his experiment; he holds in his hand for a long time a woman's hand.

"Dear Madam; you have a beautiful skin. You should be proud of it." As he says this he draws a magnifying glass out of his pocket.

"But look!"

Through the glass they see deep ruts, marks as big as stones in the roadside, navigable veins, weed-like hairs, dark blotches—and what is this tiny point that moves?

Mr. Johnson is careful to say nothing that would offend Mrs. Ferguson. He puts the ...ass in his pocket, presses her ... last time, presses it discreetly, and ... the room.

"Them Molasses."

Mr. William Boone Eldred, who died a few days ago in the Greenwood district of Wakefield, robust and active at the age of 87, an intrepid bicyclist and a good all-round outdoor man, attributed his vitality and strength to molasses. He said that for years he often ate a gallon a week. Others say that he ate it on all his food, but this is perhaps an exaggeration.

When we were young, molasses was worth eating. It was black and thick. It crawled out of the molasses pitcher's mouth. This pitcher was decorated; sometimes the design was a bunch of flowers; sometimes a barking dog; sometimes a cat cleaning its face. We poured molasses on thick slices of buttered bread; on griddle cakes of all kinds; on waffles; on oatmeal; on fried hasty pudding. And in those days we ate enormously of boiled hasty pudding. We dug a hole in the middle of the mass and then poured molasses into it as into a cup. Did not Benjamin Franklin give careful directions concerning this excavation and filling? Is not this method of eating hasty pudding commended in Joel Barlow's poem? We have not read "The Hasty Pudding" for many years. Barlow wrote it at Chambery in Savoy. Instead of remembering the romance of Louisa Eleanora de Warrens and Rousseau, and writing sentimentally about them, he sang the praise of his country's dish.

Yet there was always good eating at Chambery, although hasty pudding was unknown to the natives. We remember a supper there 34 years ago. The inn was a humble one, but the bed was comfortable. There were only two men at table. The landlord served a thick soup, fish just caught in the lake, the inevitable chicken and salad, but a wonderful chicken, and cheese, and a bottle of Beaune. The bed sheets were coarse, but they were scented with lavender. We had read "Rousseau's "Confessions" and remembered Mme. de Warrens, but we would not have left table or bed to see her though she were then passing in the street and lighted by a torch with pomp and ceremony.

A Departed Glory.

"Them molasses!" Ichabod, Ichabod! the glory is departed. There is no molasses now in New England like the molasses of the Sixties. There is a thin, brown, or yellowish fluid, that is called by the proud name, but it is a delusion and a snare. Rum and molasses was once a drink for pirates and other heroes. Rum and syrup is a mockery, fit only for weaklings. "Black strap" is no longer black. Nor were we deterred as boys by awful tales concerning the manufacture: how negroes with their naked feet, etc. Hearing these stories, we gave the molasses pitcher a deeper tilt, and the sticky stuff was all the sweeter.

Of Proud Descent.

And Mr. Eldred was descended from Daniel Boone, as though that were not sufficient glory!

Of all men saving Sylla the man slayer,
Who passes for in life and death most lucky,
Of the great names which in our faces stare,
The General Boon, back-woodsman, of Kentucky,
Was happiest amongst mortals anywhere;
For killing nothing but a bear or buck, he
Enjoy'd the lonely, vigorous, harmless days
Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

Byron spelled the name without the final "e". It matters little: the great question is did Boone pour molasses on his bear meat and venison? Perhaps his autobiography would tell us, but it is not now on our desk or on a handy shelf.

From Ireland.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Joseph M. Sullivan in an admirable article, "Police Gleanings," September number, 1912, Journal of Criminal Laws and Criminology, Chicago, has given us the best essay on police conditions and the underworld that has appeared for some time; he is considered by competent judges to be one of the best informed men on the habits and characteristics of thieves in the United States. He knows the real underworld as few know it, not the fictitious one that exists only in the vivid imagination of newspaper men. In that valuable little book "Criminal Slang" we find this expression: "Irish slum, cheap jewelry that turns green." Perhaps this is akin to the expression "fawney man." The word "phony" is evidently Irish because "phony" or a similarly sounding term has been in vogue among Irish people for generations and was used by the late Barry and Fay in stage expressions. Perhaps Mr. Sullivan can be induced to enlighten us.

Cambridge. PHILIP J. LIBBY.

We have ahead quoted from Mr. Sullivan's pamphlet the cant term "phony monica," and some months ago we reviewed the pamphlet at length. We still believe that "phony" is a corruption of "fawney," which, as has already been stated, was derived from an Irish word.

Thirteen.

The Thirteen Club should paste in its scrapbook the statement of a London newspaper of 1776 that the American rebels of 13 colonies considered 13 a lucky number. The newspaper ...d... that returned naval prisoners had made this statement. "13 dried clams were a rebel's daily ration, Washington had 13 toes, and in each jaw 13 teeth the regular rebel army family comprised 13 children, each expecting to become a general at the age of 13, and 13 American paper dollars were worth one penny sterling."

COPELAND GIVES THIRD RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

George Copeland gave his third recital of the season last night in ordan Hall. The program was as follows:

Mattheson, Air, Menuet; Scarlatti, Capriccio; Mozart, Adagio from Sonata No. VI.; Beethoven, Sonata "Appassionata"; Moussorgsky, Tableaux d'une Exposition, No. VI; Debussy, Clair de lune, Le petit Berger, le vent dans la plaine, Cathedrale Engloutie, La Danse de Puck, la Soiree dans Granade; Albeniz, Zartzico; Groulez, Recuerdos.

When a pianist gains a reputation as a player of Chopin or Liszt he is called by some a specialist, and they shake wise heads, and say: "I cannot imagine him playing a sonata by Beethoven." If the pianist is known as a sympathetic player of Debussy's music, there are persons—pianists among them—who say: "Yes, he has a pretty touch, but in Debussy's music it doesn't matter what notes are struck. Can you think of X as an interpreter of Bach or Beethoven?" There are pianists who play rigidly and in black and white music by Chopin. They are academic in their treatment of Liszt; to them the music of Debussy is a stumbling block and therefore they dub this poetically impressionistic music, "decadent" or "degenerate," although they may admit an Arabesque, as comparatively sane—and also easy—on their programs. If you accuse them of dryness and awkwardness when they play modern music, their friends promptly answer, "You should hear him play Beethoven's sonatas."

Now one of the finest performances of the Waldstein sonata heard in this city was by that remarkable colorist Vladimir de Pachmann. Some stony-hearted and hide-bound conservatives objected to the interpretation because it was "romantic." As though Beethoven were not pre-eminently romantic!

Last evening Mr. Copeland, known as a "specialist," a "Debussyite," gave a carefully considered, finely proportioned, wholly admirable interpretation of the "Appassionata." While this interpretation was elastic, it was never too free. The expression of sentiment and emotion was beautiful and noble. Some have derived the idea from the title that this sonata is music of "Storm and Stress" character. They have not pondered the indications of the composer or the true character of the music. Passion is not necessarily spasmodic, explosive, raging. In the music of Beethoven as in that of Debussy, Mr. Copeland brought his exquisite touch and the spontaneity of an improvisator to the glorification of Beethoven, but the performance was not characterized solely by color and euphony. The structure was clearly revealed; there was breadth, there was rhythmic swing there was continuity of musical thought, and in the sentiment there was no taint of mawkishness or of preciosity.

Mattheson is known to us as the hot-headed writer of treatises, the biting satirist, the friend and for a time, the foe of Handel. We forget that he was a composer of reputation, and, like Hannibal, a pretty fellow in those days. The little Air and Minuet played last night were charming. Moussorgsky's tableau needed a program or a guide post of some sort. As absolute music, it said little.

The performance of the pieces by Scarlatti, Mozart and Debussy was worthy of Mr. Copeland, who is singularly fortunate in his treatment of miniatures, ancient and modern. The Spanish dances brought a triumphant close, but Spanish dances thus bedecked for a virtuoso's holiday quickly pall.

There was a large and warmly appreciative audience.

MME. LOFGREN'S RECITAL

Advanced pupils of Mme. de Berg-Lofgren gave an interesting song recital in Steinert Hall last night. The program included a trio from "William Tell," sung by Messrs. Caya, Cowlishaw and Carter, arias by Meyerbeer, Donizetti, Weber, Tschaikowsky and Bizet, and songs by Leoni, Salter, Gaul, G...dard, Alfven, Bengzon, Kjerulf, Grieg, Koerling, Fielitz, Stojowsky, Foote, Bemberg, Proch, Henschel, Chadwick, Coleridge-Taylor. The following pupils took part besides those above named. The Misses Margaret Shields, Edythe Wenmark, Edith Franklin, Margaret Blake, Mae Mills-Bell, Helene Lindahl, Lena Reynolds, Elsa Lindell, Mrs. Minnie G. Del Castillo, Messrs. Ernest Johnson and James C. Bell.

The concert gave much pleasure to a large audience and often reflected credit on teacher and pupils.

 Jan 20 1913

WOLF-FERRARI'S OPERA REPEATED

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna." Mr. [illegible] conducted.

[illegible]	Mr. Zenatello
[illegible]	Mme. Gay
[illegible]	Mme. Edvina
[illegible]	Mr. Marcoux
[illegible]	Mr. Giaccone
[illegible]	Mr. Cilla
[illegible]	Mr. Pulcini
Stella	Mme. Alciatore
[illegible]	Mme. De-Courcy
Concetta	Miss Sharlow
Grazia	Miss Galli
Totonno	Mr. Diaz

The second performance of Wolf-Ferrari's spectacular opera drew a large audience which gave frequent and hearty manifestations of pleasure. As The [illegible] predicted, this opera will be [illegible] and the reasons for this popularity are plain: the brilliance of the production, the beauty of the scenery, the bustle and din upon the stage, the [illegible] fascination of the folk [illegible].

The chief musical interest is the folk-song element. The native songs and those invented by the composer are delightful in themselves and are treated skilfully. The composer is less fortunate in the music written for the emotional scenes. There is little portrayal of character, and neither in the love [illegible] nor in the music for the melodrama does the composer express the [illegible] or the situation. The duet of the mother and son is dull, and the duet of the lovers in the second act is without sensuous beauty or burning passion. In this opera Wolf-Ferrari too often [illegible] noise for color, and the orchestration as a whole is disappointing. There is a monotony of bluster. The wonder still remains that the man who [illegible] "La Vita Nuova" and the early operas was willing to sign his name to "The Jewels of the Madonna."

Mr. Zenatello bears away the honors [illegible] performance. His impersonation [illegible] the [illegible] in the last act he is [illegible] effective; and he gives sin[illegible] to music that is inherently insin[illegible]. Mme. Gay again made something [illegible] of a thankless part. The part of [illegible] demands an actress of an in[illegible] emotional character and Mme. [illegible] is by nature a charming and [illegible] lyric singer. Mr. Marcoux [illegible] picaresque Rafaele.

WITEK-WARNKE

Mr. and Mrs. Witek and Mr. Warnke gave the second of their chamber concerts yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The assisting artists were Mr. [illegible], viola; Mr. Huber, bass; Messrs. Noack, Rissland and Havlicek, violins. The program was as follows:

Haydn, violin concerto, C-major, with original accompaniment of strings and piano; Bach, Sonata No. 1; Brahms, Variations and Fugue for piano on a theme by Handel; Schubert, Forellen quintet, A-major, op. 114.

Haydn's violin concerto was performed yesterday afternoon for the first time in Boston, and, it is said, for the first time in America. It was written about 1769 or 1770 for the composer's friend, Luigi Tomasini, first violin of the Esterhazy orchestra. The piece has both color and originality. The first movement is conventional in style and declamatory in mood. The second is of a more contemplative, almost elegiac, nature, with a well defined melody for the violin, effectively contrasted by the pizzicati of the accompanying strings. The last movement is [illegible] conventional.

Mr. Witek played brilliantly, with polished phrasing and conspicuous beauty of tone. He was admirably supported by Mr. Warnke and the assisting artists.

Mr Warnke's excellence as a 'cellist is well known to Boston concert-goers, and Bach's sonata was well chosen to display his musicianship.

A small audience was warmly appreciative.

The third and last concert will be on Feb. 12, at 3 o'clock, in Jordan Hall. The program includes Schumann's "Stuecke im Volkston," for 'cello and piano; Brahms-Joachim, "Ten Hungarian Dances"; Liszt, "Don Juan"; Phantasie, Saint-Saens, Septuor for strings, piano and trumpet.

The ashes of an oak in the chimney are no epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high or how large that was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what [illegible] hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless, too; it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldst not, as of a prince whom thou couldst not, [illegible] will trouble thine eyes, if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the churchyard into the

[illegible] and the [illegible] into [illegible] to sift [illegible] this is the [illegible] floor and this is the [illegible] the bolter, bran.

Strictly Personal.

Now that Mr. Vanni Marcoux has gained his second divorce, he will be recognized by all as a thorough artist, especially as he is looking for a "nice" American girl. Vanni, if we are not mistaken, is a poetical Italian term for pinions or wings. May Mr. Marcoux's third flight be more successful!

Many were surprised when Mr. Emil Paur was appointed conductor at the Royal Opera House in Berlin. Few were surprised on hearing that he has been forced to resign this position. It was rumored that his appointment was due to Richard Strauss, of whom Mr. Paur has long been an ardent admirer. The Emperor William, a keen and unerring critic in all aesthetic matters, did not like Mr. Paur's reading of "Carmen." He made disagreeable remarks—and disagreeable remarks sound worse in German than in English. Mr. Paur was well known as a conductor in Boston and a hen-fancier in Jamaica Plain. As a musician he has high ideals, although he insists on playing the piano in public. When he conducted the Boston Symphony orchestra he was respected as an honest, industrious, enthusiastic, sweating man. There were certain players then in the orchestra who disliked him and plotted against him. They misrepresented him and made his life a burden. As a conductor he was inclined to be boisterous, violent. He was not a conductor of finesse and nuances; but his reading of "Thus spake Zarathustra" and Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony has not been equalled by any of his successors.

King Nicholas of Montenegro has written a play, "The Empress of the Balkans," and it may be produced in London. Several German princes have composed music, and Johannes Brahms said of one to a friend: "You should always speak respectfully of music by a prince, for it is not always easy to know who wrote it."

Random Notes.

The white arabis, a low growing flower, dear to bees, is known round about Guilford in Surrey, England, as "Welcome - home - the - husband - be - he - never-so-drunk." Ah, the language of flowers! Is the night-blooming cereus to be associated with those dear familiar lines

> Remember the barkeeper never forgets
> To greet the old man with a smile

We rubbed our eyes when we read that "Deacon" Philippi, once the famous pitcher of the Pittsburg nine, is now a night worker in the Tarentum steel works. We were under the impression that renowned pitchers, after the arm was tired, adorned the legal profession or kept a billiard room merely for diversion, but were chiefly busied in cutting coupons. In England the glorious old pugilists were often landlords of pubs and prospered unless they were their own best customers. They sat in easy chairs and in narration again drank delight of battle with their peers. And now Mr. Philippi "carries a bucket and eats out of it during the half-hour allowed for supper." Let us hope that in a year or two, having mastered the business, he will be high in the councils of the trust. Then all strikers will certainly be out.

Puddin' and Poetry.

As the World Wags:

"Nature's great second course; chief nourisher in life's feast," said Macbeth of sleep. Our midday dinner in the village parsonage, aeons ago, was a first course, thus called, of meat and vegetables, and a second course, also thus called, of dessert. No spoon victuals have since been so good as the queen of puddings, with its sugar and white of egg covering browned by means of a red hot shovel carefully waved above it; cornstarch, yellow, sweet and thick, beneath a sweeter and thicker skin of its own growing; farina, white and delicate, enriched with cream, and the one-egg pudding with its sauce called "dip," a name reminiscent of the long gone simple days when all dipped their food in the common sauce dish, and of that earlier day when the Betrayer was indicated as "he that soppeth with me in the dish!" How palatable and filling was the first course, all on one plate and crisped by long heating in the oven while it awaited the return of the boy, wet and tired from fishing, an hour or so after the meal time! How delicious the double portion of the second course which followed the quickly dispatched solids! When on other days the boy has hastened homeward through the dewy gloom of Hossinger's meadow, while the little river, reflecting the cold, mysterious after sunset lights from on high, sang its vespers in a minor key not unmixed with sweetest, clearest flutings, as it flowed swiftly towards the invisible, tumbling dam breast, the inscrutable downy heavens seemed as if trembling in readiness to flush into sudden stars. Then it was that the lone, belated wanderers caught the cosmic secret of the poetry thundering through Milton's majestic blank verse. That high mood held till the village lights ap-

[illegible] and [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] me[illegible]

FESTUS

REVIVAL OF "THE RIVALS"

H. M.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Miss Annie Russell's Old English Comedy Company in a revival of "The Rivals," a comedy in five acts, by Sheridan.

Sir Anthony Absolute	Fred W. Permain
Captain Jack Absolute	Oswald Yorke
Faulkland	John Westley
Bob Acres	George Giddens
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Thomas F. Fallon
Fag	Harold Meltzer
David	Littledale Power
Mrs. Malaprop	Ffolliott Paget
Lydia Languish	Annie Russell
Julia	Henrietta Goodwin
Lucy	Katherine Clarendon

Sheridan's comedy is now almost 150 years old, and it was performed in New York within 12 years of its first production at Drury Lane. Since that time it has had innumerable performances in America, and its characters have been played—famously played—by many great actors and actresses whose names are now only memories. Joe Jefferson's Bob Acres and Mrs. John Drew's Mrs. Malaprop are probably the ones among these historic characterizations which achieved the greatest fame in their day.

It was Jefferson, indeed, who blew the dust of neglect from the covers of "The Rivals" and was responsible for the vogue which followed his revival of it in 1879. For this production he arranged the play in three acts instead of the original five and brought it more closely into harmony with modern taste —or what was then modern taste.

Miss Russell is using an arrangement in four acts, which we are told is designed to give more prominence to the star. That it does so is most fortunate, for Miss Russell's characterization is by far the most interesting in the play, and the moments when she is on the stage are all too few as it is.

"There is scarcely a more delightful play than 'The Rivals' when it is well acted," wrote Hazlitt, "or one that goes off more indifferently when it is not." This of course might be said with equal force of many plays but nevertheless the criticism remains strikingly true in this instance. Though a comedy there are many scenes in "The Rivals" which in modern performances at least, are apt to approach quite closely the border line of farce. Nothing is more essential to the success of farce—and in a large measure the same is true of comedy—than quickness of action, snap and go and the semblance of spontaneity. At least such is the theory of the present generation. Just how the comedy was performed under the direction of its author we cannot say but certainly a tradition of stateliness clings around classic comedy and we may suppose that this dates from the beginning, from the period of minuets and deep curtseys.

Moreover, taste in humor does not remain unchanged from generation to generation any more than taste in clothes or furniture or picture frames or table manners. And is it true that Mrs. Malaprop's linguistic errors appeal as strongly to the sense of humor of the present generation as to that of the last? No, it cannot be said that they do. We are all too much interested in freshness and novelty to be much amused by things we are familiar with and these lines of Mrs. Malaprop's were so good in their time that they are all parts of the language by now.

How, then, are we to reconcile the divergent demands of spontaneity and stateliness, and how make Mrs. Malaprop a source of real amusement? Probably it cannot be done. The performance of yesterday afternoon was an attempt in this direction, but the result was only a slight uncertainty as to the nature of the play. It did not move quickly, probably it cannot be made to, and yet there was a constant effort to make the most of the humor, even to the introduction of touches of farce. There are persons who are not afraid to look Debussy in the face and say that they really enjoy "Lucia," but that they would like it better if the music could be heard without the trappings of the stage. Perhaps we should like classic comedy better if it were heard without the humor. But since this is not a possibility, would it not be better to emphasize the stateliness, the old-fashioned charm of these comedies and pass over the humor with as light a touch as possible?

There were several very excellent characterizations in the performance of yesterday afternoon besides that of Miss Russell. Mr. Giddens was a very delightful Bob Acres in his way. Mr. Power was certainly funny as David, Mr. Yorke was a manly Captain Jack, and Mr. Westley an attractive and appropriate Faulkland. And yet the performance seemed to lack that spirit of

[illegible] the [illegible] to the performance [illegible]

Jan 24 1913

NEW WORKS IN LONGY RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

The Longy Club, assisted by Messrs. Noack, violin, Gietzen, viola; Warnke, 'cello, and Heim, trumpet, gave its second concert last evening in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Saint-Saens, Caprice on Danish airs for flute, oboe, clarinet and piano; Florent Schmitt, Lied and Scherzo for principal horn, piccolo, flute, oboe, English horn, two clarinets, horn and two bassoons, op. 54 (first time here); Weingartner, quintet for violin, viola, 'cello, clarinet and piano (first time here), Pierne, Pastorale Variee for flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, two bassoons and trumpet.

On account of the tardiness of a member, the quintet of Weingartner was played before Schmitt's composition. This quintet was first performed in Berlin on Dec. 13, 1911. On Dec. 20 of the same year, it was played in Cincinnati. It is a strange composition, and the hearer is led to believe that Weingartner must have had a definite program in his mind. The first movement is passionate, with a passion that now smoulders and now rages.

The chief cantabile theme narrowly escapes the reproach of commonness, and this might be said of many themes that are effective. The removal of this reproach by some unexpected turn in the melodic line or by some unexpected harmonic device, distinguishes the man of talent from the mere maker of tunes.

This first movement is interesting throughout by reason of its swing and passion. The second, tempo di minuetto, is singular in its harmonic thought and has unusual character. There is no deliberate attempt to be archaic, but measures in the ancient style are side by side with those that are ultra-modern. It is a fascinating movement, one that makes an immediate impression and is remembered gratefully.

The third, an Adagio, is long, and much of it is in mystical spirit. The opening at once arrests the attention The song theme brings the hearer to earth by its agreeable sensuousness. The mood is changed by a curious and long episode in the Hungarian manner. Then there is a return to mysticism The Finale is the most perfunctory and least interesting of the movements.

The quintet is a work that increases respect for Weingartner as a composer. Here and there the reminiscence hunter may point a finger and say: "Ha" but the music as a whole is original and ingenious, with many pages of genuine beauty and emotion The clarinet is not abused as a solo instrument Indeed, the violin, 'cello and viola have more important phrases, and the clarinet is used for color. A composition for the chamber, it often seems as though it were thought for the orchestra.

Florent Schmitt, born in Lorraine, a prix de Rome, a man now 42 years old, is not wholly unknown here. His Rapsodie Viennoise for orchestra was played in March of last year by Mrs. Hall's orchestra and one of his compositions was heard recently at an Opera House concert. He is of the ultra-modern school and this Lied with Scherzo, written in 1910, proves it.

The piece did not leave a definite impression. There were measures of quiet beauty, as at the close, but much of it seemed laboriously contrived and ineffectively eccentric.

The pieces by Saint Saens and Pierne were familiar. Their inherent charm has not grown old and stale.

The performance was admirable throughout. The members of the club and those assisting were united in the bonds of art. An audience of good size was duly appreciative. The third and last concert of this, the 13th season, will be on Thursday evening, March 6.

MR. HAWTHORNE'S RECITAL

Ernest Hawthorne, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue; Beethoven, Sonata, op. 28; Chopin, Waltz in E minor, prelude in D minor, Nocturne in E major, Barcarolle; Debussy, Ballade; Paderewski, Cracovienne Fantastique; Liszt, Hungarian Rhapsody. There was a small audience.

Mr. Hawthorne is a young man of respectable technical attainments who is musically well intentioned. Yesterday afternoon he played with the correctness and rigidity [illegible] which left much to [illegible]

entary and the pieces as p[illegible] in were heard in detail rather [illegible] whole. As an interpreter he was acid and disposed to treat the composers phlegmatically, not as a skilful florist

Shirt: Man's sleeved under-garment worn under cloth clothes, extending from neck to thighs, usually visible at collar and wristbands, and made of linen, cotton, flannel or silk.

Undershirt: A garment worn next the skin and of varying length, with short sleeves, with no sleeves, or with sleeves that crawl beyond the wristband.

The Peeking Shirt.

As the World Wags:

My heart is daily wrung by public appeals before which I am powerless. It is, therefore, with great joy that I greet one call from suffering humanity which I can answer with succor. Mr. Herkimer Johnson's voice has not fallen upon deaf ears and I have not lived in vain.

During the 25 or 30 years in which I was "mentally a pulp"—most of my life—along with offices which have involved raising cabbages, house painting, and preparing "mortified milk," I have become a custodian of shirts, ranging in size from those in which the youth of 10 delights to dress the kitten, to certain others of Websterian proportions, and woven in pleasing variety from silk, silk and wool, cotton and wool, cotton, lisle thread, linen mesh, nainsook and balbriggan. Concerning these I have made three discoveries:

1. These various materials are equally loathsome when dirty.
2. Not one can peek beyond the wristband or coat sleeve for five minutes without turning gray.
3. All peek.

Heroic Surgery.

Like Mr. Herkimer Johnson, I am cursed, not with beauty, but with feeling for beauty, and for years, during the winter season, I suffered nameless tortures from the grimy grins of those peeking sleeves, worn by various members of my family, who were, however, singularly impervious to that feeling for the aesthetic which governs Mr. Johnson and myself. Then one day a lot of creamy winter shirts arrived for my 4-year-old daughter, who, I am willing to confide in you alone, is a hellion with an affinity for dirt, being of diluted Irish descent on the other side of the house.

As I cut the string, I pictured the aspect of those shirt sleeves after the wearer had made a pudding in her father's hat of the contents of my flower pots. The shining scissors dropped upon the dainty heap. A daring thought flashed through my teeming brain.

"Why not now?" sang something, with the insistence of a revivalist. Twelve slashes, and, with each slash, four inches of shirt was forever deprived of its malignancy!

In Mr. Johnson's case it would doubtless be necessary to amputate six or even eight inches.

"Let her freeze!" quoth I, with fine recklessness, as I surveyed my work.

This act marked the end of my shirt troubles and proves anew the triumph of surgery. My daughter did not freeze.

Mr. Johnson's Wristlers.

Every new shirt that comes under my power now has to submit to operation. My son, in whom we are coming to respect that dawning modesty which we believe to be the Dew of Youth, can now, though he attends an extremely proper private school, evade, undetected for indefinite periods, the onerous task of changing his shirt. The laundress is happy and the mending basket is deprived of its toll.

If Mr. Johnson is at all delicate, I advise that some elderly lady be cajoled to knit him two pairs of "wristers," one gray for every day and one white for such formal occasions as that of Jan. 7, before he removes the offending portion of his undershirt. If his hostess' house is well heated, it will usually be quite safe for him to remove the wristers within doors. E. P. B.

Jamaica Plain, Jan. 21.

I forgot to suggest that Mrs. Johnson bind or hem the cut portions of Mr. Johnson's sleeves, else threads may wander over his hands and the sleeves themselves vanish utterly.

"Swam-Love."

One of the joys of aging is in listening to the confessions of young women. Only yesterday a slim and fair-haired maiden told us a strange story while Mr. Augur was instructing her father at the other end of the room. It seems that Miss Clarissa has received an offer of marriage. "He is a poet, and the girls think he is eccentric. He told me that he had nothing to offer me except his immortal soul in return for swam-love. Now what is swam-love? Has swam anything to do with swami? There's another one of them 'round here this winter."

Can any one of our myriad minded correspondents enlighten Miss Clarissa? We have searched dictionaries reputable and disreputable; we have consulted treatises of Forberg, Chorier, Mantegazza, Havelock Ellis, the lore of the Arabians, Persians and Hindus, and all in vain. This we know: Miss Clarissa must not wed her wild-eyed friend, who is so sure about his soul. A steady broker with an assured automobile would be more to the purpose.

Jan 5 1913

13TH SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The 13th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. As Dr. Muck is still suffering from the grip Mr. Urack conducted. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini"....Berlioz
Aria of Lia from "The Prodigal Son," Debussy
Two symphonic poems: "Narcissus and Echo" and "Die Loreley".....Strube
Air from "Louise".....Charpentier
Symphony "From the New World".Dvorak

The overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" is 75 years old. An astonishing composition at the time of its birth, it is wonderful in its old age, a vigorous old age, more to be desired than the yeasty and futile youth of many recent works of the advanced French school. Berlioz had no one before him for imitation. He though his own thoughts; he invented his own expression. If he had not lived and written, what would many of our admired composers of latter days have done? The more Berlioz is studied, the more the wonder grows at his colossal originality. Yet there are some who still insist that he had little melodic invention. They have ears, and they do not hear. They should read the essay of Romain Rolland, and the essay of Felix Weingartner in his recently published volume "Akkorde," for there are many, unfortunately, who do not trust their own judgment and are eager to accept the sayings of others who are considered men of authority. The overture was played with spirit and with fine appreciation of the beauties in the detail.

Mr. Strube conducted his two symphonic poems which were written last winter. They were played for the first time. The first poem is illustrative of the old legend. As told in the encyclopaedias for the instruction of ingenuous youth, the beautiful Narcissus was "inaccessible to the feeling of love, and the nymph Echo, who was enamored of him, died of grief; but Nemesis, to punish him, caused him to see his own image reflected in a fountain, whereupon he became so enamored of it that he gradually pined away, until he was matamorphosed into the flower which bears his name." Mr. Strube was excited to composition by the poem of Malfilatre on this subject.

The two symphonic poems are like grace in the hymn: "a charming sound, harmonious to my ear." They are interesting chiefly as examples of fine coloring. The thematic material is not important, and "Narcissus and Echo" might have had another title or been played as a pastorale. The legend of the Loreley has fired the fancy of many composers, but when we hear the word Loreley we think instinctively of Heine's poem and Silcher's melody that has become a folk-song.

Miss Teyte, who gave a recital here last season, sang yesterday for the first time with the Symphony orchestra. It is to be regretted that she chose Lia's recitative and air. The music is neither good Massenet nor good Debussy. Miss Teyte made the most of it, and at the end gave the closing phrases emotional quality by the charm and expressiveness of her voice. She sang the air of Louise delightfully. The voice is a beautiful one, youthful, fresh, free, fraught with emotion. Miss Teyte sings spontaneously, with unoommon ease, with an intelligence that is as a second nature. It is a pity that we have not yet heard her at the Opera House. All Paris praised her as Melisande: "An innocent and poetic Melisande with a voice of delicious purity, with golden hair, a little princess of the amorous and mystic legend, giving in a marvelous fashion the sensation of the unreal." The modesty of her bearing and the effective simplicity of her dress enhanced yesterday the pleasure of hearing her.

An excellent performance of Dvorak's popular symphony brought the end to a concert that was not too long.

There will be no concerts next week.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Bizet's "Carmen." Mr. Strony conducted.

Don Jose.....Mr. Laffitte
Escamillo.....Mr. Mardones
Zuniga.....Mr. Sampieri
Morales.....Mr. Chasseriaux
Carmen.....Mme. Gay
Micaela.....Miss Fisher
Frasquita.....Miss Sharlow
Mercedes.....Mme. De-Courcy
El Dancairo.....Mr. Devaux
El Remendado.....Mr. Giaccone

During the last two or three years certain French critics have taxed their ingenuity in attacking "Carmen." Mr. Marnold and Mr. Gauthier-Villars have shot the arrows of their wit, and yet the opera continues in Paris as in all other cities of the musical world to delight the public and the great majority of musicians. The opera [illegible] no matter whether the singers of the chief roles are famous or unknown.

Last night the performance gave much pleasure to an audience of good size. Mme. Gay was in excellent voice and high spirits. It was a pleasure to see and hear Miss Fisher again. She is an ideal Micaela. Mr. Laffitte took the part of Don Jose for the first time in Boston. He sang the music in an honest, straightforward and effective manner, and showed himself versed in the Parisian traditions governing the part. Mr. Mardones is a bass, and the music of Escamillo calls for a baritone.

The more one analyzes people, the more all reasons for analysis disappear. Sooner or later one comes to that dreadful, universal thing called human nature. Indeed, as any one who has ever worked among the poor knows only too well, the brotherhood of man is no mere poet's dream, it is a most depressing and humiliating reality; and if a writer insists upon analyzing the upper classes, he might just as well write of match girls and costermongers at once.

The Daily Anecdote.

His durance in these prisons (he being a gent. of a high spirit and hot head) was the proatarctique cause of his deliration or madnesse, which was not outrageous, for he would discourse rationally enough, and be very facetious company; but he grew to have a phancy, that his perspiration turned to flies, and sometimes to bees; ad caetera sobrius; and he had a versatile timber house built in Mr. Hart's garden (opposite to St. James's parke) to try the experiment. He wouide turne it to the sun, and sit towards it; then he had his foxtayles there to chase away, and massacre all the flies and bees that were to be found there, and then shut his chasses. Now this experiment was only to be tryed in warme weather, and some flies would lie so close in the crannies and the cloath (with wch it was hung) that they would not presently shew themselves. A quarter of an hour after, perhaps, a fly, or two, or more might be drawen out of the lurking hoies by the warmth, and then he would crye out, "Doe not you see it apparently that these come from me?" 'Twas the strangest sort of madnesse that ever I found in any one; talke of anything else, his discourse would be very ingeniose and pleasant.

By Way of Gloss.

What a pity that some of these words are obsolete! Procatarctique is a mouth-filling, sonorous, stately word that is like unto a flourish of trumpets. The preferred spelling "procatartic" is pale in comparison, and as a tootling of a flute. Philemon Holland used another form: "Procatarcticke causes of sicknesse be such as are evident and comming from without, which yeeld occasion of disease, but do not mainteine the game; as the heat of the Sunne, causing headach or the ague."

Note the fine old use of "versatile." And there are versatile men that are only weathercocks.

"Chasses." This word was a stumbling block to the old editor who put "(sic)" after it. But a chassis was a wooden framework that was fitted with paper, linen or glass. John Evelyn used the plural "Chasses:" "Then closing the Double-sheets (or Chasses rather) continue a gentle heat." Our word "sash" is a corruption of chassis.

A Voice from California.

As the World Wags:

In October, 1911, I removed my residence from Auburndale, Mass., to this city, and have continued my subscription to The Herald since then, from a desire to keep in touch with Boston and vicinity.

A man and his wife, living in Massachusetts, persons of refinement, use the word "brew" as applied to all forms of gravy. Can you tell me how such a use of the word originated, as I have never heard it so used except by the persons above mentioned?

DAVID F. PARKER.

Pasadena, Cal., Jan. 18.

Brew, Broo, Brewis.

We never heard the word "brew" thus used, and cannot find any authority for the use. "Broo" in Scotland, Ireland and Yorkshire was a name for any broth, juice, liquor. Brewis was a broth or potage, and the word was applied to bread or oatcake, soaked in hot water, fat or gravy. In New England crusts of rye and Indian or other bread softened with milk and eaten with molasses were called brewis. We ate a mess a few years ago that bore that name. The mess was not "half nasty."

Brew is not gravy, in spite of the refined man and wife living in Massachusetts.

The Matter of Gravy.

Gravy! What recollections the word invokes! When we were in the intermediate school, we went to dinner at the house of a playmate. He complained bitterly because all he had to eat that day was creamed codfish, which, as he alleged, "tasted of slate pencils" and "taters and sour-flour'd gravy." The last term made an indelible impression on us. What is sour-flour'd gravy? At home a fine distinction was made between the dish gravy and made gravy. We youngsters were not allowed to smear our plate and face with the latter.

Then there is the abiding thought of young Mr. Smallweed in the eating house ordering for Messrs. Guppy and Jobling "In the matter of gravy he was adamant." We think, also, of Falstaff and his miserable pun:

Justice—There is not a white hair in your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Falstaff—His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

And it is a pleasure to know that our word "gravy" is a misprint for the old French term "grane," with an acute accent over the final "e." Here is a recipe over 500 years old: "Oysters in Gravey. Schyl Oysters and seeth them in wyne and in hare own broth, cole the broth thrugh a cloth, take almandes blaunched, grynde hem and drawe hem up with the self broth and alye it with floer of Rys and do the oysters therinne, cast in powder of gynger, suger, macys."

Jan 26 1913

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Third performance of Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Gennaro.....Mr. Zenatello
Carmela.....Mme. Gay
Maliella.....Miss Edvina
Rafaele.....Mr Marcoux

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Saturday evening, Jan. 25, "Rigoletto." Cast:

The Duke of Mantova.....Alfredo Ramella
Rigoletto.....Rodolfo Fornari
Sparafucile.....Jose Mardones
Conte Monterone.....Michele Sampieri
Marullo.....Attilio Pulcini
Borsa.....Ernesto Giaccone
Conte di Ceprano.....G. Serpellon
A Page.....Maud Phillips
Gilda.....Evelyn Scotney
Giovanna.....Fl. DeCourcy
Maddalena.....Elvira Leveroni
Contessa di Ceprano.....Myrna Sharlow

This should be an interesting week in theatres, opera house and concert halls. Lovers of Shakespeare will have their fill at the Shubert Theatre, for Mr. Mantell and his company will be seen in six of Shakespeare's plays. Many have never seen "King Lear" on the stage.

Mrs. Fiske will begin her second week at the Hollis tomorrow night and she has many sworn admirers to whom even her mannerisms—for some insist that her acting is now "mannered"—are indisputable proofs of great talent. Mrs. Fiske is always interesting, and her play is full of surprises. It is not necessary to be fond of haggis and the bagpipes to enjoy "Bunty Pulls the Strings," and the play and the players at the Majestic are well worth seeing, if only to realize that woman is all-powerful, even though she is not universally allowed to vote for governors and presidents.

No lover of the theatre should lose the opportunity of seeing "Milestones." It is not a "great play," it is better than that. There is a shrewd study of human character. The man that had made his fortune by building ships of oak could see nothing in iron ships. The next generation, rich through iron ships, could not be persuaded that ships of steel would drive out ships of iron. Parents thwart love marriages, and their children in turn are stony-hearted when the grandchildren wish to wed without regard to money or social position. "The Woman" draws well at the Park, and no wonder, for it is capitally acted. The telephone girl is lifelike, Mr. Cope gives a striking impersonation of the boss, in fact, all the characters are sharply portrayed. A famous Chinese magician comes to the Colonial as another feature of "The Follies." Then there is the gorgeous spectacle, "The Garden of Allah" at the Boston.

At the Opera House Mme. Edvina will say good-by in "Tosca," and Mr. Marcoux will probably continue to play Scarpia in a chastened manner. That noble opera "Otello," one of the few great operas, will be revived. Mr. Weingartner will begin his season as conductor with "Tristan und Isolde," and on Saturday afternoon Mme. Schumann-Heink will take the part of Azucena, the mysterious gypsy, who is addicted to tunes in waltz time.

Ernest Schelling, a brilliant pianist, and Miss Nina Fletcher, one of the best of the younger violinists, will be heard in the concert hall. Stephen Townsend will sing in English many of Schumann's songs, and Miss Maggie Teyte will again interpret to us songs by Debussy, who has a high respect for her art, and by other composers.

The Anvil Chorus on the Common

To the Editor of The Herald:

Your recent allusion to the 60th anniversary of Verdi's "Trovatore" brings forcibly to mind the writer's first hearing of the anvil chorus in 1854 or 1855. It was probably the first season of any band music on the Common. A bandstand had been erected near the West street entrance, and the newly organized Germania band were the performers. They were still in citizens' dress, for their uniforms came some years later, and among their number are readily remembered the names and

...f [illegible] Walt Fries, Leslie [illegible] Stein, Aug. [illegible] and Herman Teltow. The anvil chorus, employing an actual pair [illegible] anvils, was a great attraction for the people. They were [illegible] by Walf Fries, who for that [illegible], laid aside his trombone. On [illegible], while using the anvils, [illegible] of the hammers came off the [illegible] and flew off the stage into the [illegible], fortunately doing no damage. [illegible] was undoubtedly the first time [illegible] from "Trovatore" had any [illegible] in Boston. It was also [illegible] beginning of the knowledge of [illegible]delssohn's wedding march. Other [illegible] pieces of the time were: "I [illegible] That My Love" "Departed [illegible]" by Prof Louis; "Eclipse Polka" [illegible] "Prima Donna Waltz," which were first being popularized by Julien's orchestra.

The other bands in Boston at that time were the Boston brass, D. C. Hall, leader; Brigade Band, E. H. Weston, leader; Band's Cornet Band, Alonzo [illegible], leader; Suffolk Band, Charles [illegible]nter, leader. HAMILTON.

Boston, Jan. 2.

"J. W." Looks Backward

To the Editor of The Herald:

Your correspondent, Mr. J. B. Clapp, in speaking of "The Lark," brings again to memory the amusing Nat Childs, who was well known hereabouts in bygone days. I can hear him singing in his piping voice, "I only wish I lived in New Orleans, for there the theatres are open all [illegible]." More than anybody else I [illegible], Nat Childs was brimming [illegible] with love of the theatre and things [illegible]. It seems "a many years ago" [illegible] the Buttercup days, when Wilson [illegible] Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., at [illegible] Museum, and when Sadie Martinot, [illegible] Wainwright, John Mason and Joseph Haworth were there. Wilson's performance of the Admiral was in the true [illegible], without a trace of caricature or [illegible], and Haworth's stained glass attitudes as the poet in "Patience" were very amusing. The revival by Miss Anglin [illegible] of "She Stoops to Conquer" [illegible] remind many oldtimers of the Museum when the English comedies were regularly given there; and they will never forget "The Corsican Brothers," when Barron and Charles R. Thorne, [illegible] were in their prime. As for "East Lynne," what a matinee attraction that was with Annie Clarke in the cast! It [illegible] close second in drawing power to "The Lady of Lyons," with Edwin [illegible] as the peasant lover. How we [illegible] to thrill when he came back from [illegible] a renowned general with the [illegible] Pauline at his feet, and Napier [illegible], at the head of the orchestra, [illegible] so effectively upon our heartstrings.

[illegible] of Nat Childs reminds me [illegible] actor who came East from one of the never-closing Chicago theatres and [illegible] joining a new company was cast for the part of a tramp in a well-known play. He had a wife and a precocious child who always attended his first performance of a new part, his wife being a helpful critic of his efforts. On his appearance in a starving condition in the foggy streets of London, as he collapsed in a realistic way on the pavement, the child, who sat in a front seat [illegible] his mother, cried out in a piercing treble: "Pop's dead! Pop's dead!" and nothing would quiet him until he was hurried behind the scenes and folded in [illegible] daddy's arms. At the Hollis Street Theatre the other afternoon the audience was highly diverted by a handful of enthusiasts in the balcony who persistently applauded the sentiments of the suffragette in "The Perplexed Husband," sentiments clearly at variance with those held by a large majority of the spectators, who evidently found the play extremely amusing, although one dejected-looking man near me sighed, "Gad! these suffragettes are always with us." I was reminded of this [illegible] what was recently said in these [illegible] regarding Mr. Shaw's aversion [illegible] having his plays interrupted by laughter and applause, his present motto [illegible]:

"Though tickled by an Irish pen,
Remember to be Englishmen,
And take your pleasures sadly!"

Applause in the Theatre

There is, of course, a great deal to be said in favor of absolute quiet during the progress of a [illegible], but wouldn't half the fun be lost if theatregoers became as self-contained as Mr Shaw wishes them to be? Macready was a stickler for the proprieties and was continually complaining about being "called for," a compliment which he said he much preferred to dispense with. He desired the audience to be "borne along with the performance," and anything which made against this irritated him. Once when he was on the road, a stranger he met told him that Macready was a good actor but could never play without applause; that going into act one night no notice was taken of him, whereupon he said to [illegible] "[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] of these [illegible] applaud [illegible]. When [illegible] appeared, the applause [illegible] so [illegible] as to disconcert him and be observed. "Why," [illegible] I cannot act there is so much applause." Macready told the narrator that he rather discredited the story, that he, in fact was Macready, and perhaps ought to apologize for allowing the story to be told without first giving his name.

It is to be feared that Mr Shaw's [illegible] audience will never materialize, and that he will go down to his grave a disappointed man. He ought not to take matters so seriously. It is, of course, too bad that the players have to stop acting until the applause ceases; and yet I recall at least one occasion when the actors as well as the audience were vastly amused at the guffaws of an auditor—the son of a celebrity—who intently followed a Gilbert and Sullivan opera with his nose buried in a libretto. He kept a page or two ahead of the players so that his laughter always preceded the jests spoken on the stage. The leader of the orchestra tried to transfix him with his eyes, but the all-too-previous laughter saw nothing save the printed page. All hands, however, were soon in high good humor, and I doubt if either performers or audience ever had a better time together. It was a thoroughly enjoyable evening on both sides the footlights, and I will wager that nobody woke tired, cross, or sorry the next morning, least of all the performers, who so often had to "stop acting" in order to join in the universal merriment. But how savage Mr. Shaw would have been had he been there, especially had it been one of his own plays! J. W.

Notes About Music

Our Vienna correspondent writes. The famous Russian baritone, George Baklanoff, whose contract with the Vienna Court Opera lasts until 1917, during which time he has engaged himself to sing 48 times yearly, has requested the cancellation of his engagement. The artist declares that his singing has deteriorated, as the direction require his roles to be sung in German. "All my attempts," said Baklanoff, "to learn German have failed. I can only sing in French or Italian, and shall never master the German pronunciation. If I am to remain in this opera the choice of language must be left to me." Baklanoff by no means exaggerates as to the difficulty he finds in German. For instance, when he sang in French Escamillo's role in "Carmen" he achieved a great success, but when he recently sang the same part in German he only just escaped failure. The direction are anxious to retain him, and have appealed to the Emperor's grand steward, with whom the final decision rests, for permission to release Baklanoff from the obligation of singing in German. The reply has not yet been received.—Daily Telegraph, London.

Mr. Johannes Schreyer of Dresden maintained that at least one-ninth of the compositions printed in the Bach editions are falsely ascribed to Bach. Mr. Schreyer rejects the St. Luke Passion—others have rejected it before him—the transcriptions of Vivaldi's violin concerts, nearly all the works in volumes 8 and 9 of the Peters organ edition, the piano concerto in D minor, the concerto in C major and D minor for three pianos, many other piano pieces and several cantatas. His reasons for rejection are purely technical, defective fugal structure, mistakes in composition, etc.

Fredrich Gernsheim has composed a new violin concerto and Henri Marteau will bring it out next season.

Francis Maclennan and his wife (Florence Easton) will leave the Berlin Court Opera House this season for an engagement of three years at the Hamburg City Theatre.

Oskar Fried's music suggested by Verhaeren's poem, "Der Auswanderer," did not please Mr. Spanuth when it was played recently in Berlin. The music is said to be continuously and outrageously noisy. And it appears that the orchestral suite made by Busoni from his opera "Brautwahl" is long-drawn out and in the main boresome.

Letters of Hugo Wolf to his parents and sisters have been published by Breitkopf and Haertel. The letters cover a period of 28 years and some of them are sad reading. In one we learn that he had for a time only one meal a day. Another is signed "Your son who has been disappointed in his most beautiful hopes."

General Musik Direktor Franz Fischer retired on Jan. 1 from the Court Opera at Munich, and Bruno Walter on that day began to rule in his place.

The new double bass clarinet made by Evette and Schoeffer was heard for the first time at the Paris Opera in the revival of d'Indy's "Fervaal" (Dec. 31). The music written by d'Indy had formerly been played by a sarrusophone.

A huge monument to Verdi will be raised in St. Petersburg. At the foot of his statue a bronze group will represent Adelina Patti as Gilda, Mme. Stolz as Aida, and Sigrid Arnoldson as Violetta.

The town of Carlsruhe has voted the sum of $425,000 for a new city theatre with a concert hall. The theatre will have room for 1086 persons, the concert hall for 1500.

The archbishop of Munich has re[illegible] [illegible] that "The [illegible] of the [illegible]" [illegible] be [illegible] from [illegible] on the [illegible] [illegible] religion. His request has not yet been granted.

During the season of 1911-12 there were in Germany 244 concerts, at which 5,512 compositions were performed—7533 by German composers and 773 by [illegible] composers, among whom the Austrians took the first place, 13 composers, who were played 4194 times. The French came next, with 98 composers and 8[illegible] performances.

A new symphonic poem, "A Marie Endormie," by Guy Ropartz, was performed for the first time at a Colonne concert, Paris, Dec. 29. It was inspired by a short poem of Brizeux, and is described as tenderly melancholy and emotionally charming.

Josef Holbrooke wrote this note for the synopsis of his 12th annual series of Modern Chamber Concerts: "Mr. Josef Holbrooke steps forward somewhat adventurously with his 12th year of endeavor for some modern English music to an apathetic public, and hopes to receive as few blows as possible (with the usual financial loss) in return. That our composers rarely hear any of their songs, if they are in any way above the ballad concert standard, still holds good; so there is still reason for giving concerts which may have for their object the encouragement of native art. I do not mean students' art. It seems that a great deal of encouragement is going on in this direction, with plenty of financial backing, with what result the future will reveal. Meanwhile the composer who has passed the stage of the 'very gifted young man,' with a fond professor to watch him, seems to be very little catered for, except by a solitary performance every year."

Thomas Beecham's opera and ballet season of six weeks at Covent Garden will open next Wednesday. Richard Strauss will be one of the conductors. The repertoire will include "Der Rosenkavalier" (first performance in England), "Elektra," "Salome," "Die Meistersinger" and "Tristan and Isolde." Subscriptions are as follows: For one performance of each of the five operas a grand tier box will be $125, a first tier box $50, a second tier box $25. Stalls will be $20 and $15 apiece. A balcony stall in the front row will cost only $10, and one in the amphitheatre $5. The gallery (unreserved) for the opening night will cost 62 cents; on other nights, 50 cents. The prices are even still less for the five performances of the Russian ballet. The singers are many and distinguished.

The History of "Bunty"

"One day a little over a year and a half ago an almost unknown playwright presented a one-act comedy throughout the Scottish province. It was entitled 'Bunty Pulls the Strings,' and when the piece was taken to Glasgow, so much attention was attracted that the author, Graham Moffat, decided to elaborate the story and give it in three acts. Cyril Maude, a noted London actor-manager, heard of 'Bunty,' and on the strength of representation made to him, decided to take the piece and the company over to London. On the fifth of last July, a year ago, the play was given first at a special matinee at the Playhouse in London. It was an instantaneous success, and the comedy has had an uninterrupted run up until a few weeks ago at the Haymarket Theatre in the English metropolis ever since.

"Graham Moffat, its author, first tried his luck as a real manager in Glasgow in 1908, when he endeavored to found a theatre devoted to the production of Scotch plays by Scotch players, but it proved unsuccessful. He was a man who possessed a master sense of the theatre, besides being a ready writer, a capital organizer, and a clever character actor, willing to do all the stage work on what was practically virgin soil, viz, the stage presentation of Scottish life and character, yet they passed him by. So to Cyril Maude, who gave Graham Moffat his chance, the playgoing public owes a debt of gratitude.

"It was Mr. Moffat's idea to run the Glasgow repertoire company on the same line as the Abbey Theatre Irish players, and the company was financed on the co-operative plan. Among the first plays submitted to the board of directors was 'Bunty,' which they turned down. The Moffat family are all talented; in fact, 'Bunty' at first was enacted almost entirely by members of the author's family, there being no less than 10 of them in the original cast in London.

"Mr. Moffat claims that he took the idea of 'Bunty' from his mother, who was left with a large family of small children to bring up. His father was a professor of elocution at the University of Glasgow. He died leaving his wife in straitened circumstances, and the way she managed to make ends meet and give all the children a fair education, inspired him in after years to write what is now known as 'Bunty Pulls the Strings.' All the characters in the play are practically taken from life. Susie Simpson, for instance, was his aunt, and even Weelum, is no imaginary character, he is to be found today in a little village in Publeshire.

"Graham Moffat toured Scotland for [illegible] years with his sister Kate, the original 'Bunty' in [illegible] giving re[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Two New Plays

[illegible] [illegible] Carville, has made a [illegible] at the Theatre Re[illegible] Jane Mme. Rejane takes the part of an Alsatian mother, formerly expelled from Alsace for having sung "The Marseillaise" too loudly at home. She is pardoned, comes back, and finds nothing changed. Her son Jacques falls in love with the daughter of one of the conquerors. Franco-German relations are strained, and the mobilization order is sent out. The French Alsatian husband, a German by nationality, has marching orders for the Polish frontiers. If he disobeys them his wife will never know him again; if he obeys, his mother will disown him. A weak fellow, he wavers, but going in the street he hears the crowd shouting "Down with France!" He shouts "Vive la France," and is shot. He comes back to the house, bleeding. His mother catches him as he [illegible]. The wife steps forward, but the mother says "He's mine now." At the dress rehearsal, Miss Yahre, the actress, gave a scream at the last curtain and fainted away.

"General John Regan," a three-act farce, by "George A. Birmingham" (Canon Hannay), was produced at the Apollo, London, Jan. 9. An American, Horace P. Billings, strikes a town on the west coast of Ireland and finds it dead. He invents a certain Gen. John Regan, the founder of Bolivia, swears he was born in this town and asks to see his statue. The local editor, the parish priest and others never heard of this Regan and are sorely perplexed, but Dr. Lucius O'Grady sees a chance for the town of Ballymory and declares there was such a person, and he was born at Ballymory. "A [illegible] he born somewhere, and as there is no record of Regan's having been born anywhere else he must have been born here." He discovers a grandniece of the general in a hotel maid, has a committee appointed, and a statue provided, invites the lord-lieutenant to come and unveil it, and insists the local band practise "Rule, Britannia," thinking the air is the old hat [illegible] of King Malachi the Brave [illegible] good-[illegible] gets [illegible] and the whole community [illegible] in a [illegible] of [illegible]. The lord-lieutenant [illegible] an aide-de-camp [illegible] an ap[illegible]. The doctor talks [illegible] and persuades him to [illegible] the band [illegible] "Rule, Britannia," but "The Wearing of the Green," to which the aide-de-camp, who has no ear for music, listens standing and with head reverently bowed. At last Mr Horace P. Billings makes a speech, tells the people what he thinks of them, and congratulates the doctor on having helped to wake them up. And as he helped defray the cost of the statue and left a balance the town is the better for the joke.

Mr Charles [illegible] writes from Paris "One [illegible] the most famous artists of [illegible] fully upon [illegible] that may is past and [illegible] the lowest [illegible] the eminent comedian. [illegible] "Guitry's personation of Hajj in 'Kismet' is subject for controversy. It [illegible] disappointed some [illegible] Knoblauch's play and [illegible] comparison creator of Bernstein roles. The fact remains that our leading actor is not at his best in composite parts, though superb in strong man characterizations in modern plays. Guitry gives no light and shade to the Oriental beggar. The figure, indeed, is not 'composed.' It is Samson or some other giant of passion and conquest with his face stained. Notwithstanding the superb production, it is scarcely satisfactory as far as the chief interpreter goes. [illegible] Marlowe, [illegible] numbered with [illegible] scenic arrangements. And there is a [illegible] actor for the part [illegible] Max, who [illegible] Pierrot [illegible] Antony." We [illegible] told recently that Guitry's impersonation was disappointing in that it was lacking in humor.

The first cinematographic congress and exhibition ever held in Germany took place in Berlin recently with a good deal of success. Hundreds of interested visitors were present at the opening, and the exhibition attracted people from all parts. Everything appertaining to the ever-increasing film industry was displayed, and there were shows for various types of professions, including medical men, [illegible] and schoolmasters. The one thing that the German authorities are endeavoring to find is the non-inflammable film. Some films of this description were exhibited to the police president at the head police depot the other day, and are said to have been very [illegible]. The inflammable element [illegible] eliminated by a special [illegible] when ignited the film [illegible] not flame up or [illegible] vention is at [illegible] Berlin firm. The [illegible]

Among the [illegible] John Bilfinst[illegible]

[illegible] ter [illegible] Cla[illegible] worked [illegible] [illegible]nce of [illegible] [illegible]ser was [illegible] called to a [illegible]ene [illegible] rural drop. 'There, s[illegible] [illegible] to the complainant, 'there is [illegible] gr[illegible]s for you, sir, and trees for you, sir, and miles of country for you, sir What more can you want?'"

Carpenter's Violin Sonata

It has been announced that Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes would play here a new violin sonata by Daniel G. Mason. Through a misunderstanding the music publishers, G. Schirmer, sent the manuscript and only copy to Germany to be engraved. A sonata by John Alden Carpenter will therefore be played here on Feb. 4, instead. Mr. Carpenter was born in 1876 in Park Ridge, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. His mother was a musician and singer, a pupil of Marchesi and Shakespeare, and his earliest training came from her. Later on, from the age of 12 to 16, he studied the piano with Amy Fay, and W. C. E. Seeboeck. In 1893 he entered Harvard College, and was graduated in 1897. While in college he took all of the musical courses at that time under Prof. Paine, and at graduation secured "Highest Honors in Music." He then entered his father's business, and still continues actively connected with the same, though he devotes certain hours each day to music. In 1907 he went abroad and worked for three mouths with Elgar in Rome. He then returned to Chicago, where he found in Bernhard Ziehn one of the greatest theorists and teachers, and he studied with him until Mr. Ziehn's death in September, 1912. Mr. Carpenter has dedicated this sonata to Ziehn.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY: Boston Opera House, 3:15 P. M. Ninth concert of the Boston Opera Company. Elizabeth Amsden, soprano, and Sigismond Stojowski of New York, pianist, chief soloists. See special notice.

Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Second concert of the People's Choral Union, Frederick W. Wodell conductor. Herman A. Shedd organist. Bruch, The Cross of Fire, dramatic cantata: Humiston, Iphigenia, dramatic scene (first time in America, conducted by the composer); Sullivan-Brewer, The Lost Chord, chorus and organ; Rissland, Reverie by orchestra. Edna S. Dunham, soprano; Horatio Connell, baritone. Orchestra of 45 Symphony players.

MONDAY: Jordan Hall, 3:30 P. M. Piano recital by Ernest Schelling. Chopin, Sonata in B minor, Nocturnes op. 27, No 1, op. 15, No. 2, Etudes op. 10 in A flat, op. 25 in F major, Barcarole, Mazurka, Polonaise in A flat; Liszt, Sonata in B minor, Au Lac de Wallenstadt, Chant Polonais, Polonaise in E major.

Fenway Court, 3 P. M. Miss Terry's third concert. American String Quartet and Anafesto Rossi, baritone of the Boston Opera House.

TUESDAY: Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Stephen Townsend's first song recital. Max Heinrich, accompanist. These songs by Schumann will be sung in English: Singer's Consolation, Serenade, Loreley, Queen of the Sea, Snow Drops, Greeting Thine Image, I Wander Not, the 17 songs of "Poet's Love," Cradle of My Sorrow, Blondel's Song, Her Voice, Spirit Presence, The Cottage, The Youth's Magic Horn, Song of Provence, The Hidalgo.

THURSDAY. Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Violin recital by Miss Nina Fletcher. Alfred de Voto, pianist. Bach, Sonata in E minor; Bruch, Concerto in G minor; Cui, Cavatina; Sgambati, Serenata Napolitana; Wieniawski, Polonaise in A.

FRIDAY: Jordan Hall, — P. M. Song recital by Miss Maggie Teyte. Mozart, Deh vieni, from "Nozze di Figaro"; Parelli, Invocazione a Venere; Schindler, La Colombe; Giordani, Caro mio ben; Debussy, C'est l'extase langoureuse, Il pleure dans mon Coeur, L'ombre des arbres, Fantoches, La Chevelure, Green; Loeffler, Timbres oubliees; Hue L'aue blanc; Paladilhe, Psyche; Hahn, Paysage; Borowski, Love in Spring.

CITY CONCERTS

The music department of the city of Boston will give three concerts this week. William Howard, conductor. Louis C. Elson, lecturer.

TUESDAY, JAN. 28, 8 P. M.

Faneuil Hall.

Overture, "Coriolanus"..............Beethoven
Minuetto (for strings)..............Bolzoni
Aria. "My Heart at Thy Dear Voice....... Saint-Saens
Miss Evelyn Blair.
Selection from "Les Contes d'Hoffman.".. Offenbach
Fantasie for violin, "Souvenir de Haydn." Leonard
Mr. Howard.
Transcription. "Am Meer."..........Schubert
"Woodland Love Song."..............Hawley
Miss Blair.
Scene from "The Jewels of the Madonna." Wolf-Ferrari

THURSDAY, JAN. 30, 8 P. M.

Hugh O'Brien School, Roxbury.

Overture, "Festival."..................Leutner
Barcarole from "The Seasons."..Tschaikowsky
Violetta's scena and aria from "La Traviata..............................Verdi
Miss Alice Huston-Stevens.
Good Friday Spell from "Parsifal."....Wagner
Fantasie for flute. "Lucrezia Borgia"'.... Briccialdi
Stephen F. Burns.
En Badinant (for strings)..........d'Ambrosio
"Ah, Love But a Day."..................Beach
Mrs. Stevens.
Allegro from "Ballet Suite Egyptien." ... Luigini

FRIDAY, JAN. 31, 8 P. M.

Chapman School, East Boston.

Allegro from Trio op. 63.... ....Schumann
Miss Ila McCarthy, Miss Adeline Packard, Carl Webster.
"Haymaking." ... .Needham
Miss Clara Sexton.
Concert Arabesques on the 'Beautiful Blue Danube.' . Strauss-Schulz-Evler
Miss McCarthy.

[illegible] Rougnon
Miss Packard.
'Cello s[illegible] "Hungarian Rhapsody" . Popper
Mr. Webster
"Yesterday and Today."........Spross
"All Through the Night"......Old Welsh
"Come to the Garden of Love"......Salter
Miss Sexton
Presto from Trio, op. 12 ....Hummel

Jan 27 1913

As to the beautiful mutual adaptation of cold rum and cold water, that is beyond all praise, and indeed forms a theme of never-ceasing admiration, being one of Nature's most exquisite achievements.

"Baize" in Old Streets.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Halliday Witherspoon, in his quaint and original way, surmises that my memory of Medford or New England rum is longer than his. Well, it does go back to the middle Forties or thereabouts, when I was a pupil at the Boylston school on Fort Hill, just after I had been promoted from the primary school of Miss Wilder at the corner of Theatre alley, now no more, and Franklin street. I used, when I was dismissed, to come down the steep slope of High street past the spacious mansion called Harris's Folly into Pearl street, and thence through the yard of the Perkins house, once the blind asylum, into Atkinson street, now Congress street, to the corner of Berry street, not long after called Channing street in honor of a great Unitarian divine. At this corner, be it known, was a grocery with a tap room extension, and there I saw rum sold for three cents a glass by a tall, dark-complexioned, country-looking youth who afterward became the vice-president of one of our railroads and died on Commonwealth avenue.

He Ordered Milk.

My visit to the shop was to obtain a glass of milk. There was plenty of the lacteal fluid to be had for the asking at home, but to be able to walk up to the counter and deposit a cent and receive in return a brimming tumbler of a beverage milder than rum was a form of dissipation in which I took great juvenile delight. So, too, I used to find rare pleasure, after I had been transferred to the Adams School on Mansion street, in going into Milliken's and ordering a cup of chocolate for two cents. This restaurant, by the way, was where the Tavern is now, not far from the Province House, where after it had been turned into a minstrel hall Billy Morris used to sing:

I pick my teeth on the Parker House steps,
And eat my beans at Gilson's.

Casting Out the Demon.

But to come to Hecuba, or, as the late John Stetson used to say, come to Cuba. Pure New England rum was sold in the bar-room attachments of many grocers when I was a little lad. The surroundings were not elegant, rather smelly on the whole, but the liquor was good, and the price was low. From its sale many moderate fortunes were made that went to heirs who forgot that their grandfathers had dealt with spirits before the Rochester knockings were first heard in the land. The old-time grocers did not all act like the tradesman at the South end, who, when the Washingtonian temperance movement became popular, emptied all his intoxicating liquors into the street with a great flourish of trumpets that made the censorious ask why he did not pour after them the dollars he had accumulated by manipulating the toddy-stick.

"Rum, Rum, Jamaica Rum."

But why did not my unknown but valued friend Witherspoon try Jamaica rum if he did not find the native to his liking? The former used to be a sovereign remedy for influenza and kindred complaints when I was wintering once on Grand street, Williamsburg, near the slip of the ferryboat that brought me over from little old New York. John Dean, the coachman who ran away with his employer's daughter, Miss Boker, used to keep a hostelry in the neighborhood in those days. I wonder if any one but myself remembers the song, "John Dean and His Own Mary Ann"? Well, that was a great many years ago and chauffeurs have succeeded coachmen as captivators of the fair. Other times, other manners. Hot Jamaica spiced was a rather strong potation, but not more heady than the planter's punch that they concoct at Port Antonio. I noticed, however, when I was there, that the dusky natives of the Queen of the Antilles drank beer downstairs, while the tourists from the United States were having a rum time on the veranda overhead. BAIZE.

Dorchester Centre, Jan. 25.

Old Importations.

As the World Wags:

There was a word in use in central Maine when I was a boy which I have not seen referred to in your department: the word "sprawl." It was used as a noun, synonymous with force, zip, energy. It was quite common for a woman to put on her Paisley shawl and run into the village store and say to the proprietor, "I don't seem to feel much sprawl this spring," and then invest a dollar in a bottle of Vegetine or Vinegar Bitters to give her the necessary sprawl. How did the word come to be used as a substantive and in an extra-dictionary sense?

Crickets were common in every household and at church. In the latter place, as i[illegible] w[illegible] [illegible] non-conform[illegible] mu[illegible]ity, the cricket was used, not a[illegible] prayer sto[illegible] but as a rest for the f[illegible]. In the spring we boys went "s[illegible]verl[illegible]" and in Ju[illegible]e went out Sunday afternoo[illegible] after young "ivories." The wome[illegible] in those days wore "clouds" upon their heads, perhaps as a symbol of their angelic glory.

"Doing," as a synonym for going or travelling, is common in rural New Hampshire, especially as a synonym for sleighing. "The doin' is goin'," is an expression I have heard.

Can you tell me the meaning of "staddles" without looking it up? Have you ever "been to Nor-witch, Wa-cesster or Portch-mouth?" And do you know there still are communities where "chickings" dwell in pleasant nasal proximity to "gardings"?

Hampton, N. H. PLOTINUS.

Sprawl, often spelled sproll, is often heard in English provincial dialects. In Thomas Hardy's "Jude" some one says of an old woman in bed: "She doesn't seem to have a bit of sprawl in her." The word is also used as an adjective and a verb.

Staddle means a prop, support, stand for something; also a small stack, a wooden building on legs or supports, a bedstead, a small side-table, the step of a ladder, the root or stump of a tree that has been felled. There is another word "staddle" that means mark, stain, blemish.

NINTH CONCERT AT OPERA HOUSE

The ninth Sunday orchestral concert was given yesterday afternoon at the Boston Opera House. Miss Fely Dereyne, soprano, and Mr. Sigismond Stojowski, pianist, were the soloists. Mr. Moranzoni conducted the orchestral numbers, Mr. Strony conducted for Miss Dereyne and Mr. Dubois for Mr. Stojowski. The program:

Sicilian Vespers..........................Verdi
Symphonic Rhapsody, for piano and orchestra ....Stojowski
Mr. Stojowski.
Aria from third act of "Mignon"...Thomas
Miss Dereyne.
Prelude to Lohengrin..............Wagner
Aria from "Louise"............Charpentier
Miss Dereyne.
(a) Prelude to third act of "Wally," Catalini
(b) "Danza Delle Ondine," from "Loreley" ....Catalini
"William Tell," overture...........Rossini

Miss Dereyne sang delightfully. Though she at times seemed near momentarily losing control, her expressive interpretation, the warmth and color of many of her tones, and her evident sympathy with her work disarmed criticism.

In the rhapsody the piano is used more as a voice in the orchestra than as a solo instrument. The blending is skillful. The hearer wanders through an orchestral medley, generally pleasant and not overtaxing to the attention. Mr. Stojowski played with much feeling and attention to detail. There were muddy places, but there was also much delicate phrasing and sentiment. There was a satisfying lack of strain and effort in passages of technical difficulty.

The orchestra played its rather popular numbers in the main effectively. In the Lohengrin prelude, Mr. Moranzoni held his brasses down so that the cymbal clash became, agreeably, a real instead of an anti-climax.

The audience was small but enthusiastic.

PEOPLE'S UNION

The People's Choral Union of Boston, Frederick W. Wodell conductor, gave its tenth mid-season concert last evening at Symphony Hall. The union was assisted by Edna S. Dunham, soprano. Horatio Connell, baritone; Charles McIlvain, bass, and members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Miss Gaskins was the pianist. Mr. Shedd was the organist. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Nocturne; William Henry Hermiston, "Iphigenia before the sacrifice at Aulis," for soprano, chorus and orchestra, first performance in America; Rissland, Reverie; Sullivan, "The Lost Chord"; Max Bruch, "The Cross of Fire."

The Union is to be thanked for performing Bruch's interesting work inspired by the Highland custom, which Scott has immortalized in his "Lady of the Lake." In "The Cross of Fire" the composer has revealed his mastery as a writer of descriptive music. He has shown a wealth of melodic invention, while each episode of the poem is strongly characterized with richness of color and dramatic significance. Mr. Connell sang Norman's music intelligently and with much expression. Mr. McIlvain was authoritative in his delivery of the barbaric call to war, and the Union responded admirably in every way to the demands of the choral members.

Mr. Humiston, who is at present associated with the Philharmonic orchestra of New York, conducted his own composition. It is scarcely written in his best vein. After the opening phrases, which are evidently ominous of Iphigenia's

impending doom, there are passages sung in turn by the chorus of men and maidens, who have accompanied the young girl from Mycenae. She herself voices her mood. The music allotted to the men's chorus has the most significance, but that of the maidens has little character, and that of Iphigenia is vaguely rhapsodical. The finale is dramatic, but the whole work is somewhat tedious and borders dangerously on the commonplace. Miss Dunham sang the music of Iphigenia with sincerity, but her voice is singularly uneven. She was heard to far better advantage in "The Cross of Fire."

Throughout the evening the union displayed skilful training, beauty of tone and a fine sense of proportion. The members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra played with their accustomed excellence. Mr. Wodell was an a[illegible]e conductor. A large audience was hearty in its expressions of enjoyment.

The 16th annual spring concert will be given at Symphony Hall April 27 when Handel's "Messiah" will be performed. The soloists will be announced later

Jan 28 1913

We spoke of "staddles" yesterday morning, not of "studdles," but the powers upstairs preferred the latter word. "Studdle," however, is not the same. There is such a word meaning the upright pole to which an ox is tied in a stall; also a timber support of the refuse in a mine. There is a verb "to studdle," to stir up so as to make thick and muddy, and there is "studdly heer," but Plotinus of Hampton, N. H., wrote to us about "staddles."

Mr. Michael Angelo McGinnis, a sonorous, sky-assailing name, more sustained in resonance than Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, has been pardoned by Gov. Hadley of Missouri. He was serving a sentence of 10 years, which had been awarded him on account of too excellent penmanship. Now he swears lustily that he knows how to square the circle, and lo, the prison doors are open. It has generally been thought by shrewd observers that squarers of the circle should not be at large; that they should work out the problem in a padded cell.

Strange Sights in Boston.

As the World Wags:

As my business is confining, my children young, and my wife exacting, I do not feel at liberty to visit foreign lands. (The word "exacting" is harsh, but I do not wish to substitute "jealous" lest I may seem to plume myself on my personal attractiveness and winning ways.) I do not grieve, I do not complain, for there are strange and interesting sights in Boston.

A few days ago I was in a street car. It was a raw and sloppy day and the sidewalks and crossings were covered with mud and slime. Opposite me were three women, one young and slim, two more mature and substantially upholstered, all desirable and pleasing to the amateur of beauty. To my amazement the three wore pumps with coquettish bows and silk stockings. My eyes approved; my sanitary mind condemned. Had these three women no fear of colds that lead to catarrh; catarrah that ends in consumption; consumption that fills the waiting graves? Had they not heard of tonsilitis, bronchitis, grip? Strong men on that day wore rubbers or the thickest of boots. Leaving the car, I saw several women, on shopping bent, evidently well-bred, and high-steppers, all with pumps and black silk stockings. One of them wore an elaborate sealskin coat. I shivered and rushed to the nearest life-saving station. EX RAY.

Boston, Jan. 25.

Another Claimant.

As the World Wags:

It would seem that there are at least two flowers with but a single thought; the arabis and the stone crop alike are known as Welcome-Home-Husband-Though-Never-So-Drunk. The arabis I have never seen, but the little yellow stone crop certainly looks its part. It clusters in the cottage thatch and smiles at you from the lowly roof above the door with such a cheery-little-woman expression, so ready to make the best of you no matter how poor and worthless a person you may be or what mischief you may have been at, that you immediately fancy you understand the significance of its strange vernacular name. L. L.

Braintree, Jan. 25.

The Daily Anecdote.

She had a most lovely sweet-turned face, delicate darke browne haire. She had a perfect healthy constitution; strong; good skin; well proportioned, enclining to a Bona Roba. Her face, a short ovall; darke browne eie-browe, about wch much sweetness, as also in the opening of her eie-lidds. The colour of her cheekes was just that of the Damaske rose, which is neither too hot nor too pale. She was of a just stature, not very tall. Sr Kenelme had severall pictures of her by Vandyke, etc. He had her hands cast in playster, and her feet, and her face. See Ben Jonson's 2nd volume, where he hath made her live in poetry, in his drawing of her both body and mind:

Sitting, and ready to be drawne,
What makes these tiffany, silks, and lawne,
Embroideries, feathers, fringes, lace,
When every limbe takes like a face!

She dyed in her bed suddenly. Some

[illegible] pected th[illegible] w[illegible] W[illegible] her head w[illegible] there was fou[illegible] little brains, wch h[illegible] and im[illegible] to her drinking of viper-wine; [illegible] spiteful women would say 't was [illegible] husband who was jealous of her

Montreal Criticism.

A [illegible] critic in Montreal recently wrote as follows:

"Although success may crown the [illegible] Butterflies and the melodra[illegible] Toscas, the liquid, amber and translucent tones of their more patri[illegible] sister, the coloratura soprano, and the palpitating oscillation of her thrill and the festoons of crystal notes appeal [illegible] many. Thus the appearance of Miss ——, the noted coloratura as Gilda in the opera 'Rigoletto,' on Monday night will be an interesting event. Miss —— has already demonstrated that she is capable of remarkable height of ability, and of the various inventory of local em[illegible]ments."

With Milk.

As the World Wags:

The doctor was draining his bowl of its last spoonful when I read him what you had to say about hasty pudding today. "It's strange,' said he, "that people can talk that way about mush and molasses when there is such a dish as mush and milk. It's the one thing of which I never know when I've had enough; it is simply a question of more room that stops operations." He [illegible] in regretful repetition. "Mush and milk is a royal dish," he continued, "if the mush is made right and eaten as it should be."

The doctor is something of an epicure and I pricked up my ears as he proceeded to lay down a mush and milk law. It came with the authority of an eleventh commandment. "Keep the proportion of mush and milk in your bowl so that the one will stay hot and the other cold. Mush eaten in that way never cloys. The combination of heat and cold is a constant tickle for the palate."

Inasmuch as I have watched the doctor preserve this nice balance in [illegible] for more than 20 years without guessing the wisdom of his methods I'm indebted to you for this enlightenment.

RUEY BARTLETT STEVENS.

R[illegible]indale.

PIANO RECITAL BY SCHELLING

By PHILIP HALE.

Ernest Schelling gave a piano recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. His program was as follows: Chopin, Sonata in B minor, Nocturnes, op. 27, No. 1, op. 15, No 2, Etudes op. 10 in A flat, op. 25 in F major, Barcarole, Mazurka, Polonaise in A flat; Liszt, Sonata in B minor, Au Lac de Wallenstadt, Chant, Polonais, Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6.

Five years ago this month Mr. Schelling played brilliantly his highly original and interesting "Fantastic Suite" at a symphony concert in this city and after that he gave a recital. In this recital the composers represented were Bach-Liszt, Chopin, Alkan, Pugno, Debussy, Paderewski, Wagner-Liszt. Yesterday he played only music by Chopin and Liszt.

Mr. Schelling is a pianist of marked individuality. He belongs to the heroic school and as a Chopin player he is, at best, a believer in "the greater Chopin." It is not now necessary to raise the question whether Chopin's music bears this virile treatment or whether this manner of playing his music is not at variance with the character of the great majority of the compositions and with the composers' own performance of them.

There were times yesterday when it seemed as though Mr. Schelling were impatient of the inevitable limitations of any piano, but these occasions were rare, and it could not be said that the tone was forced or harsh. Nor was force exerted unduly in the polonaise, which too often is chosen by pianists as a pretext for exhibiting brute strength and mad speed, so that experienced concertgoers dread to see the polonaise named on a program. Mr. Schelling's performance of this sorely [illegible]ed work was the most satisfactory that we remember. He was justly in [illegible] vein, but there was nobility in the interpretation; there was pomp, [illegible] brilliance, aristocratic elegance. [illegible] the conception was romantic with [illegible] episodes, with dramatic contrasts! The chords that introduce the [illegible]ous middle section with the octaves in the bass were swept as by a rhapsodist on a gigantically sonorous harp. As a rule they fall upon the ear like the blows of a pile driver And how admirably managed and how exciting the long crescendo!

The first movement of Chopin's sonata was superbly played, and the long melodic line of the Largo was beautifully sung. The sonata was for once an organic whole, and reproaches that [illegible] be [illegible] absurd. The [illegible] of the two Nocturnes was fine[illegible] [illegible]ived. In the second the exposition of the chief theme was marred to our taste by undue deliberation, by disquieting pauses, by a lack of continuity, yet there were charming moments in the performance, and although the reading as a whole was unusual, it was not affected. Undoubtedly that was the way the Nocturne appealed to Mr. Schelling, who as an excellent musician and an artist of the utmost sincerity does not seek to excite surprise or awaken discussion

As for the performance of the other compositions there is nothing but the warmest praise. Mr. Schelling succeeded where many pianists of the first rank fail. He made Chopin's Barcarole hang together so that it was logical in its structure, continuous in its beauty, and yet was rich in significant contrasts. Nor have we heard for many years an interpretation of Liszt's sonata that so clearly revealed the dramatic spirit, the grandeur, the haunting loveliness of this colossal work. Mr. Weingartner has said that the conductor of Liszt's orchestral works should not be afraid of exaggerating the contents. This depends of course on the character of the conductor. The exaggeration should not be in evidence. Mr. Schelling allowed Liszt to wear his "panache," but the plume was never more conspicuous than the man beneath it. The smaller pieces of Liszt were exquisitely played and the Hungarian Rhapsody for once was without the vulgarity which some relentlessly expose.

Mr. Schelling is now in the front rank of the great pianists. He has a virility that is never coarse, a delicacy that is not effeminate or lackadaisical. His touch has character and beauty. His sentiment is genuine, his passion is artistically controlled. While his technical proficiency may well excite applause, it is only incidental to the interpretation. His firm yet elastic legato, his masterly use of the pedals, his treatment of chords, these are indeed admirable; and these and the other qualities that give him a commanding position are displayed for the highest ends.

We regret to say that this concert, one of the most interesting of recent years, was heard by a small audience.

"TOSCA" AT OPERA HOUSE

Mme. Edvina Makes Her Last Appearance in Boston

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE. Puccini's "Tosca." Mr Moranzoni conducted

Floria Tosca	Mme. Edvina
Mario [illegible]	Mr. Gaudenzi
Barone [illegible]	Mr. Marcoux
Angelotti	Mr. Sampieri
Il Sacrestano	Mr. Tavecchia
Spoletta	Mr. Giaccone
Sciarrone	Mr. Pulcini
Un Carceriere	Mr. Olshansky
Un Pastore	Mme. De-Courcy

It is to be regretted that Mme. Edvina made her last appearance in Boston this season in Puccini's grisly melodrama. She herself recently said that she preferred to say "good-by" in "The Jewels of the Madonna," which has not yet been performed on a Monday night. The subscribers of that night were naturally anxious to see her as the heroine of Wolf-Ferrari's opera. The statement was made by the press agent of the Boston Opera House that Mme. Edvina wished to appear here as Tosca. Soon after she arrived in Boston she expressed this desire to the reporters.

As Mr. Zenatello will sing out of town tonight and appear here on Wednesday night at Othello, is was too much to demand of him a performance last night.

It is perhaps natural for a young singer to be desirous of impersonating Floria Tosca, especially when she has an unfaltering trust in her face and figure. The part tempted Mme. Eames when she was by no means in the early years of her stage life. When she was conspicuous as a singer, rather than an actress. The part tempted Miss Farrar, who was a charming Tosca in miniature. It tempted Miss Mary Garden, and she by force of her remarkable individuality and extraordinary authority gave a performance that stood next to the noble and inimitable one of Milka Ternina.

Mme. Edvina has appeared as Floria Tosca in Paris, and I believe, in London. She has not yet had the experience and she has not yet the personal authority to make her performance convincing. It was reasonably expected that she would play in the first act with the requisite lightness, the coquetry that betrayed her passion for Mario, the jealousy that flamed high in a moment She was fair to look upon, but for some reason or other her singing lacked animation and fleetness. She w[illegible] to d[illegible] phrases in the [illegible] [illegible] melodrama [illegible] In the second act [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] from melodrama to the [illegible] of tragedy she showed too plainly that at her present stage of development she is not able to send strong emotions across the footlights. Her assumption of an emotion, however real it seemed to her was superficial in the eyes of the spectators. Her facial expression was varied, her breast heaved, her gestures were designed to have significance, but there was no real force, there was no thrilling moment, indeed, it was not easy even to sympathize with Floria in her distress. Her arms were beautiful when they were displayed on the door of the torture chamber We admired them, but were not moved by the simulated agony of the woman.

Mme. Edvina was a charming and pathetic Antonia Her Louise was interesting and generally effective Whether it was a faithful representation of a Parisian type is another matter The impersonation was sympathetic and eminently natural. In "The Jewels of the Madonna" she too often recalled Louise. As The Herald said at the time the part demands an actress of a more elemental nature, a woman of southern fire and abandon. That Mme Edvina does not triumph in "Tosca" is no cause for her discouragement She is young, she has many natural gifts. It might be well for her to study more thoroughly the indispensable elements of dramatic action. After she has been seen in several roles, the need of this study is apparent. The voice is a beautiful one and in song she often delights the ear. Something more than a beautiful voice and a pleasing personality is demanded of a woman who takes the part of Maliella or of Floria Tosca

Mr. Gaudenzi undoubtedly did his best, but as Cavarodossi he was wholly inadequate. Mr. Marcoux acted the part of Scarpia with his usual finesse and force. His singing left much to be desired. The music does not favor him, for his voice is not a high baritone.

Mr Moranzoni had no easy task in keeping the orchestra and the chief singers together, nor was the fault that of the orchestra. The stage should have been much darker at the end of the second act.

SHUBERT THEATRE—William A. Brady presents Robert B. Mantell in Shakespeare's tragedy, "King Lear."

Cast:

Lear	Mr. Mantell
Earl of Gloster	Alfred Hastings
Earl of Kent	John Burke
Duke of Cornwall	L'Estrange Millman
Edmund	Brigham Royce
Duke of Albany	Noel Tearle
Duke of Burgundy	Lawrence Krey
King of France	John Fritz
Edgar	Fritz Leiber
Oswald	Allen Thomas
A fool	Guy Lindsley
Cordelia	Miss Genevieve Hamper
Regan	Miss Agnes Elliott Scott
Gonerll	Miss Genevieve Reynolds

"Mr. William Shakespeare's History of King Lear" was presented in much abbreviated form last night by Mr. Mantell. He used the version prepared by William Winter for Edwin Booth and thus the featful, awe-inspiring story of the legendary Lear was portrayed successfully for the accommodation of Boston folk and commuting suburbanites. The theatre was crowded and Mr. Mantell and his actors were acclaimed with a vigor and vociferousness that attested the warm approval of the big audience.

It is a great task to give this drama in a manner that will appeal to normal men and women, arouse and maintain their interest and their sympathy without destroying the effect through the incessant shocks of its inherent unreality and awfulnesa. That Mr. Mantell and his company succeeded in doing this last night is proof of the high plane on which the whole performance was cast.

The whole story is unbelievable, the passions, the crimes, the motives, the means and manner of carrying them out are nearly all super-human, if not inhuman. Yet the genius of Shakespeare, placing the action and scene in an unknown time amid relationship, customs and manners purely legendary and moulding them in a form and in an atmosphere of pure medieval romance has made the play one of the most powerful and moving of all dramatic appeals to the human heart. Consequently it requires a high order of intelligence and histrionic skill to interpret the poet's work for a modern audience. This Mr. Mantell does.

Romance and legend tinge the whole production, yet Lear is made sufficiently human to arouse from the start everyday sympathy and so much so that one forgets that the crimes of Goneril and Regan and Edmund are wellnigh unbelievable. Mr. Mantell is an aged and broken monarch, but he is majestic. His generosity is splendid, his wrath at the gentle Cordelia is fearful, but not so unrestrained as to challenge belief. His portrayal of Lear's gradual realization of his wicked daughters' baseness is luminous and touching to a high degree. The curses he heaps upon them would freeze their blood, if they had any one would think, yet in the terrific power of his denunciation he tears no passion to tatters.

In picturing the old King's madness his touch is delicate, light, yet poignant. He [illegible] variations from [illegible] [illegible] weakness to [illegible] strength [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible]ing realism. The [illegible] [illegible]al recognition of Cordelia [illegible] return to a sense of [illegible] his realization of the whole [illegible] of his grief over her death and his own passing are supreme

In the main Mr. Mantell's support is excellent Mr Royce's Edmund is villainous enough, yet falls somewhat short of the keen craftiness of the character. Mr Leiber, as Edgar shows abundant buoyance, generosity and force and his assumed madness as poor Tom is skilfully done. Mr Lindsley is a capable Fool. Mr. Burke is an excellent Earl of Kent, and Mr Fritz is an admirable King of France Mr Hastings portrays the simple-mindedness of Gloster well, but stops there.

Miss Hamper, as Cordelia is gently appealing in the first scene, but later is satisfied with simply declaiming her lines. Miss Reynolds and Miss Scott, as the wicked daughters, are sufficient to be in harmony with the general excellence of the performance.

The scenery is sumptuous and handsome, while the thunder, lightning and rain are of so realistic a kind that they would have startled the audiences that used to hear the tragedy in Shakespeare's time done by "his majesty's servants playing usually at the [illegible] on the Bank-side."

ST. JAMES THEATRE: "The Three of Us," a play in four acts by Rachel Crothers.

Stephen Townley	Henry Grady
Louis Beresford	William J. Fl[illegible]
Clem MacChesney	William C. Wa[illegible]
Sonnie MacChesney	Irene Martle
Rhy MacChesney	Gra[illegible] [illegible]ist[illegible]
Tweed Bix	H[illegible]rt [illegible]
Mrs. Bix	Mary [illegible]rey
Maggie	[illegible]ily Va[illegible]an
Lorimer Trenholm	Sydney D[illegible]y
Hop Wing	J. Monte Cr[illegible]

TOY THEATRE: Triple bill, "Leave of Absence" by Carl E. Freybe "A Night in Avignon" by Cale Young Rice, and "Interpretative Rhythmics" by Miss Mary Kellogg.

"LEAVE OF ABSENCE"

Von Truen	Mr Menard
Huelsen	Mr Freybe
Kroger	Mr. Condit
Poulasky	Mr. Williams
Messenger	Mr. M[illegible]e.

"A NIGHT IN AVIGNON."

Francesco	Mr. Pichel
Gherardo	Mr Churchill
Lelio	Mr. Williams
Orso	Mr Blatt
Madonna Laura	Mrs. Blatt
Sancia	Miss Jones
Philippa	Miss Phinney

RHYTHMICS.

Chanticler A Spring Song A Bird Study	Miss Mary Kellogg

From the large number of manuscripts that must, of necessity, rain in the office of the Toy Theatre, judicious selection was made for the performance last evening.

Thus Mr. Freybe's little narrative of military life is a capital bit of dramatic writing. The story, simple yet intense, is told in a plausible manner. There is a good punch to its dialogue In addition, Mr. Freybe is a pleasing actor, resourceful in matters of reading. Mr. Menard scarcely succeeded in extracting from an exacting part all that it could yield.

"A Night in Avignon" is equally commendable in matters of composition There is in it imagination and poetical fervor. Mr. Pichel, the happy possessor of an unusually charming diction, well nigh succeeded in exploiting the beauty of the verse. Others in the cast were not so fortunate.

Unquestionably Miss Kellogg proved to be the most delightful feature of the program. There is, in her dancing, delectable supleness, imaginative expression. For the rest, grace and charm were a plenty in all her movements.

WIZARD CHING AT THE COLONIAL

The "Follies" still pursue their riotous way at the Colonial this week, but there is an addition to the program in the shape of Ching Sing Foo, the Chinese magician, and his company, who come to America with a record of popularity at London music halls.

Mr. Foo's part of the performance consists largely in producing articles from under his skirt, which don't ordinarily belong there, such, for instance, as Chinese thingumbobs, jugs of water and small boys. It all sounds very easy, hut if you had to walk around easy like (assuming a nonchalant air that was fairly dripping with sang froid) and carry a 29-pound child under your dress all the while, you wouldn't laugh so fast, ha, ha! When, however, Mr. Foo discards his long gown and clothed merely in black satin pajamas, brings forth a bowl of splashing gold fish, one is prepared to sit up and take notice.

Some of Ching Ling Foo's assistants are very clever. Pas[illegible] [illegible] the Chinese prima donna wi[illegible] [illegible] with "Row, Row, [illegible]

K[illegible]o, we w[illegible] juggled a s[illegible] great s[illegible]ill and d[illegible] a c[illegible] disposition. And far fro[illegible] the least interesting part of the performance were the four acrobats, who did really marvellous things on the horizontal bar, as well as novel feats of sheer strength in a Chinese strap act.

AT B. F. KEITH'S

W. F. H

"The Drums of Oude," One-Act

The last word in melodramatic vaudeville is "The Drums of Oude," a one-act play of English origin that is given the head-line position upon a splendid all-round bill at B. F. Keith's this week. The production is being presented by David Belasco—it is his first venture as a vaudeville manager—and the attention to detail that has ever characterised Belasco productions, is in evidence. The scene is set in a fort in northern India at the time of the Sepoy mutiny, and it is all very realistic. The only light in the garrison is from a single candle, while the captain in the Highland regiment, one of his subordinates and the latter's sister, in love, of course, with the captain, wait inside listening to the constant and ominous beating of a native drum in the distance, telling of the approaching of the mutinous native soldiers who seek the ammunition stored within the fortress.

At last, believing there is no longer hope of relief, the captain orders that a fuse be lighted discharging the ammunition and so thwarting the plans of the mutinous Indians, even though it meant the instant death of the few within the fort. The fuse is lighted, and, as it starts to sputter, are heard, far in the distance, the bagpipes of the Highland regiment, indicating that the garrison will be saved after all, along with the ammunition and, of course, the inmates.

"The Drums of Oude" was originally presented in England as a curtain raiser by Cyril Maud. Miss Eleanor Scott L'Estelle of the original London cast is playing Mrs. Jack Clayton in the present company, while the picturesque and genuine Hindus who portray the treacherous Sepoys were also in the original cast and were brought to this country by Mr. Belasco. They appeared in England during its entire successful two-year run in London.

E. J. Ratcliffe, prominent upon the American stage for nearly 30 years has the part of Capt. McGregor and to Jack Standing was assigned the role of Lieut. Allan Huntley. It is a play of dramatic quality and that it made a deep impression upon the audience was shown by the numerous curtain calls following its presentation last night.

There are a lot of other good things upon the bill. Frank North and his company in the rural classic "Back in Washington" has one of the best sketches of its sort ever presented, while Wellington Cross and Lois Josephine, late of "The Wall Street Sketch," give a dainty and original sketch. The Gee Jays, human marionettes, is like "The Drums of Oud," an act imported from England. It is decidedly novel. The Heim children—they ceased to be children in the eyes of the law at least some little time back—furnish a full measure of fun. The rest of the really excellent bill includes Archie Onri, the juggling genius, Arthur Stuart and Hazel Keeley, fashion plate dancers; Smith, Voelke and Cronin, comedians and singers, and the four Onetti sisters, female acrobats in feats of strength upon the parallel bars and flying rings.

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We've left the fat and weatherwise
To keep their coops and reeking sties,
And eat their fill of oven-pies,
While we win free and out again
To take potluck beneath the sky
With sun and moon and wind and rain.

Abhorrent Changes.

As the World Wags:

Without wishing to wear the subject to rags, I must nevertheless express my surprise that Mr. Herkimer Johnson is unable to cope successfully with the perversities of creeping underwear. Mr. Johnson in his profound researches into the habits of man as a political and social beast must have dwelt at length on shirtology. It would be interesting to know whether he ascribes the decadence of the present generation in mental and bodily strength to the influence of purple and too frequently changed linen.

Our ancestors of two or three generations back knew nothing of $50-a-dozen made-to-measure shirts or "health" underwear, and rarely did they change oftener than once a week, but they were a rugged lot.

Once, through stress of circumstance, I went four months without changing my undershirt. It was in a dry country and there was little water for drinking and none for washing. I came to regard that singlet as a very young man his first meerschaum pipe. It was a pleasure to note the gentle nuances of color—to watch the suave, delicate transition from virginal white through cafe con leche to saddle color and finally to a triumphant chocolate. I became genuinely attached to that shirt and it was with real pain, if not regret, that I was at last separated from it. Neither I nor the garment was the worse for the experience. Do we not in this effete East change our clothes too often to get really acquainted with them?

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Dorchester, Jan. 26.

P. S.—(Sub rosa) Joe Bush says that a safety pin is the only remedy for falling of the drawers.

Anecdote and Remedy.

When Eugen d'Albert, the pianist, visited this country the second time, he prided himself on the possession of two suits of heavy flannel underclothes. His engagements were for three months. "See," he remarked to a friend, "I have bought two suits, so that I can change my underclothes before I sail for home. There are other anecdotes that could be told about men and women through the centuries who were long faithful to one shirt; anecdotes about the high and the mighty, saints and martyrs, warriors and statesmen, but we forbear.

And now a word about the practice of Mr. Joe Bush. In 1824 the learned and witty Dr. William Maginn, who could translate a slang ditty into Greek verse while he was eating a light or heavy breakfast, contributed part third of the Maxims of Odoherty to Blackwood's. Maxim 139 runs as follows:

"It was a long while ere I discovered the most convenient method of supporting my drawers. It is a bore to have a separate pair of braces, and the usual schemes of looping are, all of them, liable to objections. The true way is, have two small pieces of tape placed horizontally along the waistband of the nether integuments, at those parts of them which correspond to the parts of the upper touched by the extremities of the braces; have these horizontal tapes, say three inches to each, attached firmly to the substance of the waistband; and then pass the brace under the open part of the tape, before you bring it in contact with the button on the breeches. * * * This is a matter which modern artists have too much neglected." Was Maginn the first to suggest this solution?

It is as simple as the egg of Columbus, but it is not unfailing. Tapes break, and then, as Mr. Henry James remarks, there you are!

More Questions.

As the World Wags:

The next time you have your slang dictionary in hand see if you find anything about the use of Xmas as the slang for Christmas. How is it pronounced, Exmas, Crossmas, or Christmas?

You mentioned the other day the spider used to fry fritters or flapjacks in. It brings to mind that the stove lifter was called "democrat." "Where is the democrat?" "My! that democrat is hot!" Perhaps that is the origin of the expression "A red-hot Democrat."

Lakeport, N. H. V. E. H.

Xmas is not slang; it is an abbreviation of Christmas, as Xt is an abbreviation of Christ and Xtian of Christian. Xmas is pronounced Christmas.

We never heard the word "democrat" applied to a stove lifter. Can any one shed light on this subject?

Extinct Grandmothers.

As the World Wags:

In these days when the public craves hectic drama, problem plays, constant action, exciting and compromising situations and is bored by anything less, it is a relief and a pleaure to many to exchange their dyspeptic theatrical diet for wholesome good like "Milestones," which runs tranquilly through its three courses holding the close attention of the audience by its quiet charm. The one incongruity is the grandmother of the third act. She is distinctly not the aged grandmother of 1912, more's the pity, but is the grandmother of 1860 an unknown type to the younger generations, yet a sweet, blessed and abiding memory to the older. The aged grandmother of 1912 does not grow old gracefully, but with high heels, modish hats, suitable for women of 30, fights old age defiantly, instead of yielding gracefully as did our grandmothers of earlier days. When Grandmother Read entered in act third at a matinee at which the writer had the pleasure of being present two young women, seated just behind him, too young to be familiar with the type, said with enthusiasm: "Oh, isn't she sweet?" That is not the spontaneous tribute which the aged grandmother of today evokes, alas! No. One would be inclined rather to say: "Isn't she absurd?" OLDSTER.

Boston, Jan. 27.

MANTELL PLAYS GOOD HAMLET

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Hamlet." The cast:

Hamlet	Mr. Mantell
Francisco	Charles Reasoner
Bernardo	Noel Tearle
Marcellus	L'Estrange Millman
Horatio	Guy Lindsley
The Ghost	John Burke
Polonius	Allen Thomas
Claudius	Brigham Royce
Laertes	Fritz Leiber
Rosencrantz	Noel Tearle
Guildenstern	Raymond [illegible]
An Actor	L'Estrange Millman
Another	Edward [illegible]wers
A Gravedigger	Edward Lowers
Another	George Gould
Osric	Howard Bartz
A Priest	Thomas Lear
Ophelia	Florence Rockwell
Gertrude	Genevieve Reynolds
The Player-Queen	Agnes Elliott Scott

Mr. Mantell gave an interesting and in many ways an excellent performance of Hamlet last evening. It has been said that no one ever wholly failed in this part except Mr. E. S. Willard. Nor does an "interesting" performance of the tragedy depend on elaborate scenery and incidental music.

It is evident that Mr. Mantell endeavors to portray first of all a human being, but while his Hamlet is not a wholly romantic character, while his Prince is not distinctively a philosopher and an idealist, there is no attempt to gain effects of realism that lessen the highly wrought nature of the tragedy. In dialogue Mr. Mantell speaks as a human being would speak; nor does the actor fear the reproach of being too conversational, colloquial in speech. He does not treat the soliloquies as rhetorical exercises. Wishing to be natural, he at times last evening lowered his voice or whispered, so that he was probably not heard by those in the back seats. This treatment of the text was effective for those who sat near the stage, but surely the dramatist intended that his words should be heard.

Mr. Mantell's reading was generally clear and significant; it was often eloquent. There were occasional readings that might excite discussion, as when he made a long pause after "Angels and ministers." On the whole, he was fluent, natural, and expressive. His "business" was generally admirable, free from affectation and extravagance. In the scene with his mother Hamlet did not compare miniatures, nor did he point to portraits on the wall. The pictures he drew were imaginary. For this relief much thanks. It is to be regretted that in this version the body of Ophelia is brought on the stage at the end of the fourth act. The tradition is unfounded and destroys the effect of the churchyard scene that follows.

There were brilliant moments in the performance. The speech to the players was delivered with a simplicity and a naturalness that revealed true art, and the acting of Hamlet in the play scene was highly dramatic, exciting the audience to enthusiasm. In the great scene with Ophelia, the conflict between love and suspicion and the assumption of madness after Hamlet saw the listeners were portrayed in a telling manner. Nor did Mr. Mantell in the treatment of those associated with him forget in seeming familiarity that he was a prince. We have seldom heard, for instance, the speech to the player following Polonius to the door—"Look, you mock him not"—delivered with more genuine feeling.

Members of the supporting company were earnest and sincere. While the performance of no one of them was especially noteworthy, there was little that was incongruous, little that marred the illusion. The scenery was adequate. The management of lights during the ghost scene on the platform was unsatisfactory. There was an appreciative audience of good size.

The play this afternoon will be "The Merchant of Venice"; tonight "Richelieu."

TOWNSEND WINS HIGH APPROVAL

W.

Stephen Townsend gave a recital last evening at Steinert Hall. Max Heinrich was the accompanist. The program consisted of the following songs by Schumann, sung in English: Singer's Consolation, Serenade, Queen of the Sea, Snow Drop, Thine Image, Greeting, I Wander Not, the 17 songs of "Poet's Love," Cradle of My Sorrow, Her Voice, Spirit Presence, The Cottage, Song of Provence, The Youth's Magic Horn.

Mr. Townsend used the versions by Alice Mattullath and his performance of them must have pleased those eager to hear the English language on the concert as well as the operatic stage. These translations, however, have been so skilfully done that the picturesqueness of German text has been preserved, not hideously distorted. They do not jar the ear of the fastidiously minded who insist that songs should be sung in the tongue in which they were written.

Mr. Townsend is not a singer of striking originality or marked abandon, but he has a manly and resonant voice, which he used last evening with excellent effect. His diction was admirable. Nor did he find it necessary to exaggerate the final consonants. He also displayed the fine control of breath, which has for result pure and finished phrasing. The singer possesses to a large extent the power of coloring tone effectively.

Although his interpretations were mainly conventional, Mr. Townsend invariably [illegible] the composer's mood with delicacy and finesse, and it would have been indeed difficult to say in which songs he excelled. The "Poet's Love" was given in romantic spirit. There was breadth and dignity in "I'll Not Complain," sparkling malice in "A Youth Once Loved a Maiden," while "Those Songs That Haunt My Spirit" came as a dramatic climax.

Mr. Heinrich was a sympathetic accompanist who played con amore.

A large audience was hearty in its manifestation of pleasure.

Mr. Townsend will give a second recital on March 4. The program will include Bantock's "Jester Songs," Jensen's "Gaudeamus" songs, and others.

Jan 30 1[illegible]

"J. M. C." writes: "I would like to inquire of 'Balze' if he remembers 'Shinbone Alley,' leading from Temple place to West street, in the forties, or this refrain of a negro song about that period:

A la mode de duck soup corner of the alley
Ra-Re-Ri-Re—round the corner Sally."

In the early seventies or late sixties we heard as a schoolboy these lines:

For she used to live in Shinbone Alley
And the boys all call'd her "Snag-tooth Sally."

Does any one know the remaining lines? Or is this another example of an Orphic fragment?

Changes and Promotions.

A street laid out here in 1893 was named Batavia. Why this name was chosen, we do not know. Not long ago certain persons living in the street and believing that it either justly or unjustly did not have a good name succeeded in changing Batavia to Denmark. Not Jutland, not Finland, not Bulgaria, not Ashantee, but Denmark. It was then thought that the morality of the street was assured. Shopkeepers hearing Denmark street given as the address would bow and scrape and not insist on cash payment. Children of Beacon street (on the water side) and children of Denmark street would grow up together and form ties of lasting friendship or reasonably secure wedlock. A few days ago the newspapers stated that persons dwelling in Denmark street are desirous of another name; one that will purge recollection and insure confidence. Is there something rotten in the street of Denmark? Not to the eye of the passer through. The street is quiet, orderly, respectable, and comparatively clean. Batavia—Denmark—what next? Utopia street?

Part of Falmouth street was named St. Stephen in 1892 because certain dwellers in that section really believed that they were on a higher plane than dwellers in the other section. It was whispered at the time that some in the "more objectionable" section promptly moved within the protection of the saint, and this step toward righteousness did not fill the elect with holy joy.

Street Physiognomies.

Balzac in his introduction to a wildly melodramatic tale wrote curiously concerning the streets of Paris; how they had human qualities; how each street had its peculiar physiognomy. "Narrow streets with a northern exposure, where the sun comes only three or four times in the year, are assassinating streets; they kill with impunity." "Some streets, as the rue Montmartre, have a handsome head and end in a fish's tail." The physiognomy of Denmark street is not noble, not aristocratic, but it is honest. Even in Boston there are streets of sinister appearance, though the dwellers therein are industrious and God-fearing citizens.

As a rule changes in street names are to be deplored. The change is seldom for the better, and old associations are destroyed. There was no doubt a good reason for changing Bothnia to St. Cecilia, and yet what a joy it was to [illegible] a street car conductor shouting in the old days "Bothin-ia" or "Bothine-a"!

T. D.'s and Staddles.

As the World Wags:

Was there not, about a year or so ago, a discussion in this column in regard to "T D" pipes? And did not some correspondent trace them to early in the 19th century? But, however that may have been, perhaps the following advertisement will not be without interest. It is extracted from the Boston Post Boy of Nov. 23, 1772:

"Mrs. Sheaffe Acquaints her Friends and the Public, That she has to sell at the Shop the North Corner of Queen-street, lately improv'd by Mr. Joshua Green, By Wholesale and Retail, Superfine and common Philadelphia Flour, Cask and Jar Raisins, . . . Rice, ground ditto, . . . Split Peas, Salt Petre, Tamarinds . . . Turkey Figs,

[illegible] Hair Powder [illegible] Corks, 15 and 18 inch [illegible] and Playing Cards."

As regards "staddles," may I add a meaning of the word not given in your [illegible] yesterday, namely—young trees. A noted example of such use occurs in one of Bacon's essays, and the use was common in this country in the 17th and 18th centuries. It would be interesting to know whether this use survives at Hampton, N. H., as possibly the question of "Plotinus" indicates. A. M.

Boston, Jan. 28, 1913.

A Maxim of Maginn.

The essay to which "A. M." refers is entitled "Of Greatnesse of Kingdomes and Estates" and the sentence is: "If you leave your saddles too thick you shall never have cleane Underwood, but Shrubs and Bushes." But does "Staddle" here mean a young tree? The annotator, W. Aldis Wright, thought so, but is not this definition also plausible? —"The root or stump of a tree that has been felled." Nowhere in dialect dictionaries do we find the word defined as a young tree—and yet this quotation from the Century Magazine (January, 1884, p. 448) apparently favors "A. M.'s" view: "They felt obliged in the antique phrase of Jared Eliot, 'to stub and staddles'—that is to grub up by the roots the smaller saplings." There was a verb "staddle" in Norfolk county (Eng.) that also supported "A. M.'s" definition: To cut a wood in such a way as to leave at certain distances a sufficient number of young plants to re-[illegible]

We quoted yesterday from Dr. Maginn's Maxims. "A. M.'s" paragraph about "T. D.'s" reminds us of Maxim [illegible] "No pipe is cleanly but the common [illegible] clay, and that is a great recommendation, I admit; but there is something so hideously absurd in the appearance of a man with a clay pipe in his mouth, that I rather wonder anyone can have courage to present himself in such a position." We quote and [illegible] approve. A foolish man with a [illegible] in his mouth might well be taken for a philosopher, a sage, one that has solved the riddle of the Universe.

MANTELL GIVES 'REAL' SHYLOCK

[illegible] THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice."

Shylock	Mr Mantell
[illegible]	John Burke
[illegible]	Noel Tearle
[illegible]	Brigham Royce
[illegible]	Guy Lindsley
[illegible]	L'Estrange Millman
[illegible]	Fritz Leiber
[illegible]	Edward Lewers
[illegible]	Alfred Hastings
[illegible] Gobbo	Allen Thomas
[illegible]	Bessie Lenore
[illegible]	Raymond Geist
Duke of Venice	Alfred Hastings
Portia	Florence Rockwell
Nerissa	Agnes Elliott Scott
[illegible]	Genevieve Hamper

Mr. Mantell is a successful actor because he possesses in a large measure the objective elements of acting that result from resourceful technique. He is a successful interpreter of Shakespeare because, unlike many readers of the present time, he preserves an even balance between a realism that would be trivial and a lyricism that would be [illegible]. True lover of Shakespeare, he is neither a realist nor a romanticist; he is a harkening for the good things on both sides of the line.

In consequence, his Shylock, while a creature of the flesh, tangibly real, convincingly imperative, is flavored with a modicum of idealism that safeguards the character from commonplaceness. The happy absence of theatricality in the presentation of the Jew serves to intensify the tragic depth of Mr. Mantell's characterization. For the rest, Mr. Mantell is not exhaustive in the satisfying sense. What if there is some measure of ranting in his use of [illegible]. It may not serve the purposes of [illegible] delivery. Certainly, in the present instance at any rate, it satisfies the requirements of that realism which is some element of success in creative interpretations of Shakespeare.

Excepting Miss Rockwell, who pleased in all but a stereotyped recitation of the "mercy" speech and Mr Lindsley, who was a really delightful Gratiano, the cast was hardly commendable. Mr. [illegible] is not an appreciably gratifying Shakespearian reader. He had neither the voice, the exuberance, nor the poetical fervor that the part requires. And so with the others, they lacked experience and resourcefulness.

The production is adequately mounted. An overamount of incidental music was injudiciously interpolated. The house was "top heavy." Query: Why should this invariably be the case in Shakespearian revivals?

MANTELL IN "RICHELIEU"

SHUBERT THEATRE—[illegible] Mantell in "Richelieu," [illegible] acts, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. The cast:

Cardinal Richelieu	[illegible]
Baradas	[illegible]
[illegible]as	[illegible]
De Beringhen	[illegible]
Adrian de Mauprat	Fritz Leiber
Huguet	John Burke
Joseph	Alfred Hastings
Francois	[illegible] Lindsley
Louis XIII	[illegible] Millman
Julie De Mortemar	Miss Florence Rockwell
Marion De Lorme, a spy for Richelieu	Miss Agnes Elliott Scott

It was a double pleasure to witness the admirable performance of "Richelieu" at the Shubert last evening—the pleasure of a performance that had many sublime moments, and again the pleasure of a crowded house that could scarcely contain its appreciation.

The play is principally concerned with the affair of Julie de Mortemar and Adrian de Mauprat. Then there is the machiavellian Baradas. It is an engrossing story.

Save for a general tendency by the company to take too low a pitch there could be little left to be desired in the performance; the voices were too modulated, and at times within a few rows of the stage the dialogue was scarcely audible.

This did not apply to Mr. Mantell, however, as his whispers and hoarseness were from an enfeebled—a palsied —Richelieu. Mr. Mantell gave a performance that was obviously authoritative—for here was a man of almost supreme authority, beside whom a King looked even as a child. His was an exquisite diction, a splendid shading that revealed the monumental will, the indomitable courage and importance of the churchman that was enclosed in a tottering and frail body. And there were many moments of riveting dramatic interest, notably as he threatened to launch the curse of Rome on the heads of the intriguers, and again as he feigned death in his chamber with the clamoring mob held without sword's play, and again as he appeared in the brilliant robes of the cardinalate to plead for the head of De Mauprat. In a word, the illusion was complete as if Mantell had left Mantell behind and it was Richelieu himself who tottered before one in the gardens of the Louvre.

Miss Florence Rockwell was seen as Julie. Her's was a well-rounded interpretation. The Dr Mauprat of Mr. Fritz Lieber was a splendid combination of virility and impetuosity and adoration for Julie. A handsome profile, a swaggering carriage and a mellow voice rounded out a real life-like guardsman, and his moments of doubt as to Richelieu's sincerity of purpose were a fine bit of acting.

The remainder of the cast was excellent, and the play was appropriately mounted.

Tonight: "Othello."

"OTELLO" AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Verdi's "Otello." Mr. Conti conducted.

Otello	Mr. Slezak
Iago	Mr. Scotti
Cassio	Mr. Diaz
Roderigo	Mr. Cilla
Lodovico	Mr. Sampieri
Montano	Mr. Pulcini
A Herald	Mr. Olshansky
Desdemona	Mme. Alda
Emilia	Mme. Claessens

Verdi's noble opera was performed last night for the first time this season.

We have seen here as Othello, Campanini, Tamagno, Alvarez, Slezak, Zenatello, and in an English version Joseph Shehan. The Iagos since Galassi have been Del Puente, Maurel, Scotti, Amato, Baklanoff, Sammarco, Blanchart, Polese and in English Goff, who, by the way, acted the part with uncommon finesse. The Desdemonas have been Mmes. Eva Tetrazzini, Albani, Eames, Dorg, Alda, Melis, Savage, and in English Gertrude Rennyson. Mr. Scotti first appeared here as Iago at the Boston Theatre with Alvarez and Mmes. Eames and Homer in March, 1912.

Thus we have seen famous men and women in this tragedy with music, among them Tamagno and Maurel, the creators respectively of the two great parts. Mme. Eames was a lovely apparition in 189[illegible] and the music suited her pure and beautiful voice.

In spite of the admirable libretto of Boito, in spite of Verdi's music which is wholly worthy of Shakespeare's play —and there can be no higher praise than this—in spite of the remarkable acting of Tamagno and Maurel, and the praiseworthy impersonations of the chief characters by others, the opera has never been a favorite here or elsewhere. Is it the fault of the tragedy itself? There are some who maintain that the thought of a white woman enamored of a negro is repellent; but Othello was a Moor, one of a handsome race, and even if he were coal black, Desdemona gives good reasons for her love, and it is not necessary to consult the anthropological notes of Burton. Mr. Finck of New [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] and the [illegible] with melody that illustrates [illegible] emphasizes [illegible] vividly portrays character. And there are some of us who [illegible] "Otello," the fruit of a [illegible] to be ranked with "Tristan und Isolde" and "Pelleas et Melisande."

The Othello of Mr. Slezak and the Desdemona of Mme. Alda are familiar and there is now no need of close analysis. There are few heroic tenors who attain the stature of Othello. Tamagno by reason of his frame, his phenomenal voice, his wild passion was born for the part. Mr. Slezak has natural advantages: a tall figure that is commanding when he bears himself as a conquering Moor and does not stride with depressed head. His voice is as a trumpet in the stormy scenes, but it is also lyrical, so that he can sing the love music of the first act; music that revealed to Vernon Blackburn the soul of sex. Last evening his intonation was faulty in this scene and at other times, but as he came suddenly from New York to replace Mr. Zenatello, these slips were the more excusable. His coloring of tone for dramatic effect was admirable. His voice was more expressive than his bodily action. On the whole, his performance was an impressive one, in the tempestuous and the gentler scenes.

Mme. Alda is also well suited by nature to portray Desdemona, "the gentle Lady married to the Moor." In the portrayal of this part there is no need of subtlety. Desdemona is not a complex character: she is simple, trustful, loving and lovable. Verdi's music is the full expression of this pure soul. Mme. Alda was vocally well disposed. She had firmer control of her tones than on certain previous occasions; her intonation was purer; she sang with more art and with marked intelligence. She was pleasing to the eye, she carried herself gracefully, and the quality of her voice in the working part was that which we associate with Desdemona. In short, she was a sympathetic figure and made a very pleasing impression.

In the opera, as in the drama, we have all seen Iagos who were Mephistophilian, or the scowling villain of melodrama whose malice and treachery would not have deceived even Othello. Now Iago was outwardly a good fellow. He would be welcome at a club; his jests would be treasured, no doubt he would be asked to serve on the elections committee as a judge of candidates; the Iago characterized by Hazlitt as a careless, cordial, comfortable villain, who delighted in cruelty as a child finds pleasure in tormenting a cat. He was envious of the Moor; he surmised that his wife had played him false with Othello; he hated Cassio, who had been preferred to him, perhaps he lusted after Desdemona, for he held woman's virtue as a light thing. There was reason enough for his villainy, and in the Elizabethan drama the ingenious and infernal scoundrel was supposed to flourish in Italy.

This part calls for an actor of the utmost subtlety. Maurel's impersonation was incomparable. When Mr. Scotti first appeared here his impersonation was frankly melodramatic. Last night he used his voice with much more than ordinary skill in the expression of character. He has gained greatly in this respect. The voice itself is now a basso cantante in quality than a baritone. While he has lost resonance in the upper tones, the rest of his voice is richer and fuller. His conception of the part is now finer. The performance is more varied in detail. While it was extremely interesting as a whole, the first poisoning of Othello's mind, the narration of Cassio's dream and the scene with Cassio in the third act were the most conspicuous features.

The concerted music for the leading characters was occasionally marred by false intonation, but the chorus sang with a spirit and a force that have not hitherto been observed this season. Mr. Conti, after a long absence, was heartily applauded on his appearance. He conducted with refreshing authority and much attention to the detail. The audience was enthusiastic after the second and the third acts.

The opera on Friday night will be "Tristan und Isolde," with Mmes. Fremstad and Gay, and Messrs. Burrian, Weil and Lankow. Mr. Weingartner will conduct for the first time this season.

Jan 31 1913

For those who read aright are well aware
That Jaques sighing in the forest green,
Oft on his heart felt less the load of care
Than Falstaff, revelling his rough [illegible]
between.

Belated.

The Herald has received the following extraordinary letter.

As the World Wags:

It was Lars Porsena, was it not, who "kept the bridge"? This Lars Anderson's giving it back again over in Cambridge is merely a belated restitution.

Boston, Jan 29. LAR LAR.

Words, Words.

As the World Wags:

Your word "chassis" survives in "chase" the name given in every printing office to the iron frame enclosing a page of set type. It seems to have been [illegible] ... [illegible] ... Then I [illegible]

DI[illegible]

Boston, Jan. [illegible]

We beg to [illegible] friend. The old [illegible] meaning a wooden frame [illegible] fitted with [illegible] the French "chasse" [illegible]

The word "chase" as used by printers is possibly derived from the French "chasse," meaning a shrine, or [illegible] setting of gems, casing, case; or more probably, from the French "[illegible]," originally meaning enclosure, enclosed place.

In Praise of Clay.

We quoted yesterday an opinion of Dr. William Maginn, that there is something hideously absurd in the appearance of a man with a clay pipe in his mouth. Quoting, we in no way approved his opinion

> Jones—(who, I'm glad to say,
> Asked leave of Mrs. J.)—
> Daily absorbs a clay
> After his labors.

And the real name of Jones is Legion. If tobacco had been known in the time of Socrates he would have smoked a clay in prison while he discoursed on immortality and waited for the [illegible]. In the recent revival of "Troilus and Cressida" in London Patroclus and Achilles were represented as smoking clays. The pipe might have been in the mouth of Nestor or Ulysses, for the clay becomes the moralizing sage and the man of action. When Mr Gallagher smoked tobacco, "he always blew two pipes at once, one at each corner of his mouth, and threw the smoke out at both his nostrils." Ten to one these pipes were of clay. And Mr. Gallaspy was a heroic frame, a man who did not "swallow a fluid like other people, but if it was a quart, poured it in as from pitcher to pitcher"; a man that drank seven in hand, that is with seven glasses placed between the fingers of his right hand.

The Doctor's Inconsistency.

Maginn rejected "The vile [illegible]ty" of a pipe, because he found all pipes save the "absurd" clay unclean. The meerschaum, saturated with oil, made him filthy and poisonous. "The only pipe in which you can have a pipe at once gay-looking and cleanly, is to have a glass tube with it, which can be washed with water immediately after use, but then the glass gets [illegible] hot." If you are a grandee, he said, smoke a hookah and have a servant solely for it, otherwise smoke cigars. Saying this, he had the audacity to mention one of his poems written some years before:

> Pipe! whether plain in fashion of Frey [illegible],
> Or gaudily glittering in the taste of Bow,
> Deep-darkened Meer-sham (sic) or [illegible]
> de mer,
> Or snowy clay of Gouda, light and pure,
> Let different people different pipes prefer
> Delft, [illegible], or cagut, long, short, [illegible],
> newer,
> Puff, every brother, as it likes him best,
> De gustibus non disputandum est.

In the Street.

We like to see the workman in the street with a T. D. in the mouth. He was born to do this. The pipe is one of his natural organs. Amputation would affect the character of the patient. But there are men, chiefly young men, who affect a pipe in the street, a pipe of briar, or of wood that passes for briar. It is small, yet as smoked it seems bigger than the young man's head. One members of this tribe the pipe in the street is as an excrescence, a strange growth. At home the young man prefers cigars or cigarettes, but he has been told that in the street, on the way to business, or after luncheon, a pipe is the correct thing. It is not comfortable in his mouth. Every now and then he joggles it, by a misstep, or by going too near a post, and he is obliged to pull out an ostentatious pouch and strike a light. Or he did not fill the pipe deftly, and it does not draw. He is in endless trouble. It would be easier for him to lead a dog. He smokes with a bravado directly in proportion with the coldness of the air, and is affectedly happiest when the mercury is below zero. Then he smokes with gusto and walks gaily without an overcoat. The wonder is that the Lean Fellow with a Scythe does not harvest him. Perhaps the dwellers in the air, looking down lazily into the burgess warren, are loath to deny themselves any form of amusement.

Anecdote for the Day.

He was much and often troubled with the gowte, and his way of cure was thus; he would then sitt with his legges bare, if it were frost, on the leads of Cockaine house, putt them into a payle of water, till he was almost dead with cold, and betake himselfe to his stove, and so 'twas gone.

MISS FLETCHER GIVES RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Nina Fletcher was warmly and deservedly applauded for her playing of the violin yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was a deeply interested audience of fair size. Mr. Do Voto was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Bach, sonata in E minor; Bruch, concerto in G minor; Cui, Cavatina; Sgambati, Serenata Napoletana; Wieniawski, Polonaise in A.

Miss Fletcher is heard here too seldom. There are plenty of young women who fiddle. They have a certain proficiency; they have plausible glibness; they play the notes correctly and phrase not without musical intelligence; and they remember laboriously the instruction of the teacher. Thus they do credit to him, and reveal little of themselves; nor do they often make dry bones live.

Miss Fletcher has been admirably schooled. This is known to many. She has more than a well developed technic. She has joined the ranks of interpreters, and although she has honorable years before her, she already has caught the secret of re-creation. When she plays it is as though the music came from her. The names Bach and Bruch are then for the purpose of identification. The hearer does not keep looking at the program to reassure himself or to note joyfully the progress of time. He is enwrapped by the music.

The spell is unmistakable and the hearer is loath to have it broken. The music makes him forget the routine in the brickyard, the petty annoyances, the stings, the disappointments, the sorrows of "too daily" life. He is not wondering whence the violinist came, or conjecturing with whom she studied. He knows that he is refreshed and comforted.

Miss Fletcher thus has a great gift, one not to be learned in the schools, except in the school of adversity where the struggler does not always win the prize, where sometimes there is no graduation.

The modesty of the violinist, the charm of her simplicity in pose and performance, the utter absence of trickery and affectation enhanced the pleasure of hearing her.

MANTELL SEEN AS "OTHELLO"

SHUBERT THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Othello."

Othello ..... Mr. Mantell
Iago ..... Mr. Leiber
Rodrigo ..... Mr. Thomas
Brabantio ..... Mr. Hastings
Cassio ..... Mr. Royce
Duke of Venice ..... Mr. Gould
Lodovico ..... Mr. Tearle
Desdemona ..... Miss Rockwell
Emilia ..... Miss Scott

Mr. Mantell's Othello last evening was a striking impersonation. Picturesque in appearance, he represented the Moor as a man of pride, dignity and passion as well as gentleness and childlike credulity. His bearing in the council chamber during the recital of his wooing was marked by an Oriental repose, while throughout the performance his facial play was eloquent and his gestures telling. He emphasized the soldierly qualities of the Moor and contrasted them effectively with the infinite tenderness of his behavior toward Desdemona, before his mind had fallen a prey to Iago's insinuations. Mr. Mantell's portrayal of Othello's transition from absolute trustfulness to growing suspicion, furious jealousy and unbridled passion was that of a well graced tragedian.

Mr. Leiber was an excellent Iago, who did not play the character in melo-dramatic vein. He appeared rather as a seasoned soldier of unusual intellect, jovial with his comrades, outwardly a good fellow, in reality the incarnation of evil. Only his restless, eager eyes and his malicious sneers as he watched his victims fall into the traps laid for them, betrayed, at first, his inward villany. His gradual perverting of Othello was subtly contrived, and was not the only feature of an effective performance.

Miss Rockwell's Desdemona was marked by the appropriate simplicity and innocence, while deference to her father and devotion to the Moor, after her first entrance, were engagingly expressed.

Mr. Royce was a manly Cassio, and other minor parts were well taken.

The production was admirable in every detail as to scenery, costumes and lighting.

An audience of good size was enthusiastic. The play this evening will be "King Lear."

"Tristan und Isolde" Given—Felix Weingartner Welcomed Back.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE. Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Tristan ..... Mr. Burrian
Isolde ..... Mme. Fremstad
Koenig Marke ..... Mr. Lankow
Kurwenal ..... Mr. Weil
Melot ..... Mr. Saldaigne
Grangaene ..... Mme. Gay
Ein Hirt ..... Mr. Lipmann
Stimme des Seemanns ..... Mr. Diaz
Ein Steuermann ..... Mr. Everett

Wagner's music drama was performed for the first time this season and Mr. Weingartner began his duties as conductor. The announcement was made that Mr. Burrian had received news that his wife is dying, but he consented to sing in order to avoid the disappointment which the cancellation of the performance would mean. The indulgence of the audience was asked for Mme. Gay who has been suffering from a severe cold.

Mr. Weingartner was heartily welcomed. His return gives strength and additional dignity to the opera house. His presence is a stimulus to the orchestra and the singers. His interpretation of the scores interests the musicians, and the audience at large is conscious that a man of authority, taste, and poetic imagination is in control.

Mme. Fremstadt and Mr. Burrian are no strangers in Boston, and Mr. Weil has been heard here. Mme. Gay's Brangaene is an unfamiliar impersonation. It is said that she took the part for the first time last night.

The lighting of the second act excited comment. Mr. Urban, the stage director, has explained this lighting in an article that will be published in The Herald tomorrow. It seems that the lighting should be symbolical or illustrative of the varying emotions of the characters, explanatory of the situations. The article is an interesting document as a theoretical exposition.

The practical results on the stage last night were as follows: The scene was much lighter after the quenching of the torch than while the torch burning; the lovers were fully in sight when they were singing, but when Brangaene sang they were in comparative darkness. There was a light on Brangaene so that she could have been seen at a long distance. There was no illusion of moonlight. The lovers sat respectably in the sight of the public. There was no suggestion of a leafly bower or of seclusion. They might as well have been on the steps of the Boston Public Library passing the time in amatory confidences while waiting for a car. Thus lighted the scene lost in romance, and the music lost in a measure its mysterious charm.

Mme. Fremstad's impersonation is one of rare beauty and dignity. She is a princess in the first act, not a shrieking virago; a princess but also a woman wounded in her pride, tortured by the love that she would gladly kill. Her voice, especially in the upper tones, has lost somewhat in quality, but it is still a wonderfully expressive organ. She sings with fine and unerring appreciation of the text.

What boisterous and violent Isoldes we saw in the earlier days of the opera in Boston! Mme. Sucher, the first to take the part here, was constantly in fortissimo mood. She tore passion to tatters, and the exhibition was applauded as being in the "true Wagnerian spirit." Mme. Klafsky was almost as noisy and turbulent as Mme. Sucher. She, too, was popularly supposed to be charged with the "true Wagnerian spirit." Milka Ternina was the first to show us that the music of Isolde could be sung; was the first to convince us that Isolde was a woman, tender though proud, and was not a scolding fishwife.

Mme. Fremstad sings the music of Isolde, and with what a wealth of expression! What nicety in detail! Even the too frequent hifalutin of the text, the palaver and the bombast have eloquence by reason of her song. The earlier Isoldes were raging up and down the deck. Their arms were like unto the sails of a windmill. They were all X's and Y's. How graceful is the bearing of Mme. Fremstad! What charm of repose, what sobriety in gesture, what significance in the more spirited or tragic action!

Mr. Burrian's Tristan unfortunately was never romantic to the eye, but he sings the music of the knight with discretion and expressiveness. He has happily escaped the training of the Bayreuth school with its intolerable staccato, its breaking of phrases into bits, its undue emphasis of consonants.

Mme. Gay was naturally not in full possession of her vocal powers, but in view of the circumstances she gave a creditable performance. The music of Brangaene in the first act is singularly uninteresting.

Mr. Lankow's Marko is familiar to us. The part is a thankless one. Mr. Lankow sang last night with greater assurance and authority than at the performances of last year. Mr. Weil was sufficiently robust as Kurwenal, but his impersonation was not a striking one.

M. Jean Marnold maintains that the true "Tristan" will be revealed when the opera is played as a symphony without vioces and without thought of the muddy metaphysics that encumber the old sad legend. He probably has not heard Mme. Fremstad as Isolde. And yet there is a reason for his opinion, extravagant as it may seem. Even when the singers are mediocre, or intolerable, there is always that wondrous orchestral score, still more wondrous when its beauty and passion are revealed by a conductor of Mr. Weingartner's force.

There was a large audience and there was enthusiastic applause at the end of each act.

SONG RECITAL BY MISS TEYTE

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Maggie Teyte gave a song recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. Charles Lurvey was the accompanist. There was a large audience. The program was as follows:

Mozart, "Deh vieni, non tardar"; Parelli, Invocazione a Venere; Schindler, La Colomba; Giordani, Caro mio ben; Debussy, C'est l'extase langoureuse, Il pleur dans mon coeur, L'Ombre des Arbres, Fantoches, La Chevelure, Green; Loeffler, Timbres Oubliees; Hue, L'Ane Blanc; Paladilhe, Psyche; Hahn, Paysage; Borowski, Love in Spring.

The songs of Debussy and the song of Hue were on the program of her recital here a year ago. It is a pity that she did not sing again Dupare's "Manoir de Rosamonde" with its blend of fantastical romanticism and savage passion instead of Paladilhe's "Psyche," which, inevitably "popular" is too obviously contrived for that purpose. Her first program was wholly French. That of yesterday included a group of Italian songs and one in English.

She sang Parelli's "Invocation" with noble breadth of style and with ever-increasing intensity of emotion until the irrisistible climax. Equally remarkable was her interpretation of "Caro mio ben," which she sang with classic simplicity. In Parelli's air there was fervent exaltation; in Giordani's there was the subdued emotion and the quiet authority which make the song a thing of haunting beauty, music that does not grow stale through successive periods and changing tastes and fashions. She was less successful in the air from "The Marriage of Figaro," possibly because it was first on the program. Her interpretation lacked the necessary repose; the tempo was restless; there was not a sustained flow. But there are few singers of Mozart's music in these days.

As an interpreter of Debussy she has been exceedingly well trained. A singer of ecstatic moods by nature, Miss Teyte has uncommon musical intelligence. She mixes her colors with her brains. Take, for instance, her exquisite performance of "La Chevelure" with her impersonal but arresting statement at the beginning: "Il m'a dit." Not for a moment did she confound the passion of the speaker with the description given by the narrator. The interpretation of this song was a triumph of diction. On the other hand, she made too little of the phrase "C'est l'extase langoureuse," which as Miss Garden sighed it turned the knees of the hearer to water, if the old oriental speech may be allowed in this unimaginative year. Nor did Miss Teyte give to the opening lines of "Green" the exultation, the elemental burst of joy that the music expresses. There was so much to admire in her diction, in her art, which, vivified by a soul as well as by brains, seemed spontaneity itself, that these exceptions taken should not seem hypercritical, for from such an interpreter we naturally expect the fulness of delight.

It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Loeffler's song again, although we have heard it sung with richer coloring and as under a more "improbable firmament." The other songs of the group were interpreted in a manner that won deserved applause and Miss Teyte repeated "Psyche." She had already repeated "La Chevelure" and at the end of the second group "C'est l'extase."

She was vocally well disposed and used her voice with the utmost freedom. The organ is a fine one, beautiful in the lower and upper registers, but in the middle the tones might be more concentrated. It may be added that her enunciation in English is inferior to her enunciation in either Italian or French. The audience was enthusiastic and after the final group of songs Miss Teyte sang in response to recalls.

Mr. Lurvey was a most sympathetic accompanist, a musical pianist. There are accompanists who are "at the piano," and hard at it. In the songs of Debussy Mr. Lurvey's art rivalled that of Miss Teyte.

Fidus Cornelius in the Roman Senate burst into a passionate flood of tears, because Corbulo called him a plucked ostrich.

A Heraldic Query.

As the World Wags:

I have always understood that under the English laws of heraldry a woman had the right to use her husband's crest but not the coat of arms. Am I wrong?

DOROTHY HOLMES.

Quincy, Jan. 29.

We do not know, for we are shy as to heraldic matters. Mr. Lincoln once remarked that an American's coat of arms was his shirt sleeves. In accordance with the American woman's views concerning dress, privileges, and rights, why should she not boldly sport this coat of arms of her husband?

Collars and Cuffs.

As the World Wags:

Can you take time and space to explain the meaning of the phrase, "to shoot the cuff"? I have supposed it to describe the action employed by gentlemen who, painfully conscious of the fact that their shirtsleeves are too short, bring their cuffs into view by means of a sudden tug; but a friend who lives in Cambridge near Harvard University, assures me that it means "to manipulate a too-much exposed cuff by quietly projecting it partially or wholly within the shelter of the surrounding coat sleeve." I rarely wear cuffs myself, but when I do, I prefer the attachable and reversible sort, and I keep them at the proper level by means of elastic bands worn above the elbow, so that shooting either up or down is to me an unknown sport.

Can you inform me if paper collars are still fashionable in any part of our great country? As I remember, the "Elmwood" was a favorite brand, and with it was commonly worn a cravat which, under the assumption that the tying of a four-in-hand, or sailor-knot, was beyond the ability of the ordinary man, was manufactured all-tied—a beautifully symmetrical impossible knot—and provided with two ears, intended to represent the visible portion of the band, which were tucked under the collar. The tie was kept in place by an elastic loop which was hitched around the collar button. This loop occasionally slipped off or broke at critical moments. Ah, memory, memory!

ENOCH MOLLIVER.

Malden, Jan. 30.

On the Stage.

Your explanation of cuff-shooting, Mr. Molliver, is correct and your friend evidently lives in Darkest Cambridge. We have read, or been told, that the term "cuff-shooter" was first applied to actors in society dramas. The lover, for example, would come upon the stage with this speech: "Home to the old chateau! It's 15 years since I saw Claire, dear little Claire. And how goes it with my m-m-m-mother!" And saying this with a fine, free sweeping gesture of the left arm comparable to the admired gesture of Millet's "Sower," he shot the reluctant shirt cuff into the sight of the audience. The term, applied to an actor, is contemptuous. "O, he's a cuff shooter." In the English "Slang and Its Analogues," we find this varient: "To shoot one's linen, to jerk and display the cuffs." The practice is not commendable, nevertheless it is seen even in the parlors of some of "our best people." The cuff-shooter also spreads his coat-tails before sitting down and plucks up the knees of his trousers to prevent disreputable bagging. When the cuff is detachable the shooting often results in a mortifying exposure.

"Neckwear."

We asked some months ago whether paper collars are still worn. No vouchsafed to answer. It is our impression that the celluloid drove out the paper. We well remember the paper collar and the paper dicky. Cool Burgess used to sing of Hildebrand Montrose:

He parts his hair with extreme care
And chalks his paper collars.

But the paper collar once worn was an accomplished fact, something to be forgotten; while the celluloid, like the enameled steel collar of the civil war period, can be cleansed. The steel collar was at regular intervals refreshed by use of a tooth brush.

In the Seventies the huge cravat with the neckband was popularly known as the dirty shirt coverer. Mr. Herkimer Johnson once told us that he had a mass of notes concerning cuffs, collars and cravats, enough to fill a volume (elephant folio) of his colossal work (sold only by subscription).

Anecdote for the Day.

There is a pleasant story of a mayor of Bodmin named Boyer who was active during the uprising of the West in 1549. Sir Anthony Kingston went down to settle matters in Bodmin, and was entertained by the mayor, who hoped to escape scot-free. Kingston had sent him notice that he had a man to hang and a gallows must be ready. After dinner they went out to inspect the gallows. "Think you it is strong enough?" said Kingston. "Yes, sir," replied the mayor. "Then get you up, for it is for you."

Beautiful Spring.

"In and near Albany lilacs and other early shrubs are in bud, and early bulb plants are breaking through the earth."

Yes, and spring lambs are no doubt gambolling on the Helderberg hills and shad leaping in the Hudson near Greenbush.

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'IL TROVATORE'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: [illegible] Verdi's "Il Trovatore." Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Ines [illegible]	Mr. [illegible]
Leonora	Mme. [illegible]
Azucena	Mme. Schumann-Heink
Manrico	Mr. Zenatello
Ferrando	Mr. Sampieri
Ines	Miss Heyman [illegible]
Ruiz	Mr. Giaccone

Mme. Schumann-Heink sang yesterday afternoon for the first time in this opera house. I believe her last appearance in a grand opera was at the Boston Theatre in April, 1907, when she took the part of Brangaene, and I cannot find any record of her appearing in Boston as Azucena before yesterday.

It was refreshing to see again on the stage a woman of such pronounced authority, to hear that glorious voice again in opera. Her Azucena was a tragic figure. The Gypsy has not been played with such dramatic force since Adelaide Phillipps was in her prime and the voice of Miss Phillipps, noble as it was, had not the peculiar richness of Mme. Schumann-Heink's. Yesterday there was no [illegible] talk of Verdi's "waltz-[illegible]." It was at once seen how compelling this music is when it is sung by a [illegible] tragedian.

Mme. Schumann-Heink sang in German, while the others sang in Italian. That this incongruity was hardly noticed is in itself a tribute to the singer, for if she used the German text, she sang in the Italian manner, in the traditional manner that too many Italians [illegible], or never knew. Take her first [illegible] for [illegible]. The music is simple [illegible] but her narration was epic. [illegible] to the story of the gruesome tragedy to Manrico, voice, face and gesture combined in producing an effect [illegible] casily achieved in the [illegible] the modern Italians, in spite of their [illegible] orchestration and their [illegible] predecessors. How masterful [illegible] as disclosed in her [illegible] Manrico should kill his [illegible].

[illegible] was equally, perhaps still more, [illegible] in the scene where she is [illegible] the camp. It is a pity [illegible] final ensemble of this scene was [illegible], but this used to be the practice on the German stage. The gypsy's [illegible] her answers to the questions of the count; then the terror when she was recognized and the animal fury with which she turned on her captors, were [illegible] portrayed. No wonder that after this scene Mr. Polese, who led Mme. Schumann-Heink before the curtain, tore off his helmet in homage and left her alone before an enthusiastic audience that filled the theatre from [illegible] to gallery.

And in the fourth act, which is one of the most melodiously dramatic in all opera, her voice gave the haunting music of Verdi additional beauty and pathos.

With her there was no search after effects, no experimentation. The broad and passionate conception was accepted by the hearers without an "if" or a "but." Thus Azucena played her part in Aragon and Biscay. For such a singer Verdi wrote his music.

Mme. Rappold sang effectively in sustained melody and the voice was pure and fresh. She should have taken the first section of her entrance air at a slower pace. The character of the music demands it, and there is thus a contrast between this section and the more emotional section that follows. All the Leonoras heard here in recent years have made this mistake. In the more florid airs she showed a gain in facility since her last appearance. Her nature is not passionate, at least on the stage, and in her acting she was discreet and [illegible]. It is a long time since we have seen a Leonora de Guzman of hot blood.

Mr. Zenatello was in excellent voice. He sang with marked effect. To him "Di quella pira" is not the one song for Manrico. Throughout the opera he sang with true expressiveness and in the prison scene found touching accents and phrases of heroic denunciation.

The Count as played by Mr. Polese was a human being, not merely a melodramatic figure. "Il balen" would have gained in effect if it had been taken at a slower pace, with broader phrasing and with more finesse in the treatment of the embellishments. Mr. Polese's performance as a whole was dignified and interesting. He donned the traditional white mantle for the third act, and show that, contrary to general belief, the Count had at least two suits.

Mr. Sampieri gave an uncommonly spirited performance of Ferrando. His delivery of the narration in the first scene would have been wholly excellent, if his attack had been more decisive in the "waltz" section. We regret to say it of a gallant Spaniard, but Fer-

[illegible] do with [illegible] friendly [illegible] in [illegible] men were [illegible] the palace of Aliaferia [illegible]. The chorus, male and female, was [illegible]. In the Anvil chorus the [illegible] new hammers [illegible] at [illegible] who remembered that the time of the action was in the 15th century [illegible] gave emphasis to Verdi's [illegible] the presence of electric sparks a [illegible] assurance of defiant modernity.

Mr. Weingartner conducted with the care, taste and intelligence that he would have exercised if the opera had been by Wagner, Strauss or Debussy. What a comfort and relief it is to see him again at the conductor's desk, to know and feel the presence of an authoritative leader, who has routine and imagination, whose beat is not dubitative or erratic, who realizes that singers as well as players are under his control.

"THE BARBER OF SEVILLE"

Rossini's Opera Given at Evening Performance.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Rossini's "Barbiere di Siviglia." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Il Conte D'Almaviva	Mr. Ramella
Bartolo	Mr. Tavecchia
Rosina	Miss Donner
Figaro	Mr. Fornari
Basilio	Mr. Mardones
Fiorella	Mr. Pulcini
Un Officiale	Mr. Giaccone
Berta	Miss Leveroni

Another of the popular operas and one of the most agreeable. Miss Donner made her debut as Rosina. Although the young singer did not rise to all the demands of her role histrionically, her voice was sweet, her earnestness never. Both Mr. Tavecchia as Bartolo and Mr. Fornari as the Barber were excellent. A large audience attended and the general excellence of the performance won exceptional enthusiasm.

MR. MANTELL IN 'MACBETH'

SHUBERT THEATRE: Shakespeare's "Macbeth." The cast:

Macbeth	Mr. Mantell
First Witch	Agnes Elliott Scott
Second Witch	Genevieve Reynolds
Third Witch	Allen Thomas
Duncan	Alfred Hastings
Malcolm	Guy Lindsley
Lennox	L'Estrange Millman
A Sergeant	Raymond Geist
Ross	Noel Tearle
Banquo	Brigham Royce
Seyton	John Burke
Fleance	Bessie Lenore
A Porter	Edward Lewers
Macduff	Fritz Leiber
A Murderer	Edward Lewers
A Doctor	Lawrence Krey
Lady Macbeth	Florence Rockwell
A Gentlewoman	Genevieve Hamper

"Macbeth" was first produced in America at Philadelphia in 1759. The first Boston performance was in 1792. It is interesting to speculate in regard to the methods of presentation then and at the present time. In that the historian may justly revel. For the edification and enjoyment of our modern audiences who are drawn to the theatre by noticeably gregarious tendencies, it is sufficient that the production in any one instance commends itself by reason of its own merits, irrespective of so-called and much abused tradition.

Mr. Mantell's Macbeth satisfies the requirements in that regard. His conception has the virtue of being a clear conception, one that an audience may readily perceive. That is no petty praise at a time when there is so much quibbling, so much confusion in the interpretation of Shakespearian characters. It presents a clear picture, painted in strokes that are easily discernible and discards, in true pragmatic fashion, all suggestions of boresome commentators. This Macbeth is in essence a pathetic figure, ambitious, if you choose, but pathetic precisely because ambitious. Analysts and dissectors of emotions and impulses would probably say that results of being ambitious without courage. Such let it be, but it is pathetic and therein lie the merits of Mr. Mantell's creation. At least one leaves the theatre with a clear understanding of this particular Macbeth. One is not made to conjure what the purpose of the actor was. As clearness in speech is the cardinal virtue in matters of diction, so clearness in characterization is the first element of perfection in interpretative readings. For the rest, Mr Mantell is a sterling actor with a ready ability to present what he conceives.

Miss Rockwell was the right idea about Lady Macbeth. Pity 'tis that she should not have the power for forcible presentation. "Fond" is what the French call tragic death; it is an admirably expressive word. This an impersonator of Lady Macbeth should possess. As matters were, Miss Rockwell supplaced it with a vibrant and tremulous enunciation that was too artificial to persuade.

The remainder of the cast, excepting Mr. Lindsley, were appreciably unable to read Shakespeare. Thus Mr. Royce spoke his lines automatically, emphasizing, when indeed he did emphasize, the cesural pause, and never the sense of the phrase. Mr. Leiber, likewise, was entirely disappointing. He has a hard,

[illegible] skill and [illegible] [illegible] A [illegible] at [illegible]. A large audience was [illegible] in [illegible] at [illegible].

RICHARD III. GIVEN

SHUBERT THEATRE—Robert B. Mantell in Shakespeare's "Richard III."

Richard, Duke of Gloster	Mr. Mantell
[illegible]	Arthur Brown
An officer	Noel Tearle
Sir Robert Brackenbury	Allen Thomas
Lord Stanley	Guy Lindsley
King Henry VI.	John Burke
Tressel	Brigham Royce
Duke of Buckingham	Miss Genevieve Hamper
Prince of Wales	Miss Bessie Lenore
Duke of York	Alfred Hastings
Lord Mayor of London	L'Estrange Millman
Sir William Catesby	Noel Tearle
Sir Richard Ratcliffe	Raymond Geist
Sir James Tyrrel	John Burke
Earl of Oxford	Edward Lewers
Sir James Blount	Charles Kean
A Captain of the Guards	Fritz Leiber
Earl of Richmond	William Courtleigh, Jr.
Duke of Norfolk	Miss Florence Rockwell
Lady Anne	Miss Genevieve Reynolds
Duchess of York	Miss Agnes Elliott Scott
Elizabeth	[illegible]

"Richard III." is so seldom played that the performances which occur from time to time are matters of considerable interest to the group, which seems to be constantly diminishing in modern society, of lovers of Shakespeare. Many of them were out last night, and Mr. Mantell's production of the tragedy was witnessed by a good-sized and appreciative audience.

This play, in the light of present-day sophistication, seems curiously objective. It deals with passion and bloodshed on such a large scale that they become commonplace, and the tragic elements from sheer surfeit and obviousness fail to move deeply. The little princes in the tower do indeed form a touching picture, but it has hung so long over the parlor mantelpiece that our tears no longer flow, even when we see it removed from its proper element of red plush and bronze. For these reasons we are the more thankful that Mr. Mantell played all the earlier scenes in the delightful spirit of sinister comedy, which alone gives character to Richard's speeches and interest to a play that moves through a too-easy course of blood and murder to it climax, and lacks a sufficiently powerful complement of the obstacles that ever marked the course of true love and true drama.

Mr. Mantell's impersonation was in every way an admirable one. He made of Richard, in spite of his atrocities, a sympathetic figure. Excellent in make-up, costuming and bearing he preserved the feeling of Richard's deformed body and restless and vindictive soul from his entrance to the end of the play. His acting displayed a nice balance between realism and conventionality and his reading of the lines was intelligent, forceful and smooth, though it is to be regretted that his enunciation was somewhat indistinct, causing the loss of many words and even sentences. This may perhaps have been due to the fatigue and hoarseness resulting from an exacting performance in the afternoon.

The supporting company was adequate and in certain instances excellent. Mr. Royce as Buckingham and Mr. Lindsley as Henry VI. were especially pleasing. The settings, while not elaborate, were in several scenes most attractive, although the final representation of the battle on Bosworth field was distressingly meagre and Richard's famous lines became almost grotesque, accompanied as they were by the obvious resounding of his footsteps on the bare stage floor

[illegible] Old Polonius

[illegible]

Many years ago in New Haven, Ct., I saw a performance of "Hamlet." The accomplished and versatile E. L. Davenport played the Prince in a masterly manner. The company was mediocre, the scenery was shabby; there was a single fiddle for the overture; nevertheless the tragedy and the tragedian worked their spell. Right in front of me sat an elderly gentleman of the type known as "Old Playgoer." He had undoubtedly seen Rachel, Macready, Burton, the Placides and of the famous line in his day and generation. He would have been at ease in a chop house after the play, discussing the performance over a welsh rabbit or golden buck and drinking ale out of a toby. I suspected him of carrying a snuff box with a picture or a motto on the cover. With him was a lad, possibly a nephew. When any "familiar quotation" was spoken in the course of "Hamlet" the old gentleman nudged the boy, looked at him kindly, nodded his head approvingly and clapped his hands. He was especially demonstrative when Polonius' farewell giving Laertes, gave the advice that to some is the quintessence of worldly wisdom, and to others a [illegible] Guide to Selfish Respectability. The old gentleman took Polonius seriously. The actor played it seriously. He was [illegible] a senile chatt[illegible] up

[illegible] entertain[illegible] [illegible] been [illegible] [illegible] laugh [illegible] disappointment [illegible] seriousness or bitterness [illegible] that the [illegible] provoking laughter. It is true that [illegible] persons in a theatre always [illegible] at the wrong moment, perhaps from nervousness, as there are some who cannot refrain from laughing at a funeral; but there are [illegible] these days who think the [illegible] play is its power to excite [illegible] laughter.

That the audience last Tuesday considered Polonius to be distinctively a comic character was not chiefly the fault of the actor who took the part. He read his lines intelligently and for the most part effectively. He did not lay undue emphasis on the [illegible] weaknesses of old age. He was not extravagant in his foolishness and tediousness. Unfortunately he was [illegible] stature a commanding [illegible] was not the physical dignity that might have arrested laughter, except when laughter was justly expected.

Nor was this actor to be blamed if he followed custom in representing Polonius as a comic part. He is to be praised for not turning him into a [illegible] fool.

There are commentators, as [illegible], who characterize Polonius [illegible] a fool, but they are few. Goethe in "Wilhelm Meister," taking the part, endeavored to represent [illegible] man in a favorable light." "I [illegible] myself to portray [illegible] characteristics in [illegible] nature, his [illegible] and confidence, his [illegible] and [illegible] importance, his [illegible] and [illegible] his candor and sycophancy, his [illegible] roguery and [illegible] [illegible]. Johnson wrote [illegible] so did Hazlitt, who [illegible] is not a fool, but he makes himself [illegible] one," and pointed out that [illegible] comes under the head of [illegible] intention. Coleridge refused to entertain the idea that Shakespeare [illegible] to bring out in the speeches of Polonius any sensibility or weakness of [illegible] the great duties and dangers [illegible] old man is uniformly made [illegible]. "But if an actor were even [illegible] of catching these shades in the character, the pit and the gallery would be [illegible] content at their exhibition. Hamlet did not like Polonius, who [illegible] thought false to his true allegiance in the matter of succession. Furthermore Hamlet's mind was the logical contrary to that of Polonius.

The finest and most elaborate study of Polonius is that by William Maginn, who never could make up his mind to write the character of Hamlet because he was afraid of him. Maginn [illegible] at length on the high station of the ceremonious courtier. He analyzes the speech to the King and Queen concerning the cause of Hamlet's supposed madness. If the speech were delivered in the House of Commons "there would be loud cries of 'Hear, hear,' and the right honorable gentleman would be obliged to pause for several minutes. If he were a rising member, all his friends would come up to congratulate him on his success, and the impression he had previously made. If an established speaker, the friends of his party would exclaim 'How admirable!' 'Polonius surpasses himself tonight.' 'Did you ever hear anything so fine, so close, so logical,' etc. etc. The opposite side would be obliged to look candid, and say it certainly was clever." Hamlet as a young man thought himself wiser than the old; but he treats Polonius as a rival [illegible] how courteously the old man [illegible] the prince whom he looks upon as a madman or a wild jester. The children of Polonius loved him. If he had been a mere buffoon, Ophelia would not have lost her reason nor would Laertes have been murderously furious. Did Shakespeare, portraying Polonius, have Lord Burleigh in mind?

It is not easy for any actor or any audience to escape from tradition. Polonius on the stage will probably always be a comic character

Jean Marnold and "Tristan"

"Tristan und Isolde" has been revived, and the revival brings to mind an article written by M. Jean Marnold apropos of the production of the opera in Paris eight years ago. M. Marnold first commented amusingly on the production itself at the Opera. He was ironical in his praise of the costumes and the stage management. Alvarez, who took the part of Tristan, had impatient [illegible] prevented him from standing in [illegible] place, and his hands were [illegible] to throw kisses or [illegible] swimming. Delmas [illegible] his father [illegible] a little [illegible] the signalled this, exalted [illegible] [illegible] at [illegible]

[illegible] opera [illegible] production in Boston [illegible] accommodate the Parisian [illegible] wit of the human drama of passion, falsehood and blood played by these creatures, the poet presents to us only the whitewashed scene of pathos; he has found only a pretext for hifalutin and nonsensical declamation. The plume of d'Artagnan is unravelled in the fog of Schopenhauer." Really it makes little difference whether the French translation was well or badly made. "August night," "sovereign death," "gloomy day," these puerilities and ravings of speech are only trashy padding. The music is far from commenting on the drama, or following or serving it. It often checks the course of the action. What are the orchestral measures before the first approach of Tristan to Isolde but an old-fashioned ritornello? "Almost everywhere the arabesque of the melos cuts inopportunely the dialogue or retards the replies." Interminable palaver and effusive soliloquies interrupt the action or isolate a character from those who are in contact with it. "In the immense duet of the second act the annoyance is less, for there are only two, and they are alone." Then there is Isolde dying of love yet singing a set piece of six pages!

M. Marnold, an ultra-modern in his convictions and tendencies, admits gladly that "Tristan und Isolde" is the master work of "Wagner, the musician," the challenge of his genius to the years. He maintains, however, that this "ideal type of 'Wagnerian drama,' this model of 'the art work of the future' is almost impossible in the theatre. If it bores the devotees of conventional opera, the poem bewilders, wearies, or wounds persons of a more exacting receptivity. We know, since 'Pelleas' that true life is not unavoidably incompatible with the lyric stage; that a poignant drama can clothes some symbol and dress itself in romanticism without ceasing to be human. We see there a simple action fill an evening without stop-gaps, without lovers expressing themselves in bombast, loving without a philtre and riddles, and dying without tall talk."

And he concludes: "Let us have this immortal music in concert, without the obsession of false action, affected ways that are fatally whimsical, that come from the strained and pretentious semblance of drama. Let even speech be suppressed; let one turn the opera into a symphony. And that will be the real 'Tristan.'"

Stage and Concert Notes

Anna Pavlova appeared at Kroll's Theatre, Berlin, Jan. 15, in a new ballet by Michael Fokin, based on Liszt's symphonic poem "The Preludes." Miss Pavlova and Novikoff take the parts of life and death, who struggle and at last yield to the conqueror Love. Radiant maidens represent joy, happiness and other vital forces. Gloomy shapes represent Pain, Sorrow and the Powers of Death—who come upon the stage, join in the dance and overcome the vital elements, but the two chief figures, in a close embrace, rise above them all. The costumes were copied from Botticelli's "Spring." Liszt's music was conducted by Theodore Stier.

Alexander Sehald, making his first appearence in London, Jan. 16, played all the 24 Caprices of Paganini for the violin.

They say in London that an "American" named Maurice Warner who played there Jan. 14, is on the way "towards being a successful violinist."

Hale Hamilton as Wallingford has made a palpable hit in London. The Pall Mall Gazette praised his performance as most amusing and charming. "A more persuasive rascal, a more consummate bluffer, never walked the stage. Even in his regenerate state, in the last act, the promptings of the old days seem hovering about him; yet we feel that his pretty Fanny has not got hold of such an undesirable husband after all. Mr. Hamilton is certainly a very accomplished comedian and the master of a very delicate art, while his speech is often quite beautiful, so varied and so musical are his inflections." Other journals are equally enthusiastic.

Mrs. Dion Boucicault (Agnes Robertson), described as a handsome, white-haired lady, with an old-world charm and grace, spoke about the Irish drama at a meeting of the O. P. Club in London on Jan. 12. She is now in her 80th year. She retired from the stage in 1896.

Heinrich Germer, known as a pedagogue to many piano teachers and pupils, has died at Dresden, 76 years old.

Here is local news by way of Paris. We quote from the Menestrel of Jan. 11, apropos of the production of "Louise": "Mr. Russell purposes to increase the performances of the Boston Opera company in response to the wish of the public which is not weary of hearing 'Louise' and its brilliant interpreters." The Menestrel also informs us that "An American, Mr. John Rockefeller (sic), Jr., immensely rich, as are all of his family, has made a present of only a million to the great American and English operatic company, so that it can organize a season of English opera at the Century Theatre in New York."

"The Keys of Heaven"

Mr. Keblo Howard of London has written three dialogues supposed to be heard while some one was [illegible] The Keys of Heaven [illegible]

I will give you the keys of my [illegible]
And we'll be married till de[illegible]
part.
Madam, will you walk and t[illegible] with
me?"

He—'Fre! 'Arf a mo!

She—Think as I'd waste my time on sech truck as yew! Nort likely!

He—Wot's yer 'urry?

She—Le' go my arm' Ah'll biff yer ons, else'

He—Yew? Yew biff me?

She—Yuss, an' quick Ah will!

He—Yew do it! Thet's orl! Jest yew do it!

She—Think Ah'm frightened o' yew?

He—Yuss.

She—Ho, indeed! Tike that, then! * * * (Biff!)

He—Orlright. Ah told yer, mind! Yew gort t'ave it! * * * (Biff!)

She—Blinkin', blisterin', bully, yew! ? * * Ah 'ates the sight of yer! * * *

He—Well, Ah warned yer. * * *

She—Lemme go! J'ear? Lemme go!

He—Not 'arf.

She—Lemme go! Ah'm done wiv yew. Bill 'Obbs! Ah wish Ah'd never set eyes on yer ugly mug! Lemme go!

He—Orlright, then, Give us a kiss fust!

She—Not 'arf!

He—Come on, kid! Ah'm yore chap Yew knows thet! Give us one!

She—Shawn't!

He—A'll blinkin' well tike it, then * * * An' another! * * * Yuss, yew can kick! * * * An' one more fe[r] luck. * * * Gimme best, kid?

She—* * * Ah cawn't 'awdly breav[e] * * * Don't lemme fall. * * *

CITY CONCERTS.

The music department of the city of Boston will give three concerts this week. William Howard, orchestra leader. Louis C. Elson, lecturer.

WEDNESDAY, 8 P. M.

Dorchester High School.

Overture to "The Magic Flute"........Mozart
"Lento" from the String Quartet, op. 96 ....Dvorak
From "The Queen of Sheba," "She Alone Charmeth My Sadness"................Gounod

William H. O'Brien.

Fantasie, "Samson and Delilah"..Saint-Saens
Solo for clarinet, "Puritana"...............Bassi

M. Avery.

"Allegro Con Grazia," from the "Symphony Pathetique"..............Tschaikowsky
"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind"....Sarjeant

Mr. O'Brien.

Slavonic Dance in C major..............Dvorak

THURSDAY, 8 P. M.

Dudley School, Roxbury.

Overture, "Le Caid"....................Thomas
"To a Wild Rose" (for string quartet) MacDowell
Scherzino, "En Badinant" (for strings) d'Ambrosio
Arioso from "La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc" Bemberg

Victoria Johnson-McNally.

"Andante and Finale," from the "Surprise" Symphony......................Haydn
Fantasie for flute, "Lucrezia Borgia" Briccialdi

Stephen F. Burns.

"Transcription," "Am Meer"...........Schubert
Vocal selection, "'Tis the Day"..Leoncavallo

Mrs. McNally.

Marche Alla Turka........................Mozart

FRIDAY, 8 P. M.

Arlington Street Church.

Organ recital by Benjamin L. Whelpley, assisted by Mrs. Alice Bates Rice, soprano.

Fantasia-Sonata, op. 65............Rheinberger
Suite Gothique....................Boellmann

Mr. Whelpley.

"Sweet Bird" (air from "L'Allegro").Handel

Mrs. Rice.

Prelude and Fugue......................Garrett
Nocturne in D..........................Faulkes
Rhapsody in B minor....................Silver

Mr. Whelpley.

"Lusingue Piu Care"..................Handel

Mrs. Rice.

Evening Song.........................Bairstow
Andante Cantabile.................Tschaikowsky
Choral in A......................L. Boellmann

Mr. Whelpley

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 3:30. Concert by Mme. Clara Butt and Kennerley Rumford. See special notice.

Mechanics Building, 8 P. M. Monster band concert with vocal operatic selections by members of the Boston Opera Company. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Song recital by Leo Slezak of the Metropolitan Opera House. See special notice.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 3 P. M. Sonata recital by David and Clara Mannes. J. A. Carpenter, sonata (first time here); Mozart, sonata in G major, No. 11; Cesar Franck, sonata in A major.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 8:15 P. M. Second concert of the Flonzaley Quartet. Mozart, quartet in B flat major; Beethoven, quartet in A minor, op. 132; Boccherini, quartet in C major.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 14th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 14th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

FEB 3 1913

We welcome correspondence on any subject except politics and religion, but anonymous letters, didactic or entertainingly discursive, asking for information or laying down the law, will not be published in this column. Several letters have been recently received which deserved publication, but the writers did not see fit to follow the well-established newspaper rule.

Philology and Reform.

As the World Wags:

The word "staddles" as used in Hampton, N. H. signifies the centre of stakes driven into the soft earth of the marsh as a support for a stack of salt hay, which otherwise would be washed away by the Atlantic. The word is in common use here, although I have never heard it elsewhere.

There is another Hampton locution that would delight the philologist; I refer to the word "[illegible]." [illegible] born in Maine, of pious Scotch and English ancestry, I was grieved when I came to Hampton to hear myself referred to as a "foreigner." I found upon investigation that a "foreigner" is not necessarily a native of Montenegro or Herzegovina, but one born in some other town than Hampton, say Exeter or Seabrook. I have heard a native of Hampton who had spent the greater part of his life out of town, but had returned to his ancestral home to pass his declining years, referred to as "almost a foreigner."

As the editor of this department is interested in every needed reform, I would ask him to lift up his voice like a trumpet against the practice of changing the picturesque and forceful names given to localities by the early settlers, in the interest of the summer boarders. I passed several years of my life in Wolfboro, N. H., and while there paid many pleasant visits to "Raccoonboro," "Mink Brook," "Crooked Pond" "Goose Corner," "Dishwater Mills," and "Mackerel Corner," now unpleasantly transmogrified into "Pleasant Valley," "South Wolfeboro," "Crescent Lake," "Randall's Corner," "Mirror Lake," and "Tuftonboro Centre." A people who will sacrifice the names of localities in the interest of commercialism are in danger of losing their liberties. PLOTINUS.

Hampton, N. H., Jan. 31.

In Continuation.

This use of "foreign" and "foreigner" has long been common in dialects of England, Scotland and Ireland. No doubt the words were imported into the American colonies. "Foreign" has long meant, not belonging to the immediate neighborhood. "A woman of Grantham showed me some new potatoes which she said were 'foreign ones.' On further inquiry she told me they came from Cornwall." In the West of Ireland a "black stranger," a "foreigner," a girl "from the continent," are terms used to describe a person "not related to any one or belonging to the place." The Foreign of a town is that part which lies outside the borough of the parish proper.

Now for changes in name. Osterville was once Oysterbay. Some genteel persons changed the name to Oystervills. Oysters were no longer found in East Bay, or still more genteel persons came along, and now we have Osterville, which means nothing. Years ago not far from North Elba in the Adirondacks, were beautiful ponds known as Edmunds ponds, and the name was given to the little settlement. We forget how old Edmunds spelled his name, perhaps Edmonds. Grandfather Edmunds was one of the first white farmers and hunters of the region. He was rough in his ways and proud of his grandson. One day the youngster was asked by his mother to bring in some chips. The boy answered: "Go to hell, old woman, and get your own chips." Edmunds leaned on his cane and chucked. Then patting young hopeful on the head, he remarked: "Good boy, Asel; chip of the old block." And now Edmunds ponds is called Cascadeville! Thus do the names of heroes pass into oblivion.

That Stove Lifter.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of the "democrat" (stove lifter). The term was the one in common use in Vermont 30 years or so ago, and my parents, both Green Mountaineers, never used another for that utensil. It was a large, heavy wrought iron affair of many uses; to lift the griddle, shake, dump, or poke the fire, lift the kettles, etc., and a handy utility weapon for the house wife, but quite unlike the "hoop-skirted" arrangement we now get at the five and ten cent store. The democrat often got red hot if left in the ear of the cover, and I therefore cannot doubt the "red hot democrat" derivation. But I suspect, as the democrat was often appropriated for other uses about the house, and also to put to flight the stray calf, the hogs, chickens and what not in the back garden, its frequent scarcity led to the (then) analogous epithet "democrat." Hasn't one of our bucolic writers of poetry, prose, or plays used the expression "She let fly the democrat"?

Boston, Jan. 30, 1913. W. S. H.

"Red hot Democrat." Yes, but for many years we have heard of a "red hot Republican." "Red hot," meaning highly inflamed, violently enthusiastic, extreme in some view or principle, is found in literature as early as 1608. The good Wesley (1758) alluded to a "red hot Predestinarian talking of God's 'blowing whole worlds to hell.'" We do not believe that the term "red hot Democrat" had originally or later any association with a stove lifter.

"I. D. B."

As the World Ways:

In reading "One Bravo Thing" by Richard Dehan, I came across what has proved a puzzle to me. On page forty-eight in my edition one of the convent girls is made to tell the purse-proud Greta Du Taine that a careful examination of her (Greta's) father's conscience would reveal the letters, "I. D. B." Evidently there is some opprobrium in the remark. Am I abnormally stupid or just stupid in failing to grasp the meaning? NORBERT V. MULLIN.

Anecdote for the Day.

They set fire to the brig, then lay to, to observe the progress of the flames; and as the miserable African bounded from rope to rope, now climbing to the mast head, now clinging to the shrouds, now leaping to one part of the vessel and now to another, their enjoyment seemed raised to its highest pitch. At length the hatches opened to the devouring element, the tortured victim of their fiendish cruelty fell exhausted into the flames, and the horrid and revolting scene closed amidst the shouts of the miscreants who had caused it.

CLARA BUTT IS HEARD AGAIN

Mme. Clara Butt, contralto, and Mr. Kennerley Rumford, baritone, made their second appearance of this season yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Wolf, "Verborgenheit," "Der Gaertner"; Brahms, "O Death"; Schumann, "The Two Grenadiers"; Williams, "Silent Noon," "The Roadside Fire," "Eva Toole" (old Irish melody), "The Little Red Fox" (old Irish melody), "Land of the Almond Blossom" (old Sicilian melody). Mr. Rumford: Dvorak, Biblical songs; Elgar, "Sabbath Morning at Sea"; Saint-Saens, "Softly Awakes My Heart" from "Samson et Dalila"; Brewer, "The Fairy Pipers," "Loughborough," "The Women of Inver"; Stanford, "The City Child"; Mendelssohn, "Oh, Rest in the Lord" from "Elijah." Mme. Butt: Smith, "Oh, That We Two Were Maying." Mme. Butt and Mr. Rumford.

Mme. Butt's choice of songs yesterday afternoon was not always wise. The first two by Dvorak, eminently uninteresting in themselves, did not disclose the beauties of her voice to advantage, while Elgar's innocuous composition was equally unsuccessful in this respect. Neither did the singer appear to be in the vein, and it was not until the program drew near the close that she was heard effectively.

Mr. Rumford, whose voice although not powerful is agreeable in quality, manly and sonorous, sang with skill and often with distinction. Fine control of breath was a feature of his performance. He gave a spirited interpretation of "The Two Grenadiers" and displayed imaginativeness and charm in his singing of the Irish melodies and the lighter songs.

Harold Craxton played boisterous accompaniments. Mr. Marshall was the organist.

A large audience was heartily appreciative of the singers.

Mechanics' Hall Crowded at Benefit of Boston Musicians' Association.

A great audience that filled Mechanics' Hall to its utmost capacity attended the ninth annual benefit concert of the Boston Musicians' Mutual Benefit Association last evening and listened to a program by a military band of 400 pieces, a quartet of soloists from the Boston Opera Company and the Boston Opera orchestra.

A pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation of a gold medal to Frederick N. Innis of Chicago, but formerly of this city, in behalf of the members of the association in recognition of his services in organizing the great band and leading it last evening.

The program opened with selections from "Lohengrin." Edward Franklin, flute soloist of the Innis organization, gave Hauser's "Hungarian Rhapsody," accompanied by Mme. Berenguer, harpiste, of the Boston Opera orchestra. "Il Trovatore," with a special anvil chorus, by the entire band, was followed by selections from Gluck by Mme. Maria Gay of the Boston Opera Company, accompanied by the Boston Opera orchestra, led by Andre Caplet. The orchestra then gave several selections and the next number was by a quartet of opera soloists; Miss Diamond Donner, soprano; Mme. Gay, contralto; Mr. Ramella, tenor, and Mr. Fornari, baritone.

The three remaining numbers were by the band, the final one being an international fantasie arranged especially for the occasion by Mr. Innis.

Mayor Fitzgerald presented the medal to Mr. Innis. He declared that it was especially appropriate that the leader of the band should be one who had begun his career as a musician in Boston, and referred to Mr. Innis's membership in the Gilmore band in the old "jubilee days."

"This medal is the symbol of the appreciation of the music lovers of Boston of your coming here from Chicago to help make this, the ninth great concert given by this society in this building, the greatest success of them all," he concluded.

"OTELLO" AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Verdi's "Otello." Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Otello	Mr. Zenatello
Iago	Mr. Scotti
Cassio	Mr. Diaz
[illegible]	Mr. C[illegible]a
L[illegible]o	Mr. Mardones
[illegible]	Mr. Pulcini
Araldo	Mr. Olshansky
[illegible]mona	Mme. Weingartner-Marcel
[illegible]	Mme. Claessens

M[illegible] Weingartner sang for the first time [illegible] season and took the part of Desdemona for the first time on any stage. Mr. Weingartner conducted [illegible] opera for the first time in Boston.

It was a great pleasure to hear Mme. [illegible]'s voice again. Last season [illegible] and warm, a voice of golden [illegible]. It was also recognized as having been well schooled. This season it [illegible] warmer and more emotional. It [illegible] suited to the music of [illegible]ona which includes some of the [illegible] appealing and moving pages in all [illegible]. And in this music there is [illegible] a measure that is conventional, commonplace. There is nothing that is too obviously designed for a prima donna. The Herald spoke at length of "Otello" last week and of Desdemona's character as expressed by this music. It is not necessary to repeat what was then said, or to speak at length concerning Mr. Scotti's impersonation of Iago.

Mme Weingartner's conception of the part was appropriately simple. The dramatic expression should here be [illegible] in the tones of the singer. Desdemona should be fair to the eye, graceful, simple, confiding, easily wounded in [illegible] but it should not be forgotten that she was the daughter of a senator, [illegible] in spite of Iago's famous sneer, a [illegible] senator in those days was a [illegible] high rank and breeding. To [illegible] Desdemona as a timid, shrinking [illegible]" would be wholly false. The [illegible]teristics of the lady that loved the Moor were revealed last night.

Mr. Zenatello was in fine voice. He [illegible] with thoughtfully considered expression, and his performance was an [illegible] crescendo of passion. His [illegible] was not too "easily jealous, [illegible] wrought, perplex'd in the [illegible]." We have seen Othellos who would have killed Desdemona in the third act. Mr. Zenatello was not suddenly converted into a wild beast, nor did he show his jealousy simply by [illegible] and screams of rage. He was sinister in subdued intensity, so that when he gave way, his passion was the more terrible. Nor did Mr. Zenatello blubber in his agony, nor writhe as though some poisonous mineral were at work. In the stress of his vocal fury he did not force his voice so that all [illegible]se of tone was lost. Heroic in the tragic moments, he sang the love music of the first act with chivalric feeling, [illegible] a sentimental and bleating tenor. The impersonation was an admirable one.

Mr. Scotti acted the part of Iago with even more subtlety and finesse than in the performance of last week, and ab[illegible] from melodramatic devices. Vocally he was not always so well disposed, for there were occasional lapses in intonation.

Minor parts were well taken by Messrs. C[illegible], Mardones and Olshansky. Mr. Diaz improved on his performance of C[illegible], although he has still to cultivate [illegible].

Mr. Weingartner brought out fully the splendor of the score. The storm scene was unusually impressive, but perhaps the most marked difference was in the delicacy with which the music of the scene between Iago and Cassio in the third act was treated. It was said of the earlier Verdi that [illegible] characters in "Traviata" and "Rigoletto" danced as though they were on a volcano; that he was terribly in earnest when he was lightest. In this scene between Iago and Cassio there is a foretaste of "Falstaff." And how charmingly the accompaniment to Cassio's dream was read! But to speak fully of the many points made quietly and surely by Mr. Weingartner would require the space of a column.

There was a large and demonstrative audience.

To-night there will be a special performance of "Aida" given under the auspices of the City Club and to honor especially Mme. Gay, who enjoys the distinction of being the only woman member of the organization. A few seats are now on sale at the box office to the general public. The popular prices will prevail. In addition to Mme. Gay, the cast will include Mme. Melis as Aida, Mr. Zenatello as Radames, and Messrs. Mardones, Sampieri and Polese. Mr. Moranzi will conduct.

LEO SLEZAK IN SONG RECITAL

Leo Slezak gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert, "Ungeduld"; Schumann, "Mondnacht"; Mozart, "Veilchen," aria from "The Magic Flute"; Wolf, "Seemanns Abschied," "Verschiorgene Liebe"; Brahms, "Staendchen"; Weingartner, Liebesfeier; Strauss, "Ich Trage Meine Minne," "Heimliche Aufforderung"; Hahn, "Paysage"; Homer, "Requiem," "Dearest"; Rummel, "June"; Henschel, "Morning Hymn." Florence McMillan was the accompanist.

Never has the Herculean tenor been heard to better advantage than yesterday afternoon, nor have the many excellences of his art in the concert hall been more fully revealed. It was a pleasure to hear a singer whose paucity of voice did not require excessive artifice to conceal imperfections and whose strength did not lie wholly in interpretation. Mr. Slezak sang with the utmost skill. Beauty of tone, purity of intonation and admirable use of nuances were features of his performance. His voice was equally effective in passages of tender sentiment and heroic declamation, nor did he abuse his strength. His diction, too, was excellent. As an interpreter the singer showed imagination and sincerity. There was true sentiment that did not become sentimentality and passion that was not hysterical.

Mr. Slezak's singing of "Seemann's Abschied" was dramatic and full of contrasts, and that of "Verschwiegene Liebe" fraught with quiet intensity and the eloquence of emotion artistically controlled. The singer did full justice to Mr. Weingartner's poetically conceived "Liebesfeier," which gave much pleasure to the audience and was redemanded. It would be difficult to imagine the songs by Strauss more admirably sung.

An audience of good size was justly and heartily enthusiastic, but the hall should have been crowded.

Frank Gittleson a 16-year-old American, fiddled in Berlin last month. "The critics extolled his playing to the skies." In connection with this statement it is interesting to note that young Gittleson is over six feet in height, weighs 225 pounds and is the son of a surgeon. When he comes to Boston, he will also receive respectful attention.

Shinbone Alley.

As the World Wags:

Is this the rhyme which "J. M. C." mentions?

Old Dan Tucker and my Aunt Sally
Lived together in Shinbone Alley.
The name of the street and the number's on the door,
Call and see if you want to know any more.
CHORUS.
Get out the way, old Dan Tucker,
You're too late to come to supper.

Buckfield, Me., Jan. 31. S. P. H.

Paper Collars.

As the World Wags:

Answering your inquiry as to whether the paper collar still survives in this country, I rise to inform you that there is a large and flourishing manufacturing establishment located in our classic suburb of Cambridge, where paper collars are turned out by the million boxes. I assume that the establishment does not need any free advertising, but I feel bound to say that its goods are of first-class quality, and that they are extensively worn by respectable people in this town, though the principal market for them is in the far West, where style is based on considerations of utility rather than on mere whim or vainglory.

Feb. 1. BROOKLINE 4792-M.

As the World Wags:

Paper collars were popular with the boys who went to the front in the sixties, but there were scoffers even in those days. Here is the refrain of a song on the subject:

He wore a paper collar,
Lah de dah, lah de dah;
In his pocket not a dollar,
Lah de dah, lad de dah.
In his mouth a penny pick,
In his hand a penny stick.
Not a dollar in his pocket,
Lah de dah.

Boston, Feb. 2. J. D. K.

Concerning Swells.

"Lah de dah": The English spelling was lardy-dah. "Lardy" was a slang adjective meaning grand, rich; lardy-dardy meant affected, effeminate, and a lardy-dah (or la-di-da) was a swell. The words were common in the sixties and seventies and are found in novels of those years. Some may remember the ballad "Tiddy Fol Lol."

He's no lardy dardy swell,
Though his looks and dresses well,
For he lives at a hotel.
Tiddy fol lol, tiddy fol lol.

"La-di-da" found its way into the New English (or Oxford) Dictionary, and there is this wise comment:

"Onomatopoeic, in ridicule of 'swell' modes of utterance. Cf. Haw-Haw." Lardy-dardy is also in this dictionary

[illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]ose." T[illegible] [illegible]n in 1872 [illegible] of "Har[illegible] and H[illegible] Sketches" [illegible] [illegible]and but the [illegible] that [illegible] publication was by [illegible] Fisher, and E. H. [illegible] obtained the copyright in 18[illegible]. The words [illegible] music are attributed to Harrigan but Burgess made the song famous, as he glorified "Nicodemus Johnson." Would the refrain excite wild laughter today?

Ta, ta, ta, ta my baby dear
I'll meet you in the Park,
If the weather it is clear
I'll strike you with a feather!
Ev'ry daisy knows

The darling of the ladies
Is Hildebrandt Montrose.

And here is the whole verse in which there is reference to paper collars.

He parts his hair with wondrous care,
And chalks his paper collars,
His Pa is very wealthy, yes,
He is worth a million dollars
In "Big Bonanza" mining stock!
His voice is quite soprano,
You should hear him sing "Love's Chidings"
To a Fogarty piano.

The Old Songs.

Who remembers the other songs of this set: "Sweet Louise," "Italian Organ Grinder," "The Little Fraud," "The Day We Celebrate," "Steady Company," "Portuguese Joe"? Yet there was a time when "The Little Fraud" was whistled ad nauseam in the streets. Your "Old Playgoer," after talking about Salvini, Fechter, E. L. Davenport, Rossi, Mrs. Bowers, Charlotte Cushman, Burton and Macready—he never saw the two last named, but "Old Playgoer" is an entertaining liar—will also say: "And I shall never forget Harrigan and Hart dancing and singing 'The Little Fraud.' That, sir, was before they became famous by the Mulligan series, and before Dave Braham wrote their music. There's nothing like them today, sir."

It is not easy to obtain some of the old variety theatre songs. We have sought vainly for "When Malone's at the Back of the Bar" and "Muldoon the Solid Man." The latter was played by the bands in the memorable parade of business men in New York in honor of Grover Cleveland. How did it go? Was it this way?

Come with me and I'll treat you dacent,
Come with me and I'll fill your can.
(Tum, tum, etc.)
I'm Muldoon; I'm a solid man.

Alas the years go by, Mr. Johnson, and memory fails!

BILLIE BURKE AT HOLLIS ST.

H.M.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE: Miss Billie Burke in "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl," a comedy in four acts by Arthur Wing Pinero.

Viscount Farncombe	Shelley Hull
Co. the Hon. Arthur Stidulph	J. Palmer Collins
Baron Von Rettenmayer	Ernest W. Laceby
Capt. Nicholas Jeyes	H. E. Herbert
Lionel Roper	Morton Selten
Sam De Castro	Thomas Reynolds
Herbert Fulkerson	Edward Douglas
Vincent Bland	Bernard Merefield
Morris Cooling	Erskholm E. Clive
The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Stidulph	Katherine Manning
Lily Parradell	Billie Burke
Jimmie Birch	Ethel Intropidi
Gabrielle Kato	Mabel Frenyear
Enid Moncrieff	Edith Campbell
Daphne Dure	Ruth Boyce
Nita Trevenna	Hazel Leslie
Flo Connify	Vera Me[illegible]sh
Sybil Dermott	Effie Audie
Olga Cook	Sarah Hastings
Evangeline Ventris	Emme Salvatore
Mrs. Upjohn	Lydia Rachel
Gladys	Marie Fitzgerald

The first performance of this play, which occurred at the Duke of York's Theatre in London on Feb. 19, 1912, "raised a storm of protest; in fact, it created such a furore that some were of the belief that Mr. Pinero was determined to hold the stage up to ridicule." The occupants of the gallery, in particular, gave vent to their disapproval on the first night, but there was a much more widespread and representative feeling among the British witnesses of the play that it did not present either a very true or a very uplifting picture of this phase of British society.

Fortunately here in America we are not worried by the question of whether or not Mr. Pinero's play is fair or biased in its treatment of the London musical stage. The only question is whether or not it is a good play and whether—morals and social ethics aside—its subject matter is good dramatic material. When it was first given in New York last September there was a good deal of adverse criticism on the part of the reviewers. Slenderness of dramatic theme, padding, inconsistency in character drawing were some of the innuendos.

These criticisms are undoubtedly very just ones in the main. It is true that "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl" has a slender plot. It is true that the second act is one long riot of local color, with no contribution to the progress of the play that could not have been perfectly

[illegible] the fo[illegible] [illegible] that the [illegible] hi[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]stent [illegible] Pinero [illegible] [illegible]s t[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] performances [illegible] gentlemen and [illegible] [illegible]ed to us be[illegible] the [illegible] paragon of [illegible] and virtue. His jealousy and [illegible] are exaggerated to their utmost [illegible] for the purposes of the contriver of the action.

And yet, in spite of these shortcomings, Mr. Pinero's comedy is one of the most interesting and enjoyable plays that has come to Boston this season. The lines are not so brilliant as in some of his earlier plays, but they are spontaneous and natural and give one the sense of a pleasant smoothness of craftmanship, which also characterizes the movement of the play as a whole, and, with the exception already noted, the drawing of the various characters. Moreover we have no just grounds [illegible] which to quarrel with the [illegible] in the action of the play during the second act. What if the two scenes in the foyer of the Pandora Theatre [illegible]stitute an intermezzo? They have [illegible] intrinsic charm which is ample justification for their existence. They [illegible] [illegible] of the motives from the fabric of the play and develop it with variations and harmonies in different [illegible]. If this is permissible in opera why should it not sometimes be effective in the theatre?

The play is beautifully staged. The settings are unusually charming in their completeness and good taste [illegible] the costuming, especially in the second act, would have graced a musical comedy which had nothing else [illegible]. Throughout the play the business and the handling of detail were excellent.

The cast is one of the [illegible] excellent variety which come as a godsend now and again. Miss Burke was [illegible] and satisfying in every way. [illegible] was a delight to the eye, her vivacity was contagious in the lighter scenes and her acting in the emotional scenes showed a new power. Mr. H. E. Herbert in the thankless part of Captain Jeyes was as happy as could be expected under the circumstances. Mr. Hull as Viscount Farncombe was as attractive and natural and manly a figure as we have seen do the young love's part for many a day. And indeed to enumerate all the excellent characterizations would mean practically to include the [illegible]

"LOUIS XI." AT THE SHUBERT

SHUBERT THEATRE: Delavigne's "Louis XI." The cast.

Louis XI	Mr. Ma[illegible]
Tristan L'Ermite	Brigham R[illegible]e
Richard	[illegible] Tra[illegible]e
Officer	Charles Re[illegible]
Philip de Commines	[illegible] L[illegible]y
Jacques Coltier	[illegible]rke
Francois de Paule	Alfred [illegible]
The Dauphin	L'Estrange [illegible]
Marcel	[illegible]
Master Marcel	[illegible] L[illegible]ore
Duke de Nemours	[illegible] Lel[illegible]er
Count de Dreux	[illegible] Thomas
Oliver de Dain	[illegible] Geist
Golden Fleece	[illegible]er Price
First guard	[illegible] M[illegible]er
Cardinal D'Alby	A[illegible] B[illegible]wn
Marie	Genevieve Ha[illegible]
Martha	Genevieve Reyn[illegible]s

Even at the time when Victor Hugo and Alexander Dumas were occupied in revolutionizing the stage with romantic propaganda, Casimir Delavigne was attempting to re-establish the pseudo classic drama. "Louis XI" resulted from this attempt. It was con[illegible] to be a mediocre play by an [illegible] poet. Yet even the writer of the preface to "Cromwell," if he had sat through Mr. Mantell's performance last evening, would have been astounded to witness a startling exemplification of his theory of the grotesque.

This is one of those rare occasions when one has need to be an extremist in matters of appreciation. Mr. Mantell's art was never so perfect nor his genius so stupendous. Not within the recollection of the present generation has there been presented so consummate a creation nor one with equal artistry, imagination and subtlety. It was extraordinary, more so in pathological matters than Mansfield's "Jekyll and Hyde," more startling than his "Ivan," more thrilling than Irving's "The Bells." The livid face of this Louis, malignant in its smiles, his dragging gait; his hysterical, cackling voice; his palsied hands more expressive even than his gastly countenance, dominate the memory and haunt the imagination. But, besides these objective elements, there was more, much more, in Mr. Mantell's creation.

It was a creation in the very [illegible] of the word. For those elements [illegible] reflected those that were psychical and in a manner, that were startling [illegible] [illegible] vigne's Louis is scarcely [illegible] alive. But Mr. Mantell [illegible] him the very [illegible] Louis was the [illegible] of [illegible] nature, path[illegible] ly t[illegible]anni[illegible]al [illegible] was devilish and [illegible] The extr[illegible] d[illegible]ate was [illegible]

... was ... to laugh, but it ... real laugh ... extent to which it was ...

Thus one might continue to recount without respite the genius of Mr Mantell. How effective the diablerie with which he contrived to trap Nemours! How terrible the struggle in the bed chamber! How ironical his delight of the kiss from the peasant woman! How ghastly the death of this leering, senile king! How wonderful the metamorphosis of his face in its death repose! The features of the monster by sheer process of dramatic art lost their malignity and became noble.

It was fitting that there should have been so large an audience at the Shubert last evening. One is seldom privileged, even in the course of a whole generation, to applaud such triumphant art. In consequence, it is to be regretted that the part is such an exhausting one that Mr Mantell may not present it more frequently in his repertory. As a dramatic creation it embodies all the elements of perfection.

EDNA GOODRICH AT B. F. KEITH'S

Edna Goodrich, whose beauty of face—and of figure—long since won for her the distinction of being the handsomest brunette upon the stage, is appearing at B. F. Keith's this week in "The Awakening of Minerva," a sketch in which Miss Goodrich is afforded the opportunity of displaying, not only her figure but likewise her ability as an actress.

"The Awakening of Minerva" is laid in the home of the sculptor with whom resides in addition to his wife, a mother-in-law of the characteristically suspicious, doubting type. The embarrassing awakening of Minerva, the statue upon which he has so long been working, just as the wife and her mother return from the station, having lost the train that was to take them away upon a trip, results in much trouble for the artist and in the assertion by the mother-in-law of her vindication for having so long doubted even the existence of the statue that had engaged her son-in-law's attention in his studio behind closed doors upon which was ever the "no admission" sign.

Miss Goodrich appears first in statuesque pose as the Minerva of the studio. Her costume of flowing white robes in contrast with her wealth of black hair makes a striking picture against the studio draperies. It is then, perhaps, more than at any other time, that Miss Goodrich most looks like the most attractive of the numerous pictures of her. Later when Minerva comes to life, Miss Goodrich appears in more modern costume, sumptuously elegant. From the program we learn that Miss Goodrich's gowns are from one Paris 'maison'; her hats from another.

Associated with Miss Goodrich in the sketch are Henry Mortimer playing the role of Henry Clay, the sculptor; Clara Armstrong as the sculptor's wife; Catherine Cherry as the mother-in-law. It is a capital sketch all the way through and Miss Goodrich after the curtain fell was recalled several times, nor did the applause cease until all of the company had appeared with her.

Another hit on this week's bill is provided by the Five Sullys, all members of the same family—father, mother and three children—in "His Wedding Day," a lively comedy, the scene of which is laid in a hotel office. Several specialties are introduced, the best of which is the dancing of William F. Sully, who has the part of the hotel clerk and general information bureau.

The two brothers Jonley, "the upside down men," are well named. They are about the most sensational performers in the line of equilibrists seen at B. F. Keith's in a long time. Will Rawls and Ella Von Kaufman have a minstrel comedy in "A Willing Worker" that is a decided novelty. Billy Rogers present a series of imitations that are most realistic. He tackles the entire range from the automobile to the guitar, and he does them all well.

The Wilson brothers, favorites with Keith audiences, as German comedians; A... and Fannie Steadman in "Piano Capers"; the Florenz Trio in "Fun in a Restaurant," and Rae Fenton with her two Yankee Lads complete the bill.

ST. JAMES THEATRE—"Sunday," a play in four acts, by Thomas Raceward. Staged by William C. Walsh. The cast:

... Brinthorpe	William J. Florence
...ur Brinthorpe	William C. Walsh
Towser	Harrold R. Chase
Davy	Hubert Pierce
Lively	Cecil Lugrin
Jacky	Henry Grady
Sunday	Miss Mary Grey

Last night the St. James Theatre stock company commenced the last week of its stock presentations, and next Monday the new policy—high-class vaudeville and motion pictures—will be inaugurated. The St James Theatre may not have seen the last of stock company under the ...

... evening that he was ... that he would again be in the ... in the near future, and that a step in that direction made by him would excel anything that he had undertaken in the past.

With the retirement of the present company it is well to speak of a feature that has given great enjoyment to the patrons of the St. James—the playing of Mr Cericola and his splendid orchestra. It is seldom that a popular-priced house has given such attention to this detail.

The play last evening was "Sunday," by Thomas Raceward, recently produced by Miss Ethel Barrymore. As a play it possesses an uncommon interest. It is a frank and ingenuous picture of western life, and there is especial attention given to character drawing. The dialogue is homely, there are many witticisms, and there is a delightful element of comedy provided by Towser, Davy, Lively and Jacky.

Naturally, the chief interest was in Miss Mary Grey's interpretation of the title part. Her effort had the unmistakable stamp of sincerity, yet the illusion was never exactly rounded out. Her simulation of girlhood—the breezy and spontaneous girlhood of the remote West—was strained, and she too soon lost the ways of the backwoods, which should be carried intact into Brinthorpe Abbey. Miss Grey received many baskets of flowers.

Harold R. Chase was seen to advantage as Towser, the Davy of Hubert Pierce and the Jacky of Henry Grady fulfilled the requirements, while the Lively of Cecil Lugrin was a splendid character study.

The others in the cast were satisfactory.

2-5 1913

Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes from his rooms in Blossom Court: "I am sorry to hear from my tailor that the peg-top style of trousers will prevail this year. Attending some time ago a performance of 'The Jewels of the Madonna,' I was much struck by Mr. Vanni Marcoux's trousers in the character of Rafaele and hoped they would set the fashion here; but our tailors are sadly conservative. You remember the trousers: of the skin-tight variety with spring bottoms. I have been told that these trousers are worn in Paris by the 'souteneur,' the 'voyou,' the 'maquereau' and other Parisians of easy manners who used to attend the balls in the avenue des Ternes when I was a student and even then planning my colossal sociological work. This does not disturb me, for do not many American women obtain ideas concerning dress from the Parisian "horizontale"? Mr. Marcoux, they say, obtained these trousers in Naples and his flowing cravat in Turin. I hope to visit these cities next spring. Meanwhile the trousers of 1911 must serve me."

"I. D. B."

Dr. Norbert V. Mullin asked last Monday in this column the meaning of "I. D. B.," which he found in Richard Dehan's "One Brave Thing." Several persons wrote to us in answer that day. It seems that the letters stand for "Illicit Diamond Buyer." In the early days of Kimberley these initials were branded on persons convicted of this offence. It is said that the famous Joel had thus been branded on a place that would not under ordinary circumstances be seen at state receptions or social gatherings.

In Salem.

As the World Wags:

I should like to know the origin of two words an old grand aunt of mine in Salem was in the habit of using. She was born in the 18th century and has been dead some 40 years.

I always liked them. They seemed expressive. And I have not heard them for years.

They were "dabster" and "scrumfish." For instance: "He was a dabster at it," meaning he excelled in it. And "Don't scrumfish it all," meaning don't use it all or don't take it all.

My grand aunt was descended from one of the first settlers of Salem.

WALTER H. CREAMER.

Lynn, Feb. 2, 1913.

"Dabster" is a good dictionary word, though in England it is now heard chiefly in dialect. "One skilled at anything; an expert or dab." The word in English literature is over 200 years old. Browning used it depreciatively:

> Lines
> Which every dabster felt in duty bound
> To signalize his power of pen and ink
> By adding to a plan once plain enough.

The word probably comes from "dab," one skilful or proficient at anything, but the derivation of "dab" is unknown. We have heard "dabster" in New England speech from our youth up.

"Scrumfish" we do not know. In English dialect it means to suffocate. "Scumfish" means to choke, stifle, generally used of heat, smoke, or a bad smell; also to disgust, overpower, disable, put down. "To take a scumfish at" is to take a dislike to. A woman in Strathesk's "Blinkbonny" removed hams from her kitchen that they might not be "scomfished" by tobacco smoke.

Insular Pride.

As the World Wags:

I was interested in the note of "Plotinus" about the use of the word "foreigner" in Hampton, N. H., for "stranger," or for one not born in that town. We Nantucketers, as you may know, characterize all other men, women and children as "off-islanders." It was a Nantucket boy who, writing a composition on the first Napoleon, began: "Napoleon was a great man, but he was an off-islander."

MACY BUNKER.

Boston, Feb. 3, 1913.

"Staddles" Once More.

As the World Wags:

There can, I think, be no doubt that Bacon used this word in the sense of young trees. Thus in his "Description of England," published in 1577, William Harrison said that "within these fortie yeeyres we shall haue little great timber growing aboue fortie yeeres old; for it is commonlie seene that these yoong staddles which we leaue standing at one & twentie yeeres fall, are vsually at the next fale cut downe without any danger of the statue, and serue for fire bote, if it please the owner to burne them." Moreover that was formerly a verb "to staddle." Thus in his "Fiue Hundred Pointes in Good Husbandrie," published in 1573, Thomas Tusser wrote: "First see it well fenced er hewer begin, then see it well stadled without and within." In his notes to the edition of this work published in 1710, D. Hilman gave this explanation: "To staddle a Wood is to leave at certain distance a sufficient number of young Trees to replenish it." Tusser also says, "The straightest ye knowe, for staddles let growe." As for dictionaries, all I can say is that if this definition of staddles is not in them, it ought to be. But in J. Kersey's edition of E. Phillips's "New World of Words," published in 1706, we read, "Staddles, young tender Trees"; and again, "Standards, Standils, or Staddles (in Husbandry) Trees reserved at the selling of Woods for growth for Timber."

Coming to this country, I find among my notes a score or more of extracts in which the word means young trees, ranging from 1679 to 1794. Here is a typical instance, dated 1686:

"Whosoeuer Shall * * * fall or Cutt downe any young Staddles or Trees in any part of the Commons but what is to be improued in building he Shall forfeite for the Same: Tweule pence for euery Such Tree he Shall Cutt down" (Connecticut Colonial Records, vi. 220).

A. M.

Feb. 1, 1913.

CARPENTER'S SONATA HEARD

By PHILIP HALE.

David and Clara Mannes of New York gave a violin and piano sonata recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was an interested audience. The program was as follows: Carpenter, sonata in G major; Mozart, Adagio-allegro and theme with variations, sonata in G major No. 11; Franck, sonata in A major.

It was the purpose of Mr. and Mrs. Mannes to perform a new sonata by Mr. Daniel G. Mason, but the publisher sent the manuscript and only copy to Germany that it might be engraved. In its place Mr. Carpenter's sonata was substituted, and it was played here for the first time. Mr. John A. Carpenter was born in 1876 at Park Ridge, Ill. His mother, musician and singer, was his first teacher. Later he studied with W. C. E. Seeboeck and Amy Fay, and when he entered Harvard University in 1893 he took the musical courses under the late Prof. Paine. At graduation, in 1897, he secured the highest honors. Mr. Carpenter is now engaged in business, but he still cultivates music. In 1907 he studied for a short time with Elgar, in Rome, and, returning to Chicago, took lessons of Bernhard Ziehn, a remarkable teacher of theory, who died in September of last year. Mr. Carpenter dedicated his sonata to him.

When this sonata was played in New York, last December—Mischa Elman was then the violinist—some of the critics said that the composer's style had evidently been influenced by Debussy. It is easy to say this of any modern work; it is as easy as—but let us not finish Hamlet's remark. Sometimes works of Mr. Loeffler, written long before he had seen a page of Debussy, are played in New York or in European cities, and the critics in each city begin and end their articles by describing Mr. Loeffler as a disciple, or, when they are less courteous, an imitator of Debussy. Those of us in Boston who are acquainted with Mr. Loeffler's musical development know that the statement is wholly unfounded.

The sonata played yesterday is not Debussyian, either in melodic contour or in harmonic scheme. The chief themes are flowing and of a long line. While they are not too obvious, they are direct in expression and appeal, and they are not what might be called impressionistic motives inseparably associated with the harmonic and rhythmic suggestion. The harmonic scheme is modern, at times ultra-modern, for Mr Carpenter is naturally a man of his own generation.

The motives of the sonata, which is in four movements, are fresh and often emotionally beautiful. Those of the first and the third movements are especially noteworthy. The treatment of the motives is not academic in the strict sense, but there is always a sense of form, and the composer is not content with varied thematic repetition. His harmonic progressions are, as a rule, interesting and often full of color. Now and then the expression is somewhat forced and not wholly successful, and occasionally the effort to shun the commonplace is too apparent, as, for example, in the delay of completing a cadence.

It appears from this music that Mr. Carpenter is a composer of a sensitive nature, with a lively sense of the beautiful, and with the gift of passionate eloquence. He has own thoughts. If he is not yet a master of expression, he is original and often happy in the communication of his thoughts.

MANTELL IN JULIUS CAESAR

Large Audience Sees Shakespearian Tragedy Presented at Shubert Theatre.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Robert B. Mantell and company in Shakespeare's tragedy, "Julius Caesar." The principals of the cast:

Marcus Brutus	Mr. Mantell
Casca	Mr. Burke
Julius Caesar	Mr. Lindsley
Marc Antony	Mr. Leiber
A Soothsayer	Mr. Lewis
Caius Cassius	Mr. Royce
Portia	Miss Rockwell
Calpurnia	Miss Scott

There was a crowded house and a seemingly interminable number of curtain calls. The arrangement of scenes was made from the William Winter edition of Edwin Booth's prompt book. There were no liberties taken with the text after the manner of the alteration in the recent Faversham production.

The performance was one of skill and there was no resort to over embellishment or glittering theatricalities. There was always the evidence of individual artistic treatment.

Mr. Mantell as Brutus showed an ever apparent sympathetic nature, and the heart and courage of a stout soldier. His gentle and tender manner to Portia, as she chided him with neglect, was in marked contrast to the dynamic fury of his delivery in the Forum scene.

The apparition of Caesar, while reminiscent of Mr. Mansfield as the latter fearfully fell upon the shoulders of Cassius was a moment of dramatic interest, and a splendid instance of the work of the actor. Now and then, as the actor called upon his strength, there was a too labored and rapid respiration, due, perhaps, to arduous roles.

Mr. Lieber gave a brilliant and magnetic conception of Marc Antony. His play upon the multitude as he came "to praise Caesar," was as hypnotic on the audience as upon the mob. He was truly a friend of Caesar, and his friendship was convincing and splendidly sustained.

While physically Mr. Brigham Royce was a contradiction of the traditional Cassius—for here was a well-nourished Cassius—he was the embodiment in spirit of the part. His inciting of Brutus was good.

Mr. Lindsley as Julius Caesar spoke with the authority and the importance of the character. His moments with Calphurnia, as he was about to be lured to the senate chamber and his concern over the ominous "Ides of March" were given with true histrionic skill.

The mob scenes were handled with success, but there was if anything, too much discipline.

The production was consistently and appropriately mounted.

Feb 6 1913

Thus the famous author of Hurlothrumbo told a learned bishop that the reason his lordship could not taste the excellence of his piece was that he did not read it with a fiddle in his hand; which instrument he himself had always had in his own when he composed it.

Brand and "Boola."

We said yesterday that several persons had answered Dr. Mullin's question. One of these letters contains strange matter.

As the World Wags:

The letters "I. D. B." stand for "Illicit Diamond Buyer." In the diamond fields of South Africa it has always been a problem to prevent the theft of rough stones by the Kaffirs and other workmen. A partial remedy was found in the licensing of buyers. In ... early

lars it was [illegible] a time [illegible] a [illegible] purchaser to [illegible] states [illegible] consisted of illicit diamond buying was branded on the back of the hand with a large diamond enclosing the letters "I. D. B." Anyone so [illegible]ted and so branded was ostracized socially and commercially and found it impossible to live in South Africa. I don't know whether the custom or law still obtains.

Years ago in Belize, B. H., I saw a man branded with the "I. D. B." He was practically an outcast, and would have been, I suppose, in any British colony.

"Which reminds me," the schooner that took me from New Orleans to Belize was manned by a Carib crew. One [illegible] flannel-mouthed black amused himself the whole 14 days of the trip and most of the night by singing over and over a little song, "Boola boola, seculamente, Boola boola, boola boo," which being interpreted is "Boola boola, that's [illegible]." But he sang it to the tune of the old Yale Boola song. The question is, did the Carib get the song from Yale or did Yale get it from the Carib? Which reminds me again

Your bloody bloomin' Carib,
He's worse than any Arab.
When trouble starts, just give him lots of room (Lots of room!)
For with twenty dusky girlies,
And twenty husky burlies
There'll be forty knives a gleamin' in the gloom. (Oh, yes! Forty knives a gleamin' in the gloom)

From "Ballads of a Beachcomber," by Capt. R. J. Marston.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Dorchester, Feb. 3.

Long Ago.

As the World Wags:

It seems to be a fashion for the contributors to this easy corner to give some hint as to their antiquity by reference to contemporaneous events and locations now greatly changed, as for instance he that purchased milk in the old Fort Hill district and rubbed elbows with those taking more potent draughts. As for myself, I knew Fort Hill in its decadence and later in its disappearance, by the gravity cars, to fill Atlantic Avenue and forever shut out the old coasters that used to unload on the [illegible] side of India street.

As I was a resident of the South End, it was my custom with other young men to bathe, and without restraint, in the waters west of where Columbus avenue now is and swimming out to the [illegible] tracks to get an unobstructed view across the marshes, of the falls [illegible] farm houses in distant Brookline.

At the Peace Jubilee Concerts I occupied one afternoon Seat 275K. Do you remember the big drum and those 50 red-shirted firemen who so vigorously [illegible] their hammers in the anvil chorus?

For several decades I have lived in a [illegible] town, some miles distant from Boston, but I do not as yet need a guide in visiting old haunts. Last week, however, when trying to show a friend from one of the Alfalfa states just where the Coliseum was, I got a little puzzled and am not sure whether I [illegible] the exact location. I had passed through the Arlington street "New Contracts," and the hurricane-swept [illegible] before me and the Cadet Armory on the south horizon seemed to mix me up. Was the Coliseum just west of Berkeley street or still farther from Boylston street? And how changed is Boylston street from those days when it was quite exclusive! It was alleged that a sporting joker won a bet that he could bring ten heads to as many windows late at night by shouting "Doctor! Doctor" in the street below.

Do any of you remember that the Board of Aldermen in the late Sixties voted a license to the owners of an alleged haunted house in Worcester street, or square? If I am not mistaken the action was rescinded the following week.

EX-BOSTON.

A Contributor Corrected.

As the World Wags:

I think that your contributor "Lar, Car" is slightly mixed with regard to what was really accomplished by Lars Porsena at the Defence of the Bridge. If my memory serves me right the famous poem by Macaulay reads as follows:

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind,
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.

Down with him, cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face—
Now yield thee, cried Lars Porsena,
Now yield thee to our grace.

The bridge was "kept" by Horatius, Spurius Lartius and Herminius, three brave Romans, who held it until the Fathers and Commons of Rome cut down the supports and the wreck fell into the Tiber river.

JUSTITIA.

Boston, Jan. 31.

We [illegible] to receive a dozen letters [illegible] pointing the finger of scorn [illegible] "Empire." He might have put it [illegible] Lars Porsena wished to take the [illegible] Lars Anderson to give it. But [illegible] it all to the In[illegible]?"

That Cockney Swell.

As the World Wags:

What forgotten memories are revived through a song! Yet I think your correspondent erred in quoting the refrain of the song about the impecunious cockney swell. Here are the words as I heard them in a London music hall 25 years or so ago.

He wears a penny flower in his coat,
Lah de dah
A penny paper collar 'round his throat,
Lah de dah.
In his hand a penny stick,
In his mouth a penny pick,
And a penny in his pocket.
Lah de dah Lah de dab,
And a penny in his pocket,
Lah de dah.

Boston, Feb. 4. F.

'TROVATORE' AT OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Il Trovatore." Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Il Conte Di Luna	Mr. Polese
Leonora	Miss Amsden
Azucena	Mme. Schumann-Heink
Manrico	Mr. Zenatello
Ferrando	Mr. Sampieri
Ines	Miss Heyman
Ruiz	Mr. Giaccone

Verdi's opera was repeated last evening at the Boston Opera House with the same cast as that of last Saturday afternoon with the exception of Miss Amsden, who took the part of Leonora.

This opera is still one of the most popular of those that have been heard in the course of half a century. Nor does its popularity rest upon an elaborate and spectacular production, but rather upon the melodic wealth and dramatic intensity of the music.

The performance last evening was generally brilliant and memorable by reason of the presence of Mme. Schumann-Heink, who again gave her tragically impressive impersonation of Azucena, an impersonation which has recently been reviewed at length in The Herald. Miss Amsden's Leonora was a familiar figure. She sang on the whole effectively, but there were moments when her control of breath was far from perfect and when her voice was forced and shrill. Her acting did not wander from conventional paths, but she has gained in dramatic authority since last season. Mr. Zenatello was an excellent Manrico, Mr. Polese an effective Count and Mr. Sampieri a spirited Ferrando.

Mr. Weingartner conducted admirably and the orchestra, under his skilled control, was eloquent.

Fe 6 7 1913

Mozart, Beethoven and Boccherini Works Played by Flonzaley Four.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Flonzaley Quartet gave its second concert of the sixth season in Boston last night in Jordan Hall. The hall was wholly filled and the audience was enthusiastic. The program was as follows: Mozart, quartet in B-flat major (K. 458); Beethoven, quartet in A minor, op. 132; Boccherini, quartet in C major.

The quartet of Mozart is one of the set dedicated to Haydn. It was played last night with the grace, amiability and old world elegance that the music demands. The performance was also characterized by inimitable euphony and by the art with which measures that too often in concert halls seem perfunctory padding were made to assume importance. These measures were played as a well trained singer takes roulades, in one breath. There was continuous song. This was of course especially noticeable in the first movement on account of the structural form. It is not given to every one to sing or to play the music of Mozart, in which every note tells and every melodic line must be a thing of beauty. Then there is the peculiar expressiveness, the style. The secret of perfect performance does not consist wholly in well rounded technic or musical appreciation and industry. It is not easy to think of a finer performance of Mozart's music than that of the Flonzaley Quartet.

M. Vincent d'Indy in support of his theory that Beethoven's later works were influenced, if not inspired, by the composer's devotion to the Catholic Church, quotes this quartet in A-minor and dwells on the song of gratitude on the part of the convalescent. M. d'Indy's theory does credit to his own religious feelings, but the note books of Beethoven during the latter period are sadly at variance with it. It may here be said that many passages in these books when they are published in the concluding volume of the biography begun by A. W. Thayer will be a distressing revelation to those who have put Beethoven, the man, on a towering pedestal.

This "Canzona" may have been inspired by readings of Thomas a Kempis or by contemplation of the mys[illegible] [illegible] It [illegible] expressed [illegible] confessed that its [illegible] the [illegible] and the [illegible] is doubled by the prevailing [illegible] of the mode. M. d'Indy suggests that in this the composer was influenced by Palestrina, whose works then appeared to him as ecclesiastical. However this may be, to us the finale after the march section is disposed of, is the feature of the quartet. In the [illegible]ness, the torment of its passion, it is characteristic of the greater Beethoven. The middle section of the second movement is also characteristic of Beethoven in its daring extravagance. The quartet is among the colossal works, yet the players, who are famous for the exquisite polish of their performance, here expressed fully the profundity, the grandeur, the intensity, the alternate storm and calm. Performances like this are rare, and when heard are not easily forgotten.

It was a happy thought to end the concert with one of Boccherini's quartets composed in Madrid. Would that we heard more of this master's compositions, distinguished by wealth of melody, fastidious taste, marked individuality! In this quartet Mr. d'Archambeau had opportunity to display his charming art.

The third and last concert will be given on Thursday evening, March 6.

When the time came round
That the Soul must leave the Body
All the Man's kinsfolk
Stood round the bed
Where the miracle was to be
—The departure for the journey—
And the heavy eyelids
Gave faint recognition
And the leaden hands
Caught at the coverlet;
Then the Soul stood out
Invisible beside the Body
And shivered in the strange air.

Sing Us a Song.

As the World Wags:

Your call for the words of "Muldoon, the Solid Man" revived memories of pleasant evenings at the theatre, Consule Pianco, when we looked at life through roseate glasses.

I can recall two verses, which I hope may stimulate the recollection of others who were fortunate enough to hear the song.

I control the Tombs, I control the Island,
My constituents, sure, they all go there
To take a summer's recreation
And enjoy the swate East River air.

CHORUS.

Then come with me and I'll trate you dacint
I'll get you dhrunk and I'll fill your can
And on the strate, each friend I mate
Says, "There goes Muldoon, he's a solid man."

To ivery wake and ivery funeral
Sure I go, as invited guest.
As conspicuous as Gineral Grant
I wear a rosebud upon me breast.

CHORUS.

Then come with me, etc.

"If my memory serves, when singing the chorus, the actor made a slight pause "blent with the softer murmurs of expectoration," after the word "says." This added to the verisimilitude of the representation.

XENES.

Chestnut Hill, Feb. 4.

A Variant.

As the World Wags:

In response to the request for the words of the song "Mike Muldoon, the Solid Man," in today's Herald, I am proud to say that I am able to give them, and do so below. I think they are correct in almost every word, as my brother, who wrote them out for me, has a very accurate memory. The air is fully as good as the words. Both should be immortalized.

R. F. P.

Westborough, Feb. 4.

O-oh I'm a man that knows my bisniss,
And educated to a high degree—
I came here whin small, from Donegal,
In the Dan'l Webster I crossed the sea—
In the 14th Ward I was educated,
In a tinement owned by me brother Dan,
And by perseverance and elevation,
I wint to the front like a solid man.

Chorus:
Then come wid me and I'll trate yez dacent,
Then come wid me and I'll fill yer can,
As I walk the sthreet ivery man I meet
Says, there goes Muldoon, he's a solid man.

I control the ward, I control the Island,
Me familee share they all go there
To enjoy a summer's sweet recreation,
And breathe refreshin' Hunters Point Air;
I'm known in Harlem, I'm known in Jersey,
I'm a welcome hea-art on every hand,
And widout regard on St. Patrick's Day shure,
I march away like a solid man.

Shure at ivery party and ivery raffle,
I always go as invited guest
And like one of Gineral Grawl's boys shure
I wear a rose here, just like the rest;
When called upon to address a meetin'
Widout regard then for click or clan
I'll rade the Constitution wid execution,
Because ye see I'm a solid man.

But why "Mike Muldoon"? And should not "Gineral Grawl" be "Gineral Grant"?

Still Another.

"Harvard, '79," sends another version:

Now would yez know who yez have before yez?
[illegible] in politics I've gained gr-reat renown
Th' [illegible]nly raison Oi'am not Guv'nor
Is because Oi'd rather run New York town—
[illegible] bold me ward in a grip so solid;
Oi' delivers votes, as [illegible] other [illegible]n,
An' th' party says, whin its near election
"S-st! Wait for Muldoon, he's th' [illegible] man.

Chorus:
Then come wid me an Oi'll thrate ye dacint
Oi'll get ye drunk, an Oi'll fill [illegible]
Aich [illegible] Oi meet as I walk t[illegible]et
Says, "There goes Muldoon—h[illegible] man!"

[illegible]
His [illegible]er [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
"My b[illegible] Muldoon, He's a [illegible]

And now, which is the true version? We have not been able to obtain a published copy of the song, here or in New York. The one sent by "Harvard, '79," appeals to us, but, unfortunately, he says that the lines of "Hildebrant Montrose," quoted here recently.

I'll strike you with a feather
Every daisy knows

are not correct, that the second line should read, "I'll stab you with a rose." In this he errs. We quote from the published song, and we well remember that "Cool" Burgess, when he sang it, followed copy.

Anecdote for the Day.

A striking likeness was etched of [illegible] in full trim without his hat, for having lost the only one he possessed many years before he died, he never wore one afterward. The etchings are becoming scarce.

Positively the Last.

Mr. William J. Ryan of East Boston says that our correspondent, Dr. [illegible]llen, should not accuse himself of stupidity for not knowing the meaning of "I. D. B." He says the author of the book should have added an explanatory foot note. "Very few who have not spent some time in the Cape colony of South Africa are likely to know that I. D. B. stands for Illicit Diamond Buying. In other words, having in one's possession rough diamonds presumed to have been stolen from the DeBeers Mining Company of which the late Cecil Rhodes was the dominant spirit or some of the other great corporations who control the output of the gem production in that region. Owing to their enormous influence in government quarters the most drastic laws were framed and are rigidly enforced for their benefit, and men prominent and highly respected in business and social life have frequently found themselves "doing time" as convicts on the breakwater at Cape Town for this offence, which is easily the cardinal crime at the Cape. One might shoot or even kill with a prospect of much lighter punishment."

Fe 8 1.13

'DON GIOVANNI' AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Mozart's "Don Giovanni" (first performance at this opera house), Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Don Giovanni	Mr. Marcoux
Donna Anna	Miss D[illegible]
Don Ottavio	Mr. McCormack
Commendatore	Mr. M[illegible]
Donna Elvira	Miss A[illegible]
Leporello	Mr. [illegible]
Masetto	Mr. [illegible]
Zerlina	Miss Nielsen

We have not heard Mozart's opera here for several years. When Gustav Mahler conducted it at the Boston Theatre in April, 1908, he complained of his singers, who were Messrs. Scotti, Bonci, Blass and Mmes. Eames, Fornia and Farrar, and he advised Dr. Muck not to attend the performance. There was a more worthy performance at the same theatre in the spring of 1899, when the chief singers were Mmes. Lehmann, Nordica, Sembrich and Messrs. Maurel, Salignac and Ed. de Reszke, although poor bleating Salignac made a mess of Don Ottavio's music. Boston has heard great singers in "Don Giovanni," and it is not necessary to go back to the days of Grisi and Mario in the Boston Theatre. In 1884 the three women were impersonated by Fursch-Madi, Christine Nilsson and Sembrich; and Kaschmann, Italo Campanini and Mirabella were among the men.

In spite of great singers, "Don Giovanni" as performed here was to many a not unalloyed pleasure. The frequent fall of the curtain and the long waits checked the continuous dramatic action and reduced the opera to scenes with pleasing arias, duets, concerted pieces, sung in costume. Some wondered at the world's verdict and could not say that "Don Giovanni" was the greatest of Italian operas, if not the opera of all operas.

In a performance of "Don Giovanni" there is no need of elaborate and costly scenery. The opera should be given in a small theatre, no larger than the Park. There should be a small but carefully selected orchestra with excellent stringed instruments. Still more important is the revolving stage, by which many waits are avoided. In Munich these conditions are [illegible]. In certain other cities [illegible] the real stage is [illegible] quick changes of scene [illegible] sense of [illegible]

"Don Giov[illegible] of the very fi[illegible]t [illegible] t [illegible]t two male actors of [illegible] ments. The r[illegible]e o[illegible] in[illegible]rs is fast dying out. Th[illegible] ty of men and w[illegible]n who ar[illegible] ramati[illegible] in the musi[illegible] dramas of P[illegible]l a[illegible]d fail utterly when they att[illegible]m[illegible]t to sing a Mozartian line. This is as true of Italians as it is of Germ[illegible]s.

Furthermore, "Don Giovanni" is generally performed without intelligence. In the first place, it is not a grand opera. The manuscript title page runs: "Il Dissoluto Punito, o sia il Don Giovanni. Dramma giocoso." The public of Prague and that of Vienna in 1787 and 1788 looked upon the opera as such. It is even doubtful whether the appalling fate of Don Giovanni was taken as a moral lesson. To turn this comedy, or, if you please, tragi-comedy, into a music drama, as we now understand the term, is absurd.

Then there are perplexing questions. Should the opera end with Leporello's cry when he sees his master disappear with the statue? Or should there be reverence for Mozart and a performance of the final scene in the score? In Vienna when the opera was given there after the production at Prague, this final scene was omitted. Surely the punishment of Don Giovanni brings the dramatic end. There is the recitative. Should it be accompanied by a little piano, or by a quartet of strings or by bass alone? Should the chorus sing in the finale of the first act? Then there is the question about Mozart's use of trombones. There are disputes concerning the proper stage settings and their arrangement. Should Leporello be played as a buffoon? The Germans of Mozart's time dearly loved a Hans Wurst. Should the famous theory of E. T. A. Hoffmann be accepted: that Donna Anna was really in love with Don Giovanni, who had possessed her? Should Zerlina be played as a peasant girl and not as a coquettish lady's maid? As for Don Giovanni what has not been written about him, from the strange book of Armand Hayem to the picturesque essay of Vernon Blackburn. Should he be represented as a light-hearted sensualist, or as a pursuer of the ideal, or as the cruel and contemptible hero of Moliere? No wonder that Victor Maurel, the one great Don Giovanni known to our generation, was never weary of talking about the "psychology" of the character.

Managers may therefore be pardoned if they shake the head when a production of this opera is proposed. Some years gone by sacrificed the other characters because an applauded prima donna was eager to appear as Zerlina. Some frankly said that "Don Giovanni" did not spell money. Others, worshipping the music—for there have been operatic managers who were really appreciative of good music—asked, "Where are the singers?"

It is greatly to the credit, then, of Mr. Russell that he determined to add "Don Giovanni" to the repertoire of the Boston Opera House. No opera house can plume itself on a repertoire that does not include "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro."

The production last night was admirable, thrice admirable in the matter of stage settings and, mirabile dictu!—even in lighting, although in the opening scene for once there was too much light, so that Leporello's lantern was incongruous. It's a night scene, or perhaps the time is just before the dawn. In the ballroom scene, in the churchyard scene and in the supper chamber Mr. Urban outdid himself. The churchyard was singularly impressive and the supper chamber was superbly fantastical in color. To be sure, in many of the scenes there were the inevitable and curious doors at the sides of the stage in front, but they were not disturbing and may be accepted as standing for "Urban fecit."

The recitatives were accompanied by a harpsichord and double quartet of strings. The effect was pleasing, and there was no too abrupt contrast between the orchestral accompaniment and that of the recitative, which, as delivered by Messrs. Marcoux and Didur, moved swiftly and with vitality. The arrangement of scenes prevented long waits. For the production alone, "Don Giovanni" is well worth seeing.

Mr. Marcoux took the part of Don Giovanni for the first time. He was a handsome rake, handsomely costumed, one that might have stepped from a Spanish picture, graceful, light-footed, warm in wooing, not too ironical in his treatment of Elvira, humorous with Leporello, yet always his superior and master, brave in the presence of the supernatural. His recitative was delightfully clear, and he sung with marked discretion. No doubt he will elaborate the part and add to the detail in further performances.

Mr. Didur's Leporello was consistently conceived and in its way effective. We should have preferred an oilier rascal, and a singer that had more respect for the second part of the "Catalogue" song. Mr. Mardones's voice is suited to the music of the Commendatore. Mr. Tavecchia was a capital Masetto.

Mr. McCormack bore away the honors as a singer of Mozart's music. He sang both arias with exquisite taste and a full display of the highest vocal art, nor did he yield to the temptation of introducing a high note for the applause of the unthinking. He sang as Mozart wrote.

Mme. Destinn was not wholly in the v[illegible]in, [illegible] was prob[illegible]bl[illegible], for she often fell below the pit[illegible] a rare thing with her. For this reason her first aria, although it was delivered with breadth and in the grand style, was not so effective as it should have been. The florid air, which, by the way, was introduced in the churchyard scene, served to reveal the greatness of the singer.

Donna Elvira has a sad lot. Deserted by her husband, mocked by him and Leporello, she is also afflicted with music that taxes the skill of a most accomplished singer. Mr. Runciman only required of her that she should be beautiful and sing beautifully. Miss Amsden, becomingly dressed, made an honest and brave attempt, but the aria in the first act is beyond her ability. She still has to learn repose in the launching and maintaining a melodic line. She is inclined to force tone, and to take her upper tones spasmodically. She has made progress in certain ways since last season, and self-examination and patient study should correct faults that are not irremediable.

Miss Nielsen was welcomed after a long absence. She sang Zerlina's charming music with true appreciation of the Mozartian style; with the desirable legato, grace and suavity. It should not be forgotten that Mozart's music for the women in this opera, whatever the sentiment may be, is first of all decorative. Miss Nielsen realizes this, as does Mr. McCormack. And as Zerlina she was not too kittenish.

Mr. Weingartner controlled his forces with the quiet authority of the accomplished conductor. The accompaniments were duly subordinated, yet not a detail of the score was lost. The performance was singularly smooth for a first one in the opera house. The audience filled the theatre in every part.

Owing to Mr. Burrian's indisposition Ferrao Fontana will sing the part of Tristan in this afternoon's performance of "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Fontana, who is the husband of Mme. Matzenauer, the contralto, sang the role in the festival performances given under Mr. Toscanini at Buenos Ayres last summer. The other singers will be Mmes. Saltzmann-Stevens and Gay and Messrs. Goritz and Lankow. "Tosca" will be the opera tonight, with Mme. Weingartner-Marcel and Messrs. Gaudenzi and Marcoux. Mr. Weingartner will conduct both performances.

DR. MUCK AGAIN WIELDS BATON

The 14th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck resumed his place as conductor. There was no soloist. The program was as follows: K.W.

Suite in D major, No. 3..........Bach
Symphony in G major, No. 3..........Haydn
Three German Dances..........Mozart
Symphony in D major, No. 2..........Beethoven

It was a pleasure to see Dr. Muck again at his accustomed place, and a large audience welcomed him heartily.

The program of classical pieces was performed by the orchestra, brilliantly and with finesse. Bach's suite was vitalized and faultless execution was not the only feature of its performance, for Dr. Muck, a sensitive interpreter and a master of phrasing, emphasized with rare skill the contrasting character of the movements, while beautiful effects continuously succeeded each other. In the overture, Mr. Witek displayed his art to advantage in the passages allotted to the solo violin, and the famous air for strings alone was played with superlative beauty of tone.

There is much charm and quaintness attached to the three German dances by Mozart. The third is perhaps the most picturesque with its posthorns and bells in imitation of a sleigh-ride.

An admirable performance of Beethoven's symphony completed the program.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Lendvai, symphony in D major, (first time in America); Wagner, "A Faust Overture," Mendelssohn, concerto for piano and orchestra in G minor; Dvorak, overture "Carnaval." Max Pauer will be the soloist and will then make his first appearance in Boston.

MARCOUX KNOCKED OUT BY CURTAIN

While Vanni Marcoux, with John McCormack, Emmy Destinn and Alice Neilsen were bowing their acknowledgments of the plaudits which followed the final act of "Don Giovanni," at the Boston Opera House last night, the curtain, in descending, hit Mr. Marcoux on the head and knocked him out completely. He was carried to his dressing room, and did not fully recover for a quarter of an hour. Later he went to his apartments at the Lenox.

One day a clumsily built fellow put his hand on my shoulder, and, bending over the work that busied me, said

"To what good?"

And I looked at him, searching for irony in his face, but his cold face was gloomy and his eyes were of the color of nothing.

And all my ardor paled.

Trouble weighed down my soul, and was heavier than the heavy hand that weighed down my shoulder.

"Who are you, then?" I cried out in my distraction and my fright.

In clear, monotonous, colorless tones he answered:

I am Uselessness.

The Other Song.

We have all read the versions of "Muldoon, the Solid Man," published yesterday in The Herald. The other song concerning which questions were asked was "When Malone's at the Back o' th' Bar."

"Harvard, '79," sends the words and swears they are correct. Alas, we cannot obtain the original in Boston or New York.

Oi kape th' saloon on th' corner, me byes,
An' faith, Oi've a flourishin' thrade.
Oi bought out my cousin Nathan-i-el Doyle
An' money in whiskey Oi've made.
Oi'm open all day on a Sun-dah so gay
To the gur-rls Oi cry "Tra-la-la-la!"
They say as they pass by my winder so nate:
"There's Malone! At th' back o' th' bar!"

Chorus: Tra-la-lee! Tra-la-la
There's Malone at th' back o' th' bar.
[Twice.]

Oi never git shtood up for brandy or gin;
Me rule is to never give tick.
When a bum's in th' house on a cold winter's night
It's meself that is makin' a kick.
Oi set out a lunch on the counter so choice
—Fat herrin' presarved in a jar—
Oi'll cut off th' hand of a snoozer that grabs
Whin Malone's at th' back o' th' bar.

An' whin it comes avenin' an' darkness draws on,
Oi light up me ke-r-o-sene lamps;
Oi open th' drawer, an' Oi take out th' till
It's meself that is countin' th' shtamps.
Oi shkin out his "bit" fer th' man on th' beat
(Faith! he winks whin Oi'm going' too far!)
Thin th' rest of th' cash in the pocket is put
Of Malone at th' back o' th' bar.

In all probability the spelling in the published song in sheet form is not so extravagant as that sworn to above.

In Old Times.

As the World Wags:

While a pupil at the Adams school on Mason street in the Forties, I often went through the alley leading from West street to Temple place, which was then a genteel residential locality. This was one of the variations of my homeward way that led me through Winter place, Winter street, Summer street, Hawley street, past the old Trinity Church, destroyed in the great fire of 1872, and Milk street to my home where the postoffice is now. Temple place at that time ended in a flight of steps that led to Washington street. It was then no thoroughfare for vehicles.

"I. M. C." must ask some one else older than I about the refrain of the negro song concerning Sally and "de duck soup." I have no recollection of it. I do recall one of the numerous stanzas of a song of the period as follows:

Old Dan Tucker and my Aunt Sally
Both lived down on Shinbone Alley.
Name on de gate and number on de door,
First house over de grocery store.

Of course nearly everybody knows the old ballad about Sally in our Alley which is said to have been written by the grandfather of Edmund Kean. It used to be sung a good deal at informal parties when I was a kid, and it is still heard occasionally at gatherings where old songs are recalled. It appears to be immortal, and is one of those simple, natural melodies that constantly float down the stream of time while ragtime ditties constantly disappear. The bells they went ringing for Sarah when the first Lydia Thompson blondes came over here 40 years and more ago, but before that, in 1865 or thereabouts, G. Swayne Buckley was singing:

Sally come up, Sally come down,
Sally come twist your heels aroun'
The old man he has gone to town
While I make love to Sally.

One need not be very old to remember Flagg Alley. It was wiped off the map of Boston by the extension of Devonshire street to Adams Square. We used to go there to get prime roast mutton at the restaurant that had the mammoth golden "rooster" over the door. It was not, however, like the hostelry patronized by Will Waterproof of Tennysonian memory, for I never saw a pint of port opened there by a plump head waiter. BAIZE.

Dorchester Centre, Feb. 3.

"Spanyel" und "Spanel."

As the World Wags:

I note that a writer in a Boston newspaper takes a member of Mr. Mantell's company to task for pronouncing the word "spaniel," which occurs in Act III., scene 1, of "Julius Caesar" as if spelt "span-yel."

If I did not know of the prevalent New England custom of pronouncing "spaniel," "Daniel" and such words as if written "spanel," etc., I should be at a loss to understand the criticism. What is the basis, if any, of this custom? I do not find any such pronunciation in the three dictionaries at my hand.

DONALD BELCHER.

Newtonville, Feb. 5.

John Walker's "Critical Pronouncing Dictionary" (1791), an amusing book, contains the following: "Spaniel, spanyel. A dog used for sport in the field, remarkable for sagacity and obedience; a low, mean, sneaking fellow." The "Concise Oxford Dictionary" (Oxford 1911) gives "Spaniel, spanyel." The adverse criticism was erroneous. "Spaniel" is "spanyel" even when the word is not spoken in a play acting voice.

"Dab" and "Dabster."

As the World Wags:

Brewer's Dictionary gives this definition: "Dabclever, skilled, as a "dabster at it." A corrupt contraction of the Latin adeptus (an adept).

An Eton stripling, training for the law
A dunce at learning, but a dab at law.

Boston, Feb. 5. J. D. K.

We said, recently, that the origin of "dab" is unknown. We now quote from the New English, or Oxford, Dictionary: "Conjectures have been offered as to its being a corruption of 'adept' and of 'dapper,' but without any other evidence than appears in the general likeness and use of the words. It is possible that it is a derivative of 'dab,' the verb."

STADDLES EXPLAINED.

To the Editor of The Herald:

As to "staddles": My father cleared off a bush farm in Ontario many years ago, and until he could build barns large enough to contain his hay and grain crops he built stacks. Foundations for these were formed by laying rails or poles side by side, the size being about 12 feet in diameter. These foundations he called statholds—evidently a corruption of "stackholds." He came from Perthshire, Scotland, but a neighbor from the English border thickened the pronunciation to "stadholds." Two others from Cumberland, Eng., still further south, shortened it to "staddles," the exact word your column has been discussing. R. C. WHITTET.

Somerville, Feb. 6.

Feb 9. 1913

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE AGAIN

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Matinee. Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Tristan..........Mr. Ferrari-Fontana
Isolde..........Mme. Saltzman-Stevens
Koenig Marke..........Mr. Lankow
Kurwenal..........Mr. Goritz
Melot..........Mr. Saldaigne
Brangaene..........Mme. Gay
Ein Hirt..........Mr. Lipmann
Stimme des Seemanns..........Mr. Diaz
Ein Steuermann..........Mr. Everett

Mme. Saltzman-Stevens and Mr. Ferrari-Fontana sang for the first time in Boston. The former was born near Chicago. She studied in that city and sang in choir and concert. From 1905 to 1907 she took lessons of Jean de Reszke, and made her debut at Covent Garden as Bruennhilde in "Die Walkuere." She has sung, only in Wagnerian parts, in London, Lisbon, Brussels and Berlin, also at Bayreuth. She was a member of the Chicago opera company in the season that has just ended. I am told that Mr. Fontana is a Venetian, who is celebrated as a Wagnerian singer in Italian cities, and in Buenos Ayres. He recently married Mme. Matzenauer of the Metropolitan Opera House, who was heard here as Brangaene a year ago.

Mr. Fontana is the most romantic Tristan that we have seen in Boston since Jean de Reszke. He is physically suited to the part, and our Tristans for some years have been matter-of-fact persons if not distressingly globular. He sings, and not only the notes, as Baelow said of Campanini when he heard him as Lohengrin at Bologna in 1872. His impersonation was poetically heroic. Seldom, if ever, of late years has the part been so well acted and the music so well sung in the third act as by Mr. Fontana yesterday. For once Tristan was a sympathetic and moving figure; for once the audience was not impatient at the long delayed death. And in the second act the beauty of his voice and the expressiveness of his diction were memorable. Admirable, too, was his business in the duel with Melot, whereas the actions of Tristan seeking death are usually unimpressive or ludicrous. Mr. Fontana sang in Italian, nor were the music and the general effect impaired thereby.

Mme. Saltzman-Stevens has been applauded in Europe as a dramatic soprano. She has been heard there as Bruennhilde in the Trilogy, as Isolde, and, I believe, at Bayreuth as Kundry. Yesterday she appeared to be a lyric rather than a dramatic soprano. She had not the breadth, the incisiveness, the dignity, the abandon of passion which we associate with the words "dramatic soprano." She had not the grand style. Her voice is a pleasing one in purely lyric passages. Thus she was more successful in the duet of the second act than in the expression of rage, shame, despair in the preceding act. In the great scene at the end her voice was wholly inadequate, and there was no suggestion of the ecstasy of love in death. Her performance as a whole was ineffective, whether she were face to face with Tristan on the deck or fa[illegible] welling earth over the body of her [illegible]er.

The voice is an agreeable [illegible] is handled with considerable [illegible]

[illegible] as engaging [illegible] personality. It is not given to every one possessed of these qualities to play Isolde. From [illegible] her studies this singer leaped into the "Ring." It would have been wiser for her if she had begun as Mimi or Marguerite or any other amiable and unfortunate heroine, and little by little developed herself until she attained the stature of Sieglinde or Elsa.

The other singers of the chief parts are well known to the public. Mr. Goritz's Kurwenal always compels admiration for the expression of sturdy manhood and devotion that is the more touching because it is not sentimental. Mme. Gay now makes more of Brangaene and the song of watching suits her voice. Mr. Lankow sings the music of Marke with fuller appreciation of its significance, and his voice makes much of this music endurable.

The lighting in the second act was better managed than at the first performance, nevertheless Brangaene should be heard and not seen.

This opera is first of all a wonderful symphonic poem, and Mr. Weingartner conducted it as such, but with due consideration for the singers. His interpretation was poetic, dramatic, eloquent.

There was a large audience.

TOSCA GIVEN AGAIN

Mr. Polese Appears for Mr. Marcoux —Mr. Weingartner Conducts.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Tosca." Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Floria Tosca	Mme. Weingartner-Marcel
Mario Cavaradossi	Mr. Gaudenzi
Barone Scarpia	Mr. Polese
Angelotti	Mr. Sampieri
Sacristano	Mr. Tavecchia
Spoletta	Mr. Giaccone
Sciarrone	Mr. Pulcini
Un Carceriere	Mr. Olshansky
Un Pastore	Mme. De-Courcy

The first appearance of Mr. Weingartner as conductor at the popular priced performance and the opportunity of seeing and hearing Mme. Weingartner-Marcel in the part of Tosca were sufficient to attract a record-breaking attendance last evening. The success of the presentation was noticeable with the enthusiasm of the audience about equally divided between the all-round merit of the production, the appreciation of Mr. Weingartner's conducting and the excellence of Mme. Weingartner-Marcel's Tosca. Mr. Marcoux, who met with an accident on Friday evening when he was struck by the dropping of the curtain, could not appear, and Mr. Polese played the part of Scarpia with much credit.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

[illegible] Boston Opera House, 3:15 P.M. Concert [illegible] Weingartner, conductor, Mme. [illegible] Marcel, soprano, and the orchestra [illegible] Boston Opera House. See special [illegible].

[illegible] 7:30 P.M. Concert of the [illegible] Haydn Society. Emil Mollenhauer [illegible]. Works of Gounod, Rossini [illegible]. See special notice.

[illegible] Hall, 3 P.M. Julia Culp's [illegible] first appearance in Boston.

[illegible] Hall, 3 P.M. Third [illegible] Witek [illegible] chamber concert [illegible] in G minor, [illegible] Hungarian Dancers for violin [illegible] Fantasie, Schumann, [illegible] manner for piano and [illegible] Menuetto; Spohr, Scherzo. The [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. Anton Witek [illegible].

[illegible] Tremont Temple, 8 P.M. Opera [illegible] members of the Boston Opera [illegible] the Tremont Temple Con[illegible] notice.

[illegible] 8:15 P.M. Second [illegible] Hoffmann Quartet. Beethoven, [illegible] No. 4, Leclero, Fuga; Wolf, [illegible] Serenade; Schumann, quartet op. 41, [illegible].

[illegible] Mrs. Robert Treat Paine 2d, 264 [illegible] 3 P.M. Piano recital by [illegible] for the benefit of the South [illegible].

[illegible] Symphony Hall, 2:30 P.M. Fifteenth [illegible] of the Boston Symphony [illegible] Dr. Karl Muck, conductor. See [illegible].

[illegible] Symphony Hall, 8 P.M. Fifteenth [illegible] of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special [illegible].

[Biz]et's "Djamileh," an opera comique in one act, will be produced at the Boston Opera House next Friday night. It is said that this will be the first performance in the United States. I find no note of any performance of the opera by a French company in New Orleans; but, unfortunately, the full record of performances in that city is not easy to find. "Le Theatre-Francais a la Nlle Orleans," by J. G. de Baroncelli, published in 1906, is fragmentary and poorly arranged. We know, however, that certain operas unfamiliar in Boston have been performed in New Orleans as "Roland a Ronceveaux," "Le Roi d'Ys," "Sigurd," "Les Pecheurs de Perles."

"Djamileh" was produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, May 22, 1872. The cast was as follows: Djamileh, Mme. Prelly; Haroun, Duchesne; Splendiano, [illegible]el; The Slave Merchant, Jullen.

[illegible] Mme. Prelly was Mme. de [illegible] a society woman of Paris, [illegible] Miss de Pomeyrac was [am]ong the beauties of the [illegible]e. She was to have ap[peared at the O]pera Comique as Djelma [in "Le Prem]ier Jour de Bonheur," [illegible]. She [made her debut] Feb. 7, [illegible] "Fra Diavolo" [as Z]erlina, [a di]fficult role, in which her beauty, [espe]cially in the second act (where she undressed before the looking glass), gave her a chance of success." She was [no]t long at this theatre after she [cre]ated the part of Djamileh. She went to the Bouffes, where she took part in "La Timbale d'argent." Later she was seen at the Folies Dramatiques, still beautiful, until, a widow, she left the stage and married Detaille, the brother of the celebrated painter. When she took the part of Mephisto in "Le Petit Faust" at the Folies (Sept. 5, 1870), this was said of her. "As for Mme. Prelly, who wished to show herself to her friends and admirers in the costume of Mephisto, she neither sings nor acts." There were impertinent songs about her. One quoted by Georges Duval in "L'Annee Theatrale" (1871) began:

> Elle a des notes de fausset,
> Mais une corpulence auguste,
> De fausset?
> Juge.
> —Lors Nazet.
> Elle dit si faux! que c'est juste!

She was dubbed the "voiceless Venus." Even the courteous Charles Pigot in his life of Bizet regrets that the composer allowed her to take the part of Djamileh. He describes her as "this dark Djamileh, admirable as woman, realizing from the plastic point of view the voluptuously sensual dream of the most jaded Oriental, but having none of the vocal and dramatic qualities which the interpretation of this glowing music, passionate and poetical, demanded. Mme. Prelly was a charming woman of society, a radiant beauty, who had had the whim of treading the boards of the Opera Comique."

"Djamileh" did not succeed at the Opera Comique. There were only 11 performances that year, the last on July 29. **Thus it vanished from the repertory of that theatre.** The opera has been performed in German cities.

To the amazement of any one who examines the score, Bizet at the time was accused of "Wagnerism" and even Reyer found "a breath of 'Die Meistersinger' stirring the pages of 'Djamileh'"! Gallet, the librettist, wrote: "In my opinion 'Djamileh will play at the Opera Comique the part of caviar at a dinner, two or three amateurs of cookery will taste it; the others will prefer the simple filet de boeuf." Saint-Saens wrote a biting poetical attack on the audience, containing these lines, which we put into prose: "The ruminating bourgeois in his cramped seat, ugly and big bellied, separated to his regret from the herd, opens a glassy eye, eats a bonbon, then falls asleep again, thinking that the orchestra is tuning."

At the Opera Comique, the manager provided as a setting a reproduction of Giraud's picture "The Slave Merchant," which led Messrs. Felix Clement and Pierre Larousse to remark: "As though the true dilettanti and persons of taste wished to see this graceful, witty and poetic stage of the Opera Comique transformed into a market of human flesh!"

The Story of "Djamileh"

"Djamileh" followed "La Jolie Fille de Perth" (1867) in the list of Bizet's operas. In the mean time he had worked on several that were never completed, and had orchestrated the first three acts of "Noe," a Biblical opera by Halevy, his father-in-law. After "Djamileh" came the music for Daudet's "L'Arlesienne."

Gallet's libretto of "Djamileh" is a stage adaptation of Musset's poem, "Namouna." Camille du Locle saw in this long lyric dissertation, abounding in parentheses, digressions and personal confidences the subject for an opera. He therefore addressed himself to Louis Gallet who was an accomplished manufacturer of librettos. There is little of Musset in "Djamileh." The libretto is as foreign to the poem as the scenario given afterwards to Lalo for his ballet, "Namouna."

Henry Gauthier-Villars, otherwise known as "Willy," and "L'Oeuvreuse," has described in his mocking way the result of this strange operation.

"Haroun, a rich rounder, a peaceful Bluebeard of the east, makes a prodigious and methodical consumption of houris. This resolute polygamist takes care to provide himself on the first day of each month with a new spouse chosen by his steward, Splendiano. He does not wrangle over the merchandise and accommodates himself indifferently to the Mooress with languishing eyes, the Jewess with severe (sic) forehead, or the Greek, the intoxication of the senses.' He adds ingenuously that since the wine remains the same, the 'metal' of the cup, whether it be 'clay' or gold, can change a hundred times without inconvenience to the drinker.

"Splendiano, who willingly succeeds his master in the possession of women whom Haroun has ceased to love, **intends to adopt for his own use the forsaken** one of the month that is ending, the dark and tender Djamileh. But she does not feel herself born for this situation; she dreams of enchaining her lord and master and making him comprehend the beauty of monogamy. Haroun protests, offers her the little customary gift and farewells her. Then the tenacious amoureuse quietly dons the cos[tume] of [illegible] [Haroun] [illegible] will [illegible] opens [illegible] to whom [illegible] he will be eternally faithful."

The libretto was [first] offered in 1870 to Jules Duprato but he, either through [incu]rable laziness or because he was [se]vered by a slight attack of gout, an honest composer, never decided to send in the music inspired by this grotesque [pe]rturbation." Du Locle, determined to have an opera, at last handed the libretto to Bizet.

The scene at the beginning is in a hall of Haroun's palace in Cairo. The sun is setting. Haroun, stretched on cushions, is smoking and listening to the song of boatmen on the Nile, while Splendiano is looking over his accounts. Haroun then sings in reverie. Djamileh looks in for a moment and then withdraws. There is a duet for Haroun and Splendiano. The couplets of the former are published under the title "J'aime l'amour," as No. 6 in the collection of Bizet's twenty melodies. There is then a trio for Haroun, his steward and Djamileh, who comes in again. She sings a Ghazel beginning:

> Nour-Eddin, roi de Lahore,
> Est fier comme un dieu.

The rest of the music is as follows: A chorus of Haroun's friends; Djamileh's lamentation; a little march of slaves, the dance of the Alma accompanied by a chorus; couplets for Splendiano, ensemble music; and a final duo for the lovers.

We have spoken of the inadequate Mme. Prelly. It is said that the tenor Duchesne had an excellent voice which he used prodigally, but he lacked experience. Bizet himself wrote three weeks after the first performance: "'Djamileh' is not a success, however, the press has been very interesting, for never has an opera-comique in one act been more seriously, and, I may say, more passionately discussed. The 'Wagner yarn' continues. Reyer, Weber, Guillemot, Jonciers, that is to say more than half of the daily press have been warm in praise. De Saint-Victor, Jouvin, etc., have been good in the sense that they discover inspiration and talent, though the whole is spoiled by the influence of Wagner. That which satisfies me more than the opinion of all these gentlemen is the absolute certainty of having found my path. I know what I am about."

To the Editor of The Herald:

Killing Shakespeare

When an Othello in an opera is closer to the deeps of Shakespeare's tragic Moor than an Othello in the tragedy itself, there is something glaringly false in stage methods.

Slezac's Otello of Verdi is nearer than Mantell's Othello to Shakespeare's.

Think of it! A tenor in a libretto moves you more—is truer to Shakespeare than an actor speaking in the very part.

What is the matter?

Not Mr. Mantell's acting in itself. Within its limits it is quite as painstaking and as thoughtful in small matters **and quite as uninspired in the** large as any other recent modern acting of that Colossus of a part.

No; not Mr. Mantell's acting in itself, but the blight upon anyone's acting sure to be suffered if a masterstroke of dramatic co-operation of plot and character is pallidly reflected from an imitation of an imitation.

An old-fashioned prompt book is the matter. A third-hand stage-version based on an old second-hand stage-version now revisiting the glimpses of the moon, mowing about with its vacant face, and keeping in the way of the real play itself, that alone is "the thing"—simply that is what is the matter!

How long, O, ye American actors, will you copy-cat your stage-fathers and your grandfathers and great-grandfathers in preference to going straight with eyes wide open to Shakespeare's own stage-version?

William Winter's revered "cuts," Edwin Booth's revered "cuts" and the Lord knows who's "cuts" on top to better the instruction—and we hope may never be revered!—have bled away the life and manhood of the part and left a baby thing for prudes and popinjays.

Turn to the great play itself, as it was left to us in 1623, and can you fail to see why?

If ever there was a tragedy for full-blooded men and women, if ever there was a tragic canvas that needed all the lurid black of its grossness to serve as foil for the rose-white of its purity, that tragedy is Shakespeare's "Othello." Only these besmirching yet shallow brush-strokes of black on white can prepare the emergence of the triumphant beauty of faith in love above the superficial machinations of Iago's doubt of anything but lust.

What is the tragic clash between but Desdemona's shining faith in love—a love that saw Othello's "visage in his mind"—and Iago's glowering doubt of love, as "merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will"?

What else is the plot but the consummate and unflinching working out of this rank doubt by means of these strong contrasts?

Cut this tragedy of the wickedness of lust and the innocence of love at your own peril, ye ambitious actors! By [c]ut so much as you mince [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

If you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] it as the full [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the admiration of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Also [illegible] don't talk [illegible] about the [illegible] [illegible] play as it [illegible] [illegible] the stage. [illegible] Shakespeare's way, get up to date in Shakespearian knowledge and you will discover what [illegible] stage [illegible] the playwright [illegible] the globe was.

The penalty of doing otherwise appears in the Mantell production.

We can mentally respect Shakespeare's Othello and Shakespeare's Desdemona. Therefore, they can rend our hearts and exalt our souls with their poignant object-lesson of the "pity of it." But when such a gulled fool as the Othello of Mr Mantell's botched stage version and such a shallow ninny as the Desdemona fall into Iago's net esteem and sympathy are almost impossible.

For Emilia alone, because her part is left the nearest intact of any of Iago's victims can we indulge some mental respect. For her alone, [illegible] I hear around me in the audience involuntary exclamations of "She's it!" The prompt-book left her not the best possible version of her role, yet one that did not positively misrepresent it. She [made] the most of that. She caused [one] to wish she might have had a less minor chance. She had her revenge in enjoying a more consistent because more Shakespearian part than the [illegible] whose place outranked hers. But what a shame to have a version so botched that the character of Emilia is easily superior to a Desdemona [illegible].

Shakespeare has been at all the pains of genius to make our compassion for Othello an honoring compassion, our pity for Desdemona an adoring pity.

This is accomplished [illegible] [illegible] Othello [illegible] causing Iago's "proofs" of Desdemona's infidelity to pass successively through several gradual ranges of [illegible], until, from Othello's standpoint at least, and hence from ours [illegible] [illegible] can seem to be justified in his final claim—that he was "not easily jealous, but being wrought perplex'd in the extreme."

Iago's "proofs" are of two kinds. Those he contrives and those he lets the [nature] of Desdemona effect for him after the requisite suspicion of her has been sown in Othello's nature.

The proofs Iago contrives are largely external, although driven in by his own evil-mindedness. Those he leaves to Desdemona are psychological. They are the most irresistible contributing causes of the final woe.

They require a Desdemona capable of psychological acting. Such a Desdemona I have yet never seen. Nor is there much chance for any such under existing stage conditions. These would make her part equal to that of the actor of Othello. Such a Desdemona should not seem a shallow ninny. Her part would not be "cut." Nor could her passion for Othello be minimized as it is in the Mantell version by cutting out the Willow Song scene (IV, ii., [illegible]-201). For such a Desdemona our pity could be both human and adoring.

The climax of Iago's contrived external proofs is reached in what seems to be Cassio's own confession within Othello's overhearing of Desdemona's fondness for Cassio. The climax is clinched by Othello's own sight of the bridal handkerchief. He sees Bianca in a jealous fury return it to Cassio, and her story seems to bear witness absolutely to the truth of Iago's earlier story.

If we are to cherish much esteem for Shakespeare's Othello or Shakespeare's skill in plot-structure, this climax-scene is important. It is peculiarly Shakespeare's device, for he expressly added it to the plot he derived from Cinthio.

This scene, along with all that precedes to show Othello's pitiful physical condition from the agony of being "wrought and perplex'd in the extreme," is cut out (III IV 1[?]7 to IV i 232) in the Mantell stage version.

If there was ever any [illegible] [illegible] abortions of the original text, the allusion later made to this omitted scene should also be cut out. There is, at any rate, nothing presented to warrant these lines in the original:

> "Cassio confest it,
> And she did gratifie his amorous workes
> With that Recognizance and pledge of love
> Which I first gave her: I saw it in his hand."
> (V ii 264-267.)

In place of the omitted scene a short cut to the necessary handkerchief evidence was arranged by a childish bit of stage-business that made Othello look like a fool and turned an effect for tragedy into a trick for farce. The handkerchief the audience saw dropped by the impatient movement of Othello himself when Desdemona sought to bind his aching head with it, the next minute to be picked up by Emilia and given to her husband, is immediately no sooner mentioned than shown by Iago to Othello.

By such sleight of hand [illegible] the [illegible] play-[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Shakespeare's [illegible].

CHA[illegible]

Cambridge, Feb. [illegible]

China and America

An English [illegible] Jethro Bithell of [illegible] Vollmoeller' [illegible] play based on Carlo Gozzi's "Re Turandote" was produced at the St. James' Theatre London, on Jan. 18. It is entitled "Turandot, Princess of China." Busoni's music, some of which has been played here at a Symphony concert, was used. Schiller translated Gozzi's play, but in the English version there was little of Gozzi or Schiller. Nor did the critics think that good Dr. Vollmoeller was respected by the translator. "We cannot believe that the playgoers of Berlin were regaled by so peculiarly English (and so peculiarly old) a joke as that which suggests that Englishwomen are polyandrous, marrying 16 men in one ceremony—'four better, four worse, four richer and four poorer.' We really think that that must be one of Mr. Jethro Bithell's sprightly decorations." The eye was greatly entertained and Busoni's music gave the impression of charming quaintness or pure melodic beauty. A "tiny rivulet of drama meandered through those wide marginal banks of Reinhardtian spectacle and Busonian music. * * * The whole story, set forth as it was without wit, grace or any appreciable quality of intellectual comment, was terribly 'thin' for a play lasting three hours."

Jerome K. Jerome's new play "Esther Castways" (Prince of Wales Theatre, London, Jan. 2) treats of New York life. The set is wealthy but not "smart"; pious, but it includes "the best people." "Everybody in it speaks English without a trace of American accent, and it is ruled by a certain Mrs. Jackson-Tillett, who is so extraordinarily stately that when she meditates paying a first call on a lady whose acquaintance she has made at some friend's house she announces her intention in a letter written in the third person, to the effect that 'Mrs. Jackson-Tillett will have the pleasure of calling on Mrs. Castways tomorrow afternoon.'" When she leaves a room one of the other ladies or one of the gentlemen is commanded by her to go down to see if her carriage is there. And she is a courteous soul, with a still more courteous husband, who, calling on Mrs. Castways, blandly says to her: "I didn't wish to call on you; but, now that I've seen you, I'm glad I came." There is a happy ending. Mrs. Jackson-Tillett finally invites Mrs. Castways to meet her and some of "the best people" at her house. Young Philip Castways married beneath him. Though his Esther was a dear little creature, her sister had been a mill hand. He wishes to reform the conditions of child labor, and he has a liason with a Mrs. Penbury. Esther, discovering her husband's passion, is shocked, but after reflection allows herself to be compromised with a politician, Farrington, so that Philip's reputation may not suffer and so that he may still work for the bill. Mrs. Penbury seeks new game. Mr. Farrington regrets his behavior and husband and wife are invited to dine at the Jackson-Tillett's. The characters are fastidious in expression. One, beginning to dispute with another, says: "I would only suggest that, as a saving of time, we avoid the language of irritation." There is a bedroom scene, in which Mrs. Penbury changes her costume late at night. There is also Reuben Pierce, a former swetheart of Esther, "drifting about in dining rooms and bedrooms with his hat and overcoat on, and talking for the most part like a preacher at a revivalist meeting." Miss Marie Tempest took the part of Esther.

He Wanted His Money Back

The Pall Mall Gazette recently published an extraordinary letter addressed to Miss McCarthy and Mr. Baker at the Savoy Theatre. It contains a demand on the part of a playgoer, who evidently expected music and the usual incidentals with his Shakespeare, for the return of two-thirds of the money that he paid for three seats in the first circle for "Twelfth Night":

"This dissatisfied player encloses his bill:

The Actual and Responsible Manager,
Savoy Theatre.
Dr. to J. K. P.

	s.	d.
For amount charged for three tickets to witness performance of 'Twelfth Night,' which performance was not of the nature and quality demanded by the purchaser.....	12	0
Less approximate value of the performance actually given.....	4	0
	8	0

"In his letter he explains how, attracted by the advertisement of the performance, he purchased three tickets, of which he encloses the counterfoils, and gives the reasons for his dissatisfaction:

"'I regret to say that by no stretch of language could the entertainment provided be said to come up to what I was entitled to expect.

"'Not one word was said in your advertisement, or by your representative who sold me the tickets, to imply that you intended to treat "Twelfth Night" as a burlesque, or in any unusual way. I was therefore justified in supposing that the play would be rendered on the lines usual at a first-class London house, and more or less up to the standard of excellence which has been usual at the Savoy Theatre.

"'If, in your acceptance [illegible] without any explanation [illegible] intended to do, there was an [illegible] contract to the effect that

"'1. The acting would be reasonably good.

"'2. There would be appropriate scenery.

"'3. There would be appropriate music, rendered by a band in the usual way.'

These conditions, the writer complains, were for the most part not fulfilled.

"Actors Did Their Best."

"'As to the acting, I say nothing. The actors did their best under the very depressing circumstances.

"'With regard to the scenery and music, you will not, I am sure, assert that there was any attempt to give us what we had been led to expect.

"'Of the three things that we had a right to expect, two were not given, and I claim the return of two-thirds of the money paid.'

"The writer thinks further that he might in justice claim something for what the late Mr. Kruger called 'moral and intellectual damages,' for having taken two friends to the performance, hoping to give them the great treat of witnessing one of Shakespeare's plays performed in the best manner, I had the mortification of being told that it was a "rotten show," which I could not deny.'

"This claim, however, he waives, for he believes that 'the English law does not recognize indirect or consequential damages.'"

This reminds us of a letter addressed by an Italian to Verdi, asking his money back because he was disappointed in a performance of "Aida." The Italian gentleman demanded also his travelling expenses. As the story goes, Verdi laughed and sent the complainant the full amount.

Various Stage Notes

Mr. George Moore's dramatization of his novel, "Esther Waters," which the Stage Society, to their honor, acted on Dec. 10, 1911, at the Apollo Theatre, has now been brought out in volume form by Mr. William Heinemann, and can be had, neatly bound and well printed, for half a crown. In addition to the full text of the play, the cast of the company on that well remembered occasion is given, and there is also a preface by Mr. Moore himself, in which the author of some of the severest strictures ever written on the art and profession of the actor pays a tribute to the interpreters of his play of which they may indeed be proud. One passage may well be quoted if only for the reason that it does something like justice to one of the most valuable artists on the English stage at the present day:

For a long time past my memories of the stage were two: Jean de Reszke in "Tristan" and Forbes Robertson in "Hamlet." Miss Cicely Hamilton has given me a third, and I shall never forget the strain of inaudible music that began as soon as she opened the door; her voice took it up and it grew more intense, spending itself at last in the beautiful crescendo when she asks Esther to say a prayer with her.

One remembers many performances of Miss Hamilton that have been quite as beautiful and as perfect as her Mrs. Barfield in "Esther Waters"—her Mrs. Knox, for instance, in "Fanny's First Play," her impersonation of the dead mother in "Hannile's Dream," and the performance she gave only a week or two ago in the play "The Tide," at the Queen's Theatre. And one recalls that her success in all these parts was one, not merely of a musical and most appealing voice, but of the sympathy and understanding that come from knowledge of life.—Pall Mall Gazette, Jan. 20, 1913.

Mr. Forbes Robertson recently said of Hamlet: "I am satisfied if I have made any proportion of my audiences love him as I do and if I have helped to prove that he was not mad."

Pinero's "The 'Mind the Paint' Girl" adapted for the German stage by Sir Felix Semon, under the title "Das Maedel Ohne Heiligenschein," was produced in Germany for the first time and with great success at Mayence on Jan. 13. "Ten calls followed the last act."

Mr. Titterton has this to say of a favorite vaudeville singer: "Miss Willa Holt Wakefield at the Palace uses her accent as a weapon of coquetry. The only good American coquette I ever knew was a woman who had been bred in France, and had acquired the gestures without losing her accent. The contrast between barbarism and civilization was charming. Miss Wakefield is less complex. A coquette may be a baby, but you must suspect that she can bite. The lady's work is neat, and without distinction; yet she laughs prettily and says bold things as if she didn't understand them."

FEB 10 1913

WEINGARTNERS GIVE CONCERT

The 11th concert at the Boston Opera House took place yesterday afternoon. Mr. Felix Weingartner conducted the orchestra, and the selections were Beethoven's "Egmont" overture and "Eroica" symphony and Debussy's Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun." Mme. Lucille Weingartner-Marcel sang Schubert's "Junge Nonne" (orchestration by Weingartner) and "Erlkoenig" (orchestration by Berlioz), and three songs with orchestra composed by her husband: "Schaefers Sonntagslied," "Welke Rose" and "Deine Schoenheit."

Schubert's "Junge Nonne" has been sung here with the orchestral accompaniment of Liszt. Mr. Weingartner's, which, we understand, was composed for this occasion, is discreet, effective, and in the Schubertian spirit.

Mme. Weingartner, although not in best voice, gave a dramatic reading of "Erlkoenig." "Welke Rose" displayed her richly beautiful lower tones. She was obliged to repeat this song, "Deine Schoenheit" and "Erlkoenig." "Welke Rose" is a song of poetic fancy and simple emotion.

Mr. Weingartner's interpretation of Beethoven was conspicuously sane and free from any distortion of text or affectation of originality. Though a musician of modern tendencies, he did not follow the Buelow-Wuellner manner of straining rhetorical emphasis at the expense of the melodic and rhythmic flow. Thus the heavy chords in the main body of the overture that are supposed to be typical of the Spanish oppressor were played without a change in the tempo. Nor in the symphony were "song passages" occurring in an allegro sentimentalized. The interpretation was never dryly academic. While it was clear and logical, it was also emotional and dramatic; that is to say, the music itself was vitalized by the understanding and the personal authority and force of the conductor.

Debussy's "Eclogue" was taken at a slower pace than the one we are accustomed to, but there was no thought of dragging or monotony. The beauty of the details was fully brought out and the structure of the exquisitely sensuous composition was exposed, although the performance was elastic and not rigid.

The orchestra has made marked progress in symphonic playing this season. The audience was appreciative, but it should have been much larger.

HANDEL AND HAYDN

Society Gives Concert in Symphony Hall.

The Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Mollenhauer conductor, Mr. Tucker organist, gave a concert last evening at Symphony Hall. The assisting artists were Mme. Schumann-Heink, Caroline Hudson-Alexander, soprano; Adelaide Griggs, contralto; Paul Althouse, tenor; Frederic Martin, bass, and the Boston Festival orchestra. The program was as follows: Chadwick, "Phoenix Expirans"; Schubert, "Die Allmacht"; Gounod, "Gallia"; Rossini, "Stabat Mater." There was a large audience and some stood. K.W.

The concert was enjoyable both in program and in manner of performance. Mr. Chadwick's work reveals a wealth of melodic invention and there are many pages of compelling beauty. The quartet last evening was well balanced. Mme. Hudson-Alexander's golden voice was used by her with the customary skill. Its purity and freshness are irresistible and the singer is well versed in the art of coloring tone emotionally. Miss Griggs, an experienced singer, was heard to advantage, while Mr. Althouse, whose voice is of an agreeable quality, sang with fluency and intelligence. Mr. Martin was a sonorous bass.

Mme. Schumann-Heink was warmly welcomed. Her voice and art were first revealed in Schubert's song and later in the "Stabat Mater," which Rossini referred to as having been composed "mezzo cristiano."

The orchestra rendered effecient service.

On Easter Sunday, March 23, "Elijah" will be performed at Symphony Hall by the society. The soloists will be Grace Bonner Williams, soprano; Helen Allen Hunt, contralto; Dan Beddoe, tenor, and Earl Cartwright, bass.

And all the young critics of the age, the clerks, apprentices, etc., called it low, and fell a groaning.

Deep Thinkers.

As the World Wags—

I heard this deep-reaching statement at a Lowell Lecture:

"But as Boethius says, quoting Apollodrius, this cannot be considered here." CYRUS GESUNDER, D. D.

The Hayforks, Feb. 6, 1913.

The Last of Muldoon.

As the World Wags—

Touching your column of Feb. 7, "Xenes" did well in his quotation of the immortal Muldoon from memory, while the version of "Harvard '79" is only a version. The facts follow:

Muldoon the Solid Man.

I'm a man of great influence,
Educated to a high degree.
I left my home in Donegal in
The Daniel Webster across the sea.
In the Fourteenth Ward I'm situated,
In a tinament house with my brother Dan.
By perseverance I soon elevated,
And wint to the front like a solid man.

CHORUS.

Then come with me, I'll trate ye daycent.
I'll get ye drunk. I'll fill yor can.
As I patrol the strate each man I mate says,
"Sh! There comes Muldoon. He's a solid man."
I control the Toombs. I control the Island.
My constituents they all live there,
To enjoy a summer's recreation
And taste the fine East river air.
To all the wakes and all the parties,
I'm sure to go as invited guest.
Conspicuous as General Grant is,
I wear a rosebud on my breast.

There never was any "Mike" Muldoon in the song. I do not believe that the Solid Man was ever known to any of his friends and admirers by a baptismal name. Probably he was The Muldoon, as Thackeray's friend was The Mulligan.

OLD MORTALITY.

Concord, Feb. 7.

Disgraceful Terry.

There was another song, earlier than "Muldoon"—it was published in 1875—which should be of interest to sociologists including, of course, criminologists. If we are not mistaken, it was sung by either Scanlon or William Cronin, and the title is "Since Terry first join'd the Gang."

My name is Mike Slattery, and from Ireland I came,
And I've a son who's a big black guard,
And Terrance is his name.
He wears a gold watch and chain
And he calls it a "super" and a "slang."
Oh! my heart is broke, God knows it is
Since Terry first join'd the "gang."

CHORUS:

He'll come rolling home in the morning,
And he'll give the door the devil's own bang!
Oh! my heart is broke, God knows it is,
Since Terry first join'd the "gang."

When he came home last Thursday night,
Sure, I talked to him very nice:
When he said, "old man, you're getting too fresh,
And we'll soon have to put you on the ice!"
He told the old woman for to take a drop,
And to shut up giving him her slang;
Oh! her heart is broke, God knows it is,
Since Terry first join'd the "gang."

There is a third verse of inferior merit, telling how Terry stood upon the corner from morning until night, and for stealing a "wipe" and a "slang" was sent for three months to the Penitentiary.

Observe the use of those good old words "super" for watch and "slang" for chain.

Heroes of Old.

In the eighties there were two superb songs that many of us remember. Note the fierce irony of the chorus of one of them:

I owe ten dollars to O'Grady,
You'd think he had a mortgage on my life;
He calls to see me early every morning,
At night he sends his wife.

And then the wings of the Muse droop. Superb in its coarseness is "I had $15 in my Inside Pocket." Would that we could hear Pat Rooney singing it in these effeminate days, when "playlets" are preferred to sturdy songs, "character sketches" and "statue" clog dances.

There were good songs in the Nineties. There was the story of Gilligan.

He was only a workman in Shaughnessy's yard,
Till they made him an overseer.
On a Wednesday, his pay day, he would go on a tear.
'Twas on Saturday night he went home again,
Just as quiet as any mouse.
And he heard once again all the neighbors saying,
As they took him into the house:
Gilligan's on a tear again,
He'll stay till Saturday night,
Just give him all the room he wants,
Or else he'll raise a fight.
'Tis once in ev'ry month he throws his money left and right
But he'll go to work again on Monday morning.

Still Remembered.

The shapes arise! Maggie Cline, the "Bruennhilde of the Bowery," throwing down McClusky and singing of Donovan. The historian of Johnnie Dugan and his sad fate. Then there was Miss Florrie West, who "Kissed John James Reilly before he went home." Alas, the printed copy of this song does not give the melody as Miss West sang it. What singer of an earlier date impersonated the heart-broken father who mourned his daughter, "Out till the broad daylight, a-skippin' the tra-la-la-loo"? His curse, "Bad luck to moulders' picnics," rivalled that of the Father in "Louise." We have not mentioned the later coon songs.

The Public Library should possess all the once famous songs. They would be of more value to the student of manners and morals than the complete editions of Richard Strauss and Hugo Wolf.

Tomorrow we shall lapse into prose.

FEB 11 1913

Let us sing and be merry, dance, joke and rejoice,
With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice!
The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
All treasure's uncertain,
Then down with your dust.
In frolicks dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we shall be nothing a hundred years hence.

Flagg Alley.

Now, there is no greater joy than the [illegible] of the antiquarian.

As the World Wags:

Your friend Balze is certainly in e[illegible] in his recollection that Flagg Alle[illegible] wiped off the map.

... in 1 41

The narrow thoroughfare which was ... 1872 by the extension of ... street to Dock square was Wilson's Lane, so named in 1712.

I have lived in Boston myself since 1844. CHAS. W PERKINS.

Boston, Feb 8.

This is a pretty dispute and we purpose to sit on the fence, swing our legs and see it out. At the same time we will take a hand to this extent: The way that was laid out as "a passage 7 feet wide" has thus been named: ..., Pierce's Alley; 1788, Change Alley; ..., Fitch's Alley; 182., Flagg Alley; ... Change Avenue. Now, we have not summered and wintered in this alley, nor have we been through it with a dark lantern. Our information is taken from a book thoughtfully provided by the city—the "Record of Streets."

Oenometers.

Schenectady," "truly rural," "constitutional privileges," "National Intelligencer," "solidity" have all had their day as oenometers, "or methods of determining the condition of man, according to the degrees of wine or beer in him." The Daily Chronicle recently published a catch phrase which, as it swore, came from a teetotaler at Stratford-on-Avon "He put his hands into his British breeches pocket." We believe the sentence is in "Jane Eyre," which was once considered an immoral book, for young New England girls to read only on the sly, in a locked bedroom or in the attic behind a hair trunk. The sentence, "Give James ... gilt gig-whip, and a cup of coffee from a copper coffee pot," is an ... fair oenometer, as George Meredith dubbed this determining method, although he spelled "oeno" "oino." The Grimes sentence is preposterously ... No sane man would attempt to say it after a week without alcohol, with a daily cold bath, light diet and ... mental exercise at one of those ... where the members in turn ask ... questions that might have discon... Balkis, the Queen of Sheba.

"Civilation."

We asked a clerk in a long established book store if he could supply us with a certain volume of De Quincey's works. He answered. "We don't carry ... Nobody reads Quincey today." Nevertheless in De Quincey's essay on Sir William Hamilton we find this sentence: "Though transcendental philosophers that walked the air, we condescended to sip at times from sublunary ...; and at odd times it is possible that we even entered into the kingdom of civilization." A foot note explains the last word. It appears that Dr. William Maginn expressed the opinion that "no man, however much he might ... toward civilization, was to be regarded as having absolutely reached its ... until he was drunk. Previously to ... consummation, a man might be a ... subject for civilization, but otherwise than in posse it must be premature; so he must be considered as more or less of a savage. This doctrine ... naturally published more loudly than ... as he was himself more and more removed from all suspicion of barbaric sobriety. He then became anxious, with tears in his eyes, to proclaim the deep sincerity of his conversion to civilization. But, as such an odiously long word must ever be distressing to a gentleman taking his ease of an evening unconsciously, perhaps, he abridged it always after 10 P. M. to 'civilation'." Therefore De Quincey matriculated the word in his neological dictionary: "'Civilation,' by ellipsis, or more properly by syncope, or, rigorously speaking, by ... up from 'civilization'."

Unique Opportunity.

The London Times recently published this extraordinary advertisement:

"Child Study Specialist, age 38, desires engagement as tutor in select American family. Pupil must be prepossessing boy, under 12, slight or delicate, and richly dressed. Expenses required, salary no object. Experience as college secretary, ... lecturer, tutor to young children, and librarian; remunerative position in Australia under offer. University training in latest educational methods. Original system proving immense possibilities of beautiful dress and individual training. Highest official and private references. Chance of a lifetime for eligible pupil. Inquire ——"

The "Duck Soup" Song.

As the World Wags:

The recent inquiry regarding the "duck soup" darkey song recalls to my mind the first two stanzas, impressed on my mind when I was a "kid" more than a half century ago. Perhaps some ... "geranium" can furnish the other verses.

Alabama duck soup, corner ob de alley,
I ... what a scrape I had wid old Aunt Sally.
Sally, ... old Aunt Sally;
... you ... a scrape I had wid old Aunt ...

... before ... make him ... to beller.
... agin' a stump and ... mistaken,
... dodged on t'other ... and tried to ... her bacon.
Her bacon, her bacon, tried to ... bacon;
... dodged on t'other side and tried to ... her bacon

February 8. C. F. A.

"The Red Petticoat," with Miss Helen Lowell, Makes First Appearance.

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Red Petticoat," a new musical comedy in three acts, book and lyrics by Rida Johnson Young and Paul West, music by Jerome D. Kern.

Sophie Brush	Helen Lowell
...is Oldham	Louise Mink
Dora Warner	Grace Field
"Sage Brush" Kate	Frances Kennedy
Otto Schmaltz	Alf. DeBall
Jack Warner	Joseph Phillips
"Brick" Oldham	Donald Macdonald
Bad Jake	E. L. Fernandez
Barney Barnes	Henry Norman
Long Jim	Wallace Owen
Swat Rogers	Al Wilder
Big Regan	William Prieste
Parrot	Katherine Belknap

Rida Johnson Young wrote a play entitled "Next," for Miss Lowell, and it was brought out at Daly's Theatre, New York, Sept. 30, 1911. It was a western melodrama with a gambler hero, a saloon keeper, a sensual and revengeful woman named "Sage Brush" Kate, and a female barber played by Miss Lowell.

"The Red Petticoat" was made out of this play and seen at the same theatre in New York on Nov. 13 of last year. The melodramatic features were pared down to make room for singing, dancing and choice evolutions. In its new form the musical comedy depends chiefly on the impersonation of Sophie by Miss Lowell, and the dancing of Miss Field. The comedy, otherwise, even with the mild dash of melodrama, is not engrossing. Mr. Kern has written two or three pretty tunes—one of them "Since the Days of Grandmamma," is charming in its simple grace and old-world character.

The girls of the chorus are young and fresh looking. They should be seen and not heard.

Female barbers have been known for centuries in the East and the West. "The seven women barbers" in the reign of one of the Charleses in England won an unpleasant notoriety. The influence of Sophie in Lost River, Nevada, was for civilization and righteousness. Unwelcome and mocked at first, she did wonders for the mining settlement. She was far-seeing and entered Lost River with a bevy of attractive manicure girls. As a result the hands and hearts of the miners were softened; they were shaved daily and had their hair cut once a week. Sophie stood off bad men, among them Jake the Greaser, whose villany was exposed by her parrot. She also triumphed over Kate, a bold, bad girl who swore to be revenged on Jack Warner, the square gambler, and smoked cigarettes. She was bitter against Jack not because he sang sentimental ballads, but because he said sweet things to Phyllis after he had said sweet things to her. Hence her rage and her willingness to accept the torrid attentions of the Greaser.

Sophie went on her triumphant way. The concert hall girls ceased to be an attraction to the miners and Big Regan finally served only soft drinks.

Miss Lowell acted the barber with humor that was not forced and was not vulgar. There are several women on the stage who are seen in eccentric parts, who are willing to forsake the natural comeliness of the woman and dress and act as freaks. Miss Lowell is not so extravagant as some of her hard-working sisters. She is not too deliberately freakish. The spectator never feels compassion for her, even when she is plainest or most ridiculous to the eye. He accepts her at once, and when she finally appears, dainty and graceful, in grandmamma's dress, he rejoices in her vindication and feels like poking his neighbor in the ribs and saying: "I told you all along that she was not naturally a sight." Her impersonation is an excellent piece of work.

Now in this mining settlement was a young man from the East prospecting for gold. He apparently spent most of his time in singing comic songs that were not very funny and in dancing nimbly. He fell in love with Dora, the gambler's sister, and they sang and danced together. Miss Field danced delightfully and sang discreetly with a pleasant voice. She danced lightly, with what Barbey d'Aurevilly once described as "vibrant legs." Agile, she was not acrobatic. Flexible and lithe, she was not a mere contortionist. And in "The Waltz Time Girl" she danced with irresistible and Bacchantic abandon.

Thus there are features in "The Red Petticoat" that make the entertainment an agreeable one. The large audience was highly pleased, and songs and dances were repeated so that a show which might easily have ended at half past ... was stretched out till nearly eleven.

SONG RECITAL BY MME. CULP

By PHILIP HALE.

Mme. Julia Culp gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. This was her first appearance in the city. The admirable pianist Coenraad v. Bos, who is well remembered here as Mr. Wuellner's associate, accompanied Mme. Culp. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows.

Schubert. Im Abendroth, Die Post, Du bist die Ruh, Staendchen, Ave Maria; Schumann, Widmung, Du bist wie eine Blume, Waldesgespraech, Mondnacht, Fruehlingsnacht; Brahms, Von ewiger Liebe, Das Maedchen spricht, Feldeinsamkeit, Staendchen, Der Schmied, Wiegenlied.

The reputation of Mme. Culp as a lieder singer had long preceded her. It was a pleasure to find that this reputation was well deserved; that foreign praise had not in this instance been whimsical or exaggerated.

Her voice is one of uncommon beauty, and this beauty is individual and peculiar. The voice might be desribed as mezzo soprano in range with a suspicion of contralto quality, and it lends itself alike to the expression of tender lyricism and dramatic passion. The singer's art is no less remarkable than her voice. Her perfect control of breath enables her to phrase at will, and give rhetorical as well as musical emphasis. Her control of tonal emission is no less remarkable. Her forte is rich, resonant, never forced; her piano is exquisitely delicate and in her management of tonal gradanations her intonation yesterday was flawless.

The program did not give the hearer an opportunity of judging her proficiency in florid song, but the voice is a flexible one. It might be thought that the songs selected would inevitably induce a monotony of expression, but Mme. Culp's interpretative art and rare intelligence and taste rescued the recital from this reproach. "Im Abendroth," and the last three songs of the Schubertian group revealed a consummate legato and a wide range in expression. Schumann's "Widmung" and "Fruehlingsnacht" were filled with the appropriate ecstasy, while the interpretation of "Waldesgespraech" was dramatic, but without extravagance in the presentation of the two characters. The lighter songs of Brahms were sung with playfulness that was not affected. "Der Schmied" conveyed the humor of a stalwart lass exulting in the sturdy frame of her lover; and seldom are art and deep sentiment so blended in song as in Mme. Culp's interpretation of "Feldeinsamkeit."

It is not impertinent to say that the bearing of the singer on the stage added not a little to the enjoyment. In addition to her voice and art, Mme. Culp has the gift of establishing at once sympathetic relationship with the audience.

Mr. Bos accompanied delightfully and shared in the honors.

Mme. Culp will give another song recital in Jordan Hall on Monday afternoon, Feb. 24.

"TRISTAN" AT THE BOSTON OPERA

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE — "Tristan und Isolde"—third performance this season.

Tristan	E. Ferrari-Fontana
Isolde	Olive Fremstadt
Koenig Marke	Edward Lankow
Kurwenal	Hermann Weil
Melot	Paul Saldaigne
Brangaene	Maria Gay
Ein Hirt	Max Lipmann
Ein Steuermann	George Everett
Stimme des Seemanns	Rafaelo Diaz

In the performance of "Tristan" last evening Isolde was sung by Mme. Fremstadt instead of, as originally announced, by Mme. Staltzmann-Stevens. There were some among the audience who were disappointed that the management had found it advisable to make this change in the cast. They would have liked to judge Mme. Staltzmann-Stevens for themselves. In general, however, Mme. Fremstadt was warmly welcomed and the audience was appreciative of her performance, and those of the rest of the cast, if not demonstrative.

The opera, as a whole, is well given. Mr. Weingartner conducted and his reading of the score and the work of the orchestra itself were alike admirable. In this opera, wherein the orchestral music is the most important element, Mr. Weingartner made it the most excellent part of the performance, and this alone would have amply repaid the attendant music lover had the production been otherwise quite uninteresting.

Mme. Fremstadt was a conventional and pleasing Isolde, but hardly more. Her voice, though beautiful in many passages, is at times unpleasantly thin. Personally she was impressive, and those who feel that great stature and an imposing beauty are essential to the part were amply satisfied. But though an imposing figure, Mme. Fremstadt is lacking in grace. Her gestures are stereotyped and ... to convey any feeling of spontaneity.

... Lankow was unimpressive ... King and did nothing to ameliorate a tedious and uninteresting role.

"MME. SANS GENE" AT B. F. KEITH'S

Kathryn Kidder Makes Successful Appearance in Vaudeville—Good Bill.

W. H.

A uniformly excellent bill all the way through, from Miss Kathryn Kidder, the headliner, down to Leroy, Wilson and Tom, who have the opening number, tells the story of this week's offering at B. F. Keith's. There is variety as well as excellence to the bill, with a veritable congress of trained dogs, six clever ... dancers, a court violinist and muscular men in statuesque posing all contributing their full share to the entertainment.

Miss Kidder is appearing in vaudeville for the first time in Boston, and with her own company of ... players presents "The Washerwoman Duchess," in which she has the character of Madame Sans Gene, a part she made famous several seasons ago. It is an extremely dramatic and well acted ..., with Miss Kidder seen to most excellent advantage. The scene is laid in the time of Napoleon in Madame Sans Gene's bedroom in the palace, where she is discovered at midnight with ... De Mourney, who has come bearing a letter from the Empress. Her husband and subsequently Emperor Napoleon himself appear, but Madame Sans Gene is at all times, dark as may be the ..., mistress of the situation. Walter W... was capital as the Emperor, with J... Marchand really looking like the ... husband and Mitchell H... playing the Count de Mourney. Miss Kidder and her company were twice called in front of the curtain after it fell.

The best thing in the line of a dog circus that has been seen at B. F. Keith's in a long time is that of Cowan Zenthos's dogs of all nations and of all sizes as well. Some look ... others don't look as ... any breeding. But they all possess intelligence to a marked degree and ... out the aid of their clown-master ..., sometimes, engaged in two or three specialties at the same time with ... nation march in which all 2. take part as the closing ensemble. ... Prof. Ota Gygi, court violinist to the King of Spain, who is ... his first American appearance and ... several selections. Prof. Gygi was enthusiastically received.

Jack W. Corey and Margaret Webb present a musical absurdity, "The Storm," with the assistance of a piano that is compelled, as Mr. Corey ..., at one stage, to do "most of the dirty work, especially while the storm is in progress." Mr. Corey is a versatile player in anything from grand opera to ragtime, and Miss Webb is an equally proficient vocalist. Paul N... and Ruby Erwood, as the coal man and the maid, were good, especially Mr. N... Weeden, Bernard and Barrows fully made good their program designation of being "wonderful singers."

The "Six Steppers" a brother and sister team of clog dancers presented, singly and together, a new line of difficult steps with the Lancashire clog ..., the Dennos brothers being one of the best of the specialties. George E. Delmore and Jules W. Lee, whose muscles are still seemingly as supple as ever notwithstanding the long time they have been upon the stage, make a hit in their "A Study in Black and White," while Leroy, Wilson and Tom fully acted out their act of "Three Crazy Men from 'Frisco."

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS.

The music department of the city of Boston will give three concerts this week. William Howard ... Louis C. Elson, ...

TUESDAY, 8 P. M.

Peckman School ...

[illegible]

Schelveig's Song ... Grieg

Mrs. Everett

Morris Dance from "Henry VIII" ... German

THURSDAY, 8 P. M.

Lowell School, Jamaica Plain

Overture, "Le Cheval de Bronze" ... Auber

Prelude "Eve" (for solo violin and strings) ... Massenet

"O Promise of a Joy Divine" ... Massenet

Mrs. Francis Freeman

Selection from "Lohengrin" ... Wagner

Allegretto and finale from Concerto in A minor for cello ... Saint Saens

Milo M. Goldstein

Serenade ... Drdla

Vocal selections

"'Tis You I Love" ... O'Shea

"Don't Care" ... Daubert

Mrs. Freeman.

Slavonic Dance ... Dvorak

FRIDAY, 8 P. M.

South Boston High School.

Moderato assai from Trio in B flat, op. 52 ... Rubinstein

Miss Mary H. Sheedy, Wm. Howard, Milo M. Goldstein.

Songs:

"The Frontiersman" ... Hayes

"I Know a Lovely Garden" ... D'Hardelot

"Invictus" ... Huhn

Charles D. McCarthy, Jr.

Fantasie Caprice for violin ... De Berio:

Mr. Howard.

Trio, Reverie "Extase" ... Ganne

Trio, Serenade ... Drdla

Solo for violoncello, "Kol Nidrei" ... Bruch

Mr. Goldstein

Songs

"I Fear No Foe" ... Pinsuti

"Obstination" ... Fontenailles

"White Sentinels" ... Woodforde-Finden

Mr. McCarthy.

Trio in F major, op. 16, Allegro grazioso ... Jadassohn

Finale.

Feb 12 1913

I am certain that, upon an average, I have not during my life spent more than 35 minutes a day at table, including all the meals of the day. I like, and I take care to have, good and clean victuals; but if wholesome and clean, that is enough. If I find it, by chance, too coarse for my appetite, I put it aside, or let somebody else do it, and leave the appetite to gather keenness. But the great security of all is to eat little and to drink nothing that intoxicates. He that eats till he is full is little better than a beast; and he who drinks till he is drunk is quite a beast.

Hot from India.

William Cobbett wrote these words in his "Advice to Young Men," a golden book, a lamp to the feet of ingenuous youth. But would not this meal have tempted him?

Dall and Rice
Paratha and Kabab
Mutton Pulao and Kofta, Curry
Jalabee

We know what kababs (or kabobs) are. Some years ago they were served in a Hayward place restaurant. Perhaps they are now served there. It is a long time since we have been "in society."

Dall is a word not unknown to us. Here is a recipe: "Wash half a pound of it, put it to a pint of boiling water with two cloves. Boil up until quite tender and almost all the water is absorbed; then drain it off and add a good-sized walnut of butter and a pinch of salt. Stir it all up, and simmer it in a closed saucepan or marmite for 10 minutes. It should be served with a dish of well-cooked rice, each grain being separate and distinct. But what is Dall? And what are jalabee, kofta and paratha? We all remember the disappointment of Miss Rebecca Sharp when she tasted a chili, thinking it would cool her tongue, burned by some mixture with curry.

Muldoon's Invitation.

As the World Wags:

I am surprised and grieved that no one of your contributors has been able to quote correctly the lines of "Muldoon, the Solid Man." Note the second line of the chorus: "I'll get ye drunk and I'll fill yer can." Why fill a man's can when he is drunk? This was before the sport of "rushing the can" had become popular (under that name) and suggests a deplorable waste of effort and material.

How much better the line reads as published: "I'll set ye down, and I'll fill yer can." Taken either as a threat or a promise, it suggests the undertaking of a serious affair in a manner at once business like, comfortable, and dignified. I heard this and "Paddy Duffy's Cart" manfully sung by Hank White (blackface was more in his line) one summer afternoon when the fish had ceased biting.

And was it Dan Rice, or his grandfather, who introduced circus going Americans to the heavy coster song, "Whoa Emma"? I am an elderly man of family and have but a hazy recollection of "Malone's at the Back of the Bar." LYSANDER HOWLETT.

Boston, Feb. 10.

"Paddy Duffy's Cart" was one of the Harrigan songs and the tune was written by Dave Braham.

Anecdote for the Day.

"My lord, you had better don your velvet pants, if you go to court today."

"My adored Leonora," answered the Commendatore, "give me the lower part of my suit of mail. The King frowned on me yesterday, and a De Guzman must not be wounded in his susceptibilities."

"In Lanes He Would Linger."

As the World Wags.

In The Herald issue of Feb. 8, "Baize" spoke of Flag Alley as being wiped out of existence by the extension of Devonshire street to Adams square.

In speaking about it with a friend, he called my attention to the fact that the Boston Directory of 1839 located Flag Alley as running from No. 60 State street to Market square, which would agree with the present Change avenue, the name being changed sometime before 1845. The same Directory locates the passage running from No. 20 State street as Wilson's Lane, named from John Wilson, who lived at the State street end and was the owner of the land through which it ran.

I call the attention of "Baize" to the matter and think a look at the above quoted Directory will verify my statement. I feel sure that he wants only the truth. R. B. WALKER.

Boston, Feb. 11.

Mr. Walker's letter has already been partly answered in this column. Wilson's Lane ran from King (now State) to Dock Square. Named Crooked Lane by the town in 1708, the lane was called Wilson's in 1712. Devonshire street was extended through Wilson's Lane to Dock Square in 1872.

Just Criticism.

As the World Wags:

I cannot say which is the true version of "Muldoon," but every Irishman knows that neither Muldoon nor any other Irishman ever said "swate" for sweet, "strate" for street, or "mate" for meet. If he pronounces reason "raison," which he is apt to, he will also call season "saison" and will not make "sea" rhyme with "degree," because he pronounces it "say," and he does so because in the 12th century when English was introduced into Ireland, that was, according to Richard Grant White, the proper English pronunciation. It would be a "grand" thing for Irish ears if writers would leave the writing of Irish-English to Irishmen. PAT.

Boston, Feb. 10.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Don Giovanni," Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Don Giovanni ... Mr. Blanchart
Il Commendatore ... Mr. Mardones
Donna Anna ... Miss Destinn
Don Ottavio ... Mr. McCormack
Donna Elvira ... Miss Amsden
Leporello ... Mr. Didur
Masetto ... Mr. Tavecchia
Zerlina ... Miss Nielsen

The performance last night gave pleasure to a large audience, although Mr. Marcoux did not take the part of the rakehelly hero, for the physicians attending him did not think it would be prudent for him to sing.

Mr. Blanchart is a singer of great experience. He delivered the recitatives with the fitting clearness and emphasis, gave character to the song, and acted with spirit and humor. His stage business showed acquaintance with the traditions. As he had not taken the part for many years, his performance, which was appreciated by the audience, was the more creditable.

Mozart's music was generally better sung than on the first night. On that night the honors were borne away by Mr. McCormack and Miss Nielsen. They again were excellent. Miss Nielsen well deserved the long continued applause after her performance of "Batti, batti," and Mr. McCormack was recalled several times after "Il Mio Tesoro" in which the singer showed his command of breath, his fine legato, and pure quality of voice.

Miss Destinn was more herself. Her performance of the florid aria was a memorable exhibition of the grand style. There was the long melodic line, the perfect phrasing, the classical repose demanded by Mozart's music. And for once the florid passages in the second section of the air seemed indispensable and not a composer's sacrifice of taste for the benefit of a prima donna.

Miss Amsden is already more at ease in the trying part of Donna Elvira. Her singing was less spasmodic, less forced, and the natural beauty of her middle register was fully disclosed. Donna Elvira is too often a whining, lachrymose creature who bores the audience as well as Don Giovanni. Miss Amsden played the part with a quiet dignity that was unaffected.

Mr. Didur was a sufficiently amusing Leporello, and Mr. Tavecchia's Masetto was entertaining.

It is a pity that Mr. Mardones as a stone man does not sit on the stone horse. His music in the churchyard would be more effective. As it is sung behind the scenes with the accompaniment behind the scenes, there is a feeling of remoteness. The terror of Leporello and the bravado of Don Giovanni are, therefore, less convincing.

Mr. Weingartner again conducted in a masterly manner with a reverence for Mozart's score that was not obsequious.

In the review of "Tristan and Isolde" published in The Herald of Tuesday, written by another hand, the statement was made that Mme. Fremstad was substituted for Mme. Saltzman-Stevens, as originally announced. This statement was erroneous. The management did not announce Mme. Saltzman-Stevens for Monday night, and The Herald never said that she would take the part of Isolde on that night.

SCHUMANN-HEINK SINGS

Last Appearance In "Haensel und Gretel."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Humperdinck's "Haensel und Gretel" and the first act of Delibes's "Coppelia."

Peter ... Mr. Hinshaw
Gertrude ... Miss Robeson
Haensel ... Miss Swartz
Gretel ... Miss Fisher
Die Knusperhexe ... Mme. Schumann-Heink
Sandmaennchen ... Mme. De Courcy
Taumaennchen ... Miss Sharlow

Mme. Schumann-Heink's greatness as a singer exceeds by but little her splendid ability as an actress, and in the performance of yesterday afternoon, inasmuch as the role of the Witch does not offer vocal opportunities of epic proportions, it was perhaps as an actress that she was most interesting. In both singing and acting she delighted an enthusiastic audience, which would undoubtedly have been much larger had not the opera already been given several times this season at regular subscription performances.

It would be difficult to suggest any improvement in the work of the cast of yesterday's performance except possibly in the part of the Mother, which would have been more effective had its comic possibilities been more fully developed. Miss Swartz and Miss Fisher as Haensel and Gretel are charming in their respective roles. Miss Fisher is a sprightly and captivating Gretel, Miss Swartz a really convincing and manly Haensel, albeit a gentle one, and both have imbued their characterizations with the spirit of childhood to an unusual degree. It is hard to imagine these parts more perfectly played and they are also delightfully sung. Mr. Hinshaw's singing of the cheerful music of Peter was pleasing and his performance was in every way satisfactory. The minor parts were well taken.

When, therefore, Mme. Schumann-Heink stuck her head out of the door of the gingerbread house in the final scene, she was the last to appear in a cast of unusual excellence, and her performance was a fitting climax to the series of excellent characterizations that had come before. She was a marvellous witch. How awesome that first glimpse of her wicked smile! The great eyes, the horrid, hooked nose, the huge mouth, that seemed to extend from ear to ear when she uttered her raucous laugh, and those dreadfully prehensile hands, all combined to produce a witch fit to terrify the hardiest soul. And so it was with mingled satisfaction and regret that we saw her bundled into the furnace at last.

Scenically the production, with the exception of the dream tableaux, was indescribably beautiful. Seldom is one privileged to see a stage setting so full of illusion and charm, so saturated with the atmosphere of romance, as the forest setting of the second scene, and yet at its close, prepared only by the falling of an ominous gauze curtain, the audience is subjected to the sight of one of the most appalling displays of tawdry incongruity that ever sprang from the mind of man. No No. 4 one-night "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company of the seventies ever displayed "Little Eva" in a more hideous entourage of heavenly humbug than is here contrived.

Mr. Caplet conducted "Hansel and Gretel" delightfully. In "Coppelia" Mr. Strony conducted and Miss Galli danced the part of Swanilda.

Feb 13 1913

February.

From Perigord to Paris there's a path
Brightened by truffles—diamonds culinary;
Though now with game our feasts we may
not vary,
Yet a delicious flavor widgeon hath,
And we may find a pleasant aftermath
To cheer the febrile days of February.
Lo, now flies flicker, and the trout grows
wary;
Now excellent are goslings, plump, though
rathe.
And I maintain a moderate man can dine,
Though epicures fastidious may demur,
(I of plain dinners am a hearty lover)
On fresh-caught trout (Sauterne should be the
wine)
A few lamb cutlets served with cucumber,
And, last of all, a brace of golden plover.

A Simple Meal.

Mortimer Collins wrote this sonnet to February and its delicacies in England 13 years ago. Mr. Frank Schloesser quoting it remarked: "Our wants are more and our appetite less than 43 years ago. Why?"

In the same article, "Hors d'Oeuvre," published in the Pall Mall Gazette of Feb. 1, Mr. Schloesser commended this "little home dinner, cooked by a competent, but not excessively expensive, woman cook." He praised it for its "clever, simple composition and excellent execution." And here is his idea of a "little home dinner."

Six oysters each on the deep shell, clear soup, fried smelts with shredded lemon sauce, saddle of Welsh lamb with mint jelly, Jersey marbled potatoes, asparagus sprue, turkey-poult, celeriac salad, brown bread and butter pudding, Wensleydale cheese, anchovies on toast. "Observe there is not a French word in the program, and each dish had been carefully chosen, bought and cooked, not ordered wholesale from the stores."

What is "asparagus sprue"? The only sprue we know is the passage through which metal is poured into mould. And is "celeriac salad" the same as our old friend celery salad?

Frank Schloesser.

The article from which we quote was written by Mr. Schloesser only a few days before his death, which occurred on Jan. 29. Inasmuch as we have often quoted from his entertaining series of essays on gastronomic subjects, a few words about the author may interest the readers of this column. He was a son of Adolph Schloesser, music teacher and composer, and his brother, Paul, is a member of the London Stock Exchange. Frank made a fortune in the diamond excitement at Kimberley, but lost the greater part of it during the South African war. Early in life he was familiar with London Bohemia and knew intimately many famous authors. His conversational powers made him welcome; he was an authority on games of strength and skill; but he was singularly learned in the literature of cookery. His library of gastronomy was celebrated. He wrote regularly for journals, and his books "The Greedy Book" and "The Cult of the Chafing Dish" one valued by amateurs of cookery and lovers of wit. The Pall Mall Gazette paid this tribute to him: "With his colleagues there remains the vivid recollection of a charming personality, endowed with many gifts and the best social attributes, and blending a wide experience of travel, London society, and the arts into the essence and fibre of an alert and cultured mind."

Bygone Years.

As the World Wags:

I have been and am very much interested in the letters that have appeared in The Herald from time to time relating to old times in Boston, chiefly so concerning theatrical news. Your calling for the words of old songs has brought to my mind Morris Bros., Pell & Trowbridge's Opera House, then on Washington street opposite the Old South Church. Who of the old boys cannot remember sitting in one of the armchairs way down front inside the rail on a Saturday evening, placing your hat on the stage in the corner and seeing it disappear when the carpet was pulled in for the next act to be brought out? The hat was afterward given to you by a black-faced man with a mouth three feet across (more or less). I particularly remember the act at the close of the first part called "A Trip Round the World." We were supposed to follow the company in its journey from Boston to various places in Europe. Songs were sung as every country was visited. On the voyage across the whole company was attacked with mal de mer. Billy Morris, he of the enormous mustache, was the one that suffered the most. On approaching Ireland "Beautiful Isle of the Sea" was sung.

Beautiful Isle of the Sea,
Home ever dear unto me

were the first lines. Can any one recall the words of the whole song? It is pleasant for me to remember that during the last years of Joseph Trowbridge's life he was my neighbor. He was a very genial and sociable friend and we often talked over old times way back in the Sixties. He would often sing for me "The Old Sexton," but not with the vim of his earlier years.

Truly, those old days were happy days when Dover street was the End of the World. SWEET MEMORIES.

Groton, Feb. 10.

Our correspondent does not quote the first lines correctly. They run as follows:

Beautiful Isle of the Sea!
Smile on the brow of the waters.

"Home ever dear unto me" is the 10th line and comes after "Land of the True and the Old." The words are by George Cooper and the music by J. R. Thomas. The song is easily obtained.

Feb 14 1913

HOFFMANN QUARTET GIVES SECOND CONCERT

The Hoffmann Quartett, J. Hoffman, A. Bak, violins; K. Rissland, viola, and C. Barth, violoncello, gave its second concert of this season last evening at Jacob Sleeper Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, quartet, op. 18, No. 4, C minor, Liodow, Fuga; Wolf, Italian Serenade; Schumann, quartet, op. 41, No. 3, A major. The program was interesting and well contrasted, while the skilled musicianship displayed by the quartet gave much pleasure to a large and appreciative audience.

The Herald takes pleasure in publishing this morning a chapter from the "Confessions of a Sensitive Soul in Harmony with the Universe and Itself." As our readers know, the Persian poets expressed religious mysticism by praising taverns and their contents. The prohibitionist should search for symbolism in the article that follows. It is written by an elderly gentleman of abstemious, almost ascetic life, who, however, once confessed to us that he is passionately addicted to soda lemonade.

In Many Cities.

As the World Wags:

Your intelligent interest in what concerns bibulous man prompts me to send you this hasty sketch of my life

[illegible] 1911 the American [illegible]

While yet of extremely tender years I [illegible] the reverend fathers at the Presbyterian Board of Publication in Philadelphia [illegible] for a selection of properly impressive tracts addressed to the unconverted, and dodged into a gilded gallery of Chestnut street. There I [illegible] my first sherry cobbler, and so de[illegible] was my undiscriminating youth[illegible] palate with the sweet poison that I [illegible]nished the barkeeper by instantly [illegible]ering and drinking another. Since [illegible]en I have pursued my studies through [illegible]re than 40 years in many cities, as Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Hamilton (a [illegible]ighboring city of Ohio, where I first [illegible]w native wine and the German Weinstube), Baltimore, Wilmington, [illegible]ladelphia, Lancaster (a German city [illegible] Pennsylvania), New York, several of [illegible] towns in Connecticut suffering under [illegible]effectual but offensive prohibitory laws, [illegible]orcester, Lawrence, and finally Boston.

Superior Boston.

My comparatively short residence [illegible]ere has enabled me to study only 250 [illegible]f the city's 1000 saloons, but Boston [illegible]s so much of interest that I hope to [illegible]ve it a volume to itself, as I shall the [illegible]000 saloons of New York, in a work [illegible]on the public drink service in all [illegible]ds. Meanwhile, let me pay tribute [illegible] the charm of the best Boston bar[illegible]ms, and especially to the warriors, [illegible]tesmen, sages and saints who have [illegible]foregone what some may think their [illegible]gher functions to quench the thirst of [illegible]eir fellow-men. For all the virtues [illegible]nd graces, commend me to Boston's [illegible]undred best barkeepers. A few cosey [illegible]nd secret resorts where drink is served [illegible]n Sunday have also deeply moved me, [illegible]hough I have thought the charge high [illegible]r the property sandwich and wear and [illegible]r of the barkeeper's conscience. [illegible]bove all, I have been pleased with a [illegible]wo-story barroom, where soothing [illegible]t is served in a seemly glass, by an [illegible]shman of unapproached charm. The [illegible]ography of the town at this point [illegible]rmits entrance to the drinkery at one [illegible]vel on one street, at a lower level on [illegible]ther, and a providentially placed in[illegible] stairway provides a hasty means of [illegible]ape to the thirsty who discover the [illegible]roach of bores, sponges or collecting [illegible]nts by the outside door. Too much [illegible]nnot be said in favor of the charm [illegible] convenience of such an arrange[illegible]nt. I hear that there are at least [illegible] such barrooms in town.

BIBULUS CURIOSUS.

Boston, Feb. 12

An Antidote.

[illegible] choir will now sing the first verse [illegible] poem that was in the reading book [illegible] happy childhood

[illegible] me, O water for me,
[illegible] the tremulous debauchee!
[illegible] cooleth the brow and it cooleth the brain,
[illegible] maketh the faint one strong again.

Information Wanted.

As the World Wags:

Could any of your readers inform me where the late John G. Cutler, the celebrated proprietor of the Sea View House at Hampton Beach, N. H., got the nickname of "Bungie"? One of our local papers called him "Bunkie" in last Sunday's account of his death, but I always heard him spoken of as "Bungie" Cutler.

Boston, Feb.12. H. V. LAWRENCE.

In Old New York.

As the World Wags:

Here is a verse with chorus of a song of the Sixties that Neise Seymour sang. What kind of a drink was "boshee" or "boshee"?

The King he made a chief of me,
He called me Kero-Kiro-Kee,
And we got drunk as drunk could be
And every night drank strong boshee.
Sayonga tonga, hokee-pokee,
Hingeree-shingeree, sokee-mokee!
I got wrecked in No Bottom bay,
All in the Tonga Islands.

J. D. K.

Boston, Feb. 12.

Neise Seymour! We knew him well, Horatio. It was in the late sixties when he was one of Dan Bryant's minstrels at the little 14th street theatre in New York. In those days the second part of the minstrel show was an operatic burlesque, and we shall never forget the prodigiously tall and lanky Seymour as Duke Alfonso in "Lucreia Borgia." A ballad singer, one Dempster, with a sweet voice, was the Gennaro. That was the time when Hogan and Hughes were singing and dancing "The Grecian Bend." Unsworth was an end man. Then there was the great Ricardo. That season Tostee was singing in "La Grande Duchesse" with Aujac, the tenor, and Lydia Thompson's troupe of British Blondes was playing in "Ixion" at Wood's Museum. Carlotta Patti made one of her few appearances in opera that season as the Queen of Night in "The Magic Flute" at the Academy of Music. At Brown's Chop House you drank ale out of a toby and cheese was grated especially for your ordered rabbit, not forked and spooned out of a bottle, stale and stringy stuff. The world was very well then

As for "boshee." We have written to Mr. Herkimer Johnson.

Feb 5 1913

Lendval's New Symphony Given American Premier Proves Disappointing.

By PHILIP HALE.

The first public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. Mr. Max Pauer, the pianist, played for the first time in Boston. The program was as follows.

Symphony in D major, op. 10.....Lendval
A "Faust" overture.....Wagner
Concerto No. 1, G major, for piano, op. 25.....Mendelssohn
"Carnival" overture.....Dvorak

Lendval's symphony was performed for the first time in this country. The composer, born at Budapest, and now in his 31st year, was a pupil of Hans Koessler, and studied for a time with Puccini in Milan. The symphony was produced at Bonn, in November, 1909. A revised version was performed at Dantzic in 1912.

We know Koessler in Boston by a tedious set of orchestral variations, performed here 11 years ago, in which the composer endeavored to portray in music his first meeting with Johannes Brahms in Hungary, Brahms as a friend, Brahms as a lover of children, Brahms as a friend of nature and a humorist, and the example given by Brahms for emulation. Any man that would attempt to do all this in music is evidently not a safe teacher of the young.

When this symphony was first brought out the four movements bore titles: "Invocation," "Fantasie," "Naenie," "Bachanal." "Naenie," as Brahms's composition of the same name for chorus and orchestra, was inspired by Schiller's poem. We are informed that there was a descriptive program note for the audience at Bonn, but in the published score the movements are not entitled and there is no hint at a program. The symphony is unusual in this: the first movement is an Andante Religioso, and after the lively second movement, there is another "slow" movement.

The music as a whole is disappointing. No one of the movements has a decided outline, nor is there any example of vived impressionism. The structure of the first movement is shadowy and in no one of the three that follow is there a firm and substantial design. The vein of melodic invention is not rich. The chief motives seldom have a decided profile, nor is there the pleasing vagueness due to charming coloring and subtle hints and suggestions. The instrumentation, as a rule, is drab, clumsy, monotonous. The third movement is the one least open to this reproach, as it has certain pages colored in an original and interesting manner, so that there is a poetic impression.

There are a few effective climaxes in which the organ is an important factor. Lendval unfortunately overworks the sonorous climax followed immediately by a piano or pianissimo effect. Mr. Robert Mueller-Hartmann, in an analysis of the symphony, says that Lendval in his Finale is "grotesquely comical"; that there are rhythmic surprises; and he speaks of wit and humor characterizing the movement. The rhythmic surprises seem forced. As for wit and humor, the Finale is about as amusing as a railway accident. Everything seems labored, manufactured. There is little suggestion of unconfined joy and bacchanalian spirit.

The difficulties in performance—taxing entrances and rhythmic changes—are great. The symphony was well played, as was Wagner's overture after the opening, in which the phrase for the bass tuba was not clearly defined. The virtuoso qualities of the orchestra were more fully displayed in the brilliant performance of Dvorak's "Carnival."

Mendelssohn's concerto was heard for the first time at these concerts—once in 32 seasons. J. L. Hatton was the first to play it here, in 1848. After that it was played in orchestral concerts—Theodore Thomas's, and concerts of the Harvard Musical Association, by several pianists, of whom Anna Mehlig was probably the most celebrated. No doubt the fact that the concerto was a favorite piece of pedagogues, and was often heard at graduation exercises, deterred some pianists from including it in their repertoire. The wonder is that Mr. Pauer should have wished to appear in New York and Boston as a player of this vapid concerto with its insignificant first movement, its sentimental Andante and its tinkling rondo.

For Mr. Pauer is a pianist of high and indisputable attainments. He played with amazing fluency. His touch was agreeable. The delicate and rapid passages were distinct and crystalline. His phrasing was tasteful and elegant and in the Andante he did his best to save the music from the reproach of watery-eyed sentimentalism. The concerto superficial in its sentiment and glitter gave no opportunity of judging him as an emotional interpreter.

There will be no concerts next week. The program for Feb 28-March 1, will be as follows: Debussy, "La Mer", Dukas "The Sorcerer's Apprentice", MacDowell, "Indian" suite, Goldmark, overture "In the Spring"

"Cavalleria Rusticana" Given, Followed by "Pagliacci" as Friday Night Program.

There was a double bill last night at the Boston Opera House. "Cavalleria Rusticana" was performed with these singers: Mmes. Gay, Swartz and Heyman and Messrs. Sacchetti and Fornari. "Pagliacci" followed with Mme. Melis and Messrs. Zenatello, Polese, Giaccone and Fornari. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Mme. Gay's strongly dramatic Santuzza is well known here. It is interesting to mark the difference between the passionate figure of opera and the quietly despairing Sicilian as played on the stage by Mme. Duse. It would be a grave mistake for any singer to copy the art of the latter, which would be wholly ineffective in opera. Mascagni's music alone would make an impersonation like that of Mme. Duse impossible. Mme Gay, as usual, was warmly appreciated by the audience.

Mr. Zenatello's Canio ranks among his finest impersonations—and they are many. He raises Leoncavallo's melodrama to tragedy. Nedda is not a part for Mme. Melis, whose talents are more fully displayed in intense roles. Mr. Polese's Tonio is intelligently conceived.

Aubrey Plantagenet
Can't you just imagine it,
Eyes full of liquid light,
Hair black as jet.

That Fairy Opera.

"La Foret Bleue," an opera by Louis Aubert, which was announced for production at the Boston Opera House last season, has at last seen the footlights at the Grand Theatre, Geneva. Written for the Opera Comique in Paris, the opera did not get within the door, and here, in Boston last season, there was talk of necessary revision; indeed, there was a report that the whole of the third act would be rewritten. We infer from reviews of the performance in Geneva that the opera met with fair success, although M. Franck Cholsy writes in tones of moderate rapture, saying that in the orchestration Aubert has gone beyond the "atmosphere" of the fairy piece. Another critic writes that while the influence of Debussy is perceptible, Aubert's music is fresh and ingenious, with pages conspicuous for their elegance. One of these correspondents states that the first performance in Boston will be on March 6. Now March 6 will be a Thursday—which is not a subscription night. Had we not all better guess again?

Homely Phrases.

As the World Wags:

Some time ago one of your correspondents mentioned the phrase "Since Heck was a pup" (implying a considerable lapse of time), as being current in the Missouri village of his boyhood, but unknown in these parts. As no one, so far as I have noticed, has felt called upon to defend the name of New England, I arise with reluctance to say that the phrase was a common one in the little Massachusetts town that bounded my infancy. From one habitual user of the expression, a genuine Yankee who had never ventured beyond the Berkshires, I learned that the phrase was his by inheritance and had been a favorite with the past generation. Although without positive knowledge, I "guess" the expression originated in some of the mid-century volumes of American humor or old-time minstrel shows.

While I am on my feet let me point out as the most interesting, to me at least, of Yankee expressions, those referring to the race of fiddlers; interesting, that is, as indicating the Puritan opinion of the old-time vagabond musician. Two phrases in particular stand out: "Thicker than fiddlers in hell" and another, unfortunately unquotable, implying that the reputation of the fiddlers' companions for sobriety was none of the best.

Alas, the homely, hard-hitting phrases that have given the Yankee dialect a flavor unsurpassed since Elizabethan English are retiring to ever remoter regions before the steady advance of the Saturday Evening Post and the Ladies' Home Journal. R. L.

Waverly.

Why "Under."

As the World Wags:

A guest in my house recently in asking for a member of my family was told that the one in question was "under the weather." Then arose the question of meaning and origin of that expression, "under the weather." No one present was able to answer the question. The lady of the house remarked: "Why not write to 'As the World Wags' about it?" Can or will you enlighten us? W. H.

Dorchester, Feb. 11.

The books that have often helped us now fail us in our hour of need. Dictionaries, orthodox, dialect and slang

As She Is Writ.

As the World Wags:

I notice in this morning's Herald under "Witty Stories" (Mr Fred C. Kelly) Statesmen Real and Near an anecdote about "Sereno Payne, who came along brandishing his abdomen, as is his habit."

Apropos of English as she is writ, perhaps you might tell us in your classic and kindly manner how a man can brandish his belly? Or even flourish it as a weapon?

HENRY C. HOLMES, M. D.

Boston.

Sweet Innocence.

As the World Wags:

"It isn't the coat and waistcoat that make the man—it's the coat, waistcoat and trousers," is the title of the excellent cartoon in this morning's Herald.

This recalls Balzac's pretty story of the little boy and the little girl who wandered into an art gallery and saw a picture of Adam and Eve.

"Which is Adam and which is Eve?" asked the little boy.

"We can't know until they get their clothes on," answered the little girl.

Brookline, Feb. 13. G. F. B.

Feb 16 1913

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Otello." Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Otello ..... Zenatello
Iago ..... M. Polese
Cassio ..... Mr. Fornari
Roderigo ..... Mr. Ciaccone
Lodovico ..... Mr. Sammarco
Montano ..... Mr. Polese
Un Araldo ..... M. Olsavski
Desdemona ..... Mme. Weingartner Marcella
Emilia ..... Mme. Matzenauer

The performance of Verdi's opera last night was a stirring one. Mr. Zenatello has never been in finer vocal condition. He sang with intense dramatic power in the second and third acts and with beautiful vocality and tenderness of expression in the love duet of the first act preceding. Mme. Weingartner was therefore an unusually spiritualized Desdemona. Verdi's music is admirably suited to her voice. Mr. Polese's Iago is a well composed impersonation, effective and not conventionally melodramatic. The other parts were acceptably taken. A large audience was demonstrative in appreciation. Mr Weingartner conducted con amore. Each performance of this noble opera under his direction reveals new beauties in the score.

Mozart's "Don Giovanni" was performed in the afternoon and Mr. Weingartner conducted. There was a very large audience.

"Don Giovanni."

Don Giovanni ..... Mr. Bonci
Il Commendatore ..... Mr. Marcoux
Donna Anna ..... Miss Destinn
Don Ottavio ..... Mr. McCormack
Donna Elvira ..... Miss Ruzdak
Leporello ..... Mr. Rossi
Masetto ..... Mr. Tavecchia
Zerlina ..... Miss Barnes

This, the third performance, gave much pleasure to the audience. The music of the opera was as a new work. The young men and women delighted to see a pleasant reminiscence of the days when they had danced to the music of the minuets and gavottes. Mr. Bonci is known to lovers of opera as a speck[illegible] of the Italian school of "lyric tragedians." Mr. Bonci showed his intimate knowledge of the traditions. His "business" was adequate, and he delivered the recitative with spirit and sang with understanding. The other singers were in the vein. Miss Barnes replaced Miss Nielsen, who left the city to fulfil concert engagements. Mr. Weingartner conducted in his quietly masterful manner.

The revival of "Don Giovanni" pleased many of the old opera goers. "Ah, my boy, you should have seen Brignoli as Don Ottavio." "He was the word, for to the eye Pasquale Brignoli was indeed a sight. The last time we saw him he was Romeo in Gounod's opera, and a cheapjack critic wrote that he should have been hoisted to Juliet's balcony by a derrick."

Many other singers were [illegible] Donna Anna Donna Elvira and Zerlina. The question was asked [illegible] Carrion [illegible] as Zerlina. The [illegible]

[illegible] Or [illegible] Mme. [illegible] not only sang for a time in opera, but in Venezuela she managed an operatic company and for three weeks conducted the performances. In 1872 she was a member of Mapleson's Company in England and once at least took the part of the Queen of Navarre in "The Huguenots."

A Boston Pianist Abroad

A few years ago Julius Chaloff of this city took a prize for piano playing at the New England Conservatory of Music, and the technical proficiency and the musical taste of the youth excited surprise. Since then he has been studying the piano in Berlin with Ignaz Friedman and composition with Hugo Kaun. His teachers are enthusiastic about his future. On the 18th of last month Mr. Chaloff gave a concert in Bluethner Hall, Berlin, with the Bluethner orchestra and played these concertos: Rubinstein's in D minor, Brahms's in D minor and Tchaikowsky's in B flat minor. The Berlin newspapers published discriminative but most encouraging criticisms. Mr. Chaloff also played last month at a Symphony concert in Leignitz Tschaikowsky's concerto and a group of pieces. A prelude and fugue for organ by him, played in Berlin last year at the St. Petri Kirche by A. W. Leupold, was warmly praised.

To the Editor of The Herald:

"J. W." Asks a Question

Does any one remember what actress it was that played Peg Woffington at Selwyn's Theatre some time in early seventies? I was somehow reminded of her elusive face on reading what Richard Grant White says about the portraits of the actors and actresses of the past and present, portraits in character and out of character, at the Garrick Club in London. He says that among the old pictures were two of Peg Woffington, in which she did not appear so beautiful as he had expected to find her. Yet he found all Peg's possibilities and some of her actualities written in her face. In fact, the real Peg must have been almost as alluring as Charles Reade's heroine, whose counterfeit presentment when I was a lad still haunts my memory. Then there was Galatea, in "Pygmalion and Galatea," the statue that came to life and thrilled us with her beauty in bygone days. Was it Mrs. Chanfrau who took the part or some one else as charming? I try to recall, but I cannot remember. The other afternoon after musing on the way to review acquaintance with my old friend Fritz over a stein of the familiar brew, I strolled into the Shubert and saw the best Tony Lumpkin I have seen for many a day. He could easily hold his own with either Warren or Wilson, and he looked the part to perfection. The scene at the "Three Jolly Pigeons" was simply "delicious," and the refrain of the drinking song still rings in my ears. I was reminded of one of those interiors which Maxfield Parrish loves to paint, and of Browning, on the shores of the Adriatic, sighing: "Oh, to be in England!"

Boston, Feb. 11. J. W.

Bernard Shaw in Paris

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph wrote concerning Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell," in Paris. The letter was published on Jan. 30.

"The Theatre des Arts has just brought out 'On ne Peut Jamais Dire.' Perhaps you do not recognize 'You Never Can Tell.' The program said that 'the French version, at the particular request of the author, has been made by M. and Mme. Hamon.' I have no idea what 'On ne Peut Jamais Dire' means. Any Frenchman wanting to ejaculate 'You never can tell,' would say: 'On ne sait jamais.'

"I wonder whether Mr. Bernard Shaw, who M. Hamon persists in calling the Moliere of the 20th century, just as Mr. Bernard Shaw, persists in calling M. Brieux the Moliere of the 20th century, and with about as much reason, will ever be understood in France? Paris critics listening to 'You Never Can Tell' presented a curious psychological phenomenon. They understood that there must be a great deal in the play, but could not for the lisfe of them tell what it was. If they had accepted Mr. Shaw's humor merely as humor, it might have been all right; but they could not manage to do so. I append some quotations from French critics' opinions, which seem to me delicious. Says M. Robert de Flers, in the Figaro: 'Think what effect is produced upon a French audience by the play of an English writer who has been fed upon Schopenhauer and Ibsen, and who unites with German ideology the stiff and rather clownish jerkiness of British humor! The result is something "baroque," irritating, singular, something which for the rest is extremely remarkable, but which would find its best chance of success only upon the theatre of the Tower of Babel.'

"M. Abel Hermant, the novelist and playwright, who is the critic of the Journal, says: 'His wit does not attract us, and sometimes even escapes us because it is not only certainly not French but it is also not English. He is immoderate, [illegible] and hard. And I should not blame Mr. Bernard Shaw for [illegible] [illegible] his jokes [illegible] [illegible] irritating [illegible] [illegible] of all proportion to [illegible] and things of his play [illegible] Bernard Shaw has [illegible] the [illegible] of proportion.'

"The critic of the Matin exclaims: 'One can imagine nothing stranger! The literary qualities of thought and style are evidently of the first order. And with it all one cannot help feeling that one is watching clowns in a circus. The final result is a play like nothing else in the world, but a play you must all go and see.'

"Comoedia, the theatrical paper, pronounces Mr. Bernard Shaw 'un homme d'esprit, who has read Mr. Pickwick intelligently, and at times is a poet who remembers the lyric outbursts of the Shakespearian theatre. That, indeed, is not so bad, and it is quite unnecessary in order to make us appreciate these qualities for him to indulge in clownish eccentricities. Mr. Bernard Shaw employs methods of literary intimidation which would produce a lively impression upon negro tribes.'

"Excelsior observes that the play seems to be the 'turn of a dramatic and philosophic clown.' M. Edmond See, in Gil Blas, cries: 'I give it up. I ask for a less enigmatical art!'

"One of the most judicious and most sincere dramatic critics here, M. Paul Souday, in the Eclair, says frankly: 'There is something specifically British in Mr. Bernard Shaw's drama which escapes us.' He thought at first that the philosophic purpose of this 'delicious but rather disconcerting comedy' was to prove that 'only the unexpected happens in life, and the laws of nature are contingent, as M. Emile Boutroux would say.' But he afterward came to the conclusion that the real purpose of the play is to ridicule romanticism in order to confirm Schopenhaur's theories on life. M. Paul Souday, who seems to have been the Paris critic that enjoyed the play most, quotes with obvious gusto as the most amusing scene in the piece that between Valentine and Gloria, when Valentine remarks: 'What's this place? It's not heaven, it's the Marine Hotel. What's the time? It's not eternity; it's about half-past 1 in the afternoon.' The play is very well acted—and acted entirely wrong. Not one of the players has understood his or her part in the least, but every one is amusing."

Max Beerbohm's Social Satire

It is not always that theatrical "stars" appear with such conspicuous success in "vaudeville" as did Sir George Alexander and his company last night at the Palace Theatre in a brilliant little satire by Mr. Max Beerbohm. The playlet entitled "A Social Success" is just what one would have expected from the author—witty, paradoxical, full of bons mots—and when the first part has been somewhat compressed it will be a little gem of satire.

Tommy Dixon, the part played by Sir George Alexander, is un enfant gate, suffering from unearned increment and his own popularity. He determines to commit social suicide so that the telephone may cease from ringing and the postman from deluging him with invitations. He gives a card party in his rooms and provides himself with a superfluity of aces, which he conceals on various parts of his person. He is dramatically denounced, and apparently his plan has been a brilliant success. He will now be cut by his aristocratic friends, and may live the life of a pariah, happy with "his books and a pipe." But before he has finished explaining his case to a "society failure" the guests who have resented ever having "broken bread" with him, and have even refused to use his lift, come back one by one, all demanding to be forgiven, because there are worse things in the world than even cheating at cards. The curtain falls on a despairing man, who only for a few moments has been allowed to step off the social treadmill. No more amusing picture of a society without ideals other than materialistic could be imagined, and it delighted the house.

As Tommy, Sir George Alexander played with an ease and charm that reminded us of his performance in "The Importance of Being Earnest," while Mr. Fred Kerr and Mr. C. M. Lowne gave him excellent support as two of his guests, and Miss Kate Cutler struck the right note of broad comedy as the Countess of Amersham. Altogether it is a gay little trifle, quite in its right environment at the Palace.—Pall Mall Gazette, Jan. 28.

Jenny Lind in Boston

We are indebted to Mr. George A. Tyler, president of the South Boston Savings Bank, for the following interesting description of a concert given in Boston by Jenny Lind 63 years ago. The quotation is from the South Boston Gazette of Oct. 12, 1850:

"On Tuesday evening we attended the fifth concert of Mlle. Jenny Lind, and at the risk of boring our readers with a subject which has been worn out by every quill driver in the land we will attempt to give our idea of the singing of the Swedish Nightingale. The hall was very much crowded, and the [illegible] in [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] full for comfort. At precisely 8 o'clock the performances were commenced by the overture to 'Gustave,' executed in a splendid manner by an orchestra of 60 distinguished musicians. Sig Belletti then sang 'Vi Raviso.' Belletti has an excellent baritone voice, and is well worthy of the honor of attending Jenny in her tour.

"Next on the program was a song by Mlle. Jenny Lind, and we watched with the most intense interest for her appearance. Suddenly, as if by magic, a most fascinating creature sprang upon the stage. She was attired in a white dress, beautifully embroidered and trimmed with gold lace, while her hair was ornamented with natural flowers. Jenny Lind is not handsome, and yet there is a charm investing her person which captivates. Her first song, the 'Casta Diva,' was beautifully sung, and as the sweet, melodious voice was heard loud above the orchestra the audience seemed enchanted. In some of the passages we could distinctly hear the tick of the clock, and then followed a round of applause such as has never greeted any other vocalist.

"The Bird song was most exquisitely performed by Jenny, accompanied by Benedict on the pianoforte. Again were we charmed, and the sweet cadence of her voice will ever dwell in our memory. But the chief attraction was the Echo song, which Miss Jenny sung as a finale, accompanying herself on the piano. We had heard this song mentioned in the highest terms of commendation, but the half was not told. We were charmed before, we were now truly entranced. A deep silence pervaded the whole assembly as she commenced, and as her voice seemed to leave the earth, and die away among the clouds, not a breath could be heard, and as she rose from the instrument, and left the room, a most enthusiastic shout of applause burst from the multitude, which Jenny acknowledged by a courtesy, and then vanished.

"That Md'lle Lind is the best vocalist in the world, no one will doubt. In what lies her charms we cannot say, although we endeavored to ascertain in our own case, for no sooner had she commenced singing than we forgot ourselves and every thing else, save the sweet melody of her voice."

Notes from Paris

Mr. Dawbarn writes from Paris: "Though the atmosphere of 'La Folle Enchere' is charming enough at the Renaissance, I am afraid the play lacks conviction. One does not take the characters or their troubles very seriously. Two young people love one another and are united by a prelate. The prelate makes some objections, for the young man is the son of a Free-thinker; but, with startling suddenness, he changes his view and blesses the union. The husband will make a new recruit to the church. An estate plays a secondary part in the story—an estate much encumbered—but Francois, the happy young man, buys it at auction with no money to speak of. However, the good fairy, who watches over the stage hero, produces the balance and all is well; Francois wins Genevieve and the castle into the bargain. Lucien Besnard is an easy optimist, who has his following with the theatre-goer who likes a happy ending and never a moment's anxiety in the course of the play. When he draws a villain he is not a very dangerous sort—in fact, one is never uncomfortable in the society of this family provider."

"There is a real crisis at the Comedie—that wonderful institution that gets itself talked about more than any other theatre in the world. And the cause of the perturbation is the vulgar one of money. The subvention, fixed 100 years ago is inadequate to present needs and ambitions. The salaries of stars have gone up in the theatrical world, but the shares of the leading members of the company have remained the same. Hence the trouble. To increase their earnings, the 'societaires' undertake tours, and Paris is constantly deprived of their services. What is the remedy? The most obvious is the least acceptable. It is to increase the price of the seats. 'Such an arrangement is undemocratic,' say objectors. You should allow persons of limited means the pleasure of hearing the best actors and the most polished French. No; that is out of the question. The solution probably will be found in the contribution of the city to the funds of the maison. It is one of the glories of Paris and one of its attractions, and the ratepayers might reasonably come to the assistance of the state. On the other hand, the regulations binding actors and actresses to their alma mater should be either modified or strictly observed. The present partial obedience is absurd; it is neither one thing nor the other. The moment a comedian receives a flattering offer from outside, he hastens to kick over the traces, defying the Moscow decree and all the other inconvenient restrictions. But he forgets that if the Maison de Moliere takes its full money's worth out of him in his youth, it is most considerate to him in his old age. Again, actors get their reputation from the National Theatre. The prestige that they enjoy from their connection with the corporation prompts the impresario to lure them away. Alas! some, when they have yielded to the tempter, regret their haste to escape into the freedom of the outer air. Exposed to the fierce struggle of the boulevards, they find that the superior talent with which they were credited does [illegible] them [illegible] from the long and unproductive rest-time that falls to all but the most successful in the profession.

Opera and Concert Hall

The Pall Mall Gazette did not like Gustav Mahler's 7th Symphony, which was conducted in London for the first time in England by Sir Henry Wood on Jan. 18. "The music was noisy, blatant, pretentious, and in substance commonplace; never did the impression arise of idea being equal to the importance of the treatment. Even in the three middle movements, where there was some light and peace in the general surroundings of darkness and stress, the expression was really rather weak and undistinguished. As to the first movement it is, frankly, hideously ugly and the last is a ponderous attempt at a broad sweeping finale which bores simply because the themes are of the most manufactured order. Mahler's method is a mixture; sometimes he shows a good deal of Strauss, at others he is more or less orthodox. In invention not a few of the subjects seemed to be distorted versions of those of other writers. The only note of individuality lay in the conception of the work itself in its enormous, megalomaniacal scale. A fine and colossal scheme truly, had only the composer been gifted with inspiration!" But the critic apparently likes Bruch's "Scottish Fantasia," for he spoke of Kreisler's pure tones falling afterwards "upon one's ears with the fragrant relief of a shower following a drought."

The Berlin Opera House, whose musical director has resigned under somewhat piquant circumstances, is one of the six theatres which are an heirloom of the King of Prussia. There are three "Koenigliche Schauspiele" in Berlin—the Royal Opera, the Theatre Royal and the Royal Operetta Theatre—and one each in Weisbaden, Cassel and Hanover. Of these the Emperor takes most interest in the Berlin Opera, which is housed but a stone's throw from the castle, so that he can easily run in and conduct rehearsals. Opinions may differ as to his Imperial Majesty's musical judgment, but as a stage manager he has proved conspicuously successful. He works at a table placed in the stalls, with his general manager, Herr von Huelsen, standing by his side to convey instruction to the stage, for the Kaiser never interrupts the actors himself. He makes a sign to von Huelsen, and scribbles a note, while the manager raises his hand, and the performance ceases abruptly. It is entirely owing to the Emperor's efforts that the productions at the Berlin Opera have attained such a pitch of perfection in mounting. Ever since the Royal Opera at Berlin was founded by Frederick the Great it has been prolific in administrative rows. Perhaps the most conspicuous incident of the kind was when, in the old Kaiser's time, the Opera was publicly referred to by the famous pianist, Hans von Buelow, as the "Circus Huelsen"—the name of the general, father of the present intendant, who then presided over its fortunes—with the result that its calumniator was forcibly excluded from its precincts by the police.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Miss Floriel Florean gave a "South African Folksong Concert" in London Jan. 21.

The Times remarked: "Some of the songs Miss Florean sang were put down in the program as old national hymns, some were love songs by composers who signed their names to them, some were comic and one commemorated an episode in the Boer war. But from whatever period they came, they were written in a commonplace idiom—commonplace both as regards the melodies and the settings—which seemed to reduce them all to much the same level. The sentimental songs might have been written for drawing-rooms in this country any time between 1850 and 1870, the nonsense songs were on the lines of the Gatty plantation songs, only they were less amusing, and although one or two of the patriotic songs had a certain square simplicity about them, they missed being striking. In character most bore, of course, some analogy to Dutch folksongs, but they were far less interesting than the tunes which have been preserved by Catherine van Rennes, Julius Roentgen and Van Riemsdijk. Miss Florean sang with conviction, but without musical qualities that require special mention."

The following verses, published in the Daily Mail, are by Alfred Noyes, and will be engraved on the tomb of Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, the Anglo-African composer:

Sleep, crowned with fame, fearless of change or time.
  Sleep, like remembered music in the soul
Silent, immortal; while our discords climb
  To that great chord which shall resolve the whole.

Silent, with Mozart on that solemn shore,
  Secure, where neither waves nor hearts can break:
Sleep, till the Master of the World once more
  Touch the remembered strings and bid thee wake * * *

  Touch the remembered strings and bid thee wake.

Dean Swift on the Stage

G. Sidney Paternoster's new play, "The Dean of St. Patrick's," was produced at the Abbey Theatre, London Jan. 23. He represents Swift as arranging to marry Stella, but frustrated by the arrival of Vanessa. The fourth act is said to be the best. In the deanery, Swift waits for news from Stella, who is dying. Bolinbroke pays him a visit, then the archbishop, and finally the doctor comes in to break the news. "The curtain falls on the despairing broken

[illegible] It is [illegible] drama [illegible] from [illegible] playwright [illegible] excluded from [illegible] the "Hangman" it is a play [illegible] tured for the theatregoer [illegible] it would be tolerable if done in [illegible] it should never have been presented by the National Theatre Society at the Abbey Theatre. It ought to be [illegible] to convey some notion of Swift's [illegible] writer and politician in [illegible] Mr. Paternoster has failed [illegible] The final impression is one of [illegible] parson whose love affairs [illegible] because he has been [illegible] to let himself get entangled with two women * * * Mr. [illegible] his melodramatized Swift. [illegible] And Mr. Yeats should not [illegible] himself and his company to [illegible] to one of the greatest of [illegible] men."

After "Cubism"—Cannibalism

In the January number of the "Mask," "P. G." [illegible] writes as follows on [illegible] of stage realism: [illegible] and Professor Reinhardt [illegible] tically exhausted the Turkish theme [illegible] and in their other [illegible] tions (for "Edipus," "A Venetian Night," "The Miracle" and the rest are [illegible] in temperature in spite of their [illegible] and German sources). Owing to [illegible] the Russians and Leon Bakst [illegible] been driven to Cannibalism, which, after all, is a kind of off-shoot of Post-Impressionism.

[illegible] Cannibalist paints on flesh. To M. Bakst the credit of being the first [illegible] the new school must be given. He [illegible] painting the legs of the ballet [illegible] of New York. This is a practice [illegible] as a most distinguished [illegible] Why buy tights when a coat of [illegible] will do, with here and there a [illegible] a star? [illegible] some people who will cry [illegible] revolution which a Parisian [illegible] declared is sacrilege. "Paint [illegible] legs!" she cried. "Never!" [illegible] with her; but the idea is [illegible] distinguished. * * *

[illegible] "Cannibalism" has arrived, and M. [illegible] has said farewell to his last [illegible] it was a versatile head: it served [illegible] purpose of costume. But its possibilities were limited by the idea of this [illegible] paint. The Russian ballet has [illegible] the problem of costume, and [illegible] needs no longer to [illegible] for silks, but only to Aspin[illegible] for a few pots of their six-penny [illegible]

Another Repertory Theatre

Messrs. Kobb Howard and Dick Adams will manage a Repertory Theatre at Croydon beginning next April. Mr Howard's views [illegible] interest members of drama leagues [illegible] "Uplifters" now in town or in [illegible] suburbs.

"[illegible] what I have seen of the Repertory [illegible] Theatre, it always seems to succeed in a town which is densely populated and has to rely for its dramatic [illegible] on the touring company.

"The average touring company, of course, cannot afford to take round the [illegible] that appeals to the limited audience. But in all these very crowded [illegible] places like Glasgow, Liverpool, [illegible] and Sheffield—there are [illegible] large numbers of people who are [illegible] interested in the better-class [illegible]

"The theatre at Croydon can draw on a population of 25,000, and I think it is [illegible] enough from London to prevent [illegible] from going up to see the play [illegible] may be given at a matinee or for a [illegible] run, and I hope it is not [illegible] far from London to get the critics [illegible] to see anything that we have that [illegible] worth while [illegible] them to see. Therefore I think that Croydon is an exceptionally [illegible] place for a repertory theatre. [illegible] As to the plays, what I consider a repertory play is a play which is a faithful representation of modern life [illegible] not think that it need set out to be [illegible] critical. If you give a representation of modern life, you cannot help being critical, just as a looking [illegible] is critical when you look into it.

"But I do not think you need be didactic necessarily. I mean that a play which simply hands out bunches of ideas one after the other does not seem to me to have sufficient claim to art to be considered a repertory play, because [illegible] who [illegible] round and deliver ideas [illegible] the sun are not [illegible] kind of people who are representative of today or, I imagine, at any other period.

"Therefore, the kind of play I want to produce is [illegible] play which is representative of modern life; that is to say, it may be serious comedy or it may be light comedy. But it must be comedy, [illegible] not go over the border line into [illegible] comedy on the one side or into melodrama on the other.

"[illegible] stuff—costume plays, word[illegible] and things of that sort—I am [illegible] Of course, they have [illegible] they are more a lux-

[illegible] the [illegible] atmosphere [illegible] that its people have ideals [illegible]

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Boston Opera House, 3.15 P. M. Concert of Felix Weingartner [illegible] Mme. Weingartner Marcel, soprano, and the orchestra of the Boston Opera House. See [illegible] notice.

Symphony Hall, 3.30 P. M. Concert [illegible] Maggie Teyte and Edmond Clement. See [illegible] notice.

TUESDAY—Huntington Chambers Hall, 3:30 [illegible] Song recital by Miss Florence Fisher, [illegible] assisted by Miss [illegible] Maye, contralto, and Mrs. Louise Wood Forres, accompanist. Miss Fisher will sing songs by Schubert, Wolf, Rubinstein, Dvorak, Widor, Messager (air from "Fortunio"), Massenet (air from "Esclarmonde"), Vidal, Spohr, Young, Salter, Michael Arne and [illegible]mann. Miss Mayer will sing songs by Strauss, Reger, [illegible] Eden, Harris, Lang.

Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Third concert of the Apollo Club. Part songs by Gounod, Wolfram, Engelsberg, Wohlgemuth, Kremser, Pache, Huhn, Hadley-Lynes. Miss Irma Seydel, violinist, will play pieces by Sarasate, Massenet, Drdla and Zarzycki.

WEDNESDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Recital by Paulo Gruppe, the Dutch 'cellist. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Recital by Charlotte Grosvenor, soprano, assisted by Edith Thompson, pianist. See special notice.

Jordan Hall, 8.15 P. M. Second concert of the season by the Cecilia Society, Mme. Szumowska, pianist. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Final recital by Eugene Ysaye. See special notice.

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS

The [illegible] department of the city of Boston will give three concerts this week. William Howard, orchestral conductor; Louis C. Elson, lecturer.

WEDNESDAY, 8 P. M.

[illegible] Hall, School [illegible]

Overture, "Le Cheval de Bronze" .... Auber
[illegible] .... Karl Rissland
[illegible] Arms" .... Handel
Mr. Wilson.
[illegible] Siciliana, from "Cavalleria Rusticana" .... Mascagni
[illegible] from the suite "Gitanella" .... Lacombe
Fantasia [illegible] "Lucrezia Borgia" .... Briccialdi
Mr. Bayes.
Scherzo for string quartet .... Jadassohn
"Flow, Flow, Thou Winter Wind" .... Sarjeant
Mr. Wilson.
March [illegible] .... Mozart

THURSDAY, 8 P. M.
Ford Hall, Boston.

Allegro Agitato, trio, E minor, op. 23 Zanella
"What's in the Air Today?" .... Eden
"Three for Jack" .... Squire
"Come With Me in the Summer Night" .... Van Der Stucken
Mr. Smith.
"Romanza" .... Wieniawski
Capriccio Valse .... Wieniawski
Mrs. Hilton.
Theme and variations, trio, D minor, op. 9 .... Rachmaninoff
Fantasie, "Le Desir" .... Servais
Mr. Webster.
"At Dawning" .... Cadman
"Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal" .... Quilter
"Farewell to Summer" .... Johnson
Mr. Smith.
Presto, trio, A minor, op. 26 .... Lalo

FRIDAY, 8 P. M.

English High School Hall, Montgomery street and Union Park, South end, instead of Franklin Union Hall, as announced.

Overture, "Rosamunde" .... Schubert
Lento, from the quartet, op. 96 .... Dvorak
"She Alone Charmeth My Sadness" .... Gounod
Mr. White.
Largo from the "New World Symphony" .... Dvorak
Fantasie for violin, "Souvenir de Haydn" .... Leonard
Mr. Howard.
Serenade .... Drdla
Vocal selection "Pilgrim Song" Tschaikowsky
Polonaise, from "Mignon" .... Thomas

Feb 17 1913

WEINGARTNER

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Weingartner conducted the 12th Sunday concert at the Boston Opera House, which took place yesterday afternoon. Mme. Weingartner-Marcel was the soloist. The program was as follows.

Weber, overture to "Oberon"; Goetz, aria from "The Taming of the Shrew"; Weingartner, symphonic poem, "Die Gefilde der Seligen"; songs with orchestra, "Blick in den Strom," "Wiegenlied," "Nacht"; Lustige Ouverture; Wagner, prelude to "The Mastersingers."

This was an interesting concert. Mr. Weingartner's symphonic poem, illustrative of Boecklin's celebrated picture, was performed here at a concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra 10 years ago next month. Yesterday the music made a deeper impression than when it was first heard. Composers often slay the children of their brain by beating them with a stick; but Mr. Weingartner is a conductor and composer. He naturally took an intelligent interest in the performance. Boecklin's picture is known to us all. The peaceful landscape with the swans in the lake, the centaur with the woman on his back, the figures on the bank, etc. We remember reading a long program of this symphonic poem with a ticketing of themes: how this one typified the centaur, that one the swans, etc, etc; and there were themes for matters suggested by the picture, but outside the frame. There is no need of an explanatory argument; the hearer, not knowing Boecklin's picture, would still enjoy the music, with its suavely melo-

[illegible] and the [illegible] The "Merry" overture [illegible] here for the first time. It is one of the [illegible] latest works. [illegible] success in European cities [illegible] played in New York [illegible] Yesterday it won immediate and pronounced favor. The overture is frankly [illegible], frankly merry. Nor is Mr. Weingartner fear to make use of the waltz form, the waltz after the Viennese manner, and not disguised. The instrumentation is ingenious, now sonorous, now delicate, to that the overture is [illegible] for color and life.

The orchestra played well, with precision, spirit, and a musical intelligence that was often eloquent. Mr. Weingartner's reading of the familiar overtures was admirably sane and uncommonly effective.

Mme. Weingartner-Marcel was slightly indisposed, nevertheless her singing of Goetz's aria was artistic, as was her interpretation of the first two songs by her husband. She repeated "Wiegenlied" in answer to the hearty applause at the end of the group. It is a charming song and sung with genuine feeling it displayed the full, rich, lower tones of the singer.

SYMPHONY HALL RECITAL

Miss Maggie Teyte and Edmond Clement Heard.

Miss Maggie Teyte, soprano, and Edmond Clement, tenor, gave a song recital in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Charles Lurvey was the accompanist. The appearance of two singers of such high rank drew an audience that nearly filled the hall and which showed great enthusiasm.

Miss Teyte was vocally beyond criticism and sang with delightful spirit and expression. She was at her best in Tosti's L'Ultima Canzone and the familiar "Quando me'n vo Soletta," from "La Boheme." "Where Is Johnny?" Bohemian folk-song, arranged by R. Friml, showed the delicate flexibility of her voice.

Mr. Clement was never in better voice, and again showed his skill in vocalization and enunciation. He was perhaps most satisfactory in a berceuse by Moret.

Miss Teyte and Mr. Clement sang two duets, Godard's "Nous Allons Partir" and Lully's "Au clair de la lume," the latter being very effectively given. Their voices seem peculiarly well fitted to each other for duet work.

Mr. Lurvey is a skillful and sympathetic accompanist. He played with good sense and good taste.

Why should our garments (made to hide
Our parents' shame) provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin
Til Eve, our mother, learnt to sin!

A Boy's Ambition.

As the World Wags:

May I offer my thanks to As the World Wags in that it dares to dig up old memories. Chesterton somewhere says that we are getting more and more "afraid of the past," a remark even more applicable to this country than his own, despite the earnest horde that nightly makes grimier the pages of the genealogical records.

I remember when I was a boy at school (surely in this column I need not add "years ago") how a certain wall space of the woodshed adjoining the school building was consecrated to labored initials and inscriptions cut with a penknife and much ceremony by departing "top-graders." In the corner was a scraggly "T. H.," the work of one Thomas Hartridge, long since gone and forgotten, dear man, a hero of our New Hampshire boyhood, and neither a graduation prize nor a pre-graduation chastisement so filled me with the lust of battle against an unappreciative world and an originally sinful self as the fact that I had carved my initials beside "T. H.'s" and executed them more neatly than he. The woodshed still stands, but the inscriptions have vanished. The hand of time? No! Six progressive trustees—peace to their ashes!—subscribed to the replacing of that memory-fraught plank by virgin timber, because, forsooth, of the impropriety of allowing school property to be disfigured; a practice that would undoubtedly lead Tender Youth to whittle the mahogany tables it was being trained to grace. Sunt lachrymae rerum!

Maglets.

But enough of this preamble; a definite question disturbs my peace of mind and I come seeking enlightenment.

I was mercilessly driven by the household powers of late to the clearing up of a certain library closet and found, presumably at that time, a dully innocent document that has since even robbed me of sleep. It was merely a list of wedding presents received by a worthy who, I believe, was a friend of my grandmother's. Glancing idly through the procession of spoons and gew-gaws I came on this in the copper plate handwriting of that day: "1 Pr. Maglets, said to have belonged to Nat'l Green."

Since then Maglets have haunted me like Mark Twain's "pink trip slip," but the situation is worse inasmuch as I can visualize the pink trip slip but a Maglet—a Maglet, there is no mistaking the word—is something beyond [illegible] ken.

[illegible]

Write Seymour [illegible]

As the World Wags:

[illegible]

I sailed from [illegible]
And to the [illegible]
I was wrecked [illegible]
All in the Tonga Islands.

Chorus:
Oh, swango, tongo, hoky, [illegible]
Hingeree jingeree, poky [illegible]
Swango, tongo, poky, [illegible]
All in the Tonga Islands.

The King he made a prince of me,
And called me Kora-Kora [illegible]
We were as thick as [illegible]
And every night [illegible]

Chorus:
Oh, swango, etc.

Said he, Will you be my son-in-law,
And marry the Princess Wang-Taw?
Said I, old [illegible] hold your jaw,
And I'll accept the princess's paw

Chorus:
Oh, swango, etc.

This may prevent you from distressing Mr Herkimer Johnson at his "Colossal Work" (sold only by subscription, etc.).

Brookline, Feb. 14, 1913. M. W. T.

Anecdote for the Day.

Nicholaus Sojerus, a Belgian a person of great integrity and prudence, had a set of teeth of such an unusual property that being struck upon with a sort of Indian wood, they were seen to sparkle fire, as if they were flints. This was delivered as a certain truth by his own brother, Gullelmus Sojerus, a person well skilled in the Greek learning. See Bartol de Luce Homin.

1. 1, c. 13, p. 10.

Purists at Work.

Purists in England are discussing the question whether we should say musical critic or music critic. The late F. H. Jonks of the Evening Transcript insisted that "Music critic" was the only term. "A dramatic critic is not necessarily a dramatist, and a musical critic is not necessarily a musician," says the Daily Chronicle, which adds: "If we have to talk of the critics of life we are careful. Music, drama and art may go hang. But then comes the moment when the phrase is against you. When you have to criticise cricket. There is a combination that should puzzle your sobriety—as a test in the police station, a test question. If you can say you are a 'cricketal critic,' you should establish **your claim to sobriety."**

Feb 18 1913

Another Performance of "The Jewels of the Madonna"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE.—"I Gioielli della Madonna," opera in three acts by Wolf-Ferrari. Mr. Caplet conducted.

Gennaro	M. [illegible]
Carmela	[illegible]
Maliella	Mme. [illegible]
Raffaele	[illegible]
Biaso	[illegible]
Ciccillo	[illegible]
Stella	[illegible]
Serena	[illegible]
Concetta	Miss [illegible]
Grazia	[illegible]
Totonno	[illegible]

Mme. Edvina made her last appearance here for the season and Mr. P[illegible] took the part of Raffaele for the first time.

The melodrama, with its constant motion, spectacular effects and [illegible] use of folk tunes and introduction of tunes in folk spirit greatly pleased a very large audience.

Mr. Polese's costume in the first act excited discussion in the foyer. He was dressed in a white summer suit as any masher in his Sunday best at Nantasket. Mr. Marcoux, it will be remembered, wore remarkable trousers, of the species known familiarly as "tights," skin tight and with spring bottoms, otherwise known as bell bottoms. His costume as a whole was that of the Parisian souteneur, or voyou, or maquereau. Mr. Marcoux was thus a picturesque figure, but was the costume the appropriate one for the leader of the Camorra, the Alcibiades of the straw-hatted young gentlemen who in the first and third acts remind one of a musical comedy chorus—say the males in the too celebrated "Florodora" double sextet? The experienced theatregoer, by the way, expected to see the Camorra chorus at any time appearing with nice new shiny plug hats worn knowingly, and with the accompaniment of natty canes.

It is said that Mr. Marcoux obtained his clothes at Naples with the exception of his flowing cravat which he procured at Turin. No doubt there are Italians in Naples who wear tight skin, spring bottom trousers. We have seen such trousers in this country, and in our younger years were tempted to wear them. But would the chief of the Camorra sport them? [illegible] question [illegible] by the [illegible] [illegible]

Yet [illegible] o[illegible] performance [illegible] were [illegible] of attention.

Mr. Zenatello gave an [illegible]ive, sympathetic and admirable [illegible] impersonation of Gennaro. By his s[illegible] and acting he easily dominated. Mme Edvina as Maliella is not yet wholly convincing. In the first act she is merely impish, where she should be viciously rebellious and sensual. Too often in the course of the play she is Carpentier's Louise in gesture, walk, certain personal mannerisms, and rhetorical accent. She was closer to Maliella in the latter half of the second act, especially in the scene where she is at first horrified by the sacrilegious deed of Gennaro, then captivated by the splendor of the jewels, and obsessed by the thought of Raffaele. Mr. Polese sang effectively and gave a definite idea of the masher and bully. Mme. Gay again made much of a small part.

The minor male roles were as a rule well taken. The stage settings and the animation of the crowd again excited admiration, but in the third act the "orgy" in the "haunts of the Camorra" reminded one of the Apollo Club singing a wild Bacchanalian ditty. The lighting of the second act was singularly beautiful. Mr. Caplet conducted with Italian spirit.

B. F. KEITH BILL

Robert T. Haines, who recently plunged into vaudeville, deserting the leading dramatic roles he had been so successfully playing, is the headliner at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week with his own little company—and an admirable company it is—in the one-act play "The Coward." It is a powerful little story that tells of the success of the Sing Sing convict, who escapes from prison after serving but two years of a five-year embezzlement sentence, and succeeds in becoming a respected business man under the name of Richard Harper, only to have his old pal, with whom he had been jointly convicted but who had been less fortunate in escaping, appear upon the scene and attempt to levy constant and heavy blackmail upon him. For a time Harper yields, fearing the disgrace and the serving of the balance of his sentence that would follow exposure, but finally he turns upon the blackmailer and a death scene follows upon the stage.

Mr. Haines, of course, plays the part of Richard Harper, the business man, whose jail record is charged against James Clarke. Frederick Burt was capital in the part of Frederick Payton, while Miss Esther Van Eyting filled most satisfactorily the role of Catherine Gordon, the girl with whom Harper is in love and who sticks by him through it all, even to securing from the attorney general a pardon for the balance of the sentence. Mr. Haines was called back several times.

James B. Donovan and Charles H. McDonald are once more at B. F. Keith's with their same little comedy classic, "My Good Old Irish Friend," that never fails to provide enjoyment and amusement. The same sort of welcome was accorded these veterans, last night, as always greets their appearance in this city. Seymour Felix and Amelia Caire are two very clever young impersonators in a sketch, "Then and Now," in which all of the favorite subjects of the impersonator, Richard Carle, George M. Cohen, Fred Stone, the Rogers brothers, et als, are portrayed with much accuracy of voice, of costume and of mannerisms.

Mme. Adelaide Norwood, late of the Henry W. Savage Opera Company, sings several popular selections. Madden and Fitzpatrick were most acceptable in the latter's own comedy entitled "The Wanderer." Burley and Burley as "The Dude and the Scot" were both humorous and agile and Norris, baboons, Emperor and Empress in their monkey pantomime fully bore out the program's assertion that they were almost human. Will and Kemp in European acrobatic oddities; Billy Sharpe and Beatrice Turee, the chocolate dandies, and the Willis family, English musicians, round out the entertainment.

I want your sober average noon opinion of it. Morning is a girl and can't smoke—she's no evidence one way or another; and Night is so evidently bought over that he can't be a very upright judge. Maybe the truth is, that one pipe is wholesome, two pipes toothsome, three pipes noisome, four pipes fulsome, five pipes quarrelsome, and that's the sum on't it.

A Glorious Old Archbishop.

The vicar of Brigstock recently rebuked the Bishop of Peterborough for smoking. The vicar is of kin to Father Trask and to William Huntington, S. S. ("Sinner Saved.") We all know the doom pronounced on the smoker—tobacconist was the old word—by Trask. Whenever William Huntington, S. S., saw a young man with a pipe or cigar in the street he would go up to him and say: "Young man, if you smoke here, you will smoke hereafter."

We like to think of Dr. Lancelot Blackburne, an 18th century archbishop of York, who once ordered pipes and liquor to be brought to him in the vestry where he was a-weary in consequence of a co[illegible]tion s[illegible] was a [illegible]red pirate. Fr[illegible] Church, Oxford, he was "sent down" for stealing a fiddle, so he ran away and became a buccaneer in the West Indies. His comrades were finally caught and hanged. Blackburne in some way escaped, was befriended by Bishop Trelawney and climbed rapidly the ecclesiastical ladder. Horace Walpole wrote about this gay old archbishop: he "had all the manners of a man of quality, though he had been a buccaneer and was a clergyman, but he retained nothing of his first profession, except his seraglio." Blackburne should have known the glorious Abbe of Turpenay whose adventures are related by Balzac.

Good Smokers.

Sir Algernon West told a story of a Bishop whose house had no smoking room. Entertaining a baker's dozen of bishops, he went to their bedrooms to tell them they might smoke. Each one was by the fireplace and puffing up the chimney.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley concealed pipes all over the parish in case the desire suddenly came upon him. Walking one day with Benson, he exclaimed: "It's no use; I know you detest tobacco but I must have a smoke." He went to a furze bush, put his arm in a hole and pulled out a churchwarden which he filled. When the pipe was smoked, he put it in a hollow tree.

In the Pulpit.

When we were young the ministers of the Old church in Northampton in turn used tobacco freely and no one accused them of sin. One of them, a man of huge frame and sombre eloquence, would occasionally, in the pulpit, take out his cud and put it by the side of the Bible. He "chawed" constantly. This reminds us that in the last section of the "Oxford English Dictionary" we find a quotation dated 1689: "2 rowles of chawing tobacco." It is our impression that the Rev. —— ——, D. D., used fine cut, probably John Anderson's Solace, black and strong. His successor smoked like a chimney, and the cigars were as a rule of the domestic order. We would swear that some of them were "two furs."

An Improving Anecdote.

"'The beer-houses have been my death,' gasped a young man of five-and-twenty, who was dying the other day, and whom I visited in his last moments. The alcohol of the beer had, in connection with midnight damps, ulcerated his lungs, and he died of a galloping consumption. His neighbor of the same age, and often his pot house companion, in a few weeks made the same confession and followed him to the grave." See "Anti-Bacchus: An Essay on the Evils Connected with the Use of Intoxicating Drinks," by the Rev. B. Parsons. (Revised edition, N. Y., 1840, p. 182.)

"Bungy" Cutler.

As the World Wags:

The most plausible explanation of the late John G. Cutler's peculiar nickname "Bungy" is that it was given him many years ago as a tribute to his fistic prowess. As a young man it is said that Mr. Cutler was not averse to a physical encounter, and in these encounters he seldom came off second best. He left his opponent "bunged up." Mr. Cutler was a well-known local celebrity and no one ever came to Hampton Beach without hearing of him or making his acquaintance. Although a colored man, he was a power in local and county politics, and for many years was the local boss. Of late years his power had been slipping away. He was an intimate friend of "Cy" Sulloway. I have often thought that Mr. Cutler would make a fine character for a novel. He had many admirable qualities. He was loyal to his friends, and strictly honorable in business. As Dr. Davis said at his funeral: "He was a man who overcame his handicaps."

PLOTINUS.

Hampton, N. H., Feb. 14, 1913.

As the World Wags:

In Fielding, Smollett and other writers of that period I find them frequently using "you was" for "you were." Can you tell me what authority they had for so doing? Sterne in "Tristram Shandy" also says: "I had wrote." W. H. G.

East Boston, Feb. 14, 1913.

In all probability the authority was current usage. A good many years ago the New York Sun answered a correspondent who insisted that "had rather" was erroneous and vulgar by saying in effect: The English language is what it is; not what it should be. Fielding and Smollett wrote as they thought and heard.

TOY THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Maria Rosa," by Angel Guimera. English version by Wallace Gillpatrick and Guido Marburg.

Maria Rosa	Miss Phinney
Tomasa	Mrs. Burnham
Ramon	Mr. Rawson
Quirico	Mr. Burnham
Salvador	Mr. Stanton
Chepa	Mr. Coliver
Colas	Mr. Hutchins
Chicote	Mr. Condit

This play, wh[illegible] in English from the Cat[illegible]lan through the Castilian, is a version of the old problem of the "Quick or the Dead" lover on which Princess Troubetzkoi (Amelie Rives) once based a novel. A[s] presented by the Toy Theatre the drama did not flag for a moment, and the minutes of incidental comedy were as well maintained as those of the essential tragedy. Miss Phinney as Maria Rosa looked her part as convincingly as she evidently felt it, and no detail was slurred. Mr. Rawson as the villain Ramon avoided the melodramatic while rising well to his occasion in the last act. Mrs. Burnham's work as Tomasa was exceedingly spirited, and she was well supported by Mr. Burnham sa Quirico. The team work of the others showed care, and Mr. Hutchins as Colas made clever use of his opportunity in a small part. Angel Guimera as a playwright is well worth our knowing, and his introduction to Boston, though on a small stage, was no means amateurishly done.

Feb 19 1913

Miss Florence Fisher, Soprano, and Miss Barbara Mayer, Contralto, Heard.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Florence Fisher, soprano, assisted by Miss Barbara Mayer, contralto, gave a concert yesterday afternoon in Huntington Chambers Hall. Mrs. Louise Wood Forrest was the accompanist. There was a large and friendly audience. The program was as follows: Schubert, Who Is Sylvia? Wolf, Verborgenheit; Rubinstein, Es blinkt der Thau; Wolf, Bescheldene Liebe; Dvorak, Als die alte Mutter (Miss Fisher); Strauss, Allerseelen; Reger, Waldeinsamkeit; Bohm, Still wie die Nacht (Miss Mayer); Widor, Contemplation; Heue, A des Oiseaut; Messager, Air from "Fortunio"; Massenet, Air from "Esclarmonde"; Vidal, Arietto (Miss Fisher); Eden, What's in the Air today; Harris, Music when Soft Voices die; Lang, Hills o' Skye (Miss Mayer); Spohr, The Rose; Young, Phillis has such charming graces; Salter, The Pine Tree; Arne, The Lass with the delicate Air; old English, So Sweet is She; Lehmann, "The Cuckoo" (Miss Fisher).

These young ladies have good voices, which have been carefully and well trained. The songs chosen were as a rule not too ambitious, as far as the present technical proficiency of the singers is concerned, but Massenet's air demands a more experienced and dramatic singer. "The Lass with the delicate Air," by the way, was composed by Michael Arne, not Dr. Arne.

It may be said that the intonation of the young ladies was pure; that their enunciation in English was clear, and they sang with musical intelligence. Miss Fisher, being a young singer, has yet to gain authority as an interpreter. She undoubtedly has emotional instincts and a sense of differentiation, yet Rubinstein's song admits of a more passionate climax than she gave, and in several of the songs there was too marked self-restraint, a diffidence in "letting herself go." Dvorak's beautiful song was taken at too slow a pace. The singer was especially fortunate in the songs of Schubert, Widor and Messager.

Miss Mayer has an uncommonly good voice, one that is emotional in its quality. She, too, has a well-maintained, melodic line and a skilful management of breath. As an interpreter she was inclined to be calm, impassive. The pathos of Strauss's song escaped her, and even Bohm's hackneyed song should not be sung as an incidental solo in an orthodox English anthem for the church. With her voice, Miss Mayer should accomplish much; but it is not enough to sing notes correctly, and with a knowledge of tone production.

BENEFIT CONCERT

Miss Fisher, Miss Swartz and Mr. Diaz of Opera Company Sing.

Bernice Fisher, soprano, Jeska Swartz, contralto, and Rafaelo Diaz, tenor, members of the Boston Opera company gave a concert yesterday afternoon, at the Hotel Somerset for the benefit of the Student Aid Fund of the Misses Gilman School Association. Mr. Lyford was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Verdi, "La Donna e Mobile"; Bohm, "Still as the Night"; Puccini, "Che Gelida Manina," from "La Boheme." Mr. Diaz, Tschaikowsky, aria from "Joan of Arc"; Aubert, aria from "La Foret Bleue," Miss Swartz; Gounod, cavatina from "Faust," "Caro Mio Ben"; Caplet, "Green," Miss Fisher; Delibes, duet from "Lakme"; Humperdinck, duet from "Haensel und Gretel," Misses Fisher and Swartz.

The singers were in the vein and a large audience was hearty in its expressions of appreciation.

Miss Fisher's singing of the air from "Faust" was becomingly naive. The voice was that of Marguerite, unsophisticated and girlishly exaultant at the discovery of the jewels. She was also heard to advantage in "Caro Mio Ben." A singer who is especially successful in songs of a frankly communicative nature, she is as yet at odds with those of a deeper emotional significance. She lacks skill and subtlety in the use of nuances and her coloring of tone is too often monotonous. She was, therefore, less fortunate in the interpretation of Mr. Caplet's charming setting of "Green," for piquancy and archness are foreign to the mood of both poem and composition. Recalled, she sang "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair" with much charm and beauty of tone. While her diction in Italian and English was commendable, the French songs in this respect left much to be desired.

Miss Swartz sang the aria from "La Foret Bleue" effectively, and her voice in the duets was sympathetically blended with Miss Fisher's. Mr. Diaz displayed fluency and abandon in song.

In New Zealand for a long time I had to do the washing up after each meal. I used to do the knives first, for it might please God to take me before I came to the forks, and then what a sell it would have been to have done the forks rather than the knives!

Old Stands.

As the World Wags:

I wonder if "Bibulus Curiosus," who wrote on Friday of the two-story barroom knows that the place he tells of is the oldest retail liquor shop in Boston. Three proprietors carried the business through more than a hundred years, and the original wine vault still exists under the street on the upstairs side. The Hancock Tavern was older, but it disappeared some time ago. Once about ten years ago on a periodical emergence I hunted for the Tavern and didn't find it. It wasn't there. The Bell-in-Hand has occupied its present site 54 years, I am told, and previous to 1859 was at the corner of Milk and Devonsh[i]re streets. If I am wrong Balze will correct me, as the bar must have been pretty nearly opposite where he lived in the 40s.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

P. S.—Does anybody know why is bock beer? And what was the origin of musty ale? Was musty known before Billie Parks served it?

Why These Empty Seats?

As the World Wags:

"The audience was appreciative, but it should have been much larger." Yes, it should have been much larger and would have been much larger were the prices for the Sunday afternoon concerts really "popular." In part at least the assent of the community to the invasion of Sunday by these concerts is accorded on the basis of a service to be rendered to those denied by reason of means and leisure the privilege of week-day offerings. The commercial instinct that greedily covets the Sunday opportunity to still further its gains is altogether offensive to the day and defeats the purpose of serving the class for whom it is alleged these concerts were intended. Is it not a function of the Boston Opera House to confer its benefits upon those of us whose purses are not clogged with superfluous dollars? When the season began I secured a seat for 25 cents. I notice that there are none advertised now at that price. While one could not expect to have the entire house listed at this "cut rate," yet it would seem that the probability of filling all seats with those who really love music, but are compelled to restrict their indulgence to their limited resources, would dictate a scale of popular prices sure to secure this result. A MINISTER'S WIFE.

Boston, Feb. 15, 1913.

A Friend in Error.

As the World Wags:

I have a friend who is very persistent in pronouncing some words as spelled. He persists in pronouncing dandelion dandy-lion. I pronounce it dan-de-li-un. I have referred him to a dictionary but he refused my reference. I have never seen a "dandylion." Will you please decide in your column which of the pronunciations is right.

L. CUTHBERT ODIAN.

Boston, Feb. 17.

Walker's pronouncing dictionary (1791) gives "Dan-de-li-un" with the accent on the third syllable. We have never heard this pronunciation. The New English Dictionary (the Oxford) gives only one pronunciation: "dan-dilion"; lion is pronounced as the name of the animal, and the "i" in "li" is short.

Celeriac.

As the World Wags:

"Celeriac salad" is not the same as celery salad. Celeriac is a round rough root about the size of turnips and by some called German celery. It is very tough and has to be boiled about three hours, then chilled and sliced, and with beets, hard boiled eggs, etc., is delicious as a salad. I used to buy it in the German markets in Leavenworth and Kansas City. J. E. R.

Boston, Feb. 15.

The New English Dictionary states that the word "celeriac" does not appear to be known outside England. The word is defined as a turnip rooted variety of the garden celery. In 1743 an advertisement in London called attention to Italian brocoli, Spanish cardoon, celeriac, finocchi and other foreign kitchen vegetables." In 1883 the St. James Gazette regretted that celeriac was too little known. It is not necessary to go so far as Leavenworth to obtain it. We used to buy it in a Carver street shop by asking for "celery root."

Some One Will Answer.

As the World Wags:

Can some one explain to me what becomes of the suffragists on election day? On other days of the year they make so much noise that one might suppose their number was legion, and that their dearest wish was to put ballots into a box. But on election day, where are they? Gone like the snows of yesterday! At the recent election in Boston, when Miss Curtis was a candidate for school committee only 2 per cent. of the women of voting age took the trouble to cast a ballot, and many of them were antis! Can it be that there are no more suffragists than that, and is that the reason they are so afraid of the Drury bill? And if that is not the reason, what excuse have they to offer for refusing to vote on so important a matter? Many suffragiste, I am told, are claiming that it was the woman's vote which elected Miss Curtis; but Dr. Hartwell's analysis of the vote, printed on Jan. 19, effectively disproves that. She would have been elected if not one woman had voted!

JULIA WAINWRIGHT.

Cambridge, Feb. 17.

Feb 20 1913

MARY GARDEN SINGS 'CARMEN'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Bizet's "Carmen." Mr. Caplet conducted. The cast:

[illegible]	Mr. Zenatello
[illegible]	Mr. [illegible]
[illegible]	Mr. [illegible]
[illegible]	Mr. Everett
[illegible]	Mr. Bourgain
[illegible]	Miss Garden
[illegible]	Miss Fisher
[illegible]	Miss [illegible]
[illegible]	Mme. De-[illegible]
[illegible]	Mr. Deveux
[illegible]	Mr. Giaccone

[illegible] extraordinary Miss Garden gave [illegible] impersonation of Carmen. [illegible] sang with her brains and acted [illegible] voice.

It is not easy for any singer to be [illegible] deal a. Carmen. Mira Heller [illegible] the [illegible] with appalling [illegible] Mechanics' building. Miss Emma [illegible] showed us a gypsy whose behavior would have graced an afternoon [illegible] with her Micaela [illegible] an abandoned hussy [illegible] Mérimée's Carmen were to appear [illegible] and blood on the stage of the [illegible] Opera House there would be [illegible] the head and the wise remark: [illegible] the real thing at all. Not a bit [illegible]. Now, Mérimée's Carmen is as [illegible] a person as Capt. Costigan, Mr. [illegible] or Lady Bellaston. We [illegible] not be surprised to meet any [illegible] of the three in the street, and we [illegible] seen Carmen [illegible] a gypsy camp by [illegible] side of the road to Dedham. It [illegible] be said that Carmen is in the [illegible] of the spectator. Admirable as was [illegible] personation by Emma Calvé, it was not necessarily the only one or a [illegible] for others. Not to go back to [illegible] Galli-Marié we should remember [illegible] Minnie Hauk and Pauline Lucca [illegible] famous in the part, and there was [illegible] peculiarly sinister impersonation by [illegible] Tremelli. The Carmen of Marie [illegible] was conspicuous by reason of [illegible] sensuality and flippant heart[illegible]. The most vulgar Carmen [illegible] our recollection was that of Miss [illegible] and the vulgarity was of the [illegible] gutter.

Miss Garden is nothing if not original. [illegible] in this respect she would compel the [illegible] of Offenbach's duke with the [illegible] famous song. Because her Carmen is original it does not follow necessarily [illegible] it is all wrong, as some would have [illegible] believe. Her impersonation is different in some respects from that which [illegible] applause when she first appeared [illegible] in Bizet's opera. That is to say, it is not already stereotyped. It [illegible] vivid. It is not too realistic [illegible] there is the saving touch of imagination. The impersonation is finely conceived throughout. Zuniga, Don Jose [illegible] Escamillo are all one to her. If [illegible] one would quickly [illegible] followed [illegible], who was wrong [illegible] that an [illegible] experience of [illegible] men lasted six months. Six weeks [illegible] have bored her.

[illegible] sensuality that flames [illegible] moment was finely expressed by [illegible]. So was the mocking [illegible] of the buggage. Nor did [illegible] fall to the [illegible] sake of

[illegible] superb [illegible] vitality [illegible] scenery of the [illegible] was [illegible] contrived [illegible] force for [illegible] there was nothing [illegible] not [illegible] her Miss Garden [illegible] out.

Perhaps there was a superfluity of [illegible] gesture, and we were now and then [illegible] reminded of Thaïs and Louise, for certain of Miss Garden's gestures and a peculiar use of the hands have become mannerisms. Last night there were many instances of what may be called the Garden portamento, to which we have long been accustomed, and now expect. But vocal faults which would not be endured in another, were ignored, so marked was the vitality of the performance, and there were countless instances of skilful coloring of tone for dramatic effect.

Mr Zenatello's Don Jose is now a superb impersonation, vocally and dramatically. As an intelligent and passionate dramatic performance it must be ranked with that of Mr. de Lucia, and Mr. Zenatello excels him in beauty and power of voice and in vocal art.

Miss Fisher's Micaela has often been praised. Famous singers have taken the part. No one of them has approached Miss Fisher in simple pathos. No one of them has given so much life to this lay figure. She sang the music delightfully.

Mr Mardones, a bass, took a baritone part. His endeavor was honest, he sang manfully but his impersonation was lacking in dash. He was the "pere noble," not the strutting coxcomb, the pride of the arena.

The minor parts were unusually well taken. Mr Caplet conducted with spirit and taste. A very large audience was enthusiastic.

GRUPPE GIVES 'CELLO RECITAL

Paulo Gruppe, the Dutch 'cellist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. He was assisted by Carl Lamson, pianist. The program was as follows: Saint-Saens, sonata in C major, Le Cygne; Bach, suite in C major for 'cello alone; Tschaikowsky, Chanson Sans paroles; Haydn minuet; Herbert serenade; Popper, Harlequin.

Mr. Gruppe, a young man of conspicuous talent and marked proficiency on his chosen instrument, has already revealed his art in Boston. He then displayed a fine tone, but in his anxiety to gain in depth he often sacrificed quality for quantity. Yesterday afternoon this defect was noticeably prevalent in his playing. At times, too, there was uncertainty in intonation. Otherwise Mr. Gruppe exhibited a high order of technical accomplishment. As an interpreter he has gained in poise and authority, while the third movement of Saint-Saens's sonata was played in a finished manner as well as with the spontaneity and verve of a youthful virtuoso.

A small audience was appreciative.

In his latest article Prof. Garner says that the chatter of monkeys is not meaningless, but that they are conveying ideas to one another. This seems to me hazardous. The monkeys might with equal justice conclude that in our magazine articles, or literary and artistic criticisms, we are not chattering idly but are conveying ideas to one another.

By Way of Reproach.

Mme. Lina Cavalieri, according to report, characterized Mayor Gaynor as a "horrid old geezer." Did she say this in English, or is the phrase an equivalent for choice Italian? "Geezer" itself is not a term of reproach. Witness Mr. Chevalier's song: "Nice old geezer with a nasty cough." By the way, which is the more opprobrious epithet, "bonehead" or "mutt"?

Maglets.

Mr Jesse Wilson of Boston informs us that a maglet is a species of African monkey. Why are the dictionaries silent? A pair of maglets was a singular wedding present in the New England of a century ago.

Anecdote for the Day.

"The writer of this essay always, in using these drinks, observed the rules of moderation; but, nevertheless, was doomed for years to a miserable existence from this cause alone. My nervous feelings were such that I have often risen up to walk, to see if my limbs would move; and repeatedly have spoken aloud to ascertain if my speech was not altogether gone. A constant mist floated before my eyes; sounds rung in my ears; an unnatural weight, or sensation of weight, oppressed my head and made it painful to stoop; a knock at the door shook my whole frame, and family prayer was repeatedly postponed from inability and want of voice to pass through the duty."

Poor Florella.

As the World Wags:

I have noted with interest the num[illegible] [illegible] song [illegible] known as [illegible] called [illegible] Florella [illegible] or "The Jealous Lover." I [illegible] desirous of knowing of the origin of it, where it was first sung, who was the author, or composer of the music. It is a simple but rather pretty air.

PHILLIPS BARRY.

Cambridge, Feb. 1.

FLORELLA

Down [illegible] yon drooping willow,
Where the purple violets bloom,
There lies young Florella,
[illegible] in her tomb.

She died not broken-hearted
Nor sickness her befell,
But in one moment parted
From those she loved so well.

One night as the moon shone brightly,
As brightly as ever it shone,
Into her cottage gently,
Her treacherous lover came.

He said, "Come, let us wander
Through fields and valleys gay
That undisturbed we'll ponder
Upon our wedding day."

"The woods look dark and dreary,
Let us retrace our way,
O Willie, with no other
Would I thus care to stray."

"The woods look dark and dreary,
And I'm afraid to stray,
O Willie, I am weary,
Let us retrace our way."

"Retrace your way? No, never!
These woods no more you'll roam
So bid farewell forever
To parents, friends and home."

Down on her knees before him,
She begged him spare her life,
Deep, deep into her bosom
He plunged the fatal knife.

Her pulse it did cease beating,
Her eyes were closed in death,
"O Willie, I'll forgive you!"
She said with her last breath.

Come, all ye pretty maidens,
A warning take this day,
Don't trust your hearts to young men,
For they will you betray.

Feb 21 1913

CONCERT GIVEN BY CECILIA

The Cecilia Society, Mr. Mees conductor gave the second concert of its 37th season last night in Jordan Hall. The society was assisted by Mme Antoinette Szumowska, pianist. Mr. Gucken berger was the accompanist and Mr. Bates the organist. The program was as follows: Palestrina "Tenebrae Factae Sunt"; Easter Song, arranged by Plueddemann; Chanson Joyeuse de Noel, arranged by Gevaert; Bantock, "On Himalay" and "Awake, Awake"; Mackenzie, Distant Bells; Vogt, An Indian Lullaby; Old English, "Sumer is icumen In," arranged by Bantock; Irish tune from County Derry, arranged by Grainger, Moussorgsky, "Joshua," for solo voices, chorus, piano and organ.

Nearly all of these compositions were heard here for the first time, and nearly all of them were worth hearing. Mackenzie's trio for female voices is commonplace music that does not rise above the text:

Sailing o'er the deep blue ocean,
Far from loving friends at home,
Who can hear without emotion
Distant bells across the foam?

This text reminds us of the verses written by Alfred Bunn, Esq., for "The Bohemian Girl." Oxenford's poem appealed to Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who, girding up his loins for the task, wrote eminently fitting music. One of the features of the program was Bantock's "On Himalay," which is skilfully written and effective, so that it was redemanded. The other part song by Bantock is of little consequence.

Moussorgsky's "Joshua," or "Yissons Navine," contains material intended for the composer's opera "Salammbo" which was abandoned early in his career. The composition is effective by means of its coloring. The "Easter Song" and "Noel" are charming in their melodic frankness and a certain religious naivete.

The chorus sang exceedingly well. The voices were fresh, well balanced, and well trained. The singers phrased with intelligence and there was throughout a fine sense of proportion.

Mme. Szumowska gave pleasing variety to the concert by her performance of pieces by Couperin, Rameau, Scarlatti, Chopin, and Saint-Saens's Caprice on airs from Gluck's "Alceste."

The audience, not so large as it should have been, was warmly appreciative.

MISS GROSVENOR HEARD

Gives Song Recital Assisted by Miss Edith Thompson, Pianist.

Miss Charlotte Grosvenor, soprano, assisted by Miss Edith Thompson, pianist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Verdi, "Pace Mio Dio," from "La Forza del Destino"; Pfeiffer, "Malgre Moi"; Thome, "Bonjour Suzon"; Gounod, "E stati alli quanti"; "Elle Ma[illegible]"; Wagner, [illegible]; [illegible] "Mirage", [illegible] melody, "When I [illegible]" [illegible] [illegible] was [illegible]

[illegible] Thompson played pieces by [illegible], Chopin and [illegible]. [illegible] audience of good size was very friendly.

"Must" from "Most."

As the World Wags:

Let me thank Mr. Witherspoon, whose fine old Presbyterian name stirs the long dormant fires of Calvanism within me, for his illuminating communication as to the venerable two-story barroom. Would it were possible to grant the place a perpetual license, guaranteed even against the eventuality of Boston's going dry, and to place upon its outer wall a memorial tablet appropriately inscribed. And now as to some of Mr. Witherspoon's [illegible] Bock beer, coming, as it [illegible] in springtime, is supposed to [illegible] I strongly suspect, vivifying [illegible] connoted by the emblematic beast from which it takes name. The [illegible] ble May wine of the Germans, a [illegible] spring delight, is likewise reputed to have such virtue. So, too, is the autumnal "trauben most," or partly fermented wine, as we should say, grape cider just hardening. This phrase "trauben most" brings me to Mr. Witherspoon's inquiry about "musty ale." It is now, I understand, ale of any age mixed with beer, but may it not have been at one time young ale corresponding to the must of wine or musty wine, as we say in English, for "trauben most"?

Like the bad boy, the tale of whom so greatly disgusted the Englishman, I would ask one more question. Does anybody know why good little girls of my boyish memory used to curtsy or bob the head and say "saddy," on receiving an unexpected gift? Can the word be of German origin? I heard it in a region just below the Pennsylvania German counties, and some of our neighbors were accustomed, in passing a stabled horse, to lay a hand on his rump and say "Haover," manifestly a German importation.

Boston. BIBULUS CURIOSUS.

The word "musty" in "musty ale" comes directly from the word "must," derived, in turn, from the German "most," as our correspondent says. The true musty ale is unknown here. As soon as he is released from arduous and exhausting jury service, Mr. Herkimer Johnson will tell the tale as told to him. He is a tank of information concerning all ales and beers.

Nelse Seymour's Song.

As the World Wags:

Another verse (I think the last) of Nelse Seymour's song as I heard my father sing it for the amusement of his children for 30 or 40 years. It seems to me

The king he drank three quarts of wine
Which sewed him up till he was [illegible]
It made the queen look very glum
She thought he'd gone to K[illegible]

And as I write there comes another verse into my mind which I think precedes the one I have just given;

The wedding all description flogs
'Twas in a cabin built of logs
With fine fat blubber (?) and fine fat hogs
And by way of treat, some roasted dogs

And I feel sure that the first verse should read:

I sailed from port one summer's day
And to the South Seas made my way
And I got wrecked in No Bottom Bay,
All in the Tongo Islands.

And in the third verse, third line:

Said I, "Your Majesty, hold your jaw."

Salem, Feb. 17. A. F.

As the World Wags:

I read with special interest the letter of Feb. 13 in your column signed "Sweet Memories," for when I was a small child my brother, 10 years older, lived in Boston and often went to Morris Bros.' for entertainment. On his occasional visits home he used to entertain us youngsters with Morris Bros.' songs. We thought them great. I remember singing lustily, much to my mother's dislike. She being a religious country woman did not approve, did not think such songs classic, preferred us to sing sacred music; but, alas, our elder brother from the city held the fort, and we learned a number of Morris Bros.' songs from him.

I recall the song or the chorus of

She could fly through the air with the greatest of ease,
That daring young girl on the flying trapeze;
Her movements were graceful,
All men she could please,
And my love she purloined away.

Also

The butcher and the baker,
And the quiet little Quaker,
And the fellow that used to talk about his pa and his ma
Oh, the butcher and the baker
And the quiet little Quaker,
All courted pretty Jessie at the railway bar

And

[illegible] feelings she gave [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] be [illegible]

[illegible]

After [illegible] or more years since these [illegible] good days these songs so long [illegible] in memory's casket were revived [illegible] reading of "By Gone Dayes." Although I may not have recalled the [illegible] accurately, the melodies come to [illegible] in an instant and I sang them once [illegible], also "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," [illegible] quite so lustily or with such delight as when a child 10 years old, but still with pleasure. A PILGRIM.

[illegible]tham, Feb. 14, 1913.

As we remember the first of these songs, it was a daring young man, not [illegible], who flew through the air with the greatest of ease.

Feb 22 1913

PUCCINI'S 'GIRL' HEARD AGAIN

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Minnie.....Mmme. Melis
Johnson.....Mr. Zenatello
The Sheriff.....Mr. Polese
Nick.....Mr. Cilla
Sonora.....Mr. Blanchart
Ashby.....Mr. Sampieri
Billy.....Mr. Tavecchia
Wowkie.....Miss Leveroni
Wallace.....Mr. Mardones
Trin.....Mr. Devaux

The opera was performed here for the first time this season. Some were interested again in noting how Puccini had helped himself with both hands to Debussyisms. Others found pleasure in comparing the methods of Puccini with those of Wolf-Ferrari in giving musical emphasis to melodrama. Perhaps there were a few who, remembering the noble outline of "Otello," the calm mastery of the aged Verdi in scenes of emotion and tragic passion, deplored the anxious straining after effect and the feverish restlessness of Italy's contemporaneous makers of opera.

It is not necessary at this late day to describe "The Girl of the Golden West," to analyze the music, to comment on the sentimental miners and the pathos of the third act. When this opera was first produced in New York it was said that Puccini was dissatisfied with the last act and purposed to rewrite it.

Nor is it necessary to speak at length of the performance, for the chief impersonations are familiar to all. Mme. Melis, while not wholly in best voice, acted with great spirit and gave definite character to the part of Minnie. Mr. Zenatello's Johnson was again a striking figure vocally and dramatically. The admirable tenor, by the way, is accomplishing a hero's task this week, nor will be idle in the week to come. Mr. Polese's Sheriff was again excellent. Has any baritone actually failed as Jack Rance? Would not the make-up itself carry an ordinary singer through the three acts?

The parts which, though reckoned as minor, contribute essentially to the whole effect were well taken and again the Sonora of Mr. Blanchart and the Nick of Mr. Cilla stood out in bold relief. Miss Leveroni and Mr. Tavecchia were again "good Indians." Mr. Sampieri was heard and seen here for the first time as Ashby. The scenery and stage management excited the customary admiration and Mr. Moranzoni conducted with great spirit.

YSAYE GIVES GREAT RECITAL

Eugene Ysaye gave his last recital of the season yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Mr. Decreus was the accompanist. There was a large audience and some stood. The program was as follows: Brahms, Sonata in A-major, No. 2; Mozart, Concerto in G-major; Chausson, Poeme; Wagner-Wilhelmj, Albumblatt; Ysaye, Lointain Passe; Saint-Saens, Havanaise.

Mr. Ysaye was in the vein. Seldom has he given a more admirable exhibition of his incomparable art. Unfaltering accuracy of intonation, ravishing beauty of tone, masterly articulation, were among the features of his performance. As an interpreter his personality was not in evidence at the expense of the composition, nor did he sacrifice the composer's style and individuality by additional embellishments that his own skill might thereby be the more fully displayed. His playing was eloquent with sincerity and the unstudied simplicity of a great artist whose soul is revealed in his music and whose art is his religion.

With an infinite variety of nuances at his command Mr. Ysaye played Brahms's sonata effectively and in the spirit of the composer. The performance of Mozart's concerto was remarkable for its brilliance and finesse.

"Great is Chausson, and Ysaye is his prophet," might have been said of the Poeme for the violinist surmounted the difficulties of this impressionistic work with rare artistry and played, as an inspired [illegible] with a [illegible] tone and [illegible] intensity. Hearing this colossal talent at the triumphant height of its maturity one forgot the vexations of ordinary and too every day existence.

The audience was justly appreciative throughout the afternoon and at the end of the recital, in response to the cheers and prolonged applause that greeted him, Mr. Ysaye generously added Vieuxtemps's Ballade and Polonaise to the program, concluding with a memorable performance of Saint-Saens's Rondo. Mr. Decreus was an accompanist of unusual merit.

Feb 23 1913

WEINGARTNER CONDUCTS 'AIDA'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: Verdi's "Aida." Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Il Re.....Mr. Sampieri
Amneris.....Mme. Gay
Aida.....Mme. Weingartner
Radames.....Mr. Zenatello
Ramfis.....Mr. Mardones
Amonasro.....Mr. Polese
Un Messaggiero.....Mr. Giaccone
Una Sacerdotessa.....Mme. DeCourcy

A large audience applauded enthusiastically a stirring performance of Verdi's opera. Mr. Weingartner gave a memorable reading of the score. The only one that approached it, within our recollection, in masterful comprehension, spirit, finesse, and eloquence, was the reading of the late Oreste Bimboni when he visited this city as the conductor of the ill-fated Imperial Opera Company. If Bimboni's reading was perhaps more dramatic at times in the Italian manner, Mr. Weingartner's was more musically poetic.

There were occasions yesterday afternoon when Mme. Weingartner-Marcel's intonation was not faultless. Her singing of the aria in the third act, in spite of instances of fine phrasing and emotional expression, was not one of the features of her performance, but the natural beauty of her voice and her art were elsewhere displayed with marked effect. Too many Aidas are more sumptuously dressed than the Egyptian princess whom they serve. Mme. Weingartner-Marcel did not make this mistake. With a coiffure to remind the spectator that she was an Abyssinian, with bare shoulders and arms, and with neck bravely undraped, with a skirt of a flaming color, she was a striking apparition. As a singer she was especially fortunate in the scenes with Amonasro and Radames in the third act.

Mme. Gay's passionate Amneris is a familiar figure. Mr. Zenatello sang the lyrical pages with great charm and the dramatic scenes with unfailing vigor. Mr. Polese was an excellent Amonasro, picturesque, vocally dramatic, and not extravagant in action. Mr. Sampieri sang sonorously and in facial make-up was anything but Egyptian. Mr. Mardones again showed the power of the priesthood over the King. We still miss the bearded priests and the former costumes of the ballet.

The great ensembles were effective. The "Aida" trumpets in the triumphal procession were over blown; but has any one in many years heard these trumpets played with the peculiar mellow tone and with the firmness and accuracy that are desirable?

MARY GARDEN IN "LOUISE"

Mr. Marcoux Appears for First Time Since Accident.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Charpentier's "Louise." M. Caplet conducted.

Louise.....Miss Garden
La Mere.....Mme. Gay
Irma.....Miss Barnes
Camille.....Miss Fisher
Gertrude.....Miss Leveroni
Julien.....Mr. Laffitte
Le Pere.....Mr. Marcoux
Le Pape des Fous.....Mr. Lipmann
Le Chiffonnier.....Mr. Simpieri

Miss Garden took the part of Louise for the first time at the Opera House and the second time in Boston. Mr. Marcoux appeared for the first time since he met with an accident on the stage. He was warmly welcomed. Mr. Laffitte took the part of Julien for the first time in Boston. Mr. Sampieri succeeded Mr. Lankow as the Ragpicker, whose song in the third act is now without meaning inasmuch as his story is cut out of the act that precedes.

Louise, as Miss Garden impersonates her, is at first a restless, agile, young woman; so flexible that she appears to be as loose as ashes; so eager to meet Julien's advances that leaning towards him from her balcony, Julien's railing gave way and he fell to the stage street below. Her father loved her, but Mme. Gay as the mother made life unbearable for Louise, and Mme. Gay last evening played the part with even more than her customary gusto.

The Louise of Charpentier is by nature

Feb 27 1913

WILLIAM F. APTHORP

It is not easy to believe that our friend Apthorp has gone before us. When he last visited Boston—and it seems only yesterday—although his eyes were dimmed and he was suffering from annoying ailments, his mental activity was not abated, he was keenly interested in all that pertains to man, his good humor was constant, his wit was nimble and unflagging.

The youngest generation know of him as a writer about music and the drama only by report. To those who are soothed, or irritated, by the music of Debussy and excited by the theatrical theories of Max Reinhardt, the name Apthorp is only a tradition. At the height of his fame he was associated with men who took the theatre seriously but wrote about it with humor. His colleagues were H. A. Clapp, B. E. Woolf, H. M. Ticknor, F. E. Chase, H. A. Wyman, Richardson of The Traveler, E. H. Clement, F. H. Jenks. When he wrote about music he measured swords with Woolf, Elson, Ticknor, Capen and others who were musicians by profession or had studied music as an accomplishment. Twenty or twenty-five years ago criticism of the drama and musical performances was more authoritative than it is today. It was also far more personal in comment and attack.

Academically educated and reared in a manner that would have choked the invention of another and stifled fancy, Mr. Apthorp was singularly original in his opinions and in the expression of them. Taught thoroughly at an impressionable age in Germany, brought up in reverence of Beacon street and the Hill, his mind was Gallic. He had unusual advantages. Few men have been so well equipped for the work of a critic. He also had the healthy curiosity concerning that which was new; he had no fear of a hurraking crowd; he apparently delighted at times in being alone in his judgment; and he was never so strong and brilliant as when he argued that the majority was hopelessly wrong.

The truth of Buffon's saying has been disputed, but in the case of Apthorp, the style was indisputably the man. He wrote as he thought, breathed, talked and moved. Carlyle Berlioz and Zola had in turn influenced him, but he never was a sedulous imitator. He greatly admired Sarcey and he could be as colloquial as the Frenchman in his feuilletons. He did not abhor slang terms, those "footpads and loafers" of speech. He knew the effect of the paradox and enjoyed a paradox as much as any one of Gilbert's pirates. His sense of humor kept him from hifalutin and gush. He was not afraid to be sanely and wholesomely coarse if he could thereby add to the interest of his argument; but this coarseness was that of nature; not that of a chromo-civilization.

He wrote with amazing gusto. Incredible as it may seem to some who now work in the vineyard, he found pleasure in theatres and concert halls. A mediocre or a poor performance did not disturb him, for he always found a peg on which to hang his article. Ready to find something that was good, not insisting too strenuously on supreme technical proficiency, a fortunate phrasing or an unfortunate slip would inspire a long digression that took the place of a perfunctory and expected review, entertained the average reader, and incidentally instructed the person on the stage. A man of constant surprises, he would suddenly become severely technical, or when a reader looked forward to a "scholarly" review of a new symphony, lo and behold, Apthorp would indulge himself in reminiscences, quote some line of a German philosopher, explain how a Parisian would have developed the thematic material, and at the end the reader would say to himself, "This symphony, after all, is not a significant work." He had been cunningly led to this opinion.

Some accused our friend of writing loosely. The accusation was a foolish one. He took great pains in composition; weighed the meaning of a word; was happy in his choice of adjectives; his sentences were as a rule well balanced, well rhythmed and without falling into the prose-poetry that Dickens affected in his moods of sentimentalism. The style was surely individual. At times the "panache" of Berlioz was seen waving as the writer charged against a Philistine. Again, there would be a passionate appeal to the reader in the manner of a Latter Day Pamphlet, or the critic would unbutton his waistcoat and laugh with the laugh of Sarcey; or he would be romantic with Zola, who, in spite of his chatter about "naturalisme," was a belated romanticist who should have lived in the splendid Thirties.

In writing about our beloved friend it is not easy to separate the man from the critic. The man's enjoyment of life, a certain dish, a particular vintage, this or that book, the talk of a friend, a joke—subtle or Rabelaisian—this found its way into his newspaper articles, and even into his collected volumes of essays and the history of the opera. There was no more delightful companion. I do not think I ever heard him speak warmly of any landscape, and he was apparently not on good terms with Nature. Mountains, trees, rivers apparently disconcerted him. He was happier in the theatre, at a dinner table, in his accustomed seat at the club. There were few subjects that did not interest his mind and bring it into play. He once said that he should like to belong to the Somerset Club so that he could hear good talk about horses and dogs. "I know litle about them and I should like to be well informed."

He was above all a conversationalist, not that tiresome animal, a raconteur, and never a bore. He induced others to talk well by suggesting subjects concerning which they knew something, by fatting their skeletons of thought, by encouraging, almost goading, them into a frank and free expression. He was especially delightful when he gave his reasons for not being able to read some book or enjoy some play that had for the time an amazing popularity. Nothing that was classic was sacred to him, and yet he professed to be highly entertained by any one of Racine's tragedies.

There were some that misunderstood him because they did not know him. He was a simple man, democratic in his manner and way of speech, and in spite of his jaunty air he was naturally shy. It was not easy for him to ring the doorbell of a house in which he was not a frequent visitor. He was not impressed by the fact that Brown had money or that Jones was a howling swell. He liked to be with painters, musicians, writers, men that had done something, women that were a pleasure to the eye. He respected the technique of accomplished pugilists. Nor was he always talking, nor was he uncomfortable when there was no talk near him. It was good to sit by his side and know that he was in the room.

He was more than a loyal friend, for he could not and would not be convinced that any one in whom he had put his trust was capable of a mean speech or action. Towards those who were unjustly or carelessly ignored, he was helpful and generous, and great was his joy when their ability was at last recognized by others.

The patience and courage shown by him in his last years of suffering will not soon be forgotten by those who were acquainted with the tragedy of his life: for to a man of his tastes, failing eyesight was a tragedy. His letters, even when they were necessarily dictated, were buoyant, fresh, charged with jest and paradox, enlivened with curious disquisitions on manners and morals.

As a critic he no doubt exerted a healthy influence and his writing made for musical righteousness. The influence of any critic, however, is chiefly contemporaneous and ephemeral. To influence the lives of friends, to make them happier and more hopeful, to cheer them in the routine of this "too daily life"; to show them without words that physical ills are not necessarily a cause for lamentation and despondency, this is surely of more importance than a masterly discussion of the sonata form, an inquiry into the art of Ibsen, or an analysis of a performance by Paderewski.

Our friend, then, is not dead. He will walk the streets with us; he will discuss the new opera or the new play as we sit with him in the corner at the club, and thus we shall grow old together until we, too, are counted by the younger and irreverent as having joined the great majority.

PHILIP HALE

...l, and the libre[illegible] spacious ceas[illegible] for [illegible] the strains of free love, [illegible] songs, and leaving home [illegible] feu. Miss Garden, who is always interesting, gives [illegible] and sub[illegible] to what might otherwise be merely a sociological proposition. [illegible] Louise is very human, a girl wishing to be embraced, and intoxicated by the glitter and the pleasure of Paris. Her affection for her honest and sermonizing father does not hinder her from rushing to the arms of Julien, who, when he begins to develop his theory of life is a bigger bore than "le pere." The part was acted by Miss Garden with the shrewdness and the intelligence that [illegible] We have heard her sing better.

Mr. Marcoux played the part of the father with rough bonhomie and manly tenderness, and at the end with impressive force. The Mother is one of Mme. [illegible]'s best parts. Her entrance and de[illegible] in the third act make one forget the noisy vulgarity of the fete on Montmartre. Mr. Laffitte as the sentimental Julien was a straightforward [illegible], not romantic, not Byronic with [illegible] sturdy enough to do a good day's work [illegible] the sort of [illegible] pleased the Mother [illegible] as a son-in-law. He sang honestly, [illegible] a most persuaded us that his [illegible] intentions were strictly honorable. [illegible] all [illegible] entertaining performance [illegible] that justly pleased a large audience.

A word about the costuming. Miss [illegible] wore a sensible and becoming [illegible] the skirt of, say 10 years ago. Her [illegible] in dress making sported on [illegible] way to the shop the ultra-modern [illegible] The Bohemians, and among them [illegible] Julien, wore trousers that shrieked. [illegible] of the fact that we associate [illegible] artists' talents in "La Vie de Bohème." This provoked discussion, which [illegible] beneficial to art, and particularly [illegible] in aiding to determine the merits [illegible]

[illegible] be [illegible] called "a short-waist [illegible]"

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY—Boston Opera House, 3:15 P. M. Concert by Mme. [illegible], soprano; [illegible] Muratore, tenor; [illegible] Miss Anne Van [illegible], pianist; Conductor, Mr. Caplet. [illegible] 3:30 P. M. Concert by [illegible] and Melville [illegible] See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Second recital by Miss Julia Culp, the Dutch mezzo-soprano. See special notice.

[illegible] Hall, 8 P. M. Third and last of [illegible] Wanke chamber concerts. Smetana [illegible] in G minor; Five Folk Pieces [illegible] Liszt, "Don Juan" fantasie; [illegible] Spohr, Scherzo; Sinding, Romance; Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian Dances. [illegible] for the performance of Feb. 12 will [illegible] Monday night.

TUESDAY—Steinert Hall, 8:15 P. M. Violin recital by Miss Hildegard Brandegee. Rudolph Nagel, pianist. Bach, Sonata in D; [illegible] Symphonie Espagnole; Chopin-Auer, [illegible] Oriental; Debussy, En Bateau; [illegible] Humoreske; Sinding, Suite in [illegible] Miss Brandegee, who comes from [illegible], will make her first appearance in Boston.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Last recital of the season by Miss Elena Gerhardt, German soprano. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. 16th [illegible] rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. 16th [illegible] of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, [illegible] conductor. See special notice.

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS.

The music department of the city of Boston will give four concerts this week, William Howard orchestral conductor; Louis C. Elson lecturer.

MONDAY, 8 P. M.
Faneuil Hall.

Allegro Vivace e con Brio, Trio, op. 70, No. 1 .... Beethoven
"The Hills o' Skye" .... Harris
"I Hear You Calling Me" .... Marshall
"At Dawning" .... Cadman
Miss Shea.
Improvisation .... MacDowell
"Rigoletto" Fantasia .... Verdi-Liszt
Miss Tranfaglia.
Presto non assai, Andante Grazioso, Trio, op. 101 .... Brahms
Reverie .... Fauconier
Tarantelle .... Walter E. Loud
Mr. Loud.
"O Promise Me" .... De Koven
[illegible] .... Little
"Call Me No More" .... Cadman
Miss Shea.
Trio, op. 42 .... Gade

TUESDAY, 8 P. M.
Chapman School, East Boston.
Overture "The Barber of Seville" .... Rossini
"Dreams" .... Wagner
[illegible] and aria from "Rigoletto" act I .... Verdi
Miss Hassenfus.
[illegible] and Siciliana from "Cavalleria Rusticana" .... Mascagni
[illegible] and finale from the concerto in A minor, for [illegible] .... Saint-Saens
Mr. Goldstein.
[illegible] .... Massenet
[illegible], "A Birthday" .... Woodman
Miss Hassenfus.
War March of the Priests from "Athalia" .... Mendelssohn

THURSDAY, 8 P. M.
Girls' Latin School, Boston.
Overture to "Don Giovanni" .... Mozart
Adagio Cantabile, from the "Sonata in B Minor" .... Strauss
Aria from "Samson and Delilah" .... Saint-Saens
Miss Blair.
Largo from the Symphony "From the New World" .... Dvorak
[illegible] for Clarinet, "Puritani" .... Bassi
Mr. Arey.
Petite Marche from "Gitanella" .... Lacome
"Woodland Love Song" .... Hawley
Miss Blair.
Spanish Dance in C major .... Moszkowski

FRIDAY, 8 P. M.
Allegro Moderato, Trio in B flat major, op. 97, No. 6 .... Beethoven
[illegible]
"[illegible] Morn" .... Ronald
[illegible] .... Densmore
"[illegible] the Dark" .... Daniels
Mrs. Bertha Cushing Child.

[illegible]
Wieniawski [illegible] .... Wagner-Wilhelmj
[illegible] .... Wieniawski
Mr. Ho[illegible]
"[illegible]'s Song" ....
"[illegible]'s Stream .... Foote
What the Chimney Sang" .... Gatty / Griswold
Mrs. Child.
Allegro Vivace, from Trio in B flat major [illegible] .... Dvorak

Feb 24 1913

No one can hate drunkenness more than I do, but I am confident the human intellect owes its superiority over that of the lower animals in great measure to the stimulus which alcohol has given to imagination—imagination being little else than another name for illusion.

One William D. Park.

As the World Wags:

I am sorry that I cannot answer Mr. Halliday Witherspoon's question, "Why is bock?" But I would like to ask him "Why is 'Billie Parks'?" My recollection is that the genial old fellow's name was Park (or perhaps there was an "e" on the end of it), and in any event I do not like to think of him as an i-e Billy. But perhaps Deus ex linotype machino may be responsible.

Billy Park's musty was a special brew. The usual musty of today is merely a half and half—any old ale plus any old lager.

I have always believed that the genuine brew and the name "musty" originated with Mr. Park, but I have no authority at hand to back up my belief. Anyway,

> Like the summer dried fountain,
> It is gone—and forever

But if you wish to test the capacity of an unwary stranger there is a very good substitute to be found at the Bell-in-Hand. H. J. L.

Boston, Feb. 19.

Mr. Johnson's Excuse.

As the World Wags:

As I am still sitting in one of the seats of the mighty—for, as I wrote to you privately, I am doing arduous jury duty, and am oppressed by the weight of responsibility—I send you herewith notes collected by me for Vol. 7 of my colossal work. They are for an exhaustive discussion of "Ale," and the fascinating subject may require pages in Vol. 8. You will be especially interested in a letter from Mr. Woodbury.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Blossom Court, Feb. 21.

"Musty" in Oxford.

Herkimer Johnson, Esq.—Dear Sir: Musty ale is a drink much in vogue among the students at Oxford, and is derived from the ale remaining in the wood below the line of the spigots. This murky sediment is drawn off from a number of casks and placed in another one, where, after settlement, the upper portion is termed "musty ale," from the must of the malt, and not from the similar word used in connection with mould.

The father of Billy Park, of blessed memory, was a tailor in Oxford, having a clientele among the students. The young man learned the trade with his father and later came to this country, and, being unable to place himself in satisfactory employment at the tailor's trade, started as a last resort what became his famous resort. At one time, when at one of the hunting and fishing clubs on the Chesapeake in the vicinity of Baltimore he had lobsters cooked in a manner peculiar to that club in a Dutch oven before an open fire, in which manner fish was cooked, similar to that of the "Ancient Sirloin Camp" in the Lynn Woods.

Bosworth Place (not Field)

Those Lobsters.

On returning to Boston, Mr. Park thought that he could cook lobsters with similar gastronomic virtues by broiling them, and like the confession of the well-known oculist of Arlington street anent the spoiled peck of eyes, Park had similar results with more than a peck of lobsters, because, get up the anthracite coal fire as he might, as soon as the lobsters became heated, the amount of juices of the lobsters exuded and killed the fire to below the broiling temperature. Similar results followed trials with charcoal and hard wood, until he tried coke, which was afterwards used. At the present time, gas flames, both top and bottom, are used with equally good results and much quicker cooking, with the additional advantage that the lobsters are prevented from drying by a dressing of crumbs, with the tomale on the lobster where it is cut open.

Although Park had succeeded admirably, there was not the demand he wished for his new dish, even after extensive advertising with the term "musty ale," which is supposed to be a mixture of ale and beer (although it was never revealed, any more than was the composition of the grease on the cartridges, said to be a mixture of beef suet and lard, which started the Sepoy mutiny), and Park, who was as astute as Barnum, put machinery in motion which resulted in his being arrested by the society with the long name for cruelty to animals. At the trial, which was freely reported in solid space, he showed that there was less cruelty to the lobsters by a quicker death by cutting them open [illegible] of [illegible] John the Baptist.

C. J. [illegible]

Boston, Feb. 2[illegible].

Cavalieri, Ill, Is Unable to Appear—Carmen Melis and Mr. Laffitte the Solo Singers.

The 13th Sunday orchestral concert was given at the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon. Mme. Lina Cavalieri was unable to sing owing to illness, and Mr. Muratore, the tenor, who was to have sung with her, did not appear either. Mme. Melis and Mr. Laffitte of the opera company were most acceptable substitutes. Miss Aline van Baerentsen, pianist, played, and the orchestra was led by Messrs. Andre-Caplet, Moranzoni and Dubois. The program, necessarily changed at the last moment, was more operatic in character than usual at these concerts, but the change carried an element of interest in itself and the substituted numbers were well selected.

Mme. Melis was evidently in the mood and seemed to sing even better than usual. Her solo numbers were an aria from "Tosca," Di-Capua's "O Sole Mio" and an air by Cattalani. With Mr. Laffitte she sang the duet from the first act of "La Boheme" and the closing duet from "Aida." She was particularly effective in the former. The latter is not so well suited to her voice and manner. Mr. Laffitte sang arias from "Tosca" and "Carmen."

Miss van Baerentsen played Saint-Saens's Second Concerto in G minor and Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsodie. She leans to overemphasis and has a rather timid legato, but there was much of technical finish and her playing had an agreeably masculine character. One felt a lack of temperament and abandon, particularly in the Liszt music.

The orchestral numbers were Cesar Franck's "Redemption" and the first part of D'Indy's "Wallenstein." Both gave evidence of the constant improvement that the orchestra is making in purely symphonic work. Mr. Andre-Caplet seemed to imbue the players with a restrained abandon and rough attack that gave the music character without sacrifice of finish.

Some of the audience went out after the change of program was announced. Those who remained had no reason to regret their decision.

MR. McCORMACK'S CONCERT

Many Irish Melodies Sung—Harpist Wins Approval.

John McCormack, the popular opera tenor, gave a concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, assisted by Melville A. Clark, harpist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist. The hall was filled to its capacity, with every inch of available space on the stage occupied and every spot for standing room taken.

The program was as follows:

Aria, "Un'aura Amorosa" ("Cosi fan tutte"), Mozart, Mr. McCormack.
Remarks on the harp (Clark Irish harp), "Petite Etude," "March of the Marionettes," Rogers, Mr. Clark.
"Down in the Forest," Landon Ronald; "A Spirit Flower," Campbell-Tipton; "Mother o' Mine," Frank Tours, Mr. McCormack.
Rhapsodie, Brahms, Mr. Schneider.
"Down by the Sally Gardens," arranged by Hughes; "At the Mid Hour of Night," arranged by V. O'Brien; "The Foggy Dew," arranged by S. Clay; Mr. McCormack.
Concert harp, Mazurka, Edmond Schuecker, Mr. Clark.
Aubade, "Le Roi d'Ys," Lalo, finale, act III., "Boheme," Leoncavallo; Mr. McCormack.

The great audience, which unmistakably and overwhelmingly owed its origin and allegiance to Erin, was in an extremely patriotic and enthusiastic mood, and Mr. McCormack and his assistants caught this spirit and responded to it with warmth and alacrity. Nearly all of Mr. McCormack's songs given in response to recalls—and there were many of them—were Irish ballads, sentimental, humorous or pathetic, and were sung, as were the regular numbers, with his well known sweetness and melodiousness of voice and charm of manner. The result was a concert almost wholly of Irish melodies which was altogether captivating in its simplicity, quaintness and beauty.

Mr. Clark roused storms of plaudits with his playing on his small Irish harp, winning heartiest approval at the start by interpolating in the program "Believe Me, When All Those Endearing Young Charms." He, too, was generous in responding to recalls.

Feb 25 1913

'DJAMILEH' AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: "Djamileh," an opera in one act, libretto by Louis Gallet; music by Georges Bizet. Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Djamileh .... Mrs. Weingartner-Marcel
Haroun .... Mr. Laffitte
Splendiano .... Mr. Giaccone
Ma[illegible] and D'Es[illegible]lave .... [illegible]

[illegible] sang in vaudeville [illegible] here at Keith's Theatre [illegible] sang songs.

"Djamileh" was produced at the Opera-Comique, Paris, in 1872. Bizet composed the music to "L'Arlesienne" and three years before the production of "Carmen." Having at last heard the music of "Djamileh," we see why the opera failed and never was revived at the Opera-Comique; but it is not easy to understand how the critics of that day could accuse Bizet of "wild dissonances," "chaotic music," and reproach him for his "Wagnerism."

As The Herald has already stated, Gallet was ordered by the manager to make a libretto out of Musset's "Namouna," which is a thread of a story with endless digressions. Gallet evaporated the last stanzas and decided on a happy ending. The operatic story is of Haroun, who had the amiable habit of dismissing a favorite slave after a few days and choosing another. [illegible] loved him and after she was dismissed reappeared as an Alma. The dancing girl was chosen by the luxurious Haroun as the successor, and when he recognized Djamileh, there was a love duet, and oaths of fidelity were pledged. The steward, Splendiano, who had hoped that she would return his own passion, made the best of it, possibly awaiting another dismissal.

Bizet's music is disappointing. It is for the most part without exotic character. The chorus heard behind the scenes at the beginning, a song of Djamileh, and the dance music have a slight flavor of the East as it was understood by French makers of operettas. With these exceptions, the music is conventionally western and second or third rate at that. There is a little march for the entrance of the slave merchant that is piquant but with these exceptions the music is insipid. Haroun's couplets, Splendiano's song, the concerted music might have been signed by any one of the humbler composers of the period.

It would not be profitable to enlarge on the subject. It is enough to say that this little opera is indescribably boresome, nor were the singers, who did their best, able to make it seem anything but tedious. The [illegible] brought out beautiful tones in Mme. Weingartner's voice. Mr. Laffitte sang with the conscientiousness of a confirmed monogamist. Mr. Giaccone reminded us at times of his marriage broker in "Madama Butterfly." Mr. Weingartner conducted with the care that he would have exercised if the opera had been "Tristan und Isolde."

Mr. Urban's stage setting was singularly original and beautiful in scheme of colors and in effects of light. The spectator never wearying of it forgot what was doing on the stage, but gave attention also to the dance of Miss Frieda Casson, which began as a graceful "danse du ventre."

Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" followed. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Nedda .... Mme. Melis
Canio .... Mr. Zenatello
Tonio .... Mr. Polese
Beppe .... Mr. Giaccone
Silvio .... Mr. Pulcini

Mr. Zenatello fell from the donkey cart and was bruised by his fall, but he sang and acted with undiminished vigor. He and Mme. Melis and Mr. Polese were enthusiastically applauded.

The opera on Wednesday night will be "Faust." The singers will be Mmes. Weingartner, Swartz and Leveroni and Messrs. Zenatello, Marcoux, Rossi and Olshansky. Mr. Weingartner will conduct for the last time this season, and Mme. Weingartner and Mr. Marcoux will appear for the last time.

Julia Culp

Mme. Julia Culp gave her second song recital in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon. There was a good sized and very appreciative audience. The program was as follows:

"Adelaide," "Faithful Johnnie," "Freudvoll und Leidvoll," "Die Trommel Gerühret," Beethoven; "Vision," "Pendant le Bal," Tschaikowsky; "Es muss ein Wunderbares Sein," "Angiolin dal biondo crin," Liszt; "Der Asra," "Maelchen sind der Wind," Loewe; "Leb' deine Wang' an mein Wang," "Waldersgespraech," "Am Ufer des Flusses," Jensen; "Verborgenheit," "In dem Schatten meiner Locken," "Tret ein, hoher Krieger," "Er ist's," Hugo Wolf.

The program contained some songs that were not familiar to the majority of the hearers. The Scottish song of Beethoven and the songs from "Egmont" gave pleasure, although "Freudvoll und Leidvoll" was given in a dramatic rather than a lyric spirit, and in "Die Trommel Geruehret" there was a dash too much of the mimetic.

We are all acquainted with Rubinstein's "Der Asra" and some of us know Stscherbatcheff's setting of Heine's words, but we do not remember hearing Loewe's ballad. It is well conceived; it was sung with dramatic power, and yet, while hearing it we could not help recalling the orie[illegible] of R[illegible]

[illegible] be sung [illegible]

[illegible] Foo[illegible] [illegible]g [illegible] [illegible]agin-
at ve, and [illegible]e sur[illegible] h's successor but th[illegible] operetta interlude that comes in the [illegible]se of the song more than once is disturbing and not exotic. It was also interesting to compare Jensen's "Waldesgespraech" with that of Schumann's which Mme. Culp sang at her first recital. In the two the singer gave the same rhetorical emphasis to the words and was emotional and dramatic by skilful coloring of tones. This ability to color tone was strikingly shown in her delivery of the line "Taeglich wurd er bleich und bleicher" in "Der Asra."

Other marked features of the concert were tbe songs of Tschaikowsky, especially the second, and the two of Liszt, as interpreted by this admirable singer. The line "E muss ein Wunderbares sein" was delivered with noble and imposing breadth.

And in every song, even in that sentimental "Adelaide"—a romance that might have been written by only Schultz or Mueller—there were instances of the finest phrasing, uncommon vocal skill and aesthetic intelligence. Once or twice the interpretation was too carefully composed, too mannered. Few Lieder singers that visit us have the beautiful voice and also the consummate art of Mme. Culp.

WITEK CHAMBER CONCERT

Third and Last of Series for Season Given in Jordan Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Witek, violinist and pianist, and Heinrich Warnke, 'cellist, gave their third and last concert of this season last night in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Smetana, trio in G minor, op. 15; Schumann, Five Pieces in Folk style for 'cello and piano; Liszt, Don Juan Fantaisie; Raff, minuetto; Spohr, Scherzo; Sinding, Romance; Brahms-Joachim, Four Hungarian Dances.

The concert was much enjoyed. Smetana's Trio was first played here in November, 1887, by Messrs. Ondricek, violinst; Shulz, 'cellist and Stasny, pianist. It was written about 1855 and inspired by the death of Smetana's oldest daughter who showed unusual musical promise when she was four or five years old. The trio should he heard more frequently. The music has decided character, and suggests a program. The art of Messrs Witek and Warnke is fully recognized here, and they with Mrs. Witek were heartily applauded.

COLONIAL THEATRE: Lyricscope reproduction of Max Reinhardt's wordless spectacle "The Miracle." Music by Englebert Humperdinck. Book by Karl Vollmoeller. Staged by Edward P. Temple. Orchestra directed by Max Bendix. First time in Boston.

Megildis	Miss Winston
Madonna	Mme. Carmi
Minstrel	Mr. Matray
Knight	Mr. Paine
Count	Mr. Benzinger
King	Mr. Klein
Prince	Mr. Rochall
Abbess	Miss Barsescue

The cinematograph serves its purpose even when it encourages the gregarious tendencies of modern folk on Saturday evenings. When, however, it ventures to project on the screen the result of Max Reinhardt's imagination, it achieves an art that is gratifying. This is hardly surprising since, indeed, the genius of both Mr. Reinhardt and the cinematograph is founded on sheer physical illusion. The senses are deceived when real drama is stifled in purely physical expression. The result is artistic in the present instance precisely because Mr. Reinhardt intends the deception.

"The Miracle" is grandly spectacular; more so than "Sumurun." The progress of the action is thus retarded. In consequence it is not as flagrantly realistic as was "Sumurun." Nor does it feature so incomparable a mime as Mme. Konstantin. The production depends for its appeal on the prodigiously spectacular manner of the presentation. It achieves with extraordinary success the pictorial massing of human movement. In that regard it well nigh touches the sublime.

As projected on the screen last evening the production is in three parts. The first contains seven tableaux and depicts the temptation of the nun and her flight from the convent. The intermezzo, in four episodes, marks the tragedy that follows in her wake. The last part shows her return to the nunnery, disillusioned and contrite. It will be noted then that the author derived material from the old French legend which Maeterlinck recounted in "Sister Beatrice." Supersensitive folks might complain of this strange admixture of the flesh and the spirit. It would have been obtrusive if the arrogant sensuousness that was proper in "Sumurun" had been injected into it. As it is, only the most cavilling propriety need object.

Humperdinck's music is pleasing in its simple and direct melody. There is an occasional use of folk song, characteristic of the composer. An old German choral furnished the theme for the Christmas hymn in the last part, undoubtedly the most attractive incident in the score if we except the ecclesiastical and dirgical concerted pieces. Humperdinck's experience as a chorus leader at one time served him in good stead in that regard. It was unfortunate that the orchestra found itself unable, despite the continual ad[illegible] [illegible] a creditable [illegible], to do [illegible] to the music. The v[illegible]s of a c[illegible] which was stationed behind the [illegible]eral "drop" that served as screen for the cinematograph were unobtrusive despite a preponderance of alto tones.

"The Pink Lady" will come back a week from next Monday to the Colonial Theatre. Hazel Dawn, Frank Lalor and the others of the original company will again take their parts.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE — William Elliott and David Belasco present for its first production in Boston "The Governor's Lady," a play in three acts and an epilogue, by Alice Bradley. Principals in the cast:

Daniel S. Slade	Emmett Corrigan
Senator Strickland	William H. Tooker
Robert Hayes	Milton Sills
Wesley Merritt	S. K. Walker
Brigham Hunt	Bert Hyde
Ex-Governor Hibbard	John A. Dewey
Mary Slade	Emma Dunn
Katherine Strickland	Gladys Hanson
Mrs. Wesley Merritt	Teresa Maxwell-Conover

"The Governor's Lady" under the guiding hand of Mr. Belasco is a triumph of realism and naturalness. From the opening scene in Slade's costly mansion in the West to the epilogue in a Childs restaurant in New York, through all the conflicts between ambition and home-love, which furnish the dramatic interest of the piece, one has the feeling: "Well! Here is the most natural, photographic, untheatrical picture of real life I've seen on the stage."

This is the keynote of the play, and every member of the remarkable company of actors in it does his or her part with the utmost skill and fidelity to produce the general effect.

Slade has swung a pick as a miner, has made millions, has built a beautiful home, wants to be Governor and do things in public life, but his home-loving, homespun wife can't follow him. She prefers darning stockings to the opera and would rather cook a good stew than go to a grand dinner. He resolves to divorce her and marry Senator Strickland's daughter, who will properly ornament his mansion and aid his ambition. Katherine is ambitious, too, and agrees to his bargain.

But the stubborn little Mary Slade won't be divorced and Slade meets his match at last. Then the two women meet. Mrs. Slade's honest love of her husband and her home shows Katherine the hollowness and despicableness of her ambition. The girl goes back to her early love, young Lawyer Hayes. Slade, balked and realizing his real love for his wife, wants to abandon the divorce, but Mrs. Slade, made furio s by her husband's willingness to throw her over for a younger woman, gets the divorce herself.

The Slades meet in the Childs restaurant in New York. He tells her his success in politics is valueless without her. She refuses to go back to him, but on her inadvertent confession of how much she always loved him, he grabs her, bundles her into her wraps and takes her along with him.

Mr. Corrigan's quiet, dominating force as Slade and his illuminating suggestion of intense, suppressed emotion are ever present elements of strength and interest throughout the play.

Emma Dunn, in appearance, in pronunciation, in homely, housewifely traits that belong to the uneducated but intelligent wife of a miner, and in her quiet stubborness, is fully a match for Mr. Corrigan, and in watching her one feels that the part could not be better played.

Gladys Hanson's portrayal of the passionately ambitious Katherine, who is not bad at heart and who realizes her mistake in time, is powerful, rings true at every point and never slops over.

Milton Sills, as Hayes, the young lawyer who loves Katherine and who refuses to obey Slade, who made him, in the divorce case, gives one of the finest exhibitions of natural force ever seen on a Boston stage.

The waiters, the cashier, the customers and the scrub woman in Childs's are true to the very life—and you can smell the coffee and the buttercakes.

CHINESE DRAMA

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Yellow Jacket"; a Chinese play in three acts by George C Hazelton and Benrimo, presented in the Chinese manner. Music by William Furst.

This is not the translation of a Chinese drama, nor is its production modelled upon the temporary theatres erected in the templecourts or streets of Chinese towns to celebrate some annual festival, or to dispose satisfactorily of the balance—when there is any—of popular subscriptions for the repair of a bridge or the dredging of a canal. The time is not ripe for an accurate copy of Chinese histrionic art even here in Boston, though we are beginning to wear the huge goggles which the Chinaman is discarding with his queue. We must wait until the young Bostonian curator of a projected American school of Chinese archaeology shall have discovered whether the brand of tea thrown into Boston harbor more than a century ago was Ningchow or Keemun, and shall have made the Analects of Confucius familiar topics among the debutantes at Back Bay receptions.

What the pro[illegible] of "The Yellow Jacket" have aimed at is much less ambitious, namely, to interpret the Cantonese-American theatre to their public. A sinologue—if there be one in our midst—would probably object to many things about the production. He might assert that the Chinese stage, like that of Shakespeare, admits no actresses; that it has no prologue, chorus or epilogue; that Property Man is made too conspicuous to be ignored; and that a Chinese in conversation does not refer to himself or to his own possessions or performances as "august" and "honorable."

But when such a pedant has grumbled to his utmost, the fabric of "The Yellow Jacket" will only be slightly frayed. The play unquestionably does produce, with simple though subtle means, a better illusion of Chinese society than does the elaborate and fantastic Loti-Gautier spectacle called "The Daughter of Heaven," which was running contemporaneously with it in New York, and whose glaring unreality cannot be concealed by gorgeous clothing and operatic effects. The writer of this notice has witnessed the performance in English of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by the Chinese undergraduates of St. John's University at Shanghai. That attempt was creditable, but the most spirited part of it was the interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe, where the imagination of the actors seemed to be stimulated by stage conventions familiar to them. Such stage conventions have become so unfamiliar as to be grotesque in Europe and America. Our fancy has been atrophied by machinery, but there is already a healthy reaction, which may be accelerated by the example of "The Yellow Jacket."

Plot of the Play.

The plot of the play is that of a fairy tale. The first-born son of a mandarin has been discarded as an ugly duckling, and is reared in the stern school of obscurity and adversity. In his stead a half-brother is destined to wear "The Yellow Jacket" of worldly honor, but his education, though including a special course in black magic, makes of him merely an effeminate Oriental esthete who, after struggling feebly against the righteous vigor of his elder brother, is quite ready to "die of a rose in aromatic pain." The contrast of the two characters is ably set forth by David Powell as the hero, Wu Hoo Git, and Schuyler Ladd as Wu Fah Din, the languorous "Daffodil." The latter actor has penetrated more artistically into the "Pear Orchard" or stage-land of China than would seem possible without a long and devoted study of the subject, for which opportunities are scarce in this country. He only needs to acquire a falsetto voice in order to fit himself for the role of a Chinese heroine before a Chinese audience.

It is said that the two hostile factions of New York's Chinatown were united in their appreciation of "The Yellow Jacket," and gave bouquets to the performers. The verdict of our own Harrison avenue and Oxford street is still in doubt, that quarter of Boston not having been represented at the first local performance. The villains of the Chinese stage are always melodramatic. Though they do not wear black moustaches and slouch hats, their evil passions are broadly writ with grease paint upon their faces. Reginald Barlow as the wicked father-in-law of the mandarin is as sardonic as he ought to be, later as the comic demon of temptation makes vice of truly nonstrous mien, and shows how hard it is to kill.

Religion and philosophy are depicted with proper solemnity and dignity by Mark Price aa the deified ancestor and later as the guide and friend of the hero. J. Arthur Young as the faithful farmer who righteously executes the wrong woman is interesting.

The actresses look more like modern Cantonese women off the stage than would the painted and bedizened boys who hobble across the platforms in China. The producers have been wise—whether consciously, does not matter—in having Miss Saxone Morland as Chee Moo, the hero's mother, play her pitiful part with more touches of nature than Chinese dramatic tradition would permit, and likewise in allowing more freedom of manner with the hero to Miss Juliette Day as the heroine Moy Fah Hoy than a high-born Chinese maiden could display without offending the prejudices of a Chinese audience—at least before the recent revolution. Since the mission of Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt to the far east, things are beginning to change—for the better or the worse, according to your point of view.

Chorus and Property Man.

There remain the Chorus and the Property Man. Neither can be termed quite true to the stage-land of China, but the elimination of either from "The Yellow Jacket" would be a loss to its audience. The Chorus in the imposing person of Mr. Perugini affords a picturesque commentary on the epotic entertainment. There is, however, something too much of him, and Chinese actor-managers did not venture to put on the pomp of a Viceroy or even the uniform of a petty modern official before the Revolution.

The Property Man played by Thomas E. Jackson instead of by Arthur Shaw as in New York is a clever creation. He despises, as a respectable Chinese tradesman ought, his artistic associates of the "Pear Orchard." They are always the dregs of society, and though he will draw pay from them, he is not of them, and their antics bore him inexpressibly. Only twice does he unbend. The first time is when they bring him a quick lunch of rice in the middle of the performance, and the second time is when he carelessly nods his thanks for applause, after the show is over.

The orchestra is convincing and fortunately not obtrusive. In China they usually play fortissimo, and if you want to know what the actors are talking about you must read the play before you see it. The other minor parts are consistently rendered, and "The Yellow Jacket" deserved the friendly though not very large greeting which it received last night. The cast, while described on the Boston program as the original one, is not wholly that which appeared in the Fulton Theatre.

TALKING MOVIES AT B. F. KEITH'S

Even standing room was not available to late-comers at B. F. Keith's Theatre last night, while in the afternoon hundreds were turned away, unable to gain admission. It is freely predicted that all house records for a week will be broken between now and Saturday night.

The star feature of this week's bill, a feature that has probably been more widely discussed than any single act ever staged at B. F. Keith's, is found in the eminently satisfactory and sensational exposition of the latest of all of Thomas A. Edison's many inventions, namely the talking-motion pictures, as they are called upon the program. They are certainly the last word in the development of electrical science and one wonders, while watching the perfectly life-like movements of the figures, coupled with the clearly enunciated words of the actors, if there still remains anything for the mighty Edison yet to give to the world.

Only a few years ago the motion pictures, now so common, seemed truly marvelous, but they are hardly a circumstance to the talking-motion pictures, the latest of all the productions of the Edison laboratories. These talking-motion pictures are presented through the medium of the customary white sheet dropped down in the form of a curtain in front of the stage. Near the foot of the curtain, however, is a large rectangular aperture from which are to emanate all the sounds when the machinery is put in operation.

The big theatre was hushed in silence last night—one could almost hear a pin drop—when the first moving picture was thrown upon the screeen. An instant later an announcer appeared in the picture and, in well-enunciated words, audible in ever corner of the house, told briefly of the invention, of its purposes and of its seemingly endless limitations. Then the motion pictures showed a young woman stepping to the front of the stage for a violin solo, to be joined later by a vocalist, and every word heard corresponded perfectly with the lip movements of the speaker, proving most conclusively, if any proof was necessary, Mr. Edison's own statement that both records are taken simultaneously.

Friendly shepherd dogs barked a greeting, a man in military uniform stepped in and sounded some of the army calls upon the cornet. Others sang or spoke. It was all absolutely true to life.

Having demonstrated beyond all doubt the possibilities of such a machine that can record at the same time a man's words and his movements, the curtain fell for a moment, evidently to bring about a change of machines "back stage," and then were presented excerpts of an old-fashioned minstrel show with the interlocutor, the end men with the bones and their tambos, the ballad singer and the bass soloist, and even the leader of the orchestra. The end men had their jokes, the entire company favored in an opening chorus as well as in a medley of patriotic airs. It would have been impossible to make it more realistic.

The talking motion pictures had their first exhibition and demonstration in public at B. F. Keith's house in New York only last week, and outside the Metropolis Boston is the first city to see an original Edison set, the demand for which, upon the part of theatrical managers, has been unprecedented.

The rest of the B. F. Keith bill this week is excellent, although of the routine variety. Tom Nawn in his old favorite, "Pat and the Genii," vied with Bert Fitzgibbon, another Boston favorite, in the amount of laughter produced, Fitzgibbon keeping up a running fire of good stories and clever dialect, while Nawn and his company were quite as enthusiastically received as though "Pat and the Genii" was having its first Boston presentation.

The rest of the bill is made up of Lee White and George Perry, smiling singers of smiling songs; Jo Boganny's

[illegible] Baker [illegible] 'Fun in a [illegible] as it has just been [illegible] from its theme [illegible] Berlin [illegible] Jimmy Watson's famous circus [illegible] Eva Suegger, a woman 'cellist, Rosalind Coghlan and Richard Pitman in "The Obstinate Miss Granger". Aubrey Rich and Ted Lenore in song, dance and piano playing, and Charles and Anna Glocker, water jugglers.

Apropos of the thunder storm on last Saturday night, let us consult the wisdom of the ancients.

Thunder in February or March, poor maple sugar year.

If February if thou hearest thunder,
Then will see a summer's wonder.

Yesterday was the Day of St. Matthias. "If it freezes on St. Matthias's Day, it will freeze for a month together."

Opera Box Etiquette.

As the World Wags

Might we have help through your column for the occupants of the side boxes at the Opera House?

If a regular line is kept in the front row, then all are able to see the stage, but often a thoughtless person in the corner pulls the chair at a perfectly good angle for her (not his) front row even view, absolutely blanketing the adjoining box. Sometimes they so far forget their neighbors as to take what might be called a Raphael Cherub attitude, elbow on balcony rail, head supported on hand.

A few lines in the program on Opera Box Etiquette would be of benefit to many box holders. L.

Boston, Feb. 23, 1913.

"Maglets" and "Gamlets."

About a week ago Mr. Richard C. Stetson wrote to us saying that in a list of wedding presents received by a friend of his grandmother he found this entry, "1 Pr. Maglets, said to have belonged to Nat Green." Mr. Jesse Wilson assured us a few days later that a maglet is a species of African monkey.

As the World Wags:

"Not 'maglets' but "gamlets"! I have for a number of years been a close student of the lesser anthropoids, and recognize in Mr. J. Wilson's "maglets" the well known lively arboreal pithecussa [illegible]ta Linn which sailors and dealers [illegible] through unwarrantably—call "gamlets." Habitat (roughly) Senegal Basin and Upper Niger. (Fortescue, [illegible] Africana III., p. 408 and plates, part V. No. 21).

MILES DOANE, F. R. Z. S.

Cambridge, Feb. 21.

And why is not "gamlet" recognized by laborious lexicographers?

Curtain and Singers.

As the World Wags:

Was the subscription to the Opera so oversubscribed that money enough was left to purchase the "Auction Bridge" drop curtain?

The story goes that $8000 was the price paid, a nice sum that would have been better appreciated by the majority of operagoers had it been put down the throats of some star singers. B.

Boston, Feb. 23.

Downing the Demon.

As the World Wags:

There was a temperance revival in the Nutmeg state in the Sixties. The Good Samaritans held meetings Sunday afternoons in front of the State House. Reclaimed drunkards related their struggles, prayers were offered, and songs made up the program. One old [illegible] said that she was saved by sucking a lemon whenever she felt a thirst [illegible]um. The president told of his experience with a member who had fallen from grace. "To procure money for drink she had pawned all her household effects, and only the day before she had pawned the shift from her back and in 10 minutes it was in her stomach." A verse of one of the songs still lingers:

[illegible] in the cup,
[illegible] death-fraught cup,
[illegible] damns the soul to hell,
[illegible] drink the draught,
[illegible] cooling draught,
[illegible] drawn from the sparkling well.

Boston, Feb. 24 J. D. K.

On Congress Square.

As the World Wags

I had a slight misunderstanding with [illegible] sidewalk and my right hand is out of commission, so I am unable to answer Mr. Halliday Witherspoon as fully as I would like. My recollection of The Bell in Hand is that it was on Congress square on the right hand side as you go from State street. This form of entertainment was founded by Crier, the town crier. The significance of its name, therefore, can be easily comprehended. BAIZE.

Dorchester Centre, Feb. 22.

In the Soup.

As the World Wags

Thanks to a travelled friend, I am the possessor of the recipe of the Potage [illegible] at Restaurant [illegible] that may be [illegible] the sipping [illegible] of this wondrous [illegible]

I have the recipe, too—here's the [illegible] ingredient. Among the ingredients [illegible] "puree de cerfeuil—in other words, chervil or sweet cicely. I have a horrible suspicion that the cerfeuil furnishes the final "kick" to the soup. Therefore, I appeal to the editor and readers of this column to guide me to a place hereabouts where chervil can be had. Help!

SOUP OF THE EVENING.

Brookline, Feb. 20.

"Cerfeuil" is chervil. "Cerfeuil musque" or "odorant" is sweet cicely. Chervil is a garden pot herb whose young leaves give an aromatic flavor in cookery. It has a "warm" taste and in 1533 one Elyot wrote: "Cheruyle is verye profytable unto the stomache." Wild chervil is also called cow parsley.

MISS BRANDEGEE

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Hildegard Brandegee, violinist, gave a recital in Steinert Hall last night. Rudolph Nagel was the accompanist. There was a warmly appreciative audience of fair size. The program was as follows:

Rust, Sonata in D; Lalo, Symphonie Espagnole; Chopin-Auer, Nocturne; Cui, Orientale; Debussy, En Bateau; Aulin, Humoreske; Sinding, Suite in A.

Miss Brandegee, I am informed, was born at Leavenworth, Kansas, in 1889, and reared in Connecticut. She studied in Farmington of the latter state, then for five seasons in Boston. In March, 1911, she received first prizes as a pupil of Cesar Thomson at the Brussels Conservatory.

She has recently studied with Auer and now purposes to return to Berlin for further instruction.

At present, as is natural and to be expected, Miss Brandegee shows commendable technical proficiency rather than contagious emotion or sweeping authority in interpretation. Last evening in the Andante of Lalo's Symphonie and in the transcription by Auer she played with genuine sentiment, true feeling, and there were other instances, even in the formal Sonata of Rust, to prove that she possesses an emotional nature which should be developed, not only by a sympathetic teacher that is not merely a pedagogue, but also by Experience, which is the greatest of all coachers in interpretation.

Miss Brandegee has evidently been a diligent pupil. She has already learned much in matters of mechanism, and it should now be easy for her to gain in beauty of tone and in freedom and elasticity. Like many American young women on the concert or operatic stage, she is now too self-restrained, unconscious perhaps of her own nature, abashed at the thought of expressing her own emotions through the compositions of others.

She has good reason to be encouraged. She already shows the fruits of conscientious study, although, as she doubtless knows, she can still study with benefit to herself. She also shows intelligence in phrasing, and a comprehension of various styles. Let her strive after the quality without which sure and polished technic leaves the hearer cold.

A sense of humor keen enough to show a man his own absurdities, as well as those of other people, will keep him from the commission of all sins, or nearly all, save those that are worth committing.

A Question of Gender.

"A Pilgrim" quoted for the benefit of us all a song heard at the Morris Bros.' in the good old days beginning, as he said: "She could fly through the air with the greatest of ease, That daring young girl on the flying trapeze." We answered at the time that, as we heard the song in our youth, but not at Morris Bros.', the daring young person was a male. Letters have since come in.

As the World Wags:

As I remember, the chorus ran

She could fly through the air with the
greatest of ease,
This daring young girl on the flying
trapez,
And she did the work, while he took his
ease,
This girl on the flying trapeze.

As to your allusion to the masculine performer, weren't you thinking of the popular parody on the same theme:

He rode round the ring with the greatest
of ease,
He turned a flip-flop and came down on
his knees,
He went through the hoops like a bullet
through cheeee,
The man on the cream colored horse.

Boston, Feb. 20 F. H. B.

The chorus as given by 'F. H. B." is not a bit like the one we heard and sung; nor did we ever hear the parody.

"A. F." writes from Salem (Feb. 21): "This is not necessarily for publication but to confirm the sex of the daring trapezist.

He sailed through the air with the greatest
of ease,
This daring young man on the flying
trapeze
His movements were graceful, all hearts
he could please,
And my love he decoyed away.

For "sailed" read "flew", for "decoyed" read "purloined."—Ed.

Still Another.

As the World Wags.

As one of the old timers I am much interested in reading about the old songs. Ah, what youthful memories are brought to my mind! You are right, it was not "she" but "he" who rode through the air.

He rode through the air with the greatest
of ease,
Ti's daring young man with on the flying
trapeze.
His movements were graceful, all girls he
could please,
But he stole my young heart away.

(For "rode" read "flew" The third line is open to correction and the fourth is wholly wrong.—Ed.)

I wonder if you or any of your contributors can furnish the words to a song sung by either Harrigan or Hart, the chorus of which ran thus:

I'm the dandy copper of the Broadway
squad,
A metropolitan M. P.
The ladies say as they cross Broadway,
"Are you there, Moriarty?"

"Will you kindly ask Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who is an undoubted authority on beverages, if he has ever tasted or drunk a liquor called "aguardiente"?

Winchester, Feb. 23. IN SUSPENSO.

We remember well the Moriarty song, but it was not made famous by either Harrigan or Hart.

We fear, "In Suspenso," that you are not a "Constant Reader." Mr. Halliday Witherspoon discussed aguardiente in this column many weeks ago. Mr. Herkimer Johnson is in private life a singularly abstemious person, otherwise he would not be able to accomplish his herculean tasks. In the summer he drinks only windmill water. In the winter, although he is a free trader in principle, he believes in home consumption, and when he is exhausted by the mental strain that accompanies sociological research, as any obdurate protectionist he puts down a few quarts of native ale or a noggin of New England rum with a dash of ordinary faucet water.

A Correction?

"A Pilgrim" quoted on Feb. 21 from another song of Morris brothers:

The butcher and the baker
And the quiet little Quaker
And the fellow that used to talk about
his pa and his ma

Mr. H. A. Burdett of Clinton says that the original as he learned it was:

The tinker and the tailor,
The soldier and the sailor
The chap, etc.

Par Nobile Sororum.

As the World Wags:

The word Bohea, or Bohee, brings us enjoyable recollections of sterling entertainers of northern New England of, say, several years ago. Of course, you remember the Bohee sisters. I did not know them in private life and the stage name may have been selected at random, having no special significance. I do not remember them as excessive tea drinkers, but their home life may have been obscured by the glamor of a stage existence. However, I was thankful to learn the meaning of the word even though it did not explain why the Bohee sisters. LYSANDER HOWLETT.

Tolton, Feb. 21.

Feb 27 1913

'FAUST' CAPABLY SUNG BY STARS

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Faust	Mr. Zenatello
Mephistopheles	Mr. Marcoux
Valentine	Mr. Rossi
Wagner	Mr. Ostlansky
Marguerite	Mme. Weingartner-Marcel
Siebel	Mme. Swartz
Martha	Miss Leveroni

Gounod's opera, good old "Faust"—was performed for the first time this season. Mr. and Mrs. Weingartner and Mr. Marcoux appeared for the last time and sail this morning.

The performance was an interesting one. Faust is often merely a walking gentleman, solicitous only about the high "C" at the end of his Cavatina. Mr. Zenatello turned him into a creature of flesh and blood. He did not shirk his work in the first act as many of his predecessors have done, and the spirit with which he sang in the duet with Mephistopheles almost redeemed one of the most vulgar pages in opera. He acted and sang in the garden scene with the fervor of a lover, and in more dramatic moments was a heroic tenor. Seldom have we seen a more romantic and effective Faust.

The music of Marguerite is peculiarly suited to Mme. Weingartner's voice, and this voice reveals the character of the heroine. Mme. Weingartner's impersonation was thoughtfully composed. It was consistent for its dignity [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. Weingartner and Mr. Marcoux will be missed. Mr. Weingartner's quiet authority, his sense of rhythm and proportion, his fine taste, his gift of orchestral eloquence have been an inspiration to the singers and the players, and an occasion for a delight to the public. It is all yesterday that he does not appear to conduct next season, for his contract with the Boston Symphony Orchestra will not permit. It is to be hoped that he will find it worth while to return and for a longer sojourn.

[illegible]

"B. A. P." asks the origin of the verb "hike." He also asks, 'Whether 'tunnel' or 'funnel' for the little dishes that you put in the mouth of a bottle to pour through? My wife (Yankee) says 'tunnel'; my mother (southern) says 'funnel.' The Century Dictionary throws no light on either of these interesting topics.'

A Note on "Hike."

Hike, verb and substantive, is in general dialect use in Scotland, England and the United States. The word is also spelled heick, heik, heyk, hyke, and there are the forms, hoick, hoik, hoyk, ike, ixe; also the preterite huck.

The noun means a lift-up, or a swinging gait, a movement up and down; a swing

To famed Parnassus' topmost scar
Some get a hyke

The verb has many meanings in dialect: to hoist or move with a jerk; to toss up and down, to swing, to jolt; to throw; to pucker in sewing, to push or gore with the horns, to toss; to pull, to haul out roughly; to snatch away, to run off with anything, to dismiss a person peremptorily; to search for anything (to hike it up); to catch through some impediment; to beckon to a person with the lifted hand; to move suddenly or hastily, to go away, with "off" or "out," to decamp, slink away, generally in the imperative.

Hike, to move suddenly or hastily, to go away, as in the phrase, "I hiked down to Peterborough as soon as I heard the news."

The word is in English slang dictionaries meaning to move about, to run away, to carry off, to arrest. The Daily Telegraph in 1864 reported a person as saying "We three, not having any regular homes nor a steady job of work to stick to, hike about for a living and we live in the cellar of a empty house."

It appears that in New Jersey "hike" is a bundle of clothing to be carried or rest to 'set well.' In western [illegible] 'The certain [illegible] or [illegible]

[illegible]es no[illegible] pu[illegible] up sm[illegible]. Oth[illegible]r meanings in the United States are "to chase a ball" (synonymous with "shag"); to throw a ball in the air ("hike it up"); to hitch; and in Pennsylvania, to hasten.

In western Massachusetts we never heard the word "hike" used in any sense in the 60s and early 70s.

Mr. Thornton in his elaborate "American Glossary" says that hike means "to move vigorously" and is "a college word," but we in no way approve his opinion.

"Hike" may he derived from the East Frisian "hikken."

Funnel and Tunnel.

These two words in this country are apparently used indiscriminately according to locality. In western Massachusetts and in New York, along the Hudson, we have always heard "funnel." The Concise Oxford Dictionary under "tunnel" makes no reference to the word as synonymous with funnel, but the older dictionaries, as Bailey's (2nd ed. 1737), give as one of the definitions of "tunnel," a funnel for pouring liquors into a cask.

Blount's "Glossographia: or a Dictionary Interpreting the Hard Words of Whatsoever Language, now used in our refined English tongue" (5th ed. 1681): "Funnel, an instrument small at one end, through which liquor is poured into vessels; also a tunnel, or funnel, of a chimney." The word "tunnel" is not found in its proper place in this curious dictionary.

"Funnel" occurs in English literature as early as 1402. In 1578 one Lyte wrote of "The parfume taken into the mouth through the pipe of a funnell or tunnell."

Nelse Seymour's Song.

As the World Wags:

The variants of the different verses of "No Bottom Bay" that have been given are doubtless due to unconscious lapses of memory—the time is long—and also to the fact that new verses had to be constantly made and used in response to the repeated encores the song received.

One verse that has not yet been given was:

The bride was fair, as you may suppose,
She had a feather through her nose,
And rings she had upon her toes,
All in the Tonga islands.

I am sorry to see Mr. Herkimer Johnson referred to as a "Tank," and worse than all to be so spoken of in connection with beers and ales, even though modified by the word "information." If our distinguished sociologist had been called a "well"—a well of information—how much more appropriate to be applied to the author of "Man As a Political and Social Beast," etc.

Your remembrance of the sex in "The Flying Trapeze" is, as far as I can recall, correct. One of the verses ended with

And for him my love pined away.

Brookline, Feb. 21. M. W. T.

Feb 28 1913

MISS GERHARDT

Miss Elena Gerhardt gave a song recital yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. Erich Wolf was the accompanist. The program was as follows:

"An die Musik," "Wohin," "Gretchen am Spinnrad," "Der Musensohn," "Romance aus Rosamunde," "Erlkoenig." "Schubert; folksongs, "Da unten im Tale," "Sag mir, O schenste Schaeferin," "Erlaube mir feinis Maedchen," "Feinsliebehen da sollst mir nicht barfuss geh'n," "Guteu Abend, gut' Nacht." Brahms; "Alle Dinge haben Sprache," "Knabe und Veilchen," "Du bist so jung," "Faeden," "Die Krone gerichtet," Erich Wolf; "Scotch Song," "A Slumber Song," Gilmour; "Storchenbotschaft," "Ded Freund," Hugo Wolf.

Miss Gerhardt's voice and art have long been appreciated in this city and it is not necessary at this late day to dwell upon the clear beauty of her tones, the charm of her legato, her mastery of breath and exquisite phrasing, the eloquence of her diction.

Yesterday she was wholly in the vein and an audience of good size was enthusiastic. The program was well chosen and showed the singer's versatility in interpretation and skill in the differentiation of sentiments and emotions. The songs of Erich Wolf, who accompanied in a sympathetic manner, were new to many. They were delighted by the individuality and genuine beauty of this music. One of the features of a recital that abounded in features was Miss Gerhardt's singing of "Rosamunde." Toward the end sentiment approached dangerously near sentimentalism, but the impression made by the first two verses will not soon be effaced.

LORAINE AT THE PLYMOUTH

3/1

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Cradle Snatcher," a new play, by Roi Cooper Megrue, being an adaptation from Gouverneur Morris's story of the same name. First time in Boston.

[illegible]nnon	W. [illegible]
[illegible]ekin	John Wesley
[illegible] Carroll	Leroy Clemens
[illegible] Goddard	Stanhope Wheatcroft
[illegible] Falconer	Rockliffe Fellowes
Joe Spen[illegible]	Sidney Seaward
Henry Garrison	Louis Massen
Walter Beck	George Backus
George	A. P. Kaye
Anne Windsor	Emily Stevens
Marie	Louise Drew
Lilly Carlisle	Marguerite Unett
Peggy Wood	Louise Hamilton
Georgianna Jones	Lola May
Katherine Hale	May Seton
Irene Trevor	Miriam Collins
Betty Collamore	Eva Condon
Mrs. Henry Garrison	Grace Moore
Suzanne Ricard	Josephine C. Parks

The play was originally produced with its present title. This title was discarded as misleading, and "Not for Sale" was substituted. Sufficient cause is not given in the incidents of the plot to warrant the "resubstitution" of the first name.

Act one—Jimmie Shannon, a celibate by choice and necessity, is made beneficiary under the will of his grandfather. As a condition, it is provided that the heir should marry. The bequests and devises are of sufficient proportions to warrant a change of mind in matters matrimonial. Jimmie decides to marry.

This act is one of pure exposition. It is stereotyped in construction, abounds in conventions and evidences the unmistakable marks of lengthy composition. It is, in view of its purpose, too long. Only the admirable acting of Mr. Loraine served to hide its ear-marks. Of necessity the dramatic material is scanty. The situations are not humorous in themselves. The dialogue is not flavored with the ingredients of real comedy. As yet, pure farce, old skeletons from the theatrical closet and no new clothes.

Act. II. Billy Meekin, a friend, arranges a luncheon at which Jimmie has unprofitable opportunities to propose and to be made the best of proposals. One girl is already engaged. Another will not marry without love. Another will, and is the aggressor. She learns however, that the millions will be forthcoming only at the end of a year. In consequence she rescinds the offer. Still another, devoid of spark, is willing to marry ostensibly. Her sensibilities, however, are rudely shaken when she is informed that the intention of the testator is to perpetuate the family name. Finally, Anne Windsor is the real woman and despises barter. In the wake of these proposals enter Irene Trevor, still at school. Jimmie's hope is resuscitated.

A splendid bit of comedy, all of it. The author has whittled his humor to a keen point. It is farce, but farce with a semblance of genuine comedy. The dialogue is especially commendable. There is a happy attempt at characterization. Thus the successive scenes between Jimmie and the respective girls are nicely differentiated. Pity 'tis that there should have been a patent ushering in of the characters. The entrance of each girl might be more dextrously contrived. If the farcical element had not been so judiciously discarded such matters would probably not have been so noticeable in an act which would have been less meritorious for the change.

Act III. Even Irene gives Jimmie the "chuck," but not before occasioning great discomfort to Billy, who is grieved to see his friend so rob the cradle. Billy forges a telegram purporting to be evidence of the revocation of the will. However, Anne, the real woman, and Jimmie, the real man, have found themselves. And the god from the machine does the rest.

Again, very much the sort of act that you would expect. Too long by half; rehashing of old matter; uninteresting, not amusing. Conventional stage talk between the girls who court further proposals. Belated entranoes, hasty exits, clumsy untying of the knot.

The play gratified a large audience, who evidenced their approval in a grand manner. And they were justly pleased. The farce is sufficient, the cast admirable. It is a privilege to witness Mr. Loraine's methods. He achieves much with little effort. Suggestiveness safeguards his lack of strenuousness. By such means does he enkindle mirth. Discrete where others would exaggerate, he flatters his audience by permitting them to imagine more than he says. He is alert in the appreciation of a humorous situation. His audience perceives it through him. To achieve this is to be successful. Perforce, Mr. Loraine succeeds.

Miss Stevens has a spark that delights. Her manner was no less seductive than it had need to be to convert the determined celibate. How cleverly read her lines. How completely she extracts from a passing situation all that it will yield. She acts with her brains. Mr. Westley was not so resourceful. He has need to "play down," as the saying goes. Too much vigor, in fact, is not the same as vigor in effect. Miss Drew is giving a better account of herself each year.

Altogether, a diverting evening. Query whether that is not the purpose of the playhouse.

Always eat grapes downwards that [illegible] always eat the best grape first, in this way there will be none better left on the bunch, and each grape will seem good down to the last If you eat the other way, you will not have a good grape in the lot. Besides, you will be tempting Providence to kill you before you come to the best. This is why autumn seems better than spring; in the autumn we are eating our days downwards, in the spring each day still seems "very bad." People should live on this principle more than they do, but they do live on it n good deal; from the age of, say, fifty, we eat our days downwards.

That Curtain.

We welcome letters on all subjects pertaining to humanity except politics and religion. It was only yesterday that we were obliged to reject an admirably written essay urging the necessity of paedo baptism. A few days ago we published a letter commenting on a drop curtain at the Boston Opera House. Today we publish with equal pleasure a reply. Tros Tyriusque—to use the language of the ancient Romans.

As the World Wags:

May I trespass upon your space to the extent of answering a letter which appeared in your paper yesterday signed "B."

The gist of it was that we were using a new drop curtain in the Boston Opera House which had cost $8000 and that this money could have been more advantageously spent.

May I inform your correspondent, through your courtesy, that the curtain, to which I presume he or she alludes, is not a new one and that the material added to it was cut out and put on during the summer by our own seamstresses in the opera house, and this at a cost of about $400.

Thoughtless and unsubstantiated criticisms of the management of the Opera Company are so common and generally so vague that it is quite a satisfaction to find one which can be, and hereby is, specifically and unqualifiedly denied.

HAROLD BLANCHARD.
Secretary of the Board of Directors, Boston Opera House.
Boston, Feb. 26, 1913.

Man or Woman?

The heart of the public is touched. The pulse is quickened. The mind is at work as though the problem were one of national or personal salvation. Was it a young man or a girl who flew through the air with the greatest of ease, ease of course rhyming with trapeze? We have maintained from the first that it was a daring young man. Letters come in shoals to strengthen our opinion. Here is one:

As the World Wags:

The true version is

He flew through the air with the greatest of ease,
This daring young man on the flying trapeze.

I have no more doubt of it than of my own name.

A Bostonian of 84 years and reader of The Herald since its birth.

Boston, Feb. 26. C. H. FAWCETTE.

We have proof positive. It will be published tomorrow.

Life Saving Stations.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Halliday Witherspoon's reference to "old stands," including "The Bell in Hand"—a great resort for printers—and the Hancock Tavern, reminds me of a Speak-Easy where the customer apparently bent on a quest for groceries could make his way behind flour barrels and boxes to a snug little retreat where there were bottles and glasses, and help himself to as generous a drink as he cared to imbibe. Of course, as there was no bar-keeper, there were no mixed drinks. These could be procured in the immediate vicinity, and I recall a "wine clerk" with a pair of luxuriant Dundreary whiskers, who made the best sherry cobbler in Boston. Not far away was another resort, in a little side room up a flight of stairs, where the port wine punch was very fine. I can still see the artist mixing the ingredients, and I can hear the pleasant tinkle of the ice as he stirred the concoction. I also remember a snug place on Cambridge street, jocosely named "The Tight Fit"—and this reminds me of Lily Farradell's couplet:

Oh, the West end
Is the Best end!

I am speaking of 40 years and more ago, where, in a queer little annex to a cigar store, the beer was unusually good.

William Pitcher, Esq.

Then there was the curious circular bar in the old Cook's ale place in Central street, where merchants and others quenched their thirst with regularity at 11 o'clock with a light lunch accompaniment. This was before the stately "Bill" Pitcher came to town and officiated with such grace and geniality at Young's and later on at his own bar in Milk street. I can hear him, with his affable and engaging air, asking: "What would the gov'nor say if he happened in and saw you here, my boy?" And how gleefully he told the old story of the temperance advocate whose fondness for milk led a mischievous friend to put a skilfully blended milk punch at his elbow one warm day. On draining the bowl, with eyes staring [illegible]ward, the [illegible]tim of the joke, as soon as he reco[illegible]red his breath, ejaculated: "Great heavens! What a cow!" L. P.

Boston, Feb. 19.

If we are not mistaken, "L. P.," our esteemed friend, Mr. William Pitcher, comforted humanity at the Tremont House and then was a host for and in himself on Beacon street opposite the side of the Tremont House before he went to Young's. Alas, this city is sadly lacking in memorial tablets. No one knows the house in which Edgar Allan Poe was born, but many remember Mr. Pitcher's life-saving station in Beacon street.

DEBUSSY'S "LA MER" HEARD

By PHILIP HALE.

The 16th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

"La Mer." Three Orchestral Sketches..Debussy
"The Sorcerer's Apprentice"..........Dukas
"Indian" Suite....................MacDowell
Overture "In the Spring"...........Goldmark

This was an exceedingly interesting concert and the performance was brilliant throughout. The absence of a soloist was not felt. In these symphony concerts the orchestra is the great soloist, even when it accompanies some pianist, violinist or singer, that is, when Dr. Muck is the conductor.

We are told that the Emperor Caligula was "scared with strange illusions and fantastical imaginations; as who among the rest, dreamed upon a time that he saw the very form and resemblance of the sea talking with him." There were moments yesterday when the hearer was convinced that the sea had talked with Debussy. In the first sketch there was the suggestion of the "ample, smiling face, dash'd with the sparkling dimples of the sun"; also of the loneliness of the ocean: "something thou ever seek'st and seek'st, yet never gain'st." In the third sketch "Dialogue of Wing and Sea," there are a few overpowering effects, and the hearer is shaken by the "serpent hiss, and savage peals of laughter and undertones of distant lion roar." Yet there is more poetic suggestion in the prose line in the preface to "Leaves of Grass": "The spasms of the sky and the shatter of the sea." Rimsky-Korsakoff, the sailor, puts us on board of Sinbad's tossing ship in "Scheherazade" and finally wrecks us. There is a fine seascape in the same composer's "Sadko," and there is pictorial music in Paul Gilson's "La Mer," which was played here many years ago.

Debussy's impressions are too [illegible]any; or variations of a few impressions. The monotony of the ocean, calm or enraged, is its greatest fascination, but the ear is tired quicker than the eye. There is no reason why any one of these three sketches should not be longer or shorter. The form admits of extension or curtailment.

The sketches are chiefly interesting as remarkable achievements in color. There are expressive motives, but as a rule they owe their expressiveness to blends of timbres. The perpetual dynamic swelling and falling, the frequent anticipation of a close that does not come, the stretches of preparation that lead to nothing and the relaxation that reminds one of a pugilist sparring for wind, must surely irritate the man that insists on something definite and determined. Judged by his own methods—and no sane person disputes the sincerity of them—Debussy has not succeeded in "La Mer" as in the "Nocturnes," "Iberia," or "L'Apres Midi d'un Faune." And yet, after all the objections are made, the hearer remembers a few pages that are of rare poetic charm and some that are wildly powerful. How far we are from Mendelssohn's "Sea Calm and Prosperous Voyage" with its ending that reminds one of the joyous arrival of a Nantasket boat bringing hungry husbands from the city! This same Mendelssohn in his "Hebrides," however, gives certain impressions of a seascape that are as vivid as any related by Debussy.

When "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" was first played here nearly 10 years ago—Alas, my Posthumus, the fleeting years!—it was characterized by everybody as a "clever" composition. It is clever, but it no longer surprises, and when music is first of all clever, it soon loses its freshness and seems old. The Scherzo may already be classed among "amusing" pieces, and some may find pleasure in trying to find a close, interlinear connection between the music and Goethe's poem. The brilliance of the performance was worth a journey.

MacDowell thought that [illegible] similarity of Indian [illegible] which served him for thematic material [illegible] his Suite, to Northern European themes bore direct testimony [illegible] commemoration of Thorfinn Karlsefni's Saga. Hence, possibly, the apparent Scandinavian mood of this or that page in the "Indian Suite." Here and there is a reminder of MacDowell's Scottish ancestry, for a man cannot wholly escape from himself even when in imagination he becomes a member of another race.

All this is of secondary, indeed, of trifling importance. The Suite is picturesque, imaginative, beautiful and noble. Many new voices, since it was composed, have clamored for recognition. Composers have arisen and been hailed by excitable persons as path-breakers and prophets. Already some of the path-breakers are seen plodding in worn old dusty roads, and there are prophets who have lost the gift and seem like any clairvoyant on the third floor (Don't ring") MacDowell's suite has gained with the years. Its spell is stronger than before. In structure, melodic and harmonic appeal, orchestral expression; by its directness, artistic simplicity and restraint, and convincing sincerity, it holds commanding position in the literature of music.

The overture of Goldmark abounds in conventional joyousness that is associated with spring in more favored lands than New England. Birds chirp and twitter. There are hints at the natural phenomena appropriate to the season. Everything is smoothly expressed in an orthodox and Viennese manner.

The program of the concerts next week will include Sinding's Symphony in D minor and Loeffler's "Pagan Poem." Mr. Ysaye will play a concerto by Vivaldi and Saint-Saens's concerto in B minor.

MME. HEMPEL IN "LA TRAVIATA"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "La Traviata." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Violetta	Mme. Hempel
Flora	Mme. De-Courcy
Annina	Miss Phillips
Alfredo Germont	Mr. Sacchetti
Giorgio Germont	Mr. Blanchart
Gastone	Mr. Giaccone
Barone Douphol	Mr. Pulcini
Marquis D'Obigny	Mr. Samperi
Dr. Grenvil	Mr. Silllch
Giuseppe	Mr. Giaccone

Mme. Frieda Hempel of the Berlin and Metropolitan Opera houses took the part of Violetta for the first time in this city. In consequence of the sudden indisposition of Mr. Rossi, the part of Giorgio was taken by Mr. Blanchart.

They that saw Mme. Hempel in "The Barber of Seville" realized at once that she was an experienced actress and a fluent singer, with a voice of fine quality. Although they were then pleased, they would not have expected that Mme. Hempel would give such an interesting performance of Violetta as she did last night.

She surprised many by not subordinating everything else to the display of her agility in florid song. Furthermore, she gave character to a part that is often represented as a moving and sitting gramophone. This Violetta was something more than the singer of "Ah fors è lui" in the first act and a pathetic person with a hacking and distressing cough in the last. Not that Mme. Hempel is anaemic or pallid, but she is not so fat that there is no illusion.

She sang for the most part delightfully. The brilliance of her coloratura was not metallic and the running passages and the embellishments were sung with refreshing ease. In the more emotional scenes her voice was warm and appealing, and there was the fitting emphasis. Her nice appreciation of the emotional significance of Verdi's music was clearly shown in the second act, which prima donnas often slight. She was applauded enthusiastically, and the recalls were not due to perfunctory [illegible] or the persistent efforts of a few.

Mr. Sacchetti took the part of Alfredo. Alfredo, the unhappy Alfredo!

Mr. Blanchart was a dignified Giorgio, one well versed in the traditions of action and song. Younger baritones might learn valuable lessons from this experienced and intelligent singer.

Mr. Moranzoni conducted with taste and spirit.

Mme. Hempel wore modern costumes. The others were dressed after the manner of the early part of the 18th century. Mr. Blanchart, however, did not wear the pantalets with fringed bottoms that are associated with Alfredo's father and are eagerly anticipated by [illegible] in the [illegible] of the scornful. He [illegible] to the part becomingly. In the same modern costuming introduced in Paris, Giorgio sports a plug hat, which he holds during his tete-a-tete with Violetta. Mr. Sammarco was thus hatted, he was also gloved when he took the part at the Boston Theatre.

[illegible] [illegible] for you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] some drive from [illegible] the deadening effect [illegible] a year will have upon a man. Avoid anyone whom you may hear talk in this way. The fault lies not with the legacy (which would certainly be better if there were more of it), but with those who have so mismanaged our education that we go in even greater danger of losing the money than other people are.

Non-Edible?

Before we discuss the vital question of the day, let us note a singular statement made by a contributor to Notes and Queries of Feb. 8.

"I have heard that at the siege of Paris, in the Franco-Prussian war, when the population began to consume horseflesh, the flesh of white horses was found so unpalatable, or otherwise unsuitable, that few such animals were killed, whence the preponderance of a white strain in the horses of Paris to this day."

Is the flesh of a white horse unpalatable except possibly to a red-haired girl?

Why should the flesh of a white horse be less palatable than that of a bay, a roan, or a black and foaming charger?

Do the horses in Paris show a "preponderance of a white strain?"

It is easy to say anything—especially "No"—in spite of the old copy-book advice. A wise parent, a sage teacher thus urges his infant brood: "Learn to say 'Yes.'"

To Our Correspondents.

This vital question is not concerning the next cabinet at Washington; it is not about the future of Mexico; it is not even what should be done with Copley square after the contractors are through with it? The vital question is this: Was it a daring young man or young girl on the flying trapeze?

Mr. H. E. Page of Hopkinton voices our opinion: "He was certainly a male 'critter.'" Mr. Page adds: "If I could write music I would send you the notes, or I would sing it through the telephone, if I had one." We thank Mr. Page for sending a version of the second verse of the immortal song.

We have received many letters containing the words. We cannot publish all these letters, although there are slight but interesting variations in some of the lines. We acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Ralph D. Cleveland of Newton Highlands, "W. G. C."; "S." of Salem, "C. F. A." of Roxbury, "R. G" of Boston, who says, "The music of the second half of each verse is in a touching minor key; that of the first half is major, with a broad swinging rhythm"; "W. S. D." of Boston, Mrs. S. F. H. Bond of Dorchester, who writes: "My memory tells me there was a He and a She who sported on the trapeze in the song of nearly 50 years ago. * * * The song was one of the 'Penny Ballads,' so-called, of which I can recall quite a number"; "Katharine"; "A. B. F." of Wakefield, who says: "None of your correspondents in today's (Feb. 26) Herald seem to have grasped the idea which I had when I used to hear that song, that there were two verses and that the point lay in the change of sex. * * * The song must have been one of the early ripples of the storm and raging over the questions: 'Is Marriage a Failure?' 'Shall Women Vote?' 'Are Wives Fairly Represented by Their Husbands?'" and "C. B. W." of Sharon, Vt.

Many Agree to This.

Here is the version preferred by the majority. It will at once be seen why one or two correspondents insisted that a daring young girl, not a man, flew through the air.

I.

Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn,
Like an old coat that is tattered and torn,
Left in this wide world to weep and to mourn.
Betrayed by a girl in her teens.
The girl that I loved she was handsome,
I tried all I could her to please,
But I could not please her one quarter so well
As the man on the flying trapeze.

CHORUS.

He'd fly through the air with the greatest of ease,
That daring young man on the flying trapeze.
His movements were graceful, all girls he could please,
And my love he purloined away.

II.

This young man by name was Signor Bonaslang,
Tall, big and handsome, as well made as Chang.
Where'ere he appeared the hall loudly rang
With ovation from all people there.
He'd smile from the bar on the people below,
And one night he smiled on my love;
She winked back at him and she shouted "Bravo!"
As he hung by his nose up above.

Chorus (as before).

III.

Her father and mother were both on my side,
And very hard tried to make her my bride.
Her father he sighed and her mother she cried
To see her throw herself away.
'Twas of no avail, she went there each night
And would throw him bouquets on the stage.
Which caused him to meet her; how he ran me down,
To tell you would take a whole page.

Chorus (as before).

IV.

One night I as usual went to her home,
And found there her mother and father alone,
I asked for my love, and soon they made known
To my horror that she'd run away.
She'd packed up her box and eloped in the night
[illegible] with [illegible]
[illegible] air [illegible]
down
[illegible] the ground [illegible]
Chorus (as before)

V.

Some weeks after this I went to the [illegible]
Was very much startled to see [illegible]
A [illegible] in red letters [illegible] that gal
That [illegible] was appearing w[illegible]
He'd taught her gymnastics and dressed her in tights,
To help him to live at his ease
And made her assume a masculine name,
And now she goes on the trapeze.

CHORUS.

She flies through the air with the greatest of ease,
You'd think her a man on the flying trapeze;
She does all the work, while he lives at his ease,
And that's what became of my love.

Mch 2 1913

MELIS IS HEARD IN 'THE JEWELS'

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Wolf-Ferrari's "I Gioielli della Madonna." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Gennaro	Mr. Zenatello
Carmela	Mme. Gay
Maliella	Mme. Melis
Rafaele	Mr. Blanchart
Biaso	Mr. Giaccone
Ciccillo	Mr. Giaccone
Rocco	Mr. Everett
Stella	Mme. Alciator
Concetta	Mme. De Courcy
Serena	Mme. Swartz
Grazia	Miss Gal

Mme. Melis took the part of Maliella for the first time, and in consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Rossi, the part of Rafaele was taken by Mr. Blanchart, also for the first time. There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

The performance of this spectacular melodrama was much strengthened by the substitution of Mme. Melis for Mme. Edvina. As The Herald stated when the melodrama was produced, the part of Maliella was not for the Canadian singer.

Mme. Edvina was weepish when she should have been viciously flippant or sullen. There was no smouldering or blazing passion in her impersonation. Her speech and action did not carry conviction. When she was the most effective she reminded one too closely of her performance of Charpentier's Louise. The part is a peculiarly Italian one. Mme. Edvina is of the north, and a lyric, not a dramatic soprano. Her voice and nature are better suited to the portrayal of the dreamy Antonia. A spectator with the best will in the world could not see the reckless and sensual girl of the Neapolitan streets in the Maliella of Mme. Edvina. We do not say this to disparage the departed visitor. It is not given to a singer to play all roles. It is not easy to imagine Mme. Melis succeeding as Antonia.

Mme. Carmen-Melis, then, as Maliella, has the advantage of birthright and other natural gifts: an Italian face and figure, an Italian voice. The speech, with all its words of tenderness, scorn, hatred, is hers. She knows how the men and women put on the stage by the librettist with her would feel and move and act.

Her impersonation was dramatically conceived, striking in the general outline, with strongly marked contrasts of emotions, rich in detail that did not fritter away the effect of the moment. Face, voice and gesture were used together in the expression of feeling. How vividly her growing passion for the bully was depicted! Her discontent, her yearning for freedom and the man that would give it to her, her horror when she first knew of the sacrilegious act, the fascination exerted by the jewels and the abandonment of herself to Gennaro when she was already mentally possessed by Rafaele, were powerfully expressed, without laborious intent, without exaggeration. Nor did she fail in the last scene, when she was obliged to speak as one vaguely conscious of an awful deed—one that had dazed the memory and clouded the understanding.

Mr. Blanchart gave a strongly marked characterization of Rafaele. The bully with his swagger, the masher with his leer, the sensualist who knew his power stood before us. This Rafaele was also devout in his rascally way, superstitiously devout. Mr. Blanchart's assumed walk, the carriage of his body, the byplay with his comrades, gave versimilitude to the portrayal. And this Rafaele was not an isolated figure mingling with others only for dramatic purposes. He was the leader of a gang. A highly dramatic performance; one that owed nothing to predecessors; one that will not soon be effaced by successors. And Mr. Blanchart sang with verve and the appropriate emphasis.

The Gennaro of Mr. Zenatello has already been warmly praised. Yesterday afternoon it was even more authoritative and pathetic than before. The simplicity, the innate goodness of the blacksmith, his devoutness, his consuming love for Maliella were expressed in song and action with overpowering force. It is not easy to think of any tenor equalling Mr. Zenatello in this role. Mme. Gay was also in the vein

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] lady take.

The "[illegible]" in the [illegible] what [illegible] contains [illegible] here [illegible] and, as regards [illegible] still think that [illegible] would be [illegible] more dramatic if the composer's [illegible] directions were followed; but [illegible] minute directions are more than once contradicted or ignored in this production, brilliant as [illegible]

VERDI'S RIGOLETTO

Mr. Blanchart Appears for Second Time In One Day.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Rigoletto." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Duke	Mr. Sacchetti
Rigoletto	Mr. Blanchart
Sparafucile	Mr. [illegible]
Gilda	Mme. [illegible]

Verdi's ever-popular opera caught the fancy of last night's audience which did its best to overcome the rule of the house against encores by endeavoring to secure a repetition of the famous song by the count in the tavern scene and the quartet that followed as well as Rigoletto's burst of vengeance following discovering that Gilda had fallen victim to her master's machinations.

Mr. Moranzoni, always at home with Verdi's operas, secured [illegible] satisfactory results from the orchestra and singers.

"Ah!" she said, "and then there's Shakespeare. I often wish that he was alive, and I had him here. How we should enjoy one another's conversation!"

What Are Maglets?

As the World Wags:

I confessed that my peace of mind was somewhat disturbed by "Maglets" when I wrote enquiring their nature, but now indeed is my plight parlous! I pray you bear with me. Knowing that a pair of Maglets were given as a wedding present in the Fifties, we are told that a Maglet is a Gavlet and that a Mamlet is a monkey, nor are our doubts set at rest by the lexicographers (the nearest monkey I can find is the Macacus) and the end is not yet.

Shortly after the publication of my letter, a friend informed me that he had seen the word maglet in an early account of the wreck of an American vessel on the Barbary Coast and thinks that it was the name of some sort of utensil or implement, because he distinctly remembers that a sailor "made one of bone"! "Ne vivam si scio." While I must thank those who have combined to paint the picture of an able seaman fashioning an African monkey from a piece of bone so cunningly that it might later be deemed of value to voyagers upon the sea of matrimony, I feel I may be pardoned if I express a greater bewilderment than at first.

RICHARD C. STETSON.

Boston, Feb. 2[illegible]

In a Neck of Woods.

As the World Wags:

It might interest "B. A. P," asking enlightenment regarding "tunnel" and "funnel," to learn that in this neck of woods a stove pipe is called a "funnel." A cooking stove is here a "range," and the receptacle for fuel is not a coal scuttle but a hod, pronounced "hawl." The "dingus" used for decanting fluids is called by those of our generation, a "tunnel," but the young ones know better. I asked my landlady's boy what a tunnel is and he said: "A tunnel is when a train goes under a hill."

My landlady, by the way, has two children, Herbert and Laura; but when I address them by these names they find it hard to suppress evidences of merriment. Their mother calls them "Hubbut" and "Lorra."

I find here, also, that the name of your fair city is pronounced in a most singular manner. The first syllable, the "Bos," is enunciated quite distinctly, and then the rest of the word is blown through the nose. I am trying to acquire this accomplishment.

PYNCHEON DRUMGOOLE HOOGEBOOM.

Manchester, N. H., Feb. 27.

In our boyhood, in a village of western Massachusetts Mr. Hoogeboom, we always heard "coal hod" for coal scuttle. To us a scuttle was the attic roof window or hole, or the thing known to seafaring men. Our mothers spoke of cooking stoves, not ranges, but they did not describe the kitchen as a "cook house," a term used today on Cape Cod for an ordinary kitchen.

Anecdote for the Day.

Abstainers from meat in Lent should remember the sad fate of the poet Gray's friend, Dr. Chapman, who lived in Cambridge. Here is an extract from the poet's pathetic letter to Dr. Clarke, dated Aug. 12, 1760.

"Our friend Dr. —— [illegible] sances) is not expected [illegible] a hurry. He is [illegible]

[illegible] ge [illegible]) in [illegible] b[illegible]. He eat [illegible] one dinner; but [illegible] fate [illegible] on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company besides bones. He had not been hearty all the week but after this sixth fish he never held up his head more, and a violent looseness carried him off. They say he made a very good end."

The Aftermath.

No daring young man or girl will fly through the air of this column in future. The harvest is over; the baskets are full; the wine press is overflowing.

Nevertheless Mr. Ralph D. Cleveland of Newton Highlands writes that he heard the song sung by clowns in the circus season of 1865-66, when the song appeared to be at the height of popularity. " 'Whoa Emma' and 'Walt for the Turn of the Tide' were also popular 'clowns' songs' about this same time. 'Are you there Moriarity' " was sung in the early Seventies by Pat Rooney, who was the original " 'Tra la la loo' and 'Waltzing round with Julia.' He was inimitable in Irish characters and none will forget him who ever heard him sing:

"Oh! Mary Ann, since she joined the gang
I don't know what I'll do,
She does be out all night till the broad daylight
A-skipping the tra-la-la-loo."

Is not this the song with the line "Bad luck to moulders' picnics"?

"N. W. J." of Portsmouth, N. H., writes: "Are you there, Moriarty"—our correspondent omits the second "i" in the hero's name—was made famous by Billy Emerson of Emerson's Megatharium Minstrels."

Mr. C. Rogers of Fitchburg says that the first time he heard the flying trapeze song, Nat Austin was the singer; Austin, "a ring jester in either the London or Cole's Circus. * * * Perhaps some of your readers will recall two other songs which were published and sung at that time: 'I'll Never Kiss My Love Again Behind the Kitchen Door,' and the 'Baritone Singer.' All three of these songs expressed practically the same plot and sentiment." The "Baritone Singer" was much later. Mr. Louis Harrison used to sing it in "The Pearl of Pekin." That adaptation of Lecocq's "Fleur de The" was not produced before 1888. Of course the song may have been older, but Mr. Harrison made it famous.

RHADESKA AND BONCI HEARD

Mr. Bonci and Mme. Rhadeska gave a joint song recital in Symphony Hall yesterday, the accompanists being Messrs. Francini and Benedict.

The program was: De Koven, Cradle Song; Lang, Day Is Gone; Tirindelli, Love's Lyric, Mr. Bonci. Veracini, La Pastorella from "Rosalinda"; Scarlatti, Qual Farfalletta; Chopin, Aime-Moi (arr. by Viardot); Puccini, Vissi D'Arte, Vissi D'Armore, Mme. Rhadeska. Ponchielli, "Cielo E Mar," from "La Gioconda," Mr. Bonci. Blair Fairchild, Tuscan Stronelli, "Cantate Su," "O Rondinella," "Questa, e la Sera," "O Rosa, Rosa," Mme. Rhadeska. De Curtis, Voce E Notte; Denza, Occhi Turchini; Rossini, Barcarola, Mr. Bonci. Georges Hue, Soir Padien (flute obbligato); Xavier Leroux, Le Nil (flute obligato), Mme. Rhadeska. Verdi, Celeste Aida, Mr. Bonci.

Mr. Bonci was welcomed with the enthusiasm he always arouses and as usual materially lengthened his program in response to the audience's insistence. Throughout he was the great artist, and his singing was always that of a master. One feels, however, that he is at his best in songs of the sunny Mediterranean countries.

Mme. Rhadeska was a pupil of the late Wilhelm Heinrich. She made her first appearance here as Gladys Perkins Fogg in Association Hall, on April 12, 1900. At that time she had been blind for some years. At that concert she was assisted by Heinrich and Mr. Samuel Kinder, baritone. She afterward sang here in other concerts. She married Milo C. Benedict, pianist and teacher.

Mme. Rhadeska has a clear, flexible soprano voice, of lyric quality. It is not big and the singer seemed at times rather overpowered by the vastness of the hall, in which were more empty seats than was to have been expected. Her intonation was pure, and there was apparently no straining for a volume beyond her powers. She made no attempt at dramatic expression, but her singing of the Hue and Leroux numbers, in particular, was agreeably appropriate.

OPERA HOUSE CONCERT

Jaroslav Kocian, Violinist, and Miss Scotney, Soprano, the Soloists.

The 14th Sunday concert took place yesterday afternoon at the Boston Opera House. Jaroslav Kocian, violinist, and Miss Scotney, soprano, were the soloists. Mr. Caplet was the conduc[illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] Saint-Saens's Third Symphony [illegible] C minor, Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso; D'Ambrosio, Andante and Finale from the violin concerto; Mozart, Aria of the Queen of the Night, from "The Magic Flute"; Von Weber, overture, "Der Freischutz."

Mr. Kocian's playing gave evident pleasure to a small but enthusiastic audience. The violinist, who first came to Boston in 1902, has a finely developed technic. The distinguishing feature of his performance, however, is an agreeable tone, pure and beautiful in quality, although small. Poise and conventionality are more conspicuous in his interpretations than marked individuality, while he has gained in variety of expression. D'Ambrosio's concerto has little character or outline. The second movement has a certain prettiness, but as a whole it is futile music. Mr. Kocian's abilities were more fully displayed in Saint-Saens's composition. Recalled, he added to the program.

Miss Scotney sang Mozart's aria con amore, and in response to prolonged applause added Hahn's "Si mes vers avaient des ailes."

Saint-Saens's symphony was played with spirit and Mr. Caplet conducted with taste and authority.

Mar 4 1913

'READY MONEY'

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Ready Money," a comedy in three acts by James Montgomery. Produced at the Shubert Theatre, Milwaukee, March 10, 1912.

Stephen Baird	Hans Robert
William Stewart	Lester Crawford
Sidney Rosenbaum	Carl Harbaugh
Sam Welch	Henry Miller, Jr.
Sumner Holbrook	John C. Brownell
James R. Morgan	Scott Cooper
Hon. James H. Tyler	Frank Monroe
Jackson Ives	Joseph Kilgour
Capt. West	Ben Johnson
Hammond	George Thompson
Quinn	Arthur Stebbins
Flynn	Philip Wells
Neil	R. E. French
Paul	Alfred A. Hesse
Reddy	Clarence Rockfeller
Miss Grace Tyler	Elizabeth Nelson
Miss Ida Tyler	Fay Wallace
Mrs. James H. Tyler	Isabel Winlocke
Miss Margaret Elliott	Estelle Wynne

When this farce—for the play is a farce with a dash of melodrama that is farcical—was played in London by English actors last August, the Pall Mall Gazette hoped that an audience of London playgoers would not believe that "any reputable section of American society is composed of people so preposterous as those in 'Ready Money'." When the play was produced in New York last August a leading newspaper pointed out that the decision of the secret service men concerning the genuineness of the counterfeit money was not plausible, and it deplored the fact that the moral of the comedy is pernicious. There is nothing funnier than these judgments in Mr. Montgomery's play, which contains many amusing lines and scenes.

Young Baird owns a mine, but has borrowed $20,000 of Mr. Morgan—an auspicious name. The mine is unproductive and Baird has only a quarter of a dollar in his pocket. One Jackson Ives learns of his distress—for the note has only a day to run—and gives him many thousand dollars in counterfeit money. Ives is an artist. He is proud of his money which he boasts is better than the genuine stuff. He insists that if Baird lets it be known he has so much there will be no trouble in selling stock of the mine. His knowledge of human nature is unerring. Baird's friends, his sweetheart Grace, her friends tumble over each other in their anxiety to be let in on the ground floor.

Secret service men are after Ives. They arrest him and Baird, but they cannot find the counterfeit bills and there has been no attempt to pass them. The bills are kept from the detectives by a series of ingenious if improbable tricks. The bills at last are found and pronounced genuine by West and his assistant. The note has been paid by unscrupulous check-kiting and at the end the news comes that a rich vein of gold has been found. Ives receives 50 per cent. of the subscriptions to stock, and has only one regret: that the superiority of his bills was not seen and acknowledged by the secret service men.

The piece is frankly a farce from beginning to end, and the spirit is pretty well kept up. The audience fears when the United States officials enter that there will be a lapse into old-fashioned melodrama. This fear is soon put aside, for although the author's intention may have been serious, the secret service men are amusing characters. Nor is there any need of tears over the immorality or unmorality of the ending. In farce logic is topsy-turvy; lying is more honorable than truth; thieving is an honorable profession; absurdity is normal and to be expected; the wildly improbable is an every-day commonplace.

In the struggle between the detectives and the counterfeiter, the sympathy of the audience was evidently with the crook. This was in accordance with the time in which we live. We see highly respectable persons clamoring for the pardon of notorious embezzlers, and we read with [illegible] evidence against police officials accused of graft.

There is a love story in this farce, but it is inconsequential, and when Mr. Montgomery indulges in the dialogue of sentiment, his style is wishy-washy. Outside of the leading characters, there are young men, brokers and investors who are feeders to Baird; there is Mr. Tyler, a conventionally hen-pecked person; there is his wife, a familiar type, and there are three young ladies who are apparently inseparable and given to chattering at the same time.

Of the company that appeared at the Maxine Elliott Theatre in New York, only seven members are now at the Shubert, but Messrs. Kilgour and Johnson still play respectively the important parts of Ives and West. Mr. Robert has replaced William Courtenay as Baird. The success of the performance depends largely on the excellent acting of the three. The other male parts are well taken, although the men who play Baird's friends must have in mind the line on old play bills, "A roaring farce." Really, it is not necessary for them to shout their lines in this age of nerves. Let them observe the method of Mr. Robert and the quiet authority of Messrs. Kilgour and Johnson.

Mr. Robert played with refreshing and effective lightness; with an assumed seriousness that was natural and irresistible. Mr. Kilgour was a most attractive rascal, and the heart of the large audience went out to him. His personality, his mobile face, his mental alertness all contributed to a sharply drawn characterization. Mr. Johnson was equally effective as Capt. West. Nor should Mr. Cooper's Morgan, Mr. Hesse's Paul and Mr. Rockfeller as the office boy be passed by without a word of commendation.

All the men of the company acted with unflagging spirit, and the laughter of the audience was incessant. The farce is well worth seeing, if only as an instance of the applauded triumph of roguery. "Ready Money" might serve as an entertaining chapter in a new history of "Frenzied Finance."

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Girl of the Golden West." Opera by Puccini in three acts. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

The cast:

Minnie	Mme. Melis
Jack Rance	Mr. Gilly
Dick Johnson	Mr. Zenatello
Nick	Mr. Cilla
Ashby	Mr. Sampieri
Sonora	Mr. Blanchart
Trin	Mr. Devaux
Sid	Mr. Sillich
Bello	Mr. Pulcini
Harry	Mr. Diaz
Joe	Mr. Giaccone
Happy	Mr. Tommasi
Larkens	Mr. Fornari
Billy	Mr. Tavecchia
Wowkle	Miss Leveroni
Jake Wallace	Mr. Mardones
Jose Castro	Mr. Olshansky
The Pony Express Rider	Mr. Ghidini

Mr. Gilly sang in place of Mr. Amato, who was to have made his first appearance of the season here last evening. A program announcement stated that Mr. Amato was suddenly taken ill. Mr. Gilly made a favorable impression in an ungrateful position. There was more of the operatic barmaid about Mme. Melis than of the golden West; but with the many curious inconsistencies of the opera, this did not seem incongruous. Her action was mincing or exaggerated rather than broadly dramatic; but she looked handsome, and gave manifest pleasure by her singing, in spite of a tendency to be nasal in the middle register. Mr. Zenatello was in excellent voice, and gave an admirable performance both vocally and histrionically.

It is late in the day to speak of the dramatic intensity of the opera itself, of its rich and boisterous ensembles, of the many lovely passages for solo voices. All these opportunities were made the most of last evening, and the performers worked up to an irresistible climax. There were many curtain calls, and Mr. Moranzoni was called to share the honors with the singers.

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado." Produced by the Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Co. Orchestra directed by Frank Paret.

The Mikado	George J. MacFarlane
Nanki-Poo	Arthur Aldridge
Ko-Ko	De Wolf Hopper
Pooh-Bah	Eugene Cowles
Pish-Tush	Arthur Cunningham
Yum-Yum	Blanche Duffield
Pitti-Sing	Louise Barthel
Peep-Bo	Grace Lyon
Katisha	Kate Condon

It was a most enjoyable evening. The revival was most commendable and nothing could have exceeded the cordiality of its reception. When such a popular opera is revived, there is the one fear that the piece might suffer from its own popularity. But such was not the case in the present instance.

It is now 28 years since "The Mikado" was first produced. The hearty laughter that greeted the scenes last evening, the persistence with which nearly every number of the score was redemanded, are proof conclusive that even in this heyday of continuous vaudeville Gilbert and Sullivan have not passed from public memory. The old situations are still delectable. The verbal quips and cranks still provoke laughter. The merry tunes and elegant orchestration are eternally refreshing. For truth, it is natural and proper that, with the present dearth of healthy enjoyment of this nature, there should be a hankering for real comic opera, and sincere applause when the longing is gratified.

The production last evening possessed all the merits of a delightful revival It was uniformly admirable. Not in a single instance did the cast fail to satisfy the requirements. The orchestra, even—perforce an unusual thing—continued to enchance the happiness that all experienced. Mr. Paret conducted with nice discretion and the musicians under him were harmoniously obedient. The chorus, this time, served its purpose, which is to sing. There was, in the movements it executed, evidence of competent rehearsing.

Mr. De Wolf Hopper's Ko-Ko affords him great delight. In consequence his audience is readily convulsed. His methods are usually broad, seldom clownish, always convincing. Besides, his curtain speeches have all the unction that they can absorb. Mr. MacFarlane sings the music of the Mikado with skill and expression. Not infrequently this potentato is relegated to the group of secondary characters. Mr. MacFarlane last evening ushered him to the very front It was an admirable bit of comedy. Mr. Cowles's Pooh-Bah possesses the proper quantum of haughtiness, is happily free from the obtrusive exaggeration that frequently dispels the desired illusion. Like the other members of the cast, he is a capable comic opera singer—alert to recognize his limitations and to be governed accordingly. Mr. Aldridge sang the opening ballad of the first act with unusual distinction. Likewise Mr. Cunningham is a fluent singer, and an enjoyable one.

Miss Duffield plays Yum-Yum with a ready sense of fun. In addition she sang with notable success. Her voice is pleasing, particularly in its lower register. She has not mastered the ability to color her tones effectively. Miss Condon is deserving of much praise for her really brilliant presentation of Katisha. There are rare pathetic qualities in her voice which in itself is pure and nicely modulated. Miss Barthel and Miss Lyon were vivacious in the oriental way.

Altogether, a splendid revival. May the like of it be essayed more frequently.

The rush for seats at the Majestic Theatre this week for all of the Gilbert & Sullivan operas which are revived has been so great that an extra matinee performance will be given on Thursday afternoon. As only one performance of "Patience," that of Thursday evening, was provided for, this opera has been selected. Seats may be secured now.

At the Majestic Theatre next week the Messrs. Shubert will send direct from Weber & Fields's Music Hall, Franz Lehar's operetta "The Man with Three Wives." Seats will be placed on sale next Thursday afternoon.

COMEDY RULES IN KEITH'S BILL

Edison's Talking Motion Pictures Again Make Hit with Large Audience.

Comedy predominates in the bill at Keith's Theatre this week. It's one of the best "laughing" shows that has been in Boston for many weeks. Last night's audience, which packed the house, laughed itself nearly inside out.

Thomas A. Edison's talking motion pictures were shown again and will remain during the week. The marvelous invention of the electrical wizard made a tremendous hit. These talking pictures are worth going many miles to see. In addition to the descriptive lecture given last week the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius, from Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," was shown last night. The second was not as good as the former, as the sound and action were not quite simultaneous. The sound followed the motion of the lips instead of being produced at the same instant.

Will H. Murphy and Blanche Nichols kept the audience in laughter during their sketch, "The School for Acting."

Lillian Shaw, the dialect comedienne, was at her best. Her song, "I Gotta da Rock," was one of the cleverest things heard at the popular Tremont street vaudeville house for a long time. Her make-up was good.

Gus Edwards' Kid Kabaret, dialogue by Thomas J. Gray and lyrics by Will D. Cobb and Gray, was seen in Boston last night for the first time. It consists of a group of 20 boy and girl actors and actresses, and was after the manner of the children's lawn party recently seen at the same theatre. Among those who took leading parts was Ruth Fran[illegible]s, the clever little Boston girl.

A playlet given by Ernest W. Cortis and Mabel Florence, Herzog's eight Russian stallions, the Primrose quartet, La Vier, trapezist, and Eddie Barto and Florence Clark in a musical comedietta were also on the bill.

W... d d... d... ...eat... ...ly ... upon ... eggs at ... " And ... would life be but for the power to do ... We do not sufficiently realize the part ... illusion has played in our ... op...

As It Was Spoken.

As the World Wags:

One ... last week I went down to the ... kins street yard and sawed wood ... my supper. After an interesting argument with the bucksaw I sat down with the other vags and fought the ... dew ... oup and listened to the conver... I got this from the two next ... and submit it, not verbatim, but near enough as a sample of pure Bostonese: "Blackie? Sure, he's gone. Croaked in the Dope last Summer. Greased a rail. He was a can vag in Chi last winter, but he worked the Dutch in the summer. Blackie had the old ral and the con. Too much sloppin and bull and sloppin out when it was crimpy. Tried to grab a rattler outside Phillie and ... nt under T... crocus got him for a ...t-up. Blackie used to be a John but ... did a long stretch and it broke him."
HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.
Dorchester, March 1.

Of the Old School.

As the World Wags:

Can you tell me when small clothes were last seen in Boston? Are there still persons living who remember seeing in the streets of Boston oldish gentlemen dressed according to 18th century standards?

When a child I once heard my grandmother describe two old gentlemen who, as late as 1828, dressed and demeaned themselves after the fashion of their youth. I presume small clothes were still worn much later.

Was the word "galligaskins" used derisively to betoken pantaloons when they first appeared? TABELLUS.
Boston, Feb. 28.

These are interesting questions. We rely on correspondents for an answer to the first. Trousers began to drive small clothes out toward the end of the ... century. Plantation hands in colonial days wore "skilts" and "tongs" of tow, and farmers in the north soon ...arded breeches. Thus John Adams wrote in 1774 "A frock and trousers, ... and hose, will do for my remaining days." Mrs Earle tells us that ... through 1809 trousers were ... and wide and short, but in 1807 ... breeches with silk knee strings ... evening breeches, and ... breeches were worn in full dress ... for some years after trousers were seen everywhere in the streets. ... Thomas Jefferson, though proud of his leg, donned pantaloons, he was ... by the Federalists of playing the demagogue. President Monroe wore old-fashioned small clothes till his death—"the last man in public life in Washington who dressed thus."

Galligaskins.

The word "galligaskins" was first applied to a kind of wide hose or breeches worn in the 16th and 17th centuries. The singular was used attributively, as in "galligaskin breeches, all of crimson ...." Later the world was used as a more or less ludicrous term for loose breeches in general, as in Philips's "Splendid Shilling": "My galligaskins, that have long withstood the winter's fury." The dictionaries speak of "loose" breeches, but we find this line in Rowland's "Martin Mark-all": "Their hose sometimes Spanish, like to Shipmen's hose, and sometimes close to the buttocke like the Venetian galligascoigne."

In dialect, leggings or gaiters, rough leather overalls are known as galligaskins.

Anecdote for the Day.

A young physician in the state of Maine applied his lancet to the vein of a confirmed drunkard, who had just come out of a fit of intoxication. The blood exhaled a strong odor of whiskey, and on the application of a taper it burned for some seconds with a blue flame.

A Tardy Echo.

As the World Wags:

I respectfully rise in clarion tones and move to amend by striking out "nose" and inserting "toes." How could any gentleman smile effectively at a lady while hanging to a trapeze by his nose? There is a right way and a wrong way of everything. Yours for technique,
MAZULM, THE NIGHT OWL.

P. S. Cf. also the conduct of the ladies when Hans Breitmann joined the Turners:

And dey drample mit awe and fear
Ven dey see him schwingen' py de toes
... nke' lager beer.

We note your hoot, Mr Mazulm, and thus hoot back. We did not write the famous song and probably the author is now beyond earthly criticism. We are concerned only with the purity of the text, and the text has "nose," not "toes." You must remember that this young man was renowned for his daring. Any ordinary gymnast could have hung from his toes, without causing the ...arts of the women to flutter

A "Slave" Dog

As the World Wags:

I saw not long ago in a little town near Pittsburgh a savage looking dog in a front yard, a bulldog. I asked a girl who was feeding him if he was fierce. She answered: "Yes, indeed, he's a slave." I said: "What do you mean by that?" She looked at me contemptuously and replied: "Why, he is dangerous. We have to tie him up."

Is this use of "slave" peculiar to the Pittsburgh region?
LUCIEN B. HENDERSON.
Beverly, March 2.

Mch 5 13

I cannot sing the old songs now!
It is not that I deem them low;
'Tis that I can't remember how
They go.

One Mrs. Brown.

We do not purpose to turn this grave and didactic column into an anthology of ballads of the heart and home, yet here are correspondents of all classes and conditions knocking at the door.

Thus "S." writes: "Do you know this gem, a contemporary, I think, of the trapeze and of Moriarty?"

She'd a ruffle of crepe on her black silk dress,
And she gave my hand a grip,
As we wandered up and down,
This charming Mrs. Brown,
And the moon shone on the ripple of her lip.

No, sir, we never knew the song or the woman. The song sounds as though it might have been sung by Charles Something or other—was it Edward?—Dunbar, an English serio-comic vocalist who devastated our cities in the Seventies. His "great" song was "Waiting for Nelly at Temple Bar." He was a portly, greasy man with slushed hair, a fat smile, and an intolerable wink.

Hezekiah's Memory.

As the World Wags:

Back in '69 when as a boy I forsook the roar of the surf on the back of Cape Cod for the roar of traffic of the wonderful great city, I recall, as it were yesterday, that everybody, newsboys, car drivers, young men, girls, in short the whole wide world it seemed to me, were whistling, singing, or playing on the piano that great classic of the day, "Shoo Fly, Don't Bother Me." The refrain sounded from everywhere. One almost expected to hear it in the sigh of the wind in the tree tops on the Common.

And there were local celebrities, too, worthy of passing mention, who amused with their songs famous in their day; I think it was Harry Bloodgood who sang "If Ever I Cease to Love," and Gus Williams who gave us "Sauer Kraut Is Bully," and another of Williams's songs was about the charms of living in the country and owning a house with a bay window and a mortgage (the first time I ever heard the latter joke). Gus Williams's dialect songs were deservedly famous in those days.
HEZEKIAH SMITH.
Boston, Feb. 26.

We remember Gus Williams chiefly by these songs: "Pull Down the Blind" and "Don't Give the Name of Bad Places." Some of us have not forgotten Harry Bloodgood in "He's Got to Come."

A Reasonable Request.

As the World Wags:

I have resurrected the words of two songs, but the tune of only one, which carries either set of words with equal felicity. I hope you appreciate the dilemma I am in. Wouldn't it be possible to have the municipal band give a concert of these old-time favorites during the summer, publishing a program or having announcement made from the band stand. LYSANDER HOWLETT.
Boston, Feb. 28.

Treason in Maine.

As the World Wags:

During the war of 1865 I remember of reading in a paper published in Kennebunkport, Me., a piece of poetry. I thought that possibly you might have read it and known the author. The following are a few lines, but I don't know it all:

We are coming, Abram Lincoln, from mountain, wood and glen,
We are coming, Abram Lincoln, with the ghosts of murdered men,
We are coming, Abram Lincoln, with curses loud and deep,
That will haunt you in your waking and disturb you in your sleep.
J. A. C.
Boston, Feb. 27.

Alas, Poor Antonio.

As the World Wags:

Forty years ago Tony Pastor sang a classic which was pathetic and popular. Without doubt some of The Herald readers will recall it. I remember only one verse:

"If I had but the money," said the soap-fat man,
"I'd open a shop," said the soap-fat man;
She said that she admired his plan,
So she loaned ten dollars to the soap-fat man.

"She," I believe, was a single lady with matrimonial designs on the S. F. M., but the song related that she discovered

"He had a wife and seven little soap-fat mans."

FRED W. GOODWIN.
Boston, Feb. 27.

At Dartmouth.

"W. S. D." writes that the trapeze song was a favorite at Dartmouth College in the late sixties. "Another song ...

... the ... for ... in ... New York City ... and Small ... maiden known ... Her mother's name was Mary Jane, and her's was Mary Jane,
And every Saturday morning she used to go over the river
To Jersey City where she sold tripe and sausages—likewise liver.

CHORUS.

For oh! for oh! for oh! for oh! for oh!
He was my darling boy.
For he was the lad with the auburn hair
And his name was Michael Roy.

"During the autumn of '68 it was quite the correct thing to form a procession in 'Bed bug alley' and march down stairs to the French recitation, singing this song vociferously. The leader of the procession and musician in chief is, and for many years has been, the efficient, greatly loved principal of one of our most important high schools."

This song of Mary Jane and Michael Roy, also of the donkey that wouldn't stop, known in all the colleges, has variants. In one the auburn-haired boy is Pat Maloy.

PIRATES SING AT MAJESTIC

MAJESTIC THEATRE—The Gilbert and Sullivan Festival company in "The Pirates of Penzance." Orchestra directed by Frank Paret. The cast:

Richard, a pirate chief.........Eugene Cowles
Samuel, his lieutenant.....Arthur Cunningham
Frederick, a pirate apprentice..Arthur Aldridge
Major-General Stanley, of the British Army, George MacFarlane
Edward, a sergeant of police..DeWolf Hopper
Mabel, General Stanley's youngest daughter, Blanche Duffield
Kate..........................Louise Barthel
Edith...........................Viola Gillette
Isabel...........................Grace Lyon
Ruth, a piratical "maid-of-all-work," Kate Condon

Last evening a large and discriminating audience witnessed an excellent performance of the successor of "Pinafore" and expressed its enjoyment and appreciation by generous applause.

We of the present generation have seen many operatic burlesques. We have heard the sextette from "Lucia" sung to ragtime, which was very funny, and we have also heard Mr. Kubelik play the same on his violin with full harmony, but in the time of "Pinafore," Violetta and Lucia were still taken seriously and Gilbert and Sullivan were responsible in no small measure for the operatic reform which resulted in a movement toward realism, of which the end is not yet. *H. Ma.*

The present production is more successful musically than histrionically. The melodic material of "The Pirates of Penzance" is less striking and characteristic than that of "The Mikado" and the orchestration is perhaps less elegant, but there are nevertheless many passages of great charm, and in humor treatment the score is second to none.

All this was brought out most effectively by the company last evening. The choruses were beautifully sung. Miss Duffield and Mr. Aldridge sang their duets with a great deal of art and Mr. Cowles and Miss Condon also contributed much to the musical excellence of the performance.

The whole company deserves praise for the excellent enunciation of both the spoken lines and the lyrics. Very few of the words were lost, even in the choruses. The humor of the lines, however, would have been enhanced had the performance moved a little more briskly and had the continuity not been so frequently destroyed by the insistent demands of the audience for encores.

Mr. McFarlane was an excellent major-general, and Mr. Cowles a pleasing pirate king, although the part might have been made much more effective. Mr. Hopper contented himself with the small part of the police sergeant, but in voice, manner and make-up he was inimitable and his recital of the Gilbertian verses was a delight. Unfortunately, in the words of the concert reviewer, he added to the program and spoiled thereby, the effect of an otherwise perfect piece of work.

From the visual point of view the present production leaves much to be desired. The setting in the first act is singularly ineffective and suggests nothing of the remoteness and sinister nature of the spot which would be chosen for a pirate lair. The same thing is true of the costumes and make-up of the pirates.

They are, perhaps, very much the same as those in the original production of 1880, but since then we have been somewhat spoiled in the matter of pirates by seeing what they could become in "Peter Pan." And certainly the humor of these gentle and sympathetic natures in villain's clothes would have been much more effective had the clothes been more fearsome in their outline and the faces terrifying in grimace.

Mch 6 1913

Moral influence means persuading ... that one can make that other more uncomfortable than that other can make oneself.

A Question of Gender.

The captain of the Carpathia, describing the tragedy of the Titanic, referred to a Russian vessel as "he" ... English ...

... of ... fe... the ... Ellis... to ... delight...

As we all know, the ... feminine and the moon ... William Adlington's translation ... English of "The Golden Ass" of Apuleius (1566) we find "... to be restrained from her ... the Moone to purge ... herbes and trees to serve ..." But Wycliffe in 1382 ... the moon ... "his" and in ... The Oxford Dictionary has this note: "With the disappearance of the ... genders of old English in which 'mona' was masculine, the feminine ... has commonly been used in referring to the moon, even when no personification is intended (the neuter pronoun occurs, but less frequently)."

Domestic servants from Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island ... always, speak of a clock as "she."

What's the Joke?

The London Times of Feb. ... published this advertisement:

AN INVALID wishes to ENGAGE the SERVICES of a MAN to KEEP on BLOWING a WHISTLE all day long in St. James's-s... ... lungs; good pay.
No Commissionaires need apply.
Write —, The Times Office ...

Is the invalid a subtle humorist, or is this a message in the underworld?

On the Track.

As the World Wags:

The hope that I may alleviate Mr. Stetson's "parlous plight" leads me to overcome the natural hesitation an undergraduate feels in entering a forum where the dignity of Age is so much in evidence.

While reading for a course on "Elizabethan literature, I came across the following edifying epigram which throws some light on "maglet."

Pot-lifting Bacchus to the earth did bend
His knee to drink a health ... his friend
And there he does so long in liquor pour
A final mallet brings him to the floor.
Judge, was there not a drunkard's kindnesse shown,
To drink his friend a health, and lose his own?

This appeared in "Facetiae Musarum Deliciae or the Muses Recreation Witt Restor'd," Vol. I.
HARVARD 1...
Cambridge, March 3.

"Majlet" for "maglet." Again we searched dictionaries, young and old, but in vain.

It then occurred to us to look up "Harvard's" quotation. We do not find it in the first volume of John Camden Hotten's reprint of the graceless book, but in the second volume, page 144, is this epigram, No. 552.

On Bacchus.

Pot lifting Bacchus to the earth did bend
His knee to drink a health ... his friend;
And there he did so long in liquor pour,
That he lay quite sick—drunk, upon the floor.
Judge was there not a drunkard's kindnesse shown,
To drink his friend a health, and lose his own?

Why this disappearance of "mallet"? Why this alteration in a couplet?

Is it possible that "maglet" was a drinking cup to be classed with mazers, noggins, whiskins, crinzes, tankards, beakers, rummers, blackjacks bombards, flagons, cans, bowls, stoops and the like?

And what is to be said of the following letter?

A Sea Yarn.

As the World Wags:

* * * The book is called by a title which, though long, I venture to quote in full because of its quaintness. It bears the imprint of the Salem Gazette office, 1818 and runs as follows. A True Relation concerning the loss and abandonment of the American brig Wenpeekas ... of Newburyport on the coast of Marroco ... with a full account of the hardships and perils underwent (sic!) by the several members of her crew from the time of their landing at Cape Spartel and their falling prisoners to the barbarous Moors, to the time of their delivery and transport to Gibraltar on board of the British ship Thunderer together with divers observations on the manners, customs and religion of the Moors, and some remarks upon the navigation of their waters." Who would venture upon such a Gargantuan title in these degenerate days?

On p. 46 of this entertaining volume is the following brief entry:

"June 21. Calm. Heavy ground swell from yesterday. At noon Lat. 36° 22' N. Lon. 14° 01' W. This morning, just after 8 bells, another fracas for'd the Finn Gosky at the bottom of it, as before. Had him aft, and spoke very short to him. G. said he did but want ... tip of a narwhal's bone ... the boy Daniel, ... from the Cat... ... face ...

... not to be allowed to sulk, as it ... in his head."

The question does not, I fear, answer ... Stetson as fully as he could wish, but it appears that maglets were made ... our New England sailors, and that ... nest" ones "had best leave them ..." I join Mr. Stetson in hoping that ... may be enlightened on this matter ... some lover of Old New England.

STEPHEN F. CLARKE.

Boston, March 3.

"RIGOLETTO"

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Rigoletto." Mr. Moranzani conducted.

Il Duca	Mr. Macnez
Rigoletto	Mr. Blanchart
Sparafucile	Mr. Mardones
Monterone	Mr. Sampieri
Marullo	Mr. Pulcini
Borsa	Mr. Giaccone
Ceprano	Mr. Serpellon
Un Paggio	Miss Phillips
Gilda	Miss Bori
Giovanna	Mme. De Couroy
Maddalena	Miss Leveroni
Contessa di Ceprano	Miss Sharlow

The feature of the performance last evening was the first appearance of Miss Bori in this city as Gilda. She visited us early in the season, was immediately liked, and many have asked during the weeks why she did not return.

Her Gilda has the charm of youth and freshness. We have all seen many Gildas. Of late they have been solid and respectable women, abundantly able to take care of themselves, a burden to the kidnappers, unemotional except during the applause after "Caro nome," which they sang as though they were neatly gloved on a concert stage.

Even the more attractive, who were reasonably a prey of Mantua's naughty duke, concentrated their attention on the florid air. Miss Bori gave life to the lay figure. She was girlish with her father, confused when his affectionate care reminded her of her disobedience and deceit, charming in the scene with her lover, simple and mildly pathetic in her confession. She did not raise the character to one of compelling tragedy, but she was graceful and sympathetic.

She sang with much taste, although her accentuation of beats regardless of the musical phrase and the significance of the text was dangerously near a mannerism. The voice is an agreeable one, well suited to the expression of the gentler emotions.

Mr. Macnez, also of the Metropolitan Opera House, sang here for the first time. In the first act his legs were clad in beautiful tights of spotless white. Thus he made a marked impression, until he sang the air in which he confesses that he is a sad dog, irresistible with the ladies. We have not been fortunate this season in the matter of light tenors. Mr. Macnez, as a visitor, did not console us for what we have already endured. The voice is inclined to be white, and the singer's art cannot be praised.

Mr. Blanchart's Rigoletto is familiar. He has been called upon of late to fill gape and he has responded with the willingness and honesty of the true artist.

There was a large audience and there were many curtain calls.

"PINAFORE"

MAJESTIC THEATRE—Gilbert & Sullivan's "Pinafore." Presented by the Gilbert & Sullivan Festival Company. Orchestra directed by Mr. Paret.

Sir Joseph Porter	Arthur Cunningham
Captain Corcoran	George J. MacFarlane
Ralph Rackstraw	Arthur Aldridge
Dick Deadeye	De Wolf Hopper
Bill Bobstay	Eugene Cowles
Josephine	Blanche Duffield
Little Buttercup	Viola Gillette
Hebe	Louise Barthel

It was proper that there should have been an early display of the "S. R. O." sign at the Majestic Theatre last evening, despite the fact that the opera had been given at the matinee. It was proper that the audience should have evidenced their delight so manifestly. The production was admirable. The intrinsic merits of the opera are in themselves sufficient to warrant enthusiasm. The elegance of the score, the beauty of the orchestration, the quaint inflexibility in the humor of the dialogue, qualities so different from the fustian of present day musical comedy that they must, perforce, be the source of genuine delight.

But above and beyond these elements which are constant no matter when or how "Pinafore" is produced, there was last evening in the enjoyment of the audience the pleasure that comes from witnessing a competent presentation. First and foremost, the musical director and the orchestra are entitled to more than moderate praise. By the perversity of things musical, it invariably happens that comic opera orchestras are so unobtrusive even as to pass entirely unnoticed. The musicians in the present instance were an exception. It was gratifying to note the nice discretion with which they read the music. No doubt Mr. Paret was in a large measure ... perfection. The result was ... stirring. It is said that the noblest music in the opera is to be found in the orchestration. For once one was permitted to conclude that the saying was true.

The cast was uniformly admirable, both in matters of voice and impersonation. The concerted pieces—and the opera abounds in them—were rendered by the principals and chorus with a harmonious unanimity which is rare except on the grand opera stage. Mr. MacFarlane is giving a "mighty good" account of himself in these revivals at the Majestic. His Captain Corcoran in the present opera is a happy bit of comedy. There is elegance in his carriage, beauty in his tones, vigor in his acting. His humor is delightful indeed; not broad in the objectionable sense. Mr. De Wolf Hopper has but limited opportunities as Dick Deadeye. This was unfortunate as was the manner in which he insisted on interpolating, of his own volition, an abundance of "by-play" when others of the cast were intended to dominate the stage.

Mr. Aldridge again sang with commendable distinction. In parts the score of "Pinafore" is not easy reading. He displayed the greatest facility in surmounting the difficulties. Mr. Cowles repeated no less than six times "He is an Englishman." That he had need to do so is sufficient proof of his ability. There is strength in his intonations, yet are they well modulated. Mr. Cunningham played Sir Joseph with nice discretion. In matters of voice he was equally discriminating. Miss Duffield and Miss Gillette were extremely pleasing in their respective parts.

The production was adequately mounted. Matinee today, and tonight "Patience."

And yet that these Relations are nothing a-Kin to those Foppish Tales, and vain Fictions which Poets and Story-tellers are wont, like Spiders, to spin out of their own Bowels without any substantial Ground or Foundation for them, and then Weave and Wire-draw them out at their own Pleasures; but contain in them certain abstruse Questions and Rehearsals of Events, you yourself are, I suppose, convinced.

Mr. Johnson's Anxiety.

We have received a letter from the distinguished sociologist, Mr. Herkimer Johnson, but, we regret to say, he is as dumb as any ancient and once approved oracle in response to questions of vital importance put to him by our correspondents. His letter is long and rambling. He speaks of his scrub-pine lot at Clamport and is anxious concerning the beach plum crop this fall.

"As you may know, the soil is sandy, and I cannot afford to have a clay bottom put in for three acres. Therefore I am studying the Noyes theory of the utilization of air for fertilizing purposes. Never did a theorist have a more auspicious surname."

Proper Pride.

It is often said that pride in the perfection of his work no longer sways the soul of the workman, whether he be cordwainer, carpenter, or house painter; that the typical workman with paper cap and smiling daughter bringing the dinner pail, the hero of romances by T. S. Arthur, is now extinct.

It was therefore the more refreshing to read in the Daily Mail of London the lament of an old man relieved from his office of guardian and cleaner of the Albert Memorial. "No one can wash those marble statues like I can. They want understanding—those statues do—not merely the hose-pipe. That's what they want—understanding."

Substantially the Same.

"Rusticus Expectans" sends from Vermont two clippings—one from a Boston newspaper stating that at an entertainment in this city "the tea table was decorated with jonquils and the pourers were Mrs. —— and Miss ——"; the other from a country newspaper stating that "Oliver Bowles and Roscoe Oakes attended the poverty party at Dow Academy Friday evening."

And "Rusticus Expectans" writes: "A comparison of the enclosures suggests Mr. Boffin's perplexing question: 'What's the difference, Wegg?' Could the attention of Mr. Herkimer Johnson, the profound student of sociology, be drawn to it for brief consideration?"

Graphic Definitions.

As the World Wags:

In the April, 1912, number of the New England Magazine, in an article entitled "Prison Echoes," Mr. Joseph M. Sullivan uses the term "dress suit burglars." I have been a close reader of articles on criminology and allied subjects for many years, and I must confess that I am brought to the belief that Mr. Sullivan is the first writer to employ that term. He also uses the phrase "greasy coat thieves" in the same article, but I am familiar with that term. I would ... to have your opinion ... The term conveys so many ... pat form that it is graphic and picturesque to an extreme.

Boston. PHILIP J. LILLY.

If you will consult Mr. Joseph M. Sullivan's entertaining little dictionary, "Criminal Slang," you will find these definitions: "Dress suit burglar—a lobbyist, a high-toned fixer, a slippery fellow"; "greasy coat thieves—vagrant pickpockets who steal for beer money." We should like to hear from that close student of life on the road and rails, that lexicographer of the "loafers and footpads" of speech, Mr. Halliday Witherspoon of Dorchester, Mass.

With Molasses.

As the World Wags:

Who remembers the cider brandy and molasses of the sixties? A favorite tipple with seafaring men and farmers in the land of steady habits. The dose, as I remember, was three fingers to a tablespoonful of black molasses. A powerful stimulant—and believed to be efficacious for throat trouble. J. D. K.

Boston March 5.

Believed? It was. And if Dr. William Maginn praised "the beautiful mutual adaptation" of cold rum and cold water, we like to think of the indissoluble wedlock of cold rum and molasses; but the molasses must be black as "J. D. K." says, molasses of the old-fashioned kind concerning which horrid tales about the manufacture were related in our boyhood. Think of the grip, bronchitis, tonsilitis, persistent rheums, hacking coughs that have marked this winter! There was the capricious and unwholesome weather, the dust, the stench from the subway in construction, the blown filth of the ill-kept streets. And yet the city government, which professes to be paternal and maternal, did not establish relief stations where suffering humanity could have obtained without price cold rum and molasses or hot buttered rum.

Information Wanted.

As the World Wags:

Having found the items regarding the Boston of 50 years ago accurate as I remember them, perhaps some of the contributors could give me some information as to the old Washington well, or spring, at City Point. If I remember correctly, it was situated around Fifteenth street, and a peculiar feature of this old well was that it would be submerged at high tide. M. SULLIVAN.

Brockton, March 5.

As the World Wags:

Does it seem queer to you to hear the phrase "hand running"? Such as: "I did it six times hand running," or, "It rained three days hand running."

Boston, March 3. V. MERRELLO.

LAST CONCERT BY LONGY CLUB

By PHILIP HALE.

The Longy Club gave the third and last concert of its 13th season last night in Jordan Hall. Mme. Marie Sundelius, soprano, assisted. The program was as follows: Caplet, quintet for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon and piano; Debussy, ballade, Aubert; "Le Reve," from "La Foret Bleue"; Lalo, air from "Le Roi d'ys"; Bernard, Divertissement for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, two bassoons, op. 36.

Mr. Caplet's quintet was produced here by the Longy Club on Feb. 3, 1902, long before the composer ever thought that he would be an opera conductor in Boston. It was composed when he was very young, and perhaps today he speaks slightingly of it as a youthful offence, but he has no cause to be ashamed of the second movement, an Adagio, and the third, a Scherzo.

The first movement is tuneful and constructed according to approved rules. It shows little individuality. There is too often the suggestion of the first movement of Schumann's quintet, and, not only is the suggestion one of the prevailing mood, but there is a curious thematic resemblance, or reminder. The thematic development is at the expense of fancy in digressions, and the music reminds one of the earnest, painstaking student.

The Adagio, contemplative, at times sombre, is poetic and the Scherzo trips gaily with agreeable rhythmic contrasts. In the last movement the hearer is again conscious of the faithful student mindful of academic instruction.

It may be remembered that the Longy Club also produced long ago Mr. Caplet's "Persian" Suite written in a far different spirit.

The Divertissement of Bernard, a well grounded and facile musician, has been heard here before.

Mme. Sundelius sang Debussy's setting of music to the ballade made by Villon at his mother's request as a prayer to the Virgin Mary. The composer was eminently successful in giving antique yet pathetic expression to the rogue's verses. There is the thought of the pattering of prayers. The hint at an ecclesiastical intonation. The recurring line "And in this faith will I live here and die," is treated in a haunting manner. Perhaps the air from "La Foret Bleue" will have greater charm in the opera when it is heard. Although it was admirably sung by Mme. Sundelius, it made little impression. The air from Lalo's opera has a more decided character, and is more grateful to a singer.

It was a pleasure to hear again the beautiful voice of Mme. Sundelius. She has gained greatly in the art of interpretation. Last night she showed an intimate knowledge of music and text, and was fortunate in communicating her impressions and convictions to the audience. She sang with delightful purity of tone, with refreshing ease and simplicity.

An audience of good size applauded heartily the players and insisted on recalling the singer, who responded to the call.

THOMPSON STONE'S RECITAL

Thompson Stone, pianist, assisted by Miss Hildegard Brandegee, violinist, gave a recital last evening in Steinert Hall. The program included Grieg's piano and violin sonata Op. 8; these piano pieces: Beethoven, Sonata Op. 27, No. 2; Schubert, Minuetto; MacDowell, A. D. MDCXX.; Bach-Saint-Saens, Gavotte; Chopin, Etudes Op. 10, No. 3 and Op. 25, No. 3; Nocturne, Op. 48, No. 1; Scherzo, Op. 20, No. 1; and these violin pieces: Schubert-Wilhelmj, Ave Maria; Kreisler, Caprice Viennois; Kreisler, Mazurka, Zarzycki.

This concert gave pleasure to a small audience. Mr. Stone showed facility and taste. Miss Brandegee, whose musical development was recently discussed in The Herald, gave valuable assistance.

'PATIENCE' HAS POINT UNDULLED

MAJESTIC THEATRE—The Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Company, in a revival of "Patience." Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Frank Paret.

Reginald Bunthorne	De Wolf Hopper
Archibald Grosvenor	George J. MacFarlane
Colonel Calverley	Arthur Cunningham
Major Murgatroyd	Eugene Cowles
Lieut., the Duke of Dunstable	Arthur Aldridge
The Attorney	Harry Smith
Patience	Blanche Duffield
The Lady Angela	Viola Gillette
The Lady Saphir	Louise Barthel
The Lady Ella	Grace Lyon
The Lady Jane	Kate Condon

Yesterday afternoon and last evening the opera given by the excellent company now at the Majestic was "Patience," the satire in which Sir W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan attacked the aestheticism of Oscar Wilde and the mediaevalism and pre-Raphaelism for which Ruskin was largely responsible.

Oscar Wilde and Ruskin are no more, but aestheticism and dilettantism are still very prevalent forces in society, and the enthusiasm with which the audience of last evening received the performance was conclusive proof that the satire of "Patience" has lost none of its point.

Of the four operas which have been given, this one offers De Wolf Hopper the best opportunity, and his characterization of Bunthorne is as clever a caricature as one may hope to see in many a day. In makeup and facial expression he was perfection, and nothing could speak more forcefully of his versatility as a comedian than the contrast between his Bunthorne and the stolid police sergeant, which he presents in "The Pirates of Penzance." The little curtain speech which he made after the first act, stepping out of the play but not out of the part, was most amusing and not inappropriate, but it is unfortunate that he and Mr. MacFarlane should have added verses to their song in the second act. The additions marred the artistic unity of the performance and did not possess sufficient intrinsic humor to justify their introduction.

Mr. MacFarlane as Archibald Grosvenor was an excellent foil to Bunthorne, and sang and acted delightfully. His duet with Miss Duffield was one of the best features of a performance which was in every way enjoyable. This number was only one of several in which Miss Duffield's singing was enthusiastically applauded. Her Patience was an appropriately simple and demure young person sufficiently colored by Miss Duffield's own attractive personality.

Miss Condon's Lady Jane was portly and amusing, and her performance on the bass-viol was one not soon to be forgotten. The remaining parts were all admirably taken.

The settings were attractive and the costuming picturesque, though it is unfortunate that Mr. Melville Ellis, who, according to the program, is responsible for them, should have designed Greek costumes for the love-sick damozels, since they have nothing to do with the case.

[illegible] commenting [illegible] the delightful interpretation of both parts [illegible] and on the excellent work of chorus and orchestra under the direction of Mr. Paret.

'L'ARLESIENNE'

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Daudet's "L'Arlesienne," a play in four acts with incidental music by Bizet.

[illegible] . . . . . P. Paul Marcel
[illegible] . . . . . George Demestre
[illegible] . . . . . Claude Benedict
[illegible] . . . . . A. Melvill
[illegible] . . . . . C. Leers
[illegible] . . . . . Marguerite Zegarra
[illegible] . . . . . C. Paul Marcel
[illegible] . . . . . Lucile Marsoll
[illegible] . . . . . J. Morell

[illegible] drama was performed for the first time at the Boston Opera House [illegible] evening. Stripped of Bizet's charming music and in the hands of inferior [illegible] the piece would drag heavily, but as played by Mr. Marcel and his company the characters were impressive [illegible] realistic. Admirable diction was a feature of the performance and the players showed themselves well versed in the technique of their art.

Mr. Marcel gave a sincere and appropriately impassioned impersonation of Frederi, whose unhappy love for the scheming woman of Arles drove him to [illegible] death. Mme. Zegarra's Rose Mistral was impressive, but somewhat lacking in tenderness, while her behaviour to the Innocent and Balthazar at times needlessly severe. Balthazar was excellently played by Mr. [illegible], who aptly suggested the kindly nature of the aged philosopher who sought to counsel the hot-headed Frederi and was patient with the Innocent.

Mme Marsoll was engaging as Vivette and the other personages of the drama were adequately represented.

The orchestra, under Mr. Capet's direction, was often eloquent. There was small but enthusiastic audience.

YSAYE PLAYS AT SYMPHONY

By PHILIP HALE.

The 17th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. Mr. Ysaye was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony in D minor, No. 1 . . . . . Sinding
Concerto in G minor for violin . . . . . Vivaldi
Pagan Poem (after Virgil) . . . . . Loeffler
Concerto in B minor for violin . . . . . Saint-Saëns

This concert was a long one, much too long, and the program was poorly balanced. Why should Mr. Ysaye have been allowed to play two concertos, when other violinists have been refused? One concerto is enough, and sometimes one too many.

The first movement of Sinding's symphony is imposing by reason of its ruggedness, its vigorous rhythms, its epic strength. The landscape that this Norwegian's Muse delights in is bleak and forbidding. Her song is of the old gods and a Valhalla where warriors fight, their wounds are immediately healed, and huge cups of mead are drained with voices roaring and with clangor of harps.

There is hardly a page that has continuous beauty, and the lyrical passages are thematically the least important, but there is a virility in subject matter and the expression and the instrument are authoritative.

The other movements are inferior in energy. The second may be taken for a lamentation with a few effective passages after a long and dreary stretch. In the Scherzo there is an excursion into Siegfried's forest, and there are other pages that show the influence of Wagner. In the finale the change to the major is dramatically contrived.

The symphony suffers as a whole from monotony in mood and in coloring. The instrumentation is generally thick and drab.

Mr. Loeffler's "Pagan Poem" is thus far his finest orchestral work. It is based, as many know, on verses in the eighth Eclogue of Virgil, who borrowed liberally from "The Sorceress" of Theocritus. A girl by the aid of incantations strives to bring back her truant lover. Jules Combarieu in his curious book "La Musique et la Magie" remarks that the refrain in the Eclogue, "Draw from the city, my songs, draw Daphnis home," bears witness of the previous existence of chanted poetry, in which the musical rhythm was so important, that the poet, although a man of taste, deeply versed in literature, and writing to be read, could not resist taking the refrain as the foundation of his work.

The composer, however, did not make the mistake of attempting to translate literally Virgil into music. He has stated that his chief themes, with perhaps one exception, are not typical and have only musical significance. Of course, [illegible] was inspired by Virgil [illegible] elements of [illegible] music [illegible] ever drawn from a [illegible] mind?" There might be this answer: "That depends largely on the mind of the hearer." In music that has no literary or a determined subject of any kind, music that has a title or argument, the hearer must meet the composer half way. An unimaginative person will not easily enjoy such music unless it soothes his nerves or stimulates his nervous system. If Coriolanus is no more than Hecuba to a hearer, he will fail to perceive the tragic force of Beethoven's overture.

Mr. Loeffler's music can be enjoyed without any effort to keep the eclogue in mind. There is no need of wondering whether this passage illustrates the melting of a waxen image or that passage the flinging of ashes into a running brook. What matters it, after all, whether the strangely beautiful song of the trumpets behind the scenes is the refrain of the sorceress? The pleasure in speculating concerning the "meaning" of these measures is more to be desired than the confidence in definite information.

The music of this "Pagan Poem" is highly imaginative. Its pages are pages of beauty and passion. The strangeness of the opening is not forced and experimental. The composer himself first saw in his mind's eye the scene and heard the sorcerer's chant. And here is no love song of familiar type given to caterwauling 'cellos. There is no conventional lament of approved crape and tears. A dolorous theme, broadly and nobly thought, is sung by the English horn. The spell works. Daphnis now hastens toward the long-empty and expectant arms. There is frantic and amorous exultation.

In this instance a rich and rare orchestral dress covers a well shaped and vigorous body.

Mr. Ysaye was not in the vein, and it was not easy to recognize in him the Ysaye of the recent recitals. Too often in technique and in aesthetic expression he fell below his own extraordinarily high standard. Vivaldi's concerto, with the exception of the slow movements, was not worth the doing, and one of these movements might well have been spared. The effect of a violin cantilena against either the voix celeste, or the vox humana, of an organ quickly cloys.

The program of next week is as follows: Mraczek, Symphonic Burleske, "Max und Moritz"; Liszt, Mephisto Waltz; Charpentier, Impressions of Italy.

'JEWELS' HEARD AT OPERA AGAIN

The performance of "The Jewels of the Madonna" last night at the Boston Opera House was keenly enjoyed by a large audience. The cast was the same as that of last Saturday afternoon and Mmes. Melis and Gay and Messrs. Zenatello and Blanchart were excellent in their respective parts. Mme. Melis is a passionate Maliella; Mr. Blanchart gives marked character to Rafaele; Mme. Gay's voice lends beauty to the duet between Carmela and Gennaro in the first act, and Mr. Zenatello's Gennaro is an extraordinarily fine performance.

[illegible]

If a painter has not tried hard to paint well and has tried hard to hoodwink the public, his offspring is not likely to show hereditary aptitude for painting, but is likely to have an improved power of hoodwinking the public.

The Astonishing Maglet.

We are obsessed by the [illegible] "Maglet." No doubt it is already written on our heart, as "Calais" on the heart of Queen Mary. Mr. Stetson is still inquiring into the nature of a maglet. This one tells him it is an interesting monkey very much at home in the Senegal Basin; another says it is something that can be fashioned out of a narwhale's bone. And now letters from two correspondents increase our confusion.

As the World Wags:

With reference to what you say about maglets in the paper I would say that 30 years ago I went to work first for a watchmaker in Wilmington. He was a Britisher, born in the old country. He always called the jewels of a type of watches, maglet. I have worked in a good many of the cities in this country but I never heard the word again until I read it in the paper. It brings back old times. JOHN HUISH.

Boston, March 5.

Cornish Corruption.

As the World Wags:

I think your readers may be interested in learning the origin of the word "maglet" or "majlet," although the word is Cornish rather than English. It is a smuggler's corruption of the French "majoliette," the "j" turning to "g" as in Fr. "jardin"—Eng. "Garden." "Majoliette" ("my prettikin") was the whimsical slang in which the French sailors of the 17th and 16th centuries referred to what would now be called a "peg"—a small drink of aqua vitae, or similar [illegible] as a pr[illegible]

[illegible] surmise that "[illegible] was in any way [illegible] the [illegible] "maglet" [illegible] of "[illegible]," to tease [illegible] incorrect. For this [illegible] Webster's International Dictionary, Springfield, 1910, p. 1295—sixth low [illegible].

A. TYRWHITT, Phd

Boston, March 6, 1913

We now halt between two opinions. There is no such word as "maglet", or "maglet," like the German "Zug," means any old thing. Mr. Herkimer Johnson writes in support of the theory that the maglet was a drinking cup, and he likes to think of a sailor carving one out of a narwhale's bone. "Majoliette" is a pretty word, but we do not find it in old Randle Coxgrave's French-English Dictionary (edition of 1672), which contains many colloquial and slang phrases. The drink may have given the name to the cup, or the cup to the drink.

And now, can any one give us the true derivation of "simoleon," a superbly sonorous word, as in the phrase. "It will cost you five simoleons"?

Questions and Answers.

As the World Wags:

Several questions I have been accumulating and now send in, hoping for an answer.

First—What became of the "faithful" Mme. Baumeister of Metropolitan opera fame, she who could ever be depended on to fill in?

Second—Did Goldmark, whose name appeared in last week's Symphony program, ever appear in Boston at the Melodion, and if so, at what date?

Third—A few years ago at the Manhattan Opera House in New York there was a tenor called Carasa, I think, much disliked by Caruso on account of similarity of names; what happened to him?

Fourth—The fair Lina Cavellina who failed to show up at the opera house the other Sunday after much fervent advertising in the press and several interviews, what ever happened to her?

Boston, March 5. A. L. SMITH.

First—She was living quietly in London when we last heard about her.

Second—The composer Carl Goldmark never visited the United States. His nephew, Rubin, born in New York, lives there, though poor health forced him to sojourn for a time in Colorado Springs. Compositions by Rubin have been performed here by the Symphony orchestra and the Kneisels. He never appeared at the Melodion. His sister is the wife of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis.

Third—Carasa, born in 1886, studied in Paris, and made a stir in London as Turiddu (April 30, 1909). He made his debut in New York at the Manhattan Opera House as Radames Aug. 31, 1909. We do not know where he is today. He is probably singing, for it is not easy to stop a tenor.

Fourth—For "Cavellina" read "Cavalieri." She will take the part of Carmen at the Boston Opera House next week Saturday night. At least she is announced, but the operatic manager proposes and the prima donna disposes.

Anecdote for the Day.

[illegible] mounted the cart as firmly as he had [illegible] walked behind it, and held up his face to Heaven and the beating rain, calm, resigned, but unshaken; and finding the halter too high for his neck he boldly stepped upon his coffin and placed [illegible] the noose, then watching [illegible] of the wheels he murmured [illegible] dos,' and leaned forward to [illegible] his fall."

'Mrs. Fiske,' by Frank Carlos Griffith, is a volume of 146 pages published by the Neale Publishing Co., New York. The book contains portraits of the actress as a child—one as Little Eva—and of her in more mature years and in various parts.

Mr. Griffith, who was her manager from 1897 to 1910, wrote this book because he was "actually pestered" by his friends to jot down some of "the characteristics, incidents, impressions and conclusions gathered during many years of close business relations with the foremost actress of our time." He stated that it is not his purpose to write a biography "and chronological facts and figures will not be attempted." The book is of trifling value, then, to the historian of the drama. Mr. Griffith, for instance, makes no allusion to Mrs. Fiske's first marriage. Nor is there any attempt at discriminative criticism. We read on page 46 Mr. Griffith's view of Mrs. Fiske's Hedda Gabler:

"It is a Raphael-like figure, cut perfectly from the marble—and with about as much blood in it. As a work of the highest art it is to be greatly admired, but, like the Laocoon, the agony of it prevents it from becoming popular with the super-sensitive."

"Tess, her own Tess, not the Tess of the author, Thomas Hardy, but a Tess that was the creation of her own brain, [illegible]

[illegible] Mrs. Fiske." by Frank Carlos Griffith [illegible] 1913

[illegible] Mrs. Fiske's Hedda Gabler [illegible] "Mrs. Fiske has hair of average length, not a brilliant red, rather [illegible] at times almost blonde in appearance."

"Why does Mrs. Fiske not play in England?"

"That is a question many [illegible] reply I will say I do not know.

Mr. Griffith is honest in his admiration; he pulls out all the stops of the organ of praise. And in the little book we learn much about Mr. Griffith, whose cheerfulness is so marked that we [illegible] like to find him on page 3 in lofty [illegible]:

"Who remembers Booth now, or Jefferson or Denman Thompson, or William Warren, or Modjeska or James [illegible] Wallack? Who was James H. [illegible] West and Mansfield play? Do people go to the theatre now since Irving died? Name a written or spoken, that can [illegible] of musical comedy erase."

Cheer up, Mr. Griffith. As [illegible] at the end of your little book: "[illegible] no hope."

Saint-Saens's "Ecole Buissonniere"

Camille Saint-Saëns's "Ecole Buissonnière." Notes et Souvenirs [illegible] published by Pierre Lafitte & Cie., Paris is a collection of articles that have appeared in newspapers of Paris, chiefly the Echo de Paris. The title is not easily translated into English. "Faire l'école buissonnière" is to play truant.

The composer, who is now in his 78th year, is not in sympathy with the extreme modern school. He says in the preface: "My opinion, often asked, concerning a new musical school known to all—it is useless to designate it more closely—will not be found here. Nor should I know how to give it, for I have [illegible] this subject. For me music is an art whose has its laws, its grammar, its syntax, things for which no one seems care in a world where the one thought is to awaken impressions, to create sensations and atmospheres. In this world music is made in the manner that Stéphane Mallarmé in his last years made sonnets. This line, 'Tremblent tout haut d'or rames sur la veine,' will give an idea of these sonnets to those who do not know them. The sonnets have their admirers; the music of which I speak also has admirers and a number of people declare that they adore it. They are very fortunate; they taste joys of which I have no idea, which I shall never know."

Although this book you will find pointed remarks against the "new school," they are sometimes witty, too often merely splenetic and rash. Thus in the article with the harmless title "Cesena," the composer says that he has always fought against inflexible forms, today the tyranny of the formless has succeeded the tyranny of the formal: "the voice divine [illegible] a miracle of music, has become a vile and contemptible thing, [illegible] vinegar and strong waters in the place of wine. [illegible]

[illegible] principle which [illegible] of needful liberty."

[illegible] Saint-Saëns has a s[illegible] in the same article [illegible] his trip in Italy. "At every [illegible] I read that I was 'the greatest [illegible] living,' and I recalled the [illegible] of the old general whose valet [illegible] he was dressing him said, 'You [illegible] young.' 'Keep on,' answered the [illegible]al: 'I know very well it is not [illegible] but it is always pleasant to hear.'

[illegible]ne Fuller's "Fifteen Years"

Miss Loie Fuller's "Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life," [illegible]h was published some years ago in [illegible]is, was recently published in London. The book has not been revised, [illegible]me. Modjeska is mentioned as [illegible] alive, and Edward VII. apparently [illegible] King of England. The preface of Anatole France in which that amiable ironist characterizes Miss Fuller as "marvellously intelligent * * * even more marvellously instinctive, an extraordinary and delightful woman, a very cheerful and a very noble soul," is retained.

Miss Fuller has little to say about her life as an actress in this country and in London; but she describes how she discovered the Serpentine Dance and the manipulation of a gauzy skirt under colored lights. "I had brought my robe home to sew up a little tear." She then read some complimentary notices of her dance in "Quack M. D." the night before. "After reading these comfortable lines I leaped from the bed and, arrayed only in my nightgown, I put the garment on and looked at myself in a large glass, to make sure of what I had done the evening before. The mirror was placed just opposite the windows. The long yellow curtains were drawn, and through them the sun shed into the room an amber light, which enveloped me completely and illuminated my gown, giving a translucent effect. Golden reflections played in the folds of the sparkling silk, and in this light my body was revealed in shadowy contour. This was a moment of intense emotion. Unconsciously I realized I was in the presence of a great discovery, one which was destined to open the path which I have since followed. Gently, almost religiously, I set the silk in motion, and I saw that I had obtained undulations of a character heretofore unknown. I had created a new dance."

There are some recollections of Mme. Calve, Mme. Bernhardt, Alexandre Dumas, Rodin, Clarctie and Flammarion and his wife. There are also two or three pages of hifalutin, the impressions made by the dancer on "Gab," when she was a playgoer aged 14. Here is a sample:

"Amorous of the resplendent beauty in nature, she asks it questions out of her clear eyes. To seize the unknown her hand becomes coaxing. Her firm, precise glance penetrates the soul of things, even when they have none. The inanimate becomes animate, and thinks under her magical desire, and the "dream pantomime" is evolved. Charmingly womanly, she has chosen the sweetest and finest among sleeping lives. She is the butterfly, she is the fire, she is light, heaven, the stars. Frail, under floating material, flowery with pale gold, with calcedony and beryl, Salome passed in her power. Afterward humanity went by feverishly. To calm our frayed souls and over-childish nightmares a fragile figure dances in a celestial robe."

The style of the author, or compiler, may be judged from these sentences:

"What I often wonder is what 'imitations' in private life are perpetuated by these ladies."

"Next there came a gentleman from London, one whom I held in too great esteem to go into details, who asked me for 10 pounds."

Dress for the Opera

Mrs. Madge Humphrey of London gives hints to all those who would be dressed correctly at the opera: "It is necessary for those who wish to avail themselves of the real social advantages of the Covent Garden Opera House to study very closely the fashion in composers. Some years ago it was right to wear a tiara to Wagner. Now Wagner is not so brilliant, socially, as Puccini. And even in Puccini there are grades. Wear a diamond hair ornament for 'Tosca,' a low fillet or coronal for 'La Bohème' (unless Melba is singing), and a tiara for 'Madama Butterfly' or for Melba in anything at all. 'The Girl of the Golden West,' although it has not captured society as did 'Butterfly,' is still new enough to mean a new frock and plenty of diamonds (though plenty must be translated carefully).

"If the social aspirant really loves music and goes to the opera to hear it on many occasions she must be very careful in her dress, because to the initiated eyes it betrays her lack of experience if she is too brilliant for 'Faust' and too quiet for 'Butterfly.'"

And for "Thais"? But this is a question of undressing, rather than dressing.

Mrs. Humphrey remarks that there are not more than a dozen women in London who should wear aigrettes in their hair except on the grand tier or [illegible]

[illegible] pieces of [illegible] [illegible] the mistake of [illegible] that at Covent Garden one [illegible] dishonest. This is not the case. There, [illegible] than anywhere one should look [illegible]

Still Looking Backward

To the Editor of The Herald:

I was very glad to have my query answered regarding the Galatea and Peg Woffington I saw at Selwyn's Theatre—or rather the Globe—in the early seventies. Carlotta Leclercq certainly performed the parts with "admirable intelligence, vigor and taste," and Charles Fechter in his prime was a most fascinating actor. Many a happy hour have I spent at Selwyn's Theatre, and, like other old-timers, I have often wished we had a similar theatre in Boston now.

It is a curious fact that after 50 years of theatre going I have in my possession hardly a play bill of performances which I have seen; so that I often feel like the strayed reveller who, dozing on the portico of the goddess' palace, sees a thronging but confused train of eddying forms sweep across his vision.

Fechter, I think, made his last appearance upon the stage at the Howard Athenaeum when he was undergoing great physical pain, and it is my impression that he died soon after. The list of names given by Mr. Clapp revives many pleasant memories. We shall never forget W. H. Floyd, Couldock, Sheridan, Leslie Allen—father of Viola Allen—Mr. Thomas Barry, Stuart Robson, Daly, Harry Bascom, and the others. Then there was George Boniface, who used to pass the summers in Scituate and attend all the baseball games in that region. I last saw him at the Hollis Street Theatre one Saturday evening in a Pinero play. I drifted in there, knowing nothing of the caste, and it was a pleasant surprise to see him walk upon the stage as "large as life and twice as natural."

This reminds me that as I was entering Dock—now Adams—square the other day from Faneuil Hall square, I saw an aged Thespian well known to the older generation gazing at the spot where the Hancock Tavern used to stand. He had a wistful, far away look in his eyes as if saying to himself: "Boston is not what it was!" In the early days, as Richard Mansfield used to remark, Bostonians could pick clams right off their back doorsteps. In fact clams were a drug on the market and clam chowder was regarded as a strictly starvation diet, a last resort. The New England House was then in its prime, and thinking of this led me to go there to dinner after an interval of 40 odd years of dining elsewhere. The street floor is now all stores and you have to go up a flight of stairs to reach the dining room. The house inside has an ancient look, with queer nooks and corners and landings. Stumbling in my explorations upon the billiard room I found congregated there all the market men in the city proper. I had a glass of the "extra stunning" with my dinner, and ruminated over bygone days when as a boy I used to wander through North street to North square, casting as I passed a furtive glance into the dives and dance halls where sailors and their little Buttercups were wont to congregate.

Speaking of sailors reminds me of "Black-eyed Susan" that I used to see at Selwyn's. Who played the name part? Isn't it some Greek sage who says: "Teach me not to remember, but to forget?" And yet how easily we every mother's son of us forget, old and young alike! I say "son" advisedly, for the daughters of men have notoriously long memories. Like Helen Lowell, in "The Red Petticoat," they must all of them have been students in a memory correspondence school. It was at Selwyn's one evening that I had the pleasure of holding a conversation between acts with a Boston Theatre actor whose theme was the relative size of the two stages—the Boston Theatre stage and Selwyn's. "Why," said he, in a supercilious manner, "what would these actors here do on a stage the size of the Boston? They would be lost, sir, lost!" I did not venture the obvious retort, that he was often seen wandering there himself. This recalls the story of the obscure player who stood on the Parker House steps the morning after the death of a famous actor, and, striking a tragic attitude, said in a tone of deep dejection to a passing acquaintance: "Ah, my boy, another one of us gone!" He, too, years ago, joined the phantom caravan the other side the stream, and now may be dreaming of star parts in some stellar theatre far more imposing than any we have here on earth.

"We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In midnight by the Master of the Show."

Boston, March 2 J. W.

Mr. Jones Collects Essays

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has collected the essays, lectures and speeches written and delivered by him during the last 16 years on the subject of the theatre and the book is published by Chapman & Hall, London. Some of the statements and opinions have grown old or been contradicted by later events. Thus his complaint about the indifference, superciliousness, capriciousness of English men of letters toward the drama is [illegible] [illegible] tional theatre. The genius [illegible] will [illegible] the student of the drama will find pleasure in many of the [illegible] essays. Here is one: "No man should think himself a dramatist until he can so condense and inform a dialogue that behind it is hidden and packed up a narrative of greater volume than the dialogue itself."

And here is a remark on the censorship:

"Sir Herbert Tree is of opinion that the present manager of His Majesty's Theatre is not a fit person to decide finally what plays shall be there offered to the public. I have vainly tried to persuade him otherwise. Sir Herbert may be right in his opinion. But Sir Herbert must surely allow that he is likely to be a better judge of an immoral play than the censors who have vetoed 'Oedipus' and 'Monna Vanna' and licensed countless indecent French farces."

The Pall Mall Gazette refers to Mr. Jones as a man who necessarily living by the theatre also lives for it.

Clara Schumann's Life

Prof. Berthold Litzmann's life of Clara Schumann has been translated into English by Miss Grace Harlow and published by Macmillan. The German book, although verbose, contains much that is interesting. We obtain a closer view of Clara's pig-headed father, who, however, after her marriage to Schumann, became reconciled to them both. After his death Clara was able to write of him: "He was on a grand scale, there was nothing petty about him; if he could be of use he was always ready to help, and more than that, he sought for opportunities of service. He always took the most lively interest in any signs of talent and never asked if he would receive praise or thanks. Thus in him a man of rare character has passed away. I cannot express the depths of my grief. In my childhood he was everything to me, and now death has put an end to all."

Schumann did not die in his wife's arms as is often related, but in his sleep, and no one was with him at the time. He had recognized and embraced her a few days before. After she saw him dead she wrote in her diary: "His head was beautiful,' the forehead so transparent and slightly arched. I stood by the body of my passionately loved husband, and was calm. All my feelings were absorbed in thankfulness to God that he was at last set free; and as I kneeled by his bed I was filled with awe; it was as if his holy spirit was hovering over me. * * * I saw him for the last time. * * * I laid some flowers on his head—my love he has taken with him."

We learn that Brahms was a troublesome friend, though a devoted one, and that Schumann once ordered Liszt out of his house for disparaging Mendelssohn in favor of Meyerbeer. Mendelssohn's behavior toward Schumann was very different, but Mendelssohn was jealous and a prig.

Personal Notes

Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina" has been dramatized by John Pollock and the play will be produced in London with Mme. Lydia Yavorska as the heroine.

Miss Alice Nielsen met with great success at her recent concert in Chicago. Mrs. Gunn wrote in the Chicago Tribune that her recital "served to display a vocal art remarkable for its purity, for the fresh, translucent beauty of the tone, for the breadth of resource developed, and for the superlative command of all legitimate means to variety of expression. This beautiful song became, in turn, the agent of an interpretative art remarkable for its simplicity, its sincerity, and the deft and unfailing method whereby its intentions were impressed upon the sympathies of the listener." The other critics were warmly appreciative.

The London Times of Feb. 19 published this unusual review of a song recital, Mr. Henschel's:

"Dr. Henschel sang at Bechstein Hall yesterday afternoon old favorites of Schubert, Schumann and Loewe. When a man has been singing for something like a third of a century individual songs must seem very different things to him from what they did when he began. They have ceased to be achievements and have become opportunities of saying what he holds to be the truth about singing. It is one thing to read this truth in books, or to receive it from teachers and quite another to watch it in practice. What Dr. Henschel seemed to be telling us was something like this: Song is just the rise and fall of the speaking voice heightened, and the firmer your hold of this simple fact the truer your singing will be. You speak only when you have something to say, and you must sing only when you have something to tell your listener. When you speak you sometimes hang and sometimes drag, not for the fun of doing it, but because the sense demands it; so in singing, whole beats, bars if necessary, may go by the board if the context is so made clearer; the word regulates the time. When people say of a man, as they sometimes do, 'I like to hear the sound of his voice,' what they are liking is not so much that particular organ as its perfect emotional adjustment to the need of the moment, even if they understand no more of what he is saying than the northern farmer 'Ar' I thowt a said what a owt to 'a said.'"

From Our Exchanges

M. Debussy has, it appears, sent an enthusiastic telegram to M. Nijinsky over the success of "L'Après midi d'un Faune" as a ballet, and has conceded it as follows: "Congratulate the English on having understood it." We are happy to receive this testimonial to our intelligence. Perhaps we should say to our dawning intelligence. Yet, M. Debussy is by no means the first foreign artist to be surprised at an English audience displaying understanding. Mme. Schumann, for example, on her first visit, found us a kindly but rather stupid people; but she gradually grew not only to like but to respect us. The gratifying feature of M. Debussy's telegram is that we seem to have "understood" his and Nijinsky's work at once. So glad!—Pall Mall Gazette, Feb. 21, 1913.

A correspondent of the Daily Graphic writes:

"Herr Koelsch, a Westphalian machine-tool manufacturer, has devised an ingenious system for improving the moral and increasing the output of his workmen. This system consists in the application of music and rhythm to daily work. Having himself risen from the rank of workman, Herr Koelsch realizes that the monotony and lack of initiative in modern factory and workshop life are fatal to individual efficiency. Observation shows that the workmen who suffer most are those who tend machines in which the chief movements are rotary and continuous. Workers at machines with the movements in direct lines and intermittent are favorably affected by the rhythmical sounds; and, as a rule, are bright and take an interest in their work.

Herr Koelsch has designed a new workshop, so as to allow of the different types of machines being evenly distributed, instead of grouped together. By this means all workmen will be brought within the sphere of influence of the rhythmical machines. [illegible] Koelsch announces that he will provide music for his workmen while they are at work. He will free from work and pay full wages to men who are good musicians, on condition that they play for an hour after midday when work is hardest."

What Is a "High-Brow" Play?

Mr. Stanley Houghton, the author of "Hindle Wakes," talking with a reporter of the Daily Chronicle (London) defined a "highbrow" play as one "in which the author has not been deterred from obeying his artistic conscience by a desire to please." It is not necessarily a "serious" play, they agreed, there is Mr. Shaw's "Fanny's First Play." Nor is it necesarily realistic. "It need not be particularly intelligent—the completest 'highbrow' would hardly pretend to be more intelligent than, say, Mr. Barrie." It need not preach a sermon.

The Daily Chronicle says that London's theatrical world is now practically divided into two camps: On the one side the "highbrows," Shaw, Barker, Galsworthy, Masefield, Hastings, Bennett, and so on; on the other, the whole galaxy of the so-called "old-fashioned" dramatists. Mr. Houghton, born and bred in Manchester, said: "In London you do not, perhaps earlier, have a single permanent theatre where people can go week after week to a different good play. The London public is so big that a success instantly blocks the way to further efforts at that particular theatre—as has been shown by the run of 'Milestones' at the Royalty. My own 'Hindle Wakes' was only allowed to run for a fortnight at Manchester—though it could have gone on much longer. I am bound to confess, too, that, although the public seemed to like it well enough, the Manchester critics were more reserved about it than you were in London."

Mr. Houghton especially hoped that no one would think that he intended to "preach a sermon" on his new play, "The Younger Generation," which may be listened to "with perfect security by the 'jeune fille' or even by the Oxford undergraduate." It will be remembered that the vice-chancellor banned "Hindle Wakes" at Oxford.

M. Brieux's New Play

Brieux's new play "La Femme Seule," produced at the Gymnase, Paris, on Dec. 12, shows him again as a man with a thesis, but the play is not reckoned among his best. A well-educated young girl loses her money, and her betrothed grows cool. She is obliged to earn her living. She joins the editorial staff of La Femme Libre a "feminist" organ. The male proprietor shows himself an egotist and a brute. The girl will not listen to his proposals and becomes a manager of women workers in her uncle's factory. The [illegible] the factory [illegible] female competition and strike. There

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[illegible] Women cannot [illegible] their country." "No, but they [illegible] it with defenders." "Women [illegible] or [illegible] "Because they drink [illegible] Woman's place is at home [illegible] looking after her husband [illegible]." "Yes, but the labor-[illegible] of machinery have dl-[illegible] her domestic duties and the [illegible] works after the children." Yet [illegible] are the chief [illegible] of "La Femme Seule." "He [illegible] has promised neither side of [illegible] controversy with any fresh argu-[illegible] though he has delivered a so-[illegible] he has neither any very [illegible] text nor any clear conclusion. [illegible] though full of action, marks [illegible] at a past phase of the feminine [illegible] in England and is now [illegible] to domestic disputes [illegible] societies.

MUSIC SCHOOL SETTLEMENT.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. John L. Gardner a concert will be given by the Boston Music School Settlement in Fenway Court next Tuesday evening. The concert should be largely attended, for this settlement is doing a valuable work, which should be more widely known and appreciated.

The school was opened at 110 Salem street in November, 1910. Since the opening more than a thousand individual lessons have been given; the staff of teachers has been increased from three to twenty-five; there have been concerts and lectures for the children, who themselves have taken part in concerts and in an operetta; cases of adenoids and tonsils have been treated, and children have been sent into the country for two weeks in the summer.

The aim of the settlement, as stated by Mr Daniel Bloomfield, the associate director, has been to make music one of the "durable satisfactions of life." In his last annual report he speaks of the satisfactory work accomplished; how boys who would waste time in the loose pleasures of the street are interested in music, become proficient on this or that instrument, and are already able to use their knowledge in furtherance of learning a trade or a profession. The pupils are brought into sympathetic relations with teachers; there is the incentive of a common purpose; there is a spirit of healthy competition. The life in the tenement house is not so dull and dreary as it was. The child develops his personality and is an healthful influence at home.

It is the aim of the settlement to bring good music within the reach of all; to open schoolhouses, after closing hours, for social purposes; to secure opportunities for wholesome recreation in the North End. It is not necessary that an applicant for instruction should show unusual talent, but he must be desirous of instruction. No previous training is required.

The settlement hopes that in time the institution may serve as the nucleus of a people's symphony orchestra, which will give concerts for the wage-earners; that school trio and quartet clubs will be formed; that native composition will be encouraged. It looks forward to giving concerts in hospitals and prisons.

Although the purposes are ideal, the management of this institution is eminently practical. The greatest economy is exercised in the handling of the funds, and the books are regularly examined by an expert accountant. The list of patrons is not merely an honorary one. These patrons are well acquainted with the actual work and the aims and hopes of the officers. Many of them give their personal attention, and are not satisfied with a thoughtless contribution of money.

Yet money is needed for this beneficent work. The permanence of the institution must be assured. In his last report Mr Bloomfield said that $2000 must be raised to make possible the existence of [illegible] the [illegible] year. [illegible] A much larger amount should be easily secured in this city of wealth that has long prided itself on its public charities and its cultivation of the arts.

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE: First performance in America of "La Foret Bleue," a lyric story in three acts after Perrault's tales, poem by Jacques Cheneviere; music by Louis Aubert. Mr. Caplet conducted.

Le Prince Charmant	Mr. De Potter
L'Ogre	Mr. Riddez
Le Pere Du Petit Poucet	Mr. Sampieri
Le Petit Poucet	Mme. Swartz
Le Petit Chaperon Rouge	Miss Fisher
La Princesse	Mme. Melis
La Fee	Miss Amsden
Un Moissonneur	Mr. Giaccone
La Servante	Miss Leveroni
La Mere Du Petit Poucet	Mme. De Courcy
La Mere Chaperon Rouge	Miss Heyman
La Boulangere	Miss Merel

"La Foret Bleue" is a spectacle that will please the children, and the amiable music does not disturb the scenery or elderly persons who like to see the little heroes and heroines of their youth upon the stage.

Camille Saint-Saens in his latest volume of notes and souvenirs discusses the question whether operatic subjects should be taken from history or legend. He thinks the question an idle one. "Is the music good?" "Is the opera interesting?" These are more important questions. Nevertheless the aged and eclectic composer plays with the first question, and treats history with the gentle irony that Mr Anatole France displays when he refers to "historical facts." Mr. Saint-Saens maintains that while history is that which probably happened and legend is that which probably did not happen, there is legend in history, history in legend, and legend is the "ancestral form of history." He argues these points at length, and concludes that a legendary subject offers one advantage, the marvellous. Outside this a legend presents many inconveniences. "Can persons who never existed, in whose existence no one any longer believes, be interesting in themselves?" They do not hold up the poem and the music. On the contrary, the poet and the musician give these characters life. "Let musicians choose their librettos and even the form of their operas according to their own musical nature. How many young composers with talent come to grief today because instead of obeying their nature they believe themselves obliged to obey a command!"

Mr. Aubert has set music to a poem in which our old friends The Sleeping Princess, Little Red Riding Hood and Hop o' My Thumb appear. Each one of them has been treated in opera. Boieldieu wrote a "Little Red Riding Hood" over 90 years ago. Mr. Cheneviere has combined the three stories. The princess comes to the village where Little Red Riding Hood and Hop o' My Thumb are dwelling. There the fate falls upon her. The spindle pricks her hand and she enters into the enchanted sleep. The little girl has gone her way in the forest. Hop o' My Thumb and his brothers and sisters have been taken into the same forest to be abandoned by their father, desperate through poverty. The two children meet and fall asleep. The good fairy and her attendants watch over them, after the manner of the angels in "Haensel and Gretel." There is no wolf to eat Little Red Riding Hood, but there is an Ogre, who relishes children's flesh. The good fairy sees to it that he becomes drunk. The boy and girl pulled off his seven-league boots and mock him when he awakes. Prince Charming, who has always wooed the princess, comes in with a hunting party. He is sad eyed and yesterday was sad-voiced. Acting on the advice of Little Red Riding Hood, he begs the fairy to show him the way to the castle where his beloved sleeps. The obliging stage machinist hears the request, and lo, and behold, the castle rises courteously in the back ground.

The Prince and the two children enter the room where the Princess sleeps. He kisses her. "A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt." And there is a happy ending for everybody, except possibly the Ogre, who, alas, does not appear again after he has been led away by the hunters in the second act.

This libretto has been arranged with considerable skill. There are lyric flights for the lovers. There are verses for the children and the Ogre that might easily arouse an imaginative composer with a sense of humor to successful endeavor.

Mr. Aubert, unfortunately, has not improved the opportunity. It has been said that the last act was rewritten after the piano score was published; that within a comparatively recent time changes, cuts, revisions have been made. With all this we are not concerned. We have to do only with the opera as it was produced yesterday in Boston, the second city that is acquainted with it. Calvinistic Geneva saw the first performance some weeks ago.

The first act is musically the weakest. There is little interest in this act except some agreeable bits of orchestral color, and it may here be said that Mr Aubert is more considerate in his treatment of the orchestra than in his treatment of human voices. But in this act his orchestra is [illegible] does not characterize [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] to the [illegible] stage. The [illegible] wo[illegible] the traditional har[illegible] into the [illegible] with [illegible] rakes. What must [illegible] written for them? The interest [illegible] the action. The entrance of the [illegible] arouses a hope which is not [illegible].

In the second act near the beginning the influence of Debussy [illegible] not only in the mood, the 'atmosphere,' but in the melodic lines. The music of the Fairy show is ineffective, and the humor of the Ogre is chiefly in the impersonation. Yet as a whole this act is musically the most distinguished of the three, for there is little of importance in the last act except the crescendo of emotion which ends in the breaking of the spell.

It would seem that Mr Aubert, a refined, sensitive musician, has not a marked instinct for dramatic effects. He has a pretty taste in orchestral color. He is the man for a little idyl, the painter of a pastel. Certain piano pieces and some songs written by him are graceful and charming. The melodic vein in this opera is weak. The short-breathed motives tell nothing; the melodies developed at length are without a decided profile.

In "Pelleas et Melisande" there is a continuous orchestral italicization of the dialogue on the stage. There is heightened speech. The orchestra is skilfully rhetorical in as [illegible] and words and music are indissolubly wedded. In this respect Debussy's opera stands above all others, even "Tristan." The orchestral speech of Mr. Aubert is fragmentary, seldom apropos, not assisting in portraiture of character or in maintaining an illusion. There is often an attempt, unconscious perhaps in many instances, to use the Debussyian speech. This speech is natural to Debussy. Thus he feels and thinks and hears and expresses [illegible]. To Mr Aubert it is a fascinating but alien tongue. He has mastered this and that manner, there are plausible moments, but the strain of expression is too great for him. His speech falters, and when he expresses himself in his own way we hear nothing but amiable commonplaces, and even before the end members nothing except scenes upon the stage.

The performance on the whole was singularly smooth. Miss Fisher and Mme Swartz were delightful children, natural, unaffected, wholly in the spirit of the old tales. Mme Melis was a handsome Princess. Mr Riddez as the Ogre was a leading feature of the production. His impersonation might justly be called a creation. It was rightly extravagant but without burlesque. It was humorous without a touch of buffoonery. Miss Amsden was a benignant Fairy and sang clearly her characterless music. Mr. de Potter was hardly a Prince Charming. As he now sings his voice is an unpleasant one. His vocal art is nil. And it is not wholly fair to judge of the quality of the music written by Mr Aubert for the Prince. The composer might justly say "You have not heard it sung." The minor parts, and there were many of them, were adequately taken.

The stage setting of the village and the effects of lighting were admirable. The second scene pleased us less. There was to thought of the trees in "The Girl of the Golden West." This forest with the isolated trees, absence of underbrush, the idea of steps in the centre was not a fairy forest. Nor was the view of the castle effective. It was a blot on the landscape. The setting of the last act showed Mr. Urban's exotic fancy. The lighting was exquisitely imagined. The left column should not be out of plumb at the next performance.

There was a large audience. There were many curtain calls and composer and conductor and the chief singers had no cause to complain of public indifference.

SCOTNEY AS LUCIA

Popular Donizetti Opera Given in Evening.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"Lucia Di Lammermoor"—Donizetti.

Lord Ashton	Anafesto Rossi
Lucia	Evelyn Scotney
Sir Edgardo	Umberto Sacchetti
Lord Bucklaw	Ernesto Giaccone
Raimondo	Jose Mardones
Alisa	Bertha Heyman
Normanno	Rafaele Diaz
Musical director	Ralph Lyford

"Lucia" can ever be caunted upon to draw a big house, wherever grand opera is known, and last night's audience demonstrated once again that age increases rather than diminishes its popularity. Added to the natural attraction of the opera itself was the opportunity to see and hear Miss Scotney in one of her best roles.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, [illegible]:30 P. M. Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr Karl Muck, conductor, for the benefit of the Pension Fund. See special notice.

MONDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Piano [illegible] by Max Pauer: Brahms, sonata [illegible]; Haydn, variations in F [illegible]; [illegible] two studies in A [illegible] and C major; Weber, Rondo in E flat; Schumann, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] d'[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Quartet [illegible], op. 18, No. [illegible] [illegible] Sonata [illegible] for two [illegible]; Schumann Quartet in A [illegible] No. [illegible]

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. [illegible] public rehearsal of the Boston [illegible] Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor [illegible] notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. [illegible] concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

CITY CONCERTS

The music department of the city of Boston will give three concerts this week. William Howard, orchestral conductor; Louis C. Elson, lecturer.

BRIGHTON HIGH SCHOOL.

Tuesday, March 11, 8 P. M.

Overture, "Festival"	Lentner
Romanze from "Fleur-de-The"	Lecocq
Aria from the opera "La Boheme," "As Thro' the Street"	Puccini
Miss Florence Dolores Coughlin.	
Suite, "Ballet Egyptien"	Luigini
Solos for violin: "Wiegendlied"	Schubert-Elman
"Mazurka-Caprice"	Wieniawski
Mr. Howard.	
Menuetto Celebre (for strings)	Boccherini
Song, "Good-Bye"	[illegible]
Miss Coughlin.	
Marche Alla Turka	Mozart

CHARLESTOWN HIGH SCHOOL.

Wednesday, March 12, 8 P. M.

Overture to "Le Caid"	Thomas
"Dreams"	Wagner
Aria from "La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc"	Bemberg
Miss Adena [illegible]	
Selection from "Le Donne Curiose"	Wolf-Ferrari
Allegretto and finale from the concerto in A minor for 'cello	Saint-Saens
Milo M. Goldstein.	
Serenata	Moszkowski
Song, "Gather Rosebuds"	[illegible]
Miss Griggs.	
Valse Animee from "La Reine de Saba"	Gounod

DORCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL

Friday, March 14, 8 P. M.

Chamber concert by Miss Clara Sexton, soprano; Miss Gertrude Marshall, violinist; Miss Ida McCarthy, pianist, and Carl Webster, cellist.

Allegro from Trio, op. 63	[illegible]nn
Song, "Haymaking"	[illegible]
Miss Sexton.	
Piano solo, paraphrase on "Rigoletto"	Verdi-Liszt
Miss McCarthy.	
"Nocturne"	Chopin-Wilhelmj
"Polonaise"	Wieniawski
Miss Marshall.	
Violoncello solo	[illegible]
Rondo	Boccherini
Mr Webster.	
"Yesterday and Today"	[illegible]
"All Through the Night"	Old Welsh
"Come to the Garden of Love"	[illegible]
Miss Sexton.	
Presto from Trio, op. 12	Hummel

PHILLIPS-EXETER GIVES CONCERT

A concert by the Phillips-Exeter Musical Clubs was given yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The Phillips Exeter Academy Glee Club and Orchestra proved themselves worthy of their excellent reputation for classical and popular music. There was a chorus of 60 voices and they were assisted by the Academy Mandolin Club. O. G. Kirkpatrick, a well-known athlete, sang several solos, "If I Were a Rose," by Mendelssohn; the Barcarolle from "Tales of Hoffman," and others. He also led the glee club. Robert S. Bingham and Samuel H. Newhall sang "The Heart Broken Mariner," and "Holy Art Thou" from "Xerxes." The chorus and the orchestra did splendidly with their selections and were roundly applauded by the large audience.

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PENSION FUND CONCERT GIVEN

Symphony Hall was crowded in every part with many standing along the side walls yesterday afternoon at the second and last Pension Fund concert of the season. Dr Muck conducted. The program was:

Wagner	Overture, "Tannhaeuser"
Wagner	"A Siegfried Idyl"
Richard Strauss	Tone Poem "Don Juan" (after N. Lenau), Op. 20.
Tschaikowsky	Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetic," Op. 74.

The giving of this concert in the afternoon, instead of at night, as has been customary, furnished an opportunity to hear the orchestra to a large part of the public that could not otherwise do so, and the chance was [illegible] [illegible] Great was the [illegible] [illegible] took advantage of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] the program [illegible] what [illegible] practically a Symphony concert and they listened to [illegible] by the orchestra that was exceptionally inspiring, even for that superb organization of artists.

Never were the players more sensitively responsive to the subtle, powerful, wonderful leadership of Dr. Muck. He always makes of this collection of nearly 100 men a single instrument to do his will, and to give forth, as one living artist, the music of a composer with special delicacy of shading, or exceptional beauty and power. Yesterday they surpassed themselves.

In the "Tannhaeuser" overture not a note failed to get the light touch of expression or the emphasis required to produce the fluent beauties of the work. The "Siegfried Idyl" came shining forth in all its alluring loveliness. The "Don Juan" tone poem, played for the only time this season, was terrific in its great, gusty sweeps of passion and thrilling in its tender lyrical passages.

The Tschalkowsky symphony from the beautiful opening adagio with the marvellous song that might be called a hymn of resignation, through the graceful allegro of the second movement and the daring defiance of the third to the inexpressibly pathetic lamentation of the finale was produced with a vital intensity and a glowing fire that will cause it to live long in the memories of those who heard it.

Even to this hour how men toyl and labour Day and Night! Scribbling continually of all sorts, Commentaries, Forms of Elegancy, or Phrases, Questions, Annotations, Animadversions, Observations, Castigations, Centuries, Miscellanies, Antiquities, Paradoxes, Collections, Additions, Lucubrations, Editions upon Editions. And yet not one of them all, whether Grecian or Latine hath given any accompt how the Parts of Speech are to be distinguished, or what order is to be observed in their Construction; or whether there be only fifteen Pronouns, as Priscian believes, or whether more, as Diomades and Tocas will have it

Merely a Suggestion.

We had thought that the word "maglet" would rest for a time, but it is a perturbed spirit, a true ghost of a doubtful and suspected thing.

As the World Wags:

In the early church, the eucharistic wine was kept or mixed in a large vessel and then consecrated for service. This vessel was called an "ama." From it the wine was distributed into smaller vessels at the altar service. "Ama" was also written "Hama" (the Greek "Ame"—means a bucket or pail). The above accords with the Century Dictionary.

Query: Could those smaller vessels have been called, as diminutives, "amaylets," and by popular abbreviation "maylets"?

The Latin diminutive was "amula." The old forms of amulet, "amalette" and "amlette" are somewhat suggestive. L'AMANT.

Boston.

Yes, yes. The Greek word meant first of all a shovel or mattock; then a water bucket or pail; and lastly a harrow or rake. Truly a useful word for the farmers.

The Latin word is "hama," a water bucket, or a hand bucket used in putting out fires. The word was classical but not Ciceronian. We have been unable to find "amula" in any dictionary of classical Latin at hand.

Strange to say, "ama," "amula" and "hama" are not in the New English (Oxford) Dictionary. In Mollett's "Dictionary of Words used in Art and Archæology," the word "ama" or "amula" is defined as a long phial for holding the wine presented at the altar at the moment of offering; while "hama" is a bucket used for various purposes. The old oaken bucket, the moss-covered bucket, the old typhoid bucket that hung in the well was a "hama."

The Horse and His Rider.

Looking in Bailey's dictionary for "hama"—the dictionary of our grandparents with the "objectionable" words crossed out with ink, by which youthful curiosity was wildly excited — we found some interesting phrases associated with that noble animal the horse. Knowing nothing about riding and little about driving as it is practised today, although in years long gone by "buggy riding" was a favorite pastime and one-handed driving was the rule, we give these phrases as they stand, wondering if any of them are in vogue today:

"Hand is used in division of the Horse into two parts, in respect to the Rider's Hand; as Spear Hand, the right Hand; Bridle Hand, the left Hand.

"To Keep a Horse upon the Hand is to feed him in the Stay upon the Hand and to be always prepared to avoid any Surprize or Disappointment from the Horse.

"To rest well upon the Hand is said of a horse that never refuses, but always obeys and answers the Effects of the Hand.

"To yield the Hand signifies to slacken the Bridle.

"To sustain the Hand is to pull a Bridle in.

"To force the Hand is said of a Horse when he does not fear the Bridle, but goes away in spite of the Horseman.

"To [illegible] a Horse to slip from the Hand is to put on at full speed."

Anecdote for the Day.

"As soon as he had made full use of the unfortunate sailor, and found himself in sight of the destined port, he came up to him at the helm, which he held in his hand, 'My friend,' said he, 'is that the harbor of Corunna?'—'Yes,' was the reply. 'Then,' rejoined Soto, 'you have done your duty well and I am obliged to you for your services.' On the instant he drew a pistol and shot the man, then cooly flung his body overboard, took the helm himself and steered into his native harbor as little concerned as if he had returned from an honest voyage."

That Old Well.

As the World Wags:

Information was asked in today's issue of The Herald concerning the Old Well at City Point, South Boston. There was never a Fifteenth street in South Boston. The old well was on the beach side of Eighth street. (Ninth street was not built until years after. The well was built around with a circular caisson similar to a hogshead and was covered by the sea at high tide. When they built the sewer through Ninth street, the water vein was destroyed. Gen. Washington supplied his troops from the well when he occupied Dorchester Heights. The well was between H. and L. streets. OLD TIMER.

Allston, March 7.

Ninth street was laid out parallel with Broadway and named, Feb. 27, 1805. Eighth street was shown on Badlam's plan, 1804.

Football in Italy.

The excellent Sig. Luciano Zuccoli deplores the football craze in Italy because his beautiful language is being debased by the introduction of raucous sporting terms from England. One of the most prominent athletic clubs in Italy has a wholly English title, "The Milan Football and Cricket Club." Sig. Zuccoli points out that football is a direct descendant of the Roman game "harpastum," and as "il giuco del calcio" has been known and played in Italy for centuries.

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"OFFICER 666"

By PHILIP HALE.

PARK THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Officer 666," a melodramatic farce in three acts by Augustin MacHugh. Produced at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, Jan. 29, 1912.

Bateato.....M. W. Rale
Officer Phelan—666....Francis D. McGinn
Whitney Barnes.....C. Morton Horne
Travers Gladwin.....Edward Abeles
Helen Burton.....Doris Olsson
Sadie Small.....Elsie Glynn
Mrs. Burton.....Camilla Crume
Alfred Wilson.....George Nash
Watkins.....J. M. Clayton
Police Captain Stone.....C. W. Goodrich
Detective Kearney.....Louis Hendricks

The announcement was made that the cast in Boston would be the New York cast. As a matter of fact Mr. Ames, whose Whitney Barnes was praised in New York, was replaced by Mr. Horne. Mr. Abeles now follows in turn Mr. Eddinger, the original Gladwin, and Mr. Fairbanks. Messrs. Clayton, Goodrich and Hendricks were not in the original cast, and of the women only Miss Crume played at the Gaiety.

The farce on the whole is amusing. Old material is skilfully worked over in the second and third acts. The first act is not well constructed and the humor is crude and forced. Whitney Barnes has a good share of the dialogue and Mr. Horne played him heavily.

The story is of a young millionaire, Gladwin, who is supposed to be in Egypt, but learning of a plan to rob his house, he returns secretly to New York. He has a valuable collection of paintings; also a spurious Gainsborough. Alfred Wilson, a notorious picture crook, plans with a discharged valet to steal a Rembrandt, a Corot, and other paints worth while. Wilson has a fine taste; he really loves pictures, and he is a bit of a painter himself; he painted the Gainsborough. Wilson has taken the millionaire's name and won, after a short acquaintance, the heart of a romantic miss, who had long admired at a distance the rich Gladwin because he had saved a negress from drowning.

Gladwin in his own house receives a visit from the young woman, who expects to meet the false Gladwin. She is to elope with the latter, and he will take the pictures with him. Gladwin bribes Officer 666 to lend him his uniform, so that he can catch the rogue outside, and save the girl, whom he has loved since he saw her eating grape fruit in a hotel restaurant, from Wilson, and also from the public press. The police enter when Wilson is at work. He denounces the real Gladwin, and is believed, until a detective who knows the crook enters with a warrant for him. Then follow many complications. The crook finally makes his escape in the uniform of Officer 666 with Gladwin's blessing.

A good farce must be wildly absurd, and absurdity is the dominant note of this piece. The love passages are foolish, and [illegible] one in the third act between Barnes and Sadie interrupt the action without profit to the spectator.

Last night the large audience laughed constantly and often uproariously. It is easy to think of the farce being still more amusing than it was last night, for Mr. Abeles, except when he was in police uniform, was laboriously light, and Mr. Horne, as we have stated, was not at ease in the part of Barnes.

The feature of the performance was the Wilson of Mr. Nash, a smooth, cool, most plausible rascal, with an appreciation of art that was contagious. And so quick-witted, so keen in reading character, so resourceful! It is surely he that now has the Monna Lisa and gloats over it, reciting Pater's rhetorical flight as he gloats.

Next in importance was Mr. McGinn's impersonation of Officer Phelan 666. Mr. Role was amusing in an original way as Bateato. Miss Olsson was a pretty Helen. Mr. Hendricks played the detective with authority.

PIANO RECITAL BY MAX PAUER

By PHILIP HALE.

Mr. Max Pauer gave his first piano recital in Boston yesterday afternoon in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Brahms, sonata in F minor; Haydn, variations in F minor; Scarlatti, two studies in A major and C major; Weber, Rondo in E flat major; Schumann, Kinderscenen; Liapounoff, Nuit d'ete; Rachmaninoff, prelude in G minor, op. 23; Liszt, sonata de Petraca No. 123, Liszt; B. Koehler, Scherzo in E flat.

It will be remembered that Mr. Pauer made his first appearance here not long ago at a concert of the Symphony Orchestra. He then exhumed Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor and by his treatment gave it the semblance of life.

The fine qualities that then characterized Mr. Pauer's performance were displayed yesterday. His technic is evenly developed and his facility is marked even in these days when technic, as Goethe said of talent, runs in the street. He has great strength, which is unostentatiously exerted, and his fortissimo is not merely a crashing noise He is master of dynamic gradations. His phrasing is eminently musical, and although he is a pedagogue in the higher sense of the word, his interpretations are not analytical, nor are they dissections.

With all these excellent qualities, Mr. Pauer has not the gift of establishing warm and sympathetic relationship with the hearer, who admires, respects, applauds, and yet is not moved. The performance of Brahms's sonata was thoughtfully considered, singularly lucid; the structure and the prevailing sentiments were undoubtedly understood and appreciated by Mr. Pauer; and yet there are things in this sonata that were not fully brought out, for Brahms is here a romanticist. The variations of Hayden were beautifully played as far as clearness and polish were concerned; but to borrow a term from a sister art, there was an absence of "atmosphere." The pieces by Scarlatti again showed the fluent technic of Mr. Pauer, but the Rondo by Weber, old fashioned as it is, was without the "panache," the chivalric dash of the period.

Thus far Mr. Pauer has not shown, to any marked degree, imagination or an emotional spirit.

MAJESTIC THEATRE: "The Man With Three Wives," operetta by Franz Lehar. Orchestra under the direction of Hans S. Linne.

Hans Zifler.....Cecil Lean
Lori.....Alice Yorke
Sidonie.....Charlotte Greenwood
Wendelin.....Sydney Grant
Colette.....Sophye Barnard
Blanche.....Marguerite La Pierle
Suzette.....Ida Jeanne
Olivia.....Laura Hamilton
Franz.....Robert G. Pitkin
Rosa.....Dorothy Webb
Baron Pickford.....Thomas Graves
Capt. Adhemar.....Stewart Baird
Lieut. Loriot.....Donald Buchanan

This effort on the part of Mr. Lehar is not strikingly original either as to music or plot. However, although the melodic material is somewhat commonplace, the orchestration shows ability, and at times distinction, and the production, fortunately, includes several good voices and a large and unusually satisfying orchestra. The more the pity, consequently, that the excellent work of players and singers and Mr. Linne's spirited conducting should not have been expended on a better score.

Though the musical construction of the "operetta" and the voices of the singers may be discreetly praised, we should hardy venture so far in regard to the lines of the farce—for such it really is—or the cast as a whole. The situations of the plot are obvious and trite. The lines are rarely funny and often vulgar. They were received last evening by a large audience with raucous merriment and evident enthusiasm. The impression created by the members of the cast who appeared in the first act was hardly less vulgar than the lines they uttered.

There were two notable exceptions to this dismal tale—Charlotte Greenwood and Sydney Grant as the country bridegroom and his bride were really amusing and furnished much consolation for the accompanying weariness. Miss Greenwood is the girl with the long limbs. She has other charms perhaps, but she doesn't need them and she is unusually successful in avoiding vulgarity in her fun making.

The second act introduces Sophie Barnard as Colette and Stewart Baird, revisiting his "Lone city" as Capt. Adhemar, Third Hussars. Miss Barnard has a pleasant contralto voice and her singing of "Rose of Yesterday" and her dancing with Mr. Baird were among the best features of the evening

The show is in many respects a pleasing one, but in operetta, in cast and in audience, the contrast between this week and last week at the Majestic is striking.

COLONIAL THEATRE—"The Pink Lady." Book and lyrics by C. M. S. McLellan; music by Ivan Caryll. Produced by Klaw & Erlanger.

Serpolette Pochet.....Flora Crosbie
Desiree.....Juanita Fletcher
Pochet.....Charles E. Bird
Benevol.....William Clifton
Lucien Garidel.....Jack Henderson
Angele.....Alice Dovey
Maurice D'Uzac.....Craufurd Kent
Bebe Guingolph.....Jed Prouty
Claudine.....Hazel Dawn
Crapote.....Eddie Morris
Madame Dondidier.....Alice Hegeman
Philippe Dondidier.....Frank Lalor
Theodore Lebec.....A. S. Humerson
La Comtesse de Montanvert.....Louise Kelley
Dr. Mazou.....Charles E. Bird
Wyaxy.....Violini

"The Pink Lady" has returned to Boston. Dispite the long run which this production had here last year, it was received last night with the same satisfaction which greeted its initial satisfaction which greted its initial appearance. The return of the musical comedy which delighted Boston during its previous stay was received with the cordiality and enthusiam which its merits deserved.

The story of the "Pink Lady" is almost too well known in Boston to be gone into in much detail. A young rounder who is about to marry invents a friend, Dondidier, to account to his fiancee for his neglect of her. Someone known as the "Satyr" has been frightening the women in the neighborhood of the forest of Compiegne. Benevol, a detective, believes that Dondidier is the guilty party. It happens that there is a real person named Dondidier, who is a barmless old dealer in antique furniture. The fact that there is a real Dondidier causes amusing complications.

The musical hits of the show, "Beautiful Lady" and "The Girl by the Sasskatchewan" have lost nothing of their melodious charm and were warmly applauded. "Donny Did, Donny Didn't" also came in for its share.

Miss Hazel Dawn is the same attractive girl, who sings in a clear voice in an unaffected manner, and who plays the violin in a way which delights her hearers. Miss Dovey still has her ability to act cleverly and sings with her same lack of self-consciousness. She was compelled to respond to several encores to "When Love Goes Astraying."

Alice Hegeman is thinner and more amusing than ever.

Mr. Lalor gave an idea of true comedy in his impersonation of Dondidier, the Satyr. He amuses without resorting to the burlesque.

The cast is almost the same as on the play's previous visit to Boston. The principal change is in the part of Bebe which Jed Prouty last evening filled in a most satisfactory manner. The part of Benevol was taken by William Clifton, who was not with the company on its last visit here.

"AIDA" GIVEN AT THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

Brilliant Performance of Verdi's Work Witnessed.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Verdi's "Aida," opera in four acts. The cast:

Il Re.....Michele Sampieri
Amneris.....Maria Gay
Aida.....Carmen Mell
Radames.....Giovanni Zenatell
Ramfis.....Jose Mardone
Amonasro.....Anafesto Ross

"Aida" was presented at the Boston Opera House last evening. The performance was an unusually brilliant one—histrionically as well as vocally—and it was the farewell performance of this opera for the current season. Mr. Moranzoni was at the conductor's desk and gave an able reading of the score; nor should a word of praise for the magnificant response of the musicians be omitted.

The ensembles were given with a spontaneity and brilliance that aroused the audience, and the interpretations of Mr. Zenatello, Mme. Gay and Mme. Melis were individually distinctive in their artistic treatment.

As Radames, Mr. Zenatello gave pleasure, with many moments of stirring dramatic intensity. Here was the returning conqueror of the Ethiopians with a splendid, an imposing authority; nor was his fealty to his king at the same moment any less apparent.

There was an unusually large and appreciative audience.

CHICAGO COMPANY AT TOY THEATRE

Little Theatre Company Gives Enjoyable Entertainment—"Anatol" Dialogues.

S + J. P.

TOY THEATRE—First appearance in Boston of the Chicago Little Theatre Company. "Anatol" dialogues of Arthur Schnitzler paraphrased in five scenes by Granville Barker.

Anatol . . . . Maurice Browne
"Ask No Questions."
Hilda . . . . Alice Gerstenberg
Max . . . . Paul Bartlett
II "Keepsakes."
Emily . . . . Elaine Hyman
III The Farewell Supper."
Mimi . . . . Margaret Allen
A Waiter . . . . Maurice Gewertz
IV "A Christmas Present."
Gabrielle . . . . Elizabeth Goodrich
V "Episode."
Ilona . . . . Ellen Van Volkenburg

The evening was gratifying in the extreme. It could not fail to be. "Anatol" proved no less delightful as a paraphrased dramatic narrative than it did in the form of philosophic dialogues. It is exquisite "maridagevaux," all of it, with only the smallest bit of moralism to give some semblance of substance to the illusiveness. Schnitzler is a true [illegible] of the romantic cant Alfred de Musset in his "confessions dun [illegible] du Siecle' did not catch the [illegible] of romantic feudalism more readily. Anatol is a "[illegible] feline," a [illegible] nolep tic maniac, an effervescing Don Juan, a Werther turned dilettante. He would have served Rousseau as a text if Rousseau had had no conscience. He is in quest of the dream woman. The result is inevitably disastrous. So Schnitzler [illegible] des. However, he does so in a manner so pleasing and with a language so epigrammatically spiceful that [illegible] is fallacious passes unnoticed.

It is seldom that one is privileged to [illegible] to amateur performances a standard of excellence without reducing its [illegible]. It may be done in the present instance. The women of the company are [illegible] excellent. Certain it is that [illegible] not fading in imagination and [illegible] a [illegible] quantum of imagination would be well nigh inexpedient [illegible] the play. In addition there [illegible] the proper amount of suggestiveness and insinuation in their [illegible]. Not unduly effervescent they [illegible] eptably scintillating. Mr Browne [illegible] so successful, precisely because [illegible] less imaginative, or at least [illegible] imaginative. Technically [illegible] was pleasing.

The settings, consisting of simple draperies served to preserve the intended [illegible] ess of the episodes.

GREAT VARIETY AT B. F. KEITH'S

[illegible] week's B. F. Keith's bill certainly [illegible] variety in full measure, [illegible] Leonard, the converted [illegible] minstrel, Johnny Bunny, the [illegible] of the movies, and the Australian woodchoppers sharing the best [illegible] program. And along [illegible] three [illegible] acts go several [illegible] good, while the talking-[illegible] pictures have been retained for [illegible] week and, apparently, have [illegible] of their interest. Yesterday's audiences were both of the full house variety, as has been the case at nearly every performance at B. F. Keith's since the "talkies," the kinetophone, were first introduced in this city a couple of weeks ago.

When John Bunny appeared upon the stage it really seemed as though, in the course of human progress, the figures to which so many had become accustomed through faithful attendance upon the "movies" had actually come to life. It is said that in the last two years over 3,000,000 pictures of Mr. Bunny have been made, and, although it was the first time he had appeared upon the vaudeville stage at B. F. Keith's, [illegible] welcomed like an old friend.

Eddie Leonard long ago established a lasting reputation for himself. A short time ago he put away the burnt cork and has since been appearing "white" along with Mabel Russell.

[illegible]ford and Winchester, who have recently returned from a world-[illegible] appear in their old burlesque [illegible] ng sketch.

[illegible] Australian Woodchoppers, Messrs. [illegible] MacLaren, have previously [illegible] ost[illegible], but the speed with they saw through and chop [illegible] tremendous 60-inch logs of [illegible] n forests is none the less in-[illegible]

[illegible] many other capital acts.

There are people who if they only had a slot, might turn a pretty penny as measurers of strength, like those we see in railway stations for telling people their physical strength when they have dropped a penny in the slot. In a way they have a slot, which is their mouths, and people drop pennies in by asking them to dinner, and then they try their strength against them and get snubbed; but this way is roundabout and expensive. We want a good automatic asinometer by which we can tell at a moderate cost how great or how little of a fool we are.

Sabotage.

As the World Wags:

Can the revered Mr. Herkimer Johnson leave his books and his bottles long enough to throw a little light on the word "sabotage," used recently in an article in The Herald discussing the ardent methods of the fervent English suffragettes?

At present my books of reference happen to be only the Century Dictionary and Gasc's French-English Dictionary. The former gives "sabotier, a wearer of sabots or wooden shoes: hence contemptuously one of the Waldenses." It does not mention "sabotage." Gasc gives "sabotage" with the commonplace definition, "making of wooden shoes."

I have noticed several times recently the use of "sabotage" to express violence or destructiveness, and, of course, inferred its obvious derivation from the convenience of the wooden shoes as a weapon either for th foot or hand. Is it a new word? If so, how did it arise? Or is it, perhaps, more correctly an old word revived? The reference in the Century Dictionary to "the Waldenses" favors the latter supposition.

I associate it with "sans-culotte-ism" meaning the violence of ruffians (sans-culotte, a tatterdemalion or ruffian) who might have been any one of the starving masses of the French Revolution period. LUCASTA.

Boston.

From the Dictionaries.

The word "sabotage" has nothing to do with the Waldenses or "sans-culotte." It is a comparatively recent word and is used to denote an act of malicious destruction. For instance, during a railway strike in France rails were torn up and other injury was done to railway property, to annoy the company and to inconvenience passengers. This was "sabotage." An anarchist in Paris, who was incidentally a plumber, called to repair water pipes, contrived to arrange it so that they burst shortly after he left the house. This was "sabotage."

The word is probably derived from the verb "saboter," which first meant to make a noise with one's sabots or wooden shoes, or to move clumsily, and later to work quickly and badly on a job, "saboter de l'ouvrage," or, as we say, "to scamp a job."

"Sabot" in coloquial speech and slang has several meanings: a poor fiddle, a poor billiard table, a man who likes to sleep, a boat (thieves' slang), a kind of spinning top.

In the middle of the 17th century the first meaning of "sabot" was "a top, gigg or nun to whip or play with"; then "a pattin or slipper of wood," "also a horse's hoof," and "saboter" meant "to play at top, or to whip a top."

Mason L. Weems, clergyman and travelling book agent, in his fantastical life of Gen. George Washington (1800) spoke of "The sabot or wooden-shoed nation, the French."

Votes for Women.

The reference of "Lucasta" to suffragettes reminds us of recent incidents in London. A jeweler in the Tottenham court road put this notice on his windows "Ladies, you should have the vote if it were in our power to grant. Please don't smash these windows; they are not insured."

The Daily Telegraph relates the sad experience of an official in a tramcar. A young woman seated opposite suddenly gave him a violent kick in the shin. Asked to explain her conduct she answered: "I'm a Suffragette." She was promptly ejected from the car, shrieking "Votes for Women."

A Pleasant Day's Journey.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Halliday Witherspoon referred to the Bell-in-Hand as once located at the corner of Devonshire and Milk streets. As an old-timer I would say that in 1851, when the Minot's Ledge lighthouse was blown down, the Bell-in-Hand was located on Hawley street, next door to the Perkins Ale House. The Stackpole House was on the corner of Devonshire and Milk streets. Opposite Devonshire street was Theatre alley, running to Franklin street. Other alehouses were located along the alley, such as the Blue Bonnet, Bill Evans. Alehouses were located on Morton place, now a part of Arch street, and Sewall place opposite, both places running from Milk street. In Morton place was The Shades. Ben Franklin and another one were in Sewall place. Let us enumerate.

Beginning at Host Parson's Beanery at the junction of Union street and Haymarket square the Green Dragon on Union street, the Hancock Tavern on Corn court, the Bite Tavern on Faneuil Hall square, Hayes Hotel in Flagg alley, now Change avenue, Dooley's Hotel on [illegible] street, [illegible] place [illegible] Hotel [illegible] before Washington street [illegible] through the Quincy House, [illegible] high, Brigham's Concert Hall, [illegible] Park's on Church Green, at the junction of Summer and Bedford streets, before he opened his hotel in Central court, where Jordan Marsh Company now is. The Bell-in-Hand located itself in Williams court in the latter part of the civil war. And it was the Cornhill Coffee House not the Bell-in-Hand, that was in Congress square. There are a great many things I could tell about 50 years ago in an interview. OLD-TIMER.

Allston.

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Happy the days when I worked away,
In my usual line in the prigging lay,
Making from this, and that, and t'other,
A tidy living without any bother
When my little crib was stored with swag,
And my cly was a well-lined money bag,
Jolly was I, for I feared no evil,
Funked at naught, and pitched care to the devil.

In Days of Vagrancy.

As the World Wags:

I am afraid you have me on this dress suit burglar thing. Unfortunately in the days of my vagrancy I was in no sense a student but rather a practitioner, and was too busy rustling my punk and plaster to devote any time to sociological theory or to the taking of notes. The passing of the years I find has wiped out my vocabulary to a large extent. At its best or worst my contact with the criminal specialist was superficial in that I always disliked the big cities and kept away from them. Almost any young reporter on a metropolitan paper gets to know more of the criminal classes than does the hobo. Of course yeggmen are always on the tramp, but every stew-bum and gay-cat from Maine to 'Frisco tries to make you think he is a John, when nine-tenths of them don't know soup from soothing syrup. Every hobo is a potential strong-arm man and naturally there are a lot of pickpockets, drag-workers and the like floating round in trampdom, but you don't get close enough to them to study them unless you get in jail or into the cities. The only time I was ever in New York until comparatively recently was one fall about 20 years ago. My sidekicker was a Staten Island boy and we came down from the hop fields of up-state along in September. For about a month we roomed on the Brooklyn water front in an old boiler with a piece of carpet for a blanket. The boys on the way to school used to heave stones at our retreat. That was our alarm clock.

At that time I remember there were a good many con vags, the lowest type of begging thieves, dirty and ragged as no self-respecting tramp or beggar ever lets himself get. They made a practice of stealing coats from workmen and teamsters and were called coat thieves or coat "boosters," but I can't recall that there was any qualification of "greasy."

I had supposed that a "dress suit burglar"—the term is frequently used in the papers—was the type of gentleman cracksman made famous by the late Raffles. I knew a housebreaker a number of years ago right here in Boston who hired a dress suit and went to a reception given by the Governor—Curtis Guild—not in a professional capacity, but as a guest. My acquaintance was hardly a gentleman burglar, but rather a roughneck. He had his picture taken in the suit the next day.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Dorchester, March 8.

Small Clothes in Boston.

As the World Wags:

In The Herald of Tuesday, March 4, under "Of the Old School," small clothes are mentioned. I have always understood that my grandfather, the Rev. William Jenks, D. D., was one of the last persons who wore small clothes in Boston. Dr. Peabody, in "Harvard Graduates Whom I Have Known," under William Jenks says: "His costume * * * in the most elegant style of the generation that was fast disappearing, with small clothes, knee and shoe buckles and silk stockings when the weather did not demand instead the finest of worsted."

Bedford, March 6. S. M. S.

"He" and "She" Again.

As the World Wags:

Your observations with respect to gender in a recent issue of The Herald led a Lowell high school girl to inquire why one speaks of England as the mother country and Germany as the fatherland, the one as feminine and the other as masculine. Can you enlighten her and oblige a READER.

Lowell, March 8.

The fatherland is the land of one's birth, one's own country, and in centuries gone by English authors spoke of England as their fatherland. Fatherland also meant the land of one's fathers, the mother country. Thus Washington Irving in "Bracebridge Hall" spoke of "the ancient and genuine characteristics of my fatherland." But today "fatherland" is chiefly used to translate the Dutch or German "vaderland," "vaterland." Sir William Temple in 1673 observed that the Dutch "instead of our country, say our fatherland."

[illegible] n [illegible] for [illegible] y [illegible] "the m[illegible]" [illegible] ted usually as a [illegible] re France, [illegible]d, Italy, th[illegible] states.

Anecdote for the Day.

"In this den the villain remained for a few weeks, and during this time seemed to enjoy himself as if he had never committed a murder. He dressed expensively—generally wore a white hat of the best English quality, silk stockings, white trousers, and his hair, which was very black, profuse, long and naturally curled, was much in the style of a London preacher of prophetic and anti-poetic notoriety. He was [illegible] browned with the sun, and [illegible] and gait expressive of his hold, enterprising and desperate mind. Indeed when I saw him in his cell at his [illegible] although his frame was attenuated almost to a skeleton, the color of his face a pale yellow, his eyes sunken, and his hair closely shorn, he still exhibited strong traces of what he had been and retained his erect and fearless carriage, his quick, fiery and malevolent eye, his hurried and concise speech, and his close and pertinent style of remark.

Gabriel Schilling's Flucht' Seen for First Time in Boston at Shubert.

K. W.

SHUBERT THEATRE—"Gabriel Schilling's Flucht," a play in five acts by Gerhart Hauptmann. First performance in Boston. Performed by the Irving Place Theatre company of New York.

Gabriel Schilling . . . . . . Rudolph Christians
Eveline . . . . . . Mar[illegible]
Professor Maeurer . . . . . . [illegible]
Lucie Hell . . . . . . Anna R[illegible]
Hanna Elias . . . . . . Mathilde Brandt
Fraeulein Majakin . . . . . . R[illegible] L[illegible]
Doktor Rasmussen . . . . . . H[illegible]

"The Flight of Gabriel Schilling," written in 1906, which was performed Monday afternoon, is another contribution to the series of pathological studies delighted in by modern dramatists of the realistic school, and, [illegible] at least one such piece was not included in his complete works, [illegible] wright of today would be [illegible] fied. The present play is neither humorous, poetic nor symbolical and it is with difficulty that its authorship is connected with the writer of "Hannele" or "The Sunken Bell." A vividly realistic picture of sordid conditions, "Gabriel Schilling's Flight" is a wordy dissertation on the theme that woman not man is the pursuer.

Gabriel Schilling, a painter of Berlin, is wearied of a too irregular existence. He is unhappy at home, for his wife, a frowsy and complaining housemother, whose highest ambitions do not exceed dinner at the first table in the table d'hote has little understanding of his aesthetic ideals, but rails at him and his inability to provide for her. He is wearied, too, of life with Hanna Elias, who fascinates him, but [illegible] saps his vitality.

A nervous wreck and resolved to be free, Schilling joins his friend Maeurer, a sculptor and, incidentally, a [illegible] bore, who is summering with Lucie Heil, a kindred spirit, on a lonely island in the Baltic sea. Here the painter hopes to regain mental composure, but he is not to escape so easily. Hanna follows him, accompanied by a young Russian girl. She cannot live without him. Her touch is magic, and after a pathetic scene in which Schilling attempts to send her away her ascendency is once more established. Life on the island continues, but Hanna longs to leave to have the painter more completely under her control. Even the amiable Lucie has her troubles, for the amorous Maeurer has turned his attentions to the little Russian girl. Schilling's shattered nerves give way completely. A friendly doctor journeys to the island, bringing with him Eveline, the wife who is confronted by Hanna as she attempts to enter the sick-room. Both women accuse each other freely, while the sick man, maddened by the fracas, falls sobbing into the doctor's arms begging for poison. But there is another way, and the next day Schilling, escaping from watchful eyes, throws himself into the sea.

None of the characters awaken interest and more than a passing sympathy. The city folk are sharply contrasted with the hale and hearty inhabitants of the island, but their appearance on the stage does not improve the drama. The acting as a whole was irreproachable. Mr. Christians, as Schilling, gave a strongly defined and finished performance, a performance remarkable for its tragic force and not unlike Mr. Orleneff's admirable impersonation of Oswald Alving in "Ghosts." The acute mental agony of the man was exposed with the utmost skill as was his attempt to regain himself, and the utter helplessness before the potent charm of the woman who had ruined him.

Miss Brandt was successful in suggesting Hanna's personal fascination and the part requires little else. [illegible] Bahr[illegible] as Eveline was appropriately [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] played the part of the [illegible]

[illegible] ralsing [illegible] nerer re[illegible] t obj[illegible] the character [illegible] the [illegible]. Lu[illegible]e Hell was impersonated by Miss Hub Foerster with much womanliness and unaffected simplicity.

There was a large and enthusiastic audience.

PIANO RECITAL BY FRANCIS SNOW

K.W.

Francis Snow, pianist, gave a recital last evening in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Mendelssohn, Variation Serieuse, op. 54; Schubert, Impromptu in C-minor; Brhams, Rhapsodie in B-minor; Chopin, Prelude in B-flat major, Nocturne in C-minor, Fantasie in F-minor; Paderewski, Cracovienne Fantastique; Liszt, Etude in D-flat major, La Campanella.

Mr. Snow is a young man of indisputable talent and creditable attainment. Last evening he displayed an agreeable tone, musicianly phrasing and a respectable technic. He is fortunate in possessing poise, without which he might easily be inclined to abuse his strength; nor was he so wholly absorbed in the mechanical difficulties of his task as to be oblivious to musical interpretation. At times his playing suffered from rigidity, he was not always rhythmically secure and his pedalling was sometimes blurred; but, as a whole, his performance was marked by more originality than that of the average student, fresh from study. In Chopin's Fantasie, as in the Campanella, there was not enough regard for continuity, while dissected portions of both pieces stood out too boldly in relief. Mr. Snow, however, shows decided promise. It would be interesting to hear him at some later time, when his talent has matured.

A friendly audience of fair size was warmly appreciative of the pianist.

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Of which opinion is Celsus: "The most profitable diet for Man," saith be, "is simple; multiplicity of tastes is pestiferous; and all splc'd meats are unprofitable, for two causes: Because more is consum'd because of Sweetness, and less concocted than ought to be." Therefore many grave and wise men have utterly condemned this indulging to the Appetite, as most pernicious.

Unpalatable White Horses.

As the World Wags:

That the flesh of white horses was found unpalatable by the besieged Parisians seems probable. White horses were cursed more solemnly than if by "bell, book, and candle" since not a mere parish priest but the Supreme Pontiff Gregory III. (731-741) banned eating horseflesh as a former sacramental rite of the conquered and "converted" Saxons; these, as have many other nations, had held the white horses in special honor. The flesh, after sacrifice, was divided among the Saxon worshippers and their hankering after the "fleshpots of Egypt" was the cause of the Papal Bull which has continued in force to our day, the objection to horseflesh being not gustatory but theological. The Saxon white horse appears today on the arms of Hanover, and on the southern hillsides of England, the Hengist and Horsa (both names for "horse"), whom we learned as leaders of the Saxon invaders, being probably from the white horse on their banners.

A curious parallel is that the South Sea Islanders, for instance, find the flesh of whites bitter, as being not of men but of embodied ghosts, who thus reveal their true nature. When we relied on reports of sailors and missionaries, cannibalism was incomprehensible, but now that we are getting more sympathetic and truthful statements it becomes evident that in large percentage of cases, at least, man-eating was not to enjoy "long pig," but was a religious rite. The whole matter, however, cannot be further discussed, religious matters being here taboo.

CHARLES EDWARD AAR.

Boston, March 7.

Notes on Cannibalism.

Cannibalism was undoubtedly a part of the religion of the New Zealanders. They ate only their enemies, and thought if a man was eaten by the enemy his soul went to a perpetual fire; if the body was rescued it ascended to the gods.

Many nations believed that eating the body of a foe endowed the eaters with the valor and strength of the dead. Others ate the bodies of parents as an act of respect and veneration.

All the tribes on the gulf of Carpentaria eat their dead. Among the Binbinga tribe the bodies of the dead are cut up and eaten, "not by men of the same tribal sub-class as the deceased, but by men belonging to the sub-class which compose the other intermarrying half of the tribe." It was said by Porphyry that the Egyptians and Phoenicians would rather partake of human flesh than that of a cow. Natives of western Africa are convinced that white men are cannibals and always choose black men for food in preference to any other.

[illegible] witness that he had [illegible]ott, a British nation at[illegible] human flesh. A chronicler of the [illegible] century says that in England, from [illegible] to 1317, there was a great dearth, "[illegible] the poure people stal children and eten them," and in Merry England of the 17th century it was popularly believed that Sir Thomas Lunsford used to eat children.

An Australian artist in Paris once told us that his uncle in a boat at sea was forced with others to eat human flesh, and it tasted much like young pig.

The Tonga Islands.

This reminds us of versions of "The King of the Cannibal Islands" that have been sent to us by indefatigable and valued correspondents.

"G. W. S." writes that these lines were sung to him by his mother in his very young days:

My bride was fair as fair could be,
We spent our day in great harmo-nee,
At length the King grew jealous of me
All in the Tonga Islands.

He said he'd cut me up like pork
And eat me without knife or fork,
Says I to myself—that's pretty work,
So off my body I'd better walk
With my Hongy Tongy Hokey Pokey,
All in the Tonga Islands.

"Harvard '79" sends these lines as the second and third verses:

The King he made a chief of mo,
And called me Roachee-Koachee-Kee.
Soon we got thick as thick could be,
And every night drank strong b-o-h-e-a,
Says he, "Will you be my son-in-law
And marry the Princess Wash-da-eure?"
Says I, "Your majesty, hold your jaw,
For I will accept the princess' paw."

CHORUS.

Honga Tonga, hokee-pokee,
Hingery, chingery, hokee, smokee,
Honga Tonga, hokee, pokeo,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

A mat she wore for a petticoat,
A string of scalps about her throat,
For she'd killed many a chief of note
And did upon her battles dote.
She greased herself with cocoa ile
(As you'd perceive at half a mile),
She filed her teeth—and when she'd smile
She minded you of a crocodile.

The only version we remember began:

O have you heard the news of late,
And if you've not it's in my pate,
About a mighty potentate,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

The narrator described the passion of the King for cold raw clergymen, how he never ate less at a meal than four, and there were these memorable lines:

Woman pudding and baby sauce,
And little boy-pie for second course,
He ate them all without remorse,
The King of the Cannibal Islands.

The chorus began:

Hoky, poky, winkee, wum.

And there were Rabelaisian variants of this chorus.

"SAMSON" AT OPERA HOUSE

Hoey

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Saint-Saens's "Samson et Dalila."

Dalila	Mme. Maria Gay
Samson	Giovanni Zenatello
Le Grand Pretre	Jean Riddez
Abimelech	Jose Mardones
Un Vieillard Hebreu	Edward Lankow
Un Messager Philistin	P. Saldaigne
Premier Philistin	Ernesto Giaccone
Deuxieme Philistin	R. Chasseriaux

With only slight variations from the cast that presented it at the opening of the opera season of 1911-1912, Saint-Saens's great cantata-opera of "Samson et Delila" was given last night for the first time this season before a crowded and enthusiastic house. The most notable change was in the part of the high priest, which was taken by Jean Riddez in place of Mr. Gilly.

Throughout the opera Mr. Zenatello sang and acted with tragic intensity, but was showing the strain of a long and arduous season, and the somewhat nasal and "pleurade" quality of his fine voice was more marked than usual. Mme. Gay sang the exacting and varied role of the Philistine siren with a charm and richness of tone that called for enthusiastic applause at every curtain. Her diction was clear and unforced in the most "mezza voce" passages, and easily dominated the orchestra in the tremendous accompaniment that comes at the close of the second act. Commendable restraint also marked her treatment of the amorous by-play that goes with "Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix."

Jean Riddez sang the part of the high priest, in which the cantata character of the opera is most marked, robustly and with dignity, and Mr. Lankow's wonderful bass voice was heard to great advantage in the serene role of the aged Hebrew who tries to warn the headstrong hero of Gaza of his danger. The chorus was noticeably good throughout.

The splendor of the elaborate mounting and atmospherical effects again called forth warm praise, and Miss Galli danced cleverly and dramatically as the leader of a somewhat incoherent ballet.

Dr. Von Mach Tells Drama League About "Gabriel Schilling's Flucht."

K.W.

Dr. Edmund von Mach addressed the Drama League of Boston yesterday afternoon at its fifth meeting of the season, held in Jacob Sleeper Hall. Prof. Baker, president of the league, introduced the speaker. There was a large attendance.

Dr. von Mach's subject was "Gerhardt Hauptmann and His Recent Play, 'Gabriel Schilling's Flucht.'" Owing to the expeditiousness of the Boston Deutsche Gesellschaft, this play by the eminent German dramatist was produced here last Monday afternoon. The drama was critically reviewed, and in some cases severely dealt with.

Dr. von Mach, an accomplished speaker, approached his subject sympathetically, and even with reverence. He explained that the play was in reality an expression of the author's sentiments during a crisis of his life, when, in 1906, his marital happiness and that of his brother, Karl, was suddenly shattered. Indeed, so intimately did the playwright look upon this work that he at first refused to have it published, and it was only at the reiterated instances of friends that this was eventually brought about.

"Schilling's longing for purity, air, freedom," said Dr. von Mach, "is the keynote of the play."

The speaker then went on to consider in detail the characters and plot of the drama.

We are indebted to Mr. Joseph M. Sullivan of the Boston Bar, the author of "Criminal Slang," and many articles about criminals contributed to periodicals, for the following interesting notes:

A convict at Sing Sing has written a critical review of all the prison literature read by him. The review is intended to be a guide to the other convict readers, and is in the Sing Sing library under the title of "My Views on Books." The author, who wrote in the prison vernacular, is Sing Sing No. 57,709. The preface of the volume runs as follows: "The author offers no apology for what follows, which perhaps will illustrate to what Stygian depths the English language may descend. Unlike many book-reviewers, he refers only to works which he has read. Every book mentioned is in the library at Sing Sing (bearing the number given after it), and may probably also be found at Auburn and Clinton."

Balzac in Sing Sing.

This convict holds Balzac in high esteem. He thus praises "Cesar Birotteau": "Swell goods. Balzac is all to the mustard when it comes to giving us a line on the doings in Giddyburg."

Here is his "appreciation" of "Pere Goriot": "The Balzac Stable has nothing but winners. This one is about an old frog eater who, while taking life easy, was bled from the parlor to the garret by a couple of flashy dames that belonged to the family. Give this one the glad hand."

The reviewer enjoyed "Cousin Pons": "Cast your glims over this; two old guys in this that are classy. It's an up-to-the-minute scoop that Balzac is in a class by himself."

Cervantes and Corelli.

Sing Sing No. 57,709 read "Don Quixote," but we are not informed as to the edition.

"This one grabs the cake. Cervantes won by a mile when he entered the Don in the Literary Handicap. About an old guy with a screw looose who went out to rescue distressed damsels 'When knighthood wasn't in flower.' The geezer that went with him was a 'fall-guy' for fair."

Mr. Sullivan quotes criticisms of Marie Corelli.

"Wormwood": "This is a strong yarn of a booze-fighter with an absinthe yenyen. He certainly was the original terrible exan ple. Get next to this live wire; it'll do you good."

"Thelma": "Marie takes the candy. It is a sure thing you'll like this one.

"The Romance of Two Worlds": "This one is a pipe dream of this world and the one to come, as Marie sees it. You can scratch this entry if you want to."

Mr. Sullivan adds: "Other winners in the Corelli stable are 'Vendetta' (No. 546), 'The Sorrows of Satan' (No. 951) and 'Ardath' (No. 545). Alphonse Daudet, Hall Caine, Alexandre Dumas, Oliver Goldsmith, Rider Haggard, W. D. Howells, W. W. Jacobs, Charles Kingsley, and a heap of others come in for the most irreverent criticism imaginable, but there is no denying the skill displayed by the critic."

On the Boat.

As the World Wags:

J. D. K. asks, "Who remembers the cider-brandy and molasses of the sixties?"

Please, sir, my hand is up for remembrance and for more! But we boating men of today call it black-strap and it is made of old Medford rum. In fact a shandgaft (sic) and black-strap are the only two great boating drinks of today.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

[illegible] Mr. Faithful writes, "[illegible]andygaft." He surely means "shandy-gaff," which originally was beer and ginger beer. Some say that blackstrap is properly gin mixed with molasses. In Pinkerton's "Molly Maguires and Detectives" there is mention of blackstrap, "an admixture of high wines and common molasses, in about the proportion of one gallon of the latter to four of the spirit."

Punch, Brothers.

As the World Wags:

Ruminating on two-story bars has led my thoughts to kindred subjects, and so I have come to wonder if many have heard of the bowl of punch made on the 25th of October, 1694, at the Rt. Hon. Edward Russel's house, when he was captain-general and commander-in-chief of his majesty's forces in the Mediterranean.

"It was made in a fountain in the garden, in the middle of four walks, all covered overhead with lemon and orange trees, and in every walk was a table the whole length of it, covered with cold collations, etc. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, viz., four hogsheads of brandy, eight hogsheads of water, 25,000 lemons, 20 gallons of lime juice, 13 hundredweight of fine Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, 300 toasted biscuits, and lastly, a pipe of dry mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy, to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain and filled the cups of the company, and in all probability more than 6000 men drank thereof."

Perhaps Mr. Halliday Witherspoon is familiar with punch containing toasted biscuit and will tell of their necessity in making punch all that it should be. I will confess my ignorance.

WOODBRIDGE LONGERBEAM.

Boston.

These toasts were put in the punch, as they were put in sack and other beverages in the good old days. The bread browned on both sides was supposed to add to the seductiveness of the drink. When John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, asked Vulcan to contrive him a drinking cup, he wished it

So large that, fill'd with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake
Like ships at sea may swim.

Possart-Harris

Mme. Cornelia Rider-Possart, pianist, and George Harris, Jr., tenor, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Steinert Hall. Mrs. Charles White was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Mozart, aria from "Cosi fan Tutte"; Schubert, "Der Doppelgaenger", "Du bist die Run"; Strauss, "Zue'gnung"; Hugo Wolf, "Der Knabe und das Immlein," "Wer sein holdes Lieb verloren," Fussreise"; Old Scotch, "Ca the Yewes"; Dr Arne, "The Plague of L'ove"; Courtlandt Palmer, "Song of the Nile"; Marshall Kernochan, "We Two Together"; Berlioz, "Villanelle"; Morcau, "Coeur Solitaire"; Delibes, Aria from "Lakme"; Massenet, Aria from "Werther"; Mr. Harris. Schubert, Fantasie, C-major, Opus 15; Glazounow, Gavotte, D-major; Sauer, Serenade Francaise; Rubinstein, Barcarolle, G-minor; Etude on false notes Mme. Rider-Possart. K.W.

Mr. Harris's art is already well known in Boston. His voice is well schooled and responds readily to the demands made upon it. The singer possesses, too, the ability to color tones effectively, while he is equally successful in catching and reflecting the composer's mood. Yesterday afternoon he was in the vein and fortunate in his choice of songs. He sang with an appealing sincerity, and if his interpretations revealed delicacy of perception there was also the sense of reserve force, judiciously applied. A feature of Mr. Harris's performance was his singing of "Wer sein holdes Lieb verloren," "Ca' the Yewes" and the "Song of the Nile." K.W.

Mme. Rider-Possart may be justly called a formidable pianist. Indeed, her playing yesterday was suggestive of those "at the piano," and hard at it. An artist of superlative qualities and masculine vigor, her technic is highly developed, her runs clear and fluent, her touch at will, caressing. Her performance of Schubert's Fantasie, however, was little else than a vulgar exhibition of brute force and astounding endurance, at the expense of any attempt at interpretation. In her hands the piece was stripped of all romantic significance and became a battle-horse, brutally ridden. There was the brusque and incessant contrast between soft and loud, the relentless rhythmic emphasis and the harsh crashing of chords, without depth or resonance. Perhaps the pianist miscalculated the size of the hall.

Mrs. White was, as usual, a sympathetic and skilful accompanist.

There was a large and appreciative audience.

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BY FLONZALEYS

The [illegible] and last concert of this season by the Flonzaley Quartet, Messrs. [illegible], Ara, Pochon and D'Archambeau, took place last evening in Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Quartet in C minor, op. 18, No. 4; Sammartini, "Sonata a tre," for two violins and 'cello; Schumann, Quartet in A major, op. 41, No. 3.

It is late in the day to extol the merits of this extraordinarily gifted group of men, whose perfection in ensemble playing has long been recognized in this city. Last evening the same admirable artistry was noticeable in their performance as displayed upon former occasions. There was absolute unity, perfect balance, haunting beauty of tone, while the technic of each player, in each case of the most highly polished order, was exquisitely blended with that of the others. Indeed in the case of the Flonzaley Quartet mechanical proficiency is not merely an isolated and boasted accomplishment, but it serves as a necessary means for musical and emotional expression of the utmost beauty.

New beauties were discovered in Beethoven's quartet, as it was played last evening. Sammartini's sonata revealed a wealth of tonal color and it would be difficult to equal in excellence the inspired performance of Schumann's quartet, which was marked throughout by poetic and imaginative interpretation and passionate intensity.

A fairly large and appreciative audience was generous in applause.

The Flonzaley Quartet will give three concerts next season at Jordan Hall, Thursday evenings, Dec. 4, Jan. 29 and March 12.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

A Boy at the Minstrels.

As the World Wags:

Gus Williams's song mentioned by you a day or two ago should be "Don't Give the Name a Bad Place," not "Don't Give the Name of Bad Places," and was supposed to be the German comedian's dialect for "Don't Give the Place a Bad Name," the plea of the wife of the saloon-keeper who sings the song, if my memory is correct.

I have been much interested in the various allusions to Billy Morris that have appeared of late in your columns. I, too, went to see him—once. I don't know how old I was, but I doubt if I ought to have been taken to a house of public amusement when much younger.

I recall vividly the delight with which I heard that I was to be taken to see the Morris Brothers, and the joyful sense of anticipation, which filled me when once seated, pretty well down front, watching the row of empty chairs stretched across the stage. It was one of the happiest moments of my life.

Alas, all happiness is transitory here. A change came o'er the spirit of my dream." I was extremely startled to say the least, when a procession of swarthy giants, with scarlet lips and half-ton shoes, suddenly clumped clumsily in and occupied the semi-circle. But when the lips parted and disclosed a row of cavernous mouths, which burst into a roar of song accompanied, to my remembrance by a great shuffling and stamping of the thousand-pounders—well, I can truly say with the White King in "Alice," without reservation: "The horror of that moment I shall never forget."

I don't know just what I thought. I imagine I looked upon it as an exultant [illegible], presaging an immediate cannibal feast of the eat-em-up-alive variety. At all events the roar of music from the stage was simultaneously met with [illegible] roars of a very different sort from myself, and I was frantically escorted from the hall by the guardians who were with me. I think that I felt some slight qualms of conscience at having spoiled their afternoon; but the sense of grateful relief at having escaped a frightful danger was too strong to permit me to re-enter. I never went again. G. W. J.

Salem.

At the Old Howard.

As the World Wags:

Over 40 years ago, as a newsboy, I sold The Boston Herald and am now an interested reader of your column. I was naturally a frequenter of the gallery at the Old Howard during the days of Harry Bloodgood, J. W. McAndrews, the celebrated Water-Melon Man, Andy Leavitt, first class Ethiopian comedians, Joe Buckley, Billy [illegible] ... general comedian [illegible] minstrel shows ever given at the Howard was one with George [illegible] the sweet-voiced vocalist, [illegible] and Hughes [illegible] with the bones, Billy Barry, the celebrated Irish comedian, and Johnny Wild, whose funny negro dialect has never been equalled with the tambo. One of the features of that company was Barry's singing, "Since Terry First Joined the Gang."

Good Irish dramas were given by Josh Hart, W. B. Cavanagh, Miss Laura Leclair, and others who became famous on the American stage. Later on Nat Goodwin and Ella Chapman became favorites of the Howard's patrons. Denman Thompson played a sketch in which he portrayed a countryman's visit to the city, where he threw a drunken husband out of the window and then knelt down to pray at the bedside of a dying woman with a little street waif at his side, as the curtain fell. I have forgotten the title of the sketch, but it was evidently a fore-runner of his famous play, "The Old Homestead."

I can still hear that sweet voice of George Coes rendering "Bessie on the Lea," "Those Little Ones at Home," "Write Me a Letter from Home," "The Little Brown Cot on the Hill," and other melodies of bygone, happy, boyish days. In those days the appearance of Delehanty and Hengler at the Howard, performing their famous song and dance, "Love Among the Roses," made a hit with the average boy. Harry Bloodgood's specialty was a song and dance with a tall hat, "Adolphus Morning Glory," also "My Darling Mignonette," the music of which was very sweet and catching. Miss Kitty O'Neil as a sand jig dancer had no equal in those days; in fact I have never seen a jig dancer that pleased her audience as she did. A famous clog dancer in those days was Jennie Benson. Jerry Cohan, the father of the well known George M. Cohan, was a finished wooden shoe dancer. His turn consisted of an Irish dancing master giving lessons to an imaginary class of pupils, interspersed with an excellent dialect which he didn't have to put on at all, as he always had it with him. His act was refined and appreciated by the audience. He would explain his dancing lessons to the audience, the various styles, and as he was very light of foot his seemingly difficult steps interested the people. Explaining how they were done, he would say to the audience: "When you go home, take a pair of old shoes, get out on the kitchen floor, and you will be actually astonished at the amount of dancing"—then there was a long pause—"you have yet to learn." B. F. L.

Jamaica Plain.

MRACZEK WORK AT SYMPHONY

The 18th Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted. The program was as follows: K. W.

Mraczek, Symphonic Burlesque for Grand Orchestra (after Wilhelm Busch's "Max und Moritz"). (In one movement.)
Liszt, Second Episode from Lenau's "Faust": The Dance in the Village Tavern (Mephisto Waltz).
Charpentier, "Impressions of Italy," Orchestral Suite.

Dr. Muck is to be thanked for putting on the program so delightful a work as Mraczek's Symphonic Burlesque, which was performed for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon. It is brilliant and of a refreshing vitality, full of surprises and happily contrasted themes of marked individuality. A remarkably clever piece of descriptive writing of the ultra-modern school, the composer has revealed inventiveness and consummate skill in orchestration, while he has combined the use of certain instruments to gain realistic effects with ingenious dexterity. Written in a wildly fantastical vein and jocund mood, the work depicts certain adventures of Max and Moritz, the mischievous urchins made famous by Wilhelm Busch. There are themes for the boys, for their victims and for every episode of their existence as told in music. Strongly rhythmed and full of rich coloring, the piece sparkles with merriment. Mraczek now laughs with the boys at their pranks, now mocks them. The humor is in turn flippant, satirical, caustic. But even without its purpose of illustrating a definite story, the piece would remain unique, the admirable expression of a momentary flash of genius on the part of the composer. The performance by the orchestra rivalled the work in brilliance, and never have the keen musical insight and finished art of Dr. Muck been more conspicuously in evidence. There was much applause on the part of the large audience and the conductor was repeatedly recalled.

In striking contrast of mood was Charpentier's "Impressions of Italy," with its wealth of local color, a melo- [illegible] its rhythms [illegible] ing. Liszt's [illegible] "Faust" was an [illegible]

There will be no [illegible] next week [illegible] away. On Friday afternoon, March [illegible] and Saturday evening, [illegible] the soloist and the program will include Chadwick's symphonic [illegible] "Aphrodite", Schubert's symphony in B-minor, "Unfinished"; Schumann's concerto for piano and orchestra in A-minor, and Mendelssohn's Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Aubert's "La Foret Bleue" Given at Opera House with Same Cast.

Aubert's fairy opera, "La Foret Bleue," was performed again at the Boston Opera House last evening. There was an audience of the average size. Mr. Caplet conducted, and the chief singers were those of the first performance: Mmes. Fisher, Swartz, Melis, Amsden, and Messrs. De Potter, Riddez, Sampieri. The boy and girl of Mme. Swartz and Miss Fisher and the Ogre of Mr. Riddez were again the features. It is to be regretted that Mr de Potter is wholly inadequate as Prince Charming.

Mch 6 1913

MISS NIELSEN AS MARGUERITE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE. Matinee: Gounod's "Faust." Mr. Strony conducted.

Faust	Mr. Zenatello
Mephistopheles	Mr. de Segurola
Valentine	Mr. Riddez
Wagner	Mr. Olshansky
Marguerite	Miss Nielsen
Siebel	Mme. Swartz
Martha	Miss Leveroni

Mr. Martin was announced for the part of Faust, but he was indisposed and Mr. Zenatello took his place.

When the San Carlo Company directed by Mr. Russell gave its first performances at the Park Theatre in 1907 there was a double bill on May 9. The Garden Scene from "Faust" was then performed with Miss Nielsen as Marguerite, Mr. Martin as Faust and Mr. de Segurola as Mephistopheles. Mr. Martin then sang for the first time in Boston and Miss Nielsen and Mr. de Segurola were heard here for the first time in their respective roles.

The Marguerite of Miss Nielsen is familiar to the audiences at the Boston Opera House. She took the part for the first time at this theatre on Dec. 15, 1909, and her associates were Miss Freemsn, Miss Rogers, and Messrs. Constantino, Nivette and Boulogne.

Yesterday as then the distinctive and charming feature of her impersonation was simplicity, nor is it too much to say that Marguerite is one of Miss Nielsen's best roles. This simplicity is real and not a semblance. Matthew Arnold in one of his essays on translating Homer pointed out the difference between the real quality, which the French, whose vocabulary of criticism is richer than ours, call "simplicité," while they call the semblance, or artificial simplicity, "simplesse."

Her impersonation is simple, sincere, and thus effective. If Miss Nielsen does not rise to a tragic height, she is never melodramatic, nor is the spectator disturbed by the sight of too evident "acting." She sang the music purely and with taste. The "Jewel" song, as she interpreted it, was a soliloquy of childish joy, not a parade piece to compel applause.

Mr. Zenatello was well disposed. He sang the lyric measures with tenderness and was brilliantly resonant in the more dramatic moments. He is a romantic Faust; not a tenor with the paunch of careless middle age and a suit of best clothes donned for courting on a Sunday.

Mr. de Segurola's Mephistopheles is picturesque, cynical, alert, intelligent. The voice, not an oily one, is effectively employed in giving point to situation and dialogue.

We prefer Mr Riddez's Ogre to his Valentine. A soldier should have a firm delivery even in song. Mme. Swartz has sung the music of Siebel better than she did yesterday. The chorus did good work.

MME. MELIS AS BUTTERFLY

Indisposition of Cavalieri Prevents Appearance in Opera.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Puccini's "Madama Butterfly." Mr. Moranzoni conducted. The cast:

Butterfly	Mme. Melis
Suzuki	Miss Leveroni
Kate Pinkerton	Miss Van Aken
F. B. Pinkerton	Mr. Sacchetti
Sharpless	Mr. Blanchart
Goro	Mr. Giaccone

It is proverbially an ill wind that blows no one good, and the indisposition of "la Cavalieri" gave those who take their opera at [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] in the part of the little Japanese [illegible] who is forsaken [illegible] of last season and [illegible] not only a great singer but a great actress. By [illegible] seems to [illegible] the inner [illegible] of [illegible] woman [illegible] her defencelessness and the [illegible] tragedy of her destiny.

Mr. Sacchetti sang [illegible] acted somewhat stolidly as the faithless lieutenant, and Mr. Blanchart was a sympathetic [illegible] of Consul Sharpless. All the minor parts were [illegible] taken, Miss Leveroni deserving especial praise for her performance of Suzuki.

We spoke last Sunday of Camille Saint-Saens's "Ecole Buissonnière," a volume of essays, notes, and souvenirs published recently by Pierre Lafitte & Co., Paris. The articles are not exclusively about music and musicians. Saint-Saens is a many-sided man, interested in astronomy, painting, the drama, insects, plants, all natural phenomena. He smiles when he is characterized as a painter and astronomer, for as he cheerfully admits, he does not know how to draw, and he is ignorant of mathematics. Note the manner in which he begins his article on the stars: "It is seldom that anyone, paying [illegible] the dangerous honor of busying himself with me, forgets to mention among the imaginary qualities attributed to me, that of the painter and that of the astronomer." Truly a clumsy translation, one wholly without the charm of the original. The scores of Saint-Saens are [illegible] to the eye, but every instrument has [illegible] tive voice. The limpid simplicity of his literary style is not easily reproduced in another language.

A Famous Singer — Friendship does not blind the judgment of Saint-Saens, but in his memories of singers composers, conductors, he does not indulge himself in the "malice of a friend." His sketches have few lines and are the more vivid. He describes the voice of Pauline Viardot: a marvellous voice of enormous power and prodigious extent [illegible] the adjectives are [illegible] that had mastered all vocal difficulties, but it did not please every one, for there were no tones of velvet; the voice had a tang, like the flavor of a bitter orange, a voice for tragedy or a superhuman, not a human drama. She transcribed Spanish songs, mazurkas of Chopin, and when she sang them they became the trifles of a giantess.

Rossini preferred Pauline to her sister Maria Malibran, whom Saint-Saens never heard. Maria had the advantage of beauty; she died young and left the remembrance of an artist in full possession of her resources but, according to Rossini, she was not nearly so accomplished a musician and, unlike Pauline, could not have survived the fading of her voice.

"Mme. Viardot was not beautiful. She was worse. The portrait painted by Ary Scheffer is the only one that reproduces the appearance of this unequalled woman and gives an idea of her strange and powerful fascination." She was singularly accomplished. She spoke and wrote fluently Spanish, French, Italian, English and German. She was well versed in the literature of every country in close relationship with all Europe. Her technic as a composer was unimpeachable; she wrote songs, and with Turgenieff as librettist, operettas, but she concealed the authorship when possible, and her operettas were performed only before intimate friends. Saint-Saens does not know where she learned her trade. Music was the air breathed in the Garcia family. Pauline [illegible] indignantly the widespread belief that her father was a tyrant, brutal in the education of his daughters.

Mme. Viardot was an excellent pianist, she shone in chamber music, and played with an exquisite appreciation duets for piano and violin by Henri Reber, "of a most delicate art, unknown to music lovers of today who prefer to the pure juice of the grape served in crystal glasses, poisonous beverages in golden cups." These music lovers demand an orgy; they insist on crushing luxuriousness. They do not comprehend the desire of the poet: "O rus, quando te aspiciam!" What to them are rural joys! To them there is no attraction in simplicity. The chaste muse of Reber was not born for them."

Saint-Saens has much to say about Mme. Viardot as a pianist. He learned from her the secret of Chopin's rubato—for she was an intimate friend of Chopin. "Without this true rubato the music of Chopin is disfigured, and this rubato has nothing in common with the dislocations that caricature the music." It is strange that Saint-Saens does not mention the early years of Mme. Viardot when she played as an infant phenomenon [illegible]

[illegible] impaired her voice at an early [illegible]. She wished to sing everything she [illegible] and she sang Valentine in 'Les Huguenots,' Donna Anna in 'Don Giovanni' and other roles which she should [illegible] have attempted if she had wished to preserve her voice. She admitted this at the end of her life. 'Do not follow my example,' she said one day to a young singer; 'I wished to sing everything and I ruined my voice.'"

And then Saint-Saens destroys the effect of the moral by explaining: "Happy are those fiery natures who consume themselves; glory to the blades that wear out the scabbard!"

A Forgotten Idol

It is not easy to form an idea of Rossini enthroned gloriously in the Chaussee d'Antin. Why was he so idolized? His operas, with the exception of "The Barber of Seville" and "William Tell" belonged to the past, although "Moses" was occasionally heard at the Opera. If any one went to "Otello" at the Theatre Italien, it was to hear the C-sharp of Tamberlick. Rossini himself opposed the addition of "Semiramide" to the repertory of the Opera.

The public was divided into two camps bitterly opposed—the lovers of "melody," who were in the great majority, and certain subscribers to the Conservatory and Chamber Club concerts who were called poseurs, feigning to enjoy music that they in fact did not understand. The majority said there was no "melody" in Beethoven's music; some denied melody to Mozart. It was to be found only in music of the Italian school, of which Rossini was the chief, and in the school of Herold and Auber which the Italian school had engendered. For these lovers of "Melody" Rossini was a symbol, a palladium.

Rossini had no illusions about his own music, but Saint-Saens is sure from conversations with him that the oblivion into which his operas had fallen was painful to him. Why did he stop writing? The half-failure, half-success of "William Tell" was a blow, although the inflated phraseology of Bis, one of the librettista, was chiefly the cause. Nevertheless there were warm admirers of "William Tell." "My opinion is that Rossini kept silence because he had nothing more to say." This unforeseen hostility checked the flow whose abundance had amazed the world. When the Mass appeared its worth was exaggerated. "This Mass is written with elegance by an expert hand, but that is all; we no longer find the pen that wrote the second act of 'William Tell.'"

There are pleasant anecdotes about Rossini's kindness toward young composers who did not flatter him and showed talent, for his conventional and trifling amiability and also his traditional malice were as armor against bores who wished to play the piano or brought their compositions for favorable criticism.

Saint-Saens does not hesitate to speak of Rossini as "a great man." "The young in our epoch are not in a position to judge of his works, written as he himself said, for singers and a public that no longer exist." He said to Saint-Saens one day: "I have been reproached for the grand cresoendo in my overtures. If I had not put that crescendo there, the opera would not have been performed." And Saint-Saens moralizes. "In our days the audience is a slave. Have I not read on the program of a society that 'any mark of disapprobation will be severely repressed.'"

Apropos of the well known anecdote of Adelina Patti singing the air from "The Barber" with so many embellishments that he asked: "Who wrote the air that you have just sung?" Saint-Saens says: "I saw him three days afterwards. He was not yet appeased: 'I know that my airs ought to be embroidered; they are made for that purpose; but not to leave a note as I wrote it even in the recitatives—that is too much.'" And in his irritation, he complained because sopranos insisted on singing this air written for a contralto while he had written so much for the soprano voice that was not sung."

Offenbach and Posterity

Many years ago Saint-Saens wrote an essay on Jacques Offenbach. He then gave him credit for inexhaustible humor and a flow of melody, but Saint-Saens was imprudent and added: "Posterity will not know him."

Saint-Saens now admits his rashness. He, too, was among the false prophets. Offenbach is again in fashion. "Contemporaneous composers forgetting that Mozart, Beethoven, Sebastian Bach themself knew how to laugh—at times, bold gaiety in contempt, declare it unesthetic, and as the public cannot resign itself to its disappearance, it goes back to operetta and naturally to him who was the creator and the unflagging provider of it."

The chief objection against Offenbach in Saint-Saens' eyes, or rather ears, is that the German Jew falsified French prosody and thus corrupted it. Saint-Saens also says that Offenbach wrote badly because his early education had been neglected. If anyone says, "But there is 'Contes d Hoffman,'" the answer is that Guiraud, who completed the score, corrected the author's faults. [illegible] Guiraud [illegible] this statement to Saint-Saens, we are not obliged to accept it. As the story is told, the opera was wholly ready with the exception of the instrumentation. Offenbach had indicated the scoring, but without doubt Guiraud, an accomplished writer for orchestra, gave the score a delicacy and a grace that it would have lacked if Offenbach had lived.

Saint-Saens then gladly adds that if the poor prosody and little faults of taste are removed there remains a "prodigiously" abundant work—he is fond of the word prodigious—exceedingly rich in melodic invention, sparkling with wit, with a dash that is demoniacal. And although Offenbach was not famous as a musician, his instinct was surprising, and in his operettas there are curious harmonic devices; thus in "Daphnes et Chloe" there is a chord of the dominant 11th unprepared and unresolved, in its time an extraordinary audacity.

Offenbach improvised his scores with incredible ease and rapidity. His manuscripts look as though they had been sketched with the point of a needle. There is not a useless stroke. Saint-Saens remembers how Offenbach was inspired by Mme. Ugalde, who joined his company, to write "Les Bavards," a little masterpiece. If it were possible to revive the operetta it would be successful, but there is no Mme. Ugalde in the theatres of today.

"The moment Offenbach took himself seriously, he lost all his distinctive qualities." Ah, M. Saint-Saens, you forget "Contes d'Hoffmann," for in that fascinating opera, the song of Olympia, the ball scene, the barcarolle, and other pages that might be named are unmistakably by the man that wrote Perichole's letter and drinking song, "Dites lui," Fortunio's song—but why enumerate? Offenbach was a born melodist. Saint-Saens say this loss is not a unique instance. Cramer and Clementi, authors of studies and exercises which are marvels of the grand style, wrote sonatas and concertos of a mediocrity akin to the abomination of desolation.

Revivals of the justly celebrated operettas are seldom fortunate. There is no Mlle. Schneider, beautiful, witty, with an "admirable mezzo-soprano voice." "'Traditions' have arrived; the comedy is exaggerated, the whole spirit is denatured. In Germany this farce, 'La Belle Helene,' is performed solemnly, with archaic stage settings and business. The best is too often the foe of the good."

"Will Jacques Offenbach become a 'classic'? This would be a surprise. But what may we not expect? Everything is possible, even the impossible, and it is time for me to stop in this direction; I might say things that I am unwilling to say."

Note on Massenet

The article on Massenet, written after his death, might be considered by the per-fervid as lukewarm. Malbran, Mme. Vierdot, Mme. Carvalho, Talma, Rachel, have not been replaced; no one will replace Patti, Mme. Berlet, Sarah Bernhardt. Ingres, Delacroix, Berlioz, Gounod, have not been replaced. They have had successors. No one will replace Massenet—not even at the Academy.

Massenet was wrong in this: he sang and gave pleasure. In these days everything that is shocking and unpleasant is in accord with the affected taste. The horrible is beautiful; beauty is horrible. It is not enough to admire horrors; beauty consecrated by time, by the admiration of the centuries, is despised.

Whatever others may say, Massenet is one of the most brilliant diamonds in the French musical crown. They say he delighted the public; he was not a revolutionary; he was not in revolt; he was not profound. All this may be true, but it is of little importance. There are many chambers in the mansion of Apollo. Art has the right to go down to the depths; to enter the recesses of the darkest soul; this right is not a duty. The artists of Greece were not profound; their marble goddesses are beautiful, and that is enough.

The music of Massenet is charming, seductive, feverishly passionate. His melodic line is uncertain, often resembling recitative rather than defined melody as it is generally understood. Saint-Saens thinks that it lacks firmness and style, but it is individual, and peculiar to Massenet. Why analyze and comment when, hearing Manon sobbing with love at the feet of Des Grieux in the sacristy of Saint-Sulpice, we are infinitely moved?

And Massenet's music has to Saint-Saens the great attraction of being gay. Haydn and Mozart are now reproached for their gaiety; one turns modestly his face before the explosion of exuberant joy which ends triumphantly the ninth symphony. Hurrah for sadness! Hurrah for the boresome! There are young persons who thus shout. May they not regret too late the lost time of past gaiety!

Nor should Massenet be reproached for his fecundity. It is the mastering quality. "The composer who produces little, if he is a meritorious person, can be an interesting artist; he will never be a great one."

Saint-Saens here speaks without prejudice, for he and Massenet were not were friends. [illegible] Massenet had wished to dedicate to Saint-Saens, one of [illegible] was performed at Weimar and when he told Massenet that his opera or cantata had been accepted, the latter was joy in his reception of the news. "My friends, my comrades were Bizet, Guiraud, Delibes; they were my brothers-in-arms, Massenet was a rival."

There is this last word: "Massenet has been imitated by many; he imitated no one."

Truly, an interesting book, this "Ecole Buissonniere." We may speak of it again.

Editor of The Herald:

For Our Friend "J. W."

"Black-Eyed Susan," the burlesque, was given at Selwyn's Theatre in connection with the play of "Dora," both of which had a long run for those days. My program bears the date of Feb. 6, 1868. The principals in the cast were: Kitty Blanchard as William, Stuart Robson as Capt. Crosstree, Mary Cary as Susan, Harry Josephs as Dame Hatley.

Other characters by Harry Pearson, H. F. Daly, H. S. Murdock, G. F. Kenway, G. F. Ketchum, T. Graham, G. F. Fortescue, O. H. Dinsmore and Miss G. Telbin.

E. L. J.

South Yarmouth.

Byron's "Our Boys"

There is interest in the revival of "Our Boys" at the Plymouth Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, April 1, when the play will be performed by amateurs, under the direction of Dr. Francis Henry Wade, for the benefit of the social Service Work of Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Newbury and Arlington streets, of which Dr. Elwood Worcester is rector. Dr. Wade writes to us as follows:

"This clever three-act comedy is the work of Henry J. Byron, an English playwright, who, 35 years ago, held as prominent a place among the dramatists of his time as Bernard Shaw and Pinero hold today. He was a prolific writer, being the author of some 75 plays ranging from the broadest extravaganza and farce, through the realms of melodrama to the most elaborate and refined society comedy and comedy-drama. Every one of these compositions was produced, during his life-time, with greater or less success and many of them enjoyed long and successful runs. Many of them continue to hold the stage and are frequently revived.

"'Our Boys' enjoys the distinction of having had the longest run ever achieved by any play in the history of the stage. It was first produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, in London, on Saturday, Jan. 16, 1875, and continued to hold the stage of that popular house—located in the Strand—for 1500 consecutive nights, a period of nearly five years.

"Its first production in this country took place at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in September, 1875, with a noteworthy cast. A brilliant young actress, Lizzie Harold, made such a great success in the part of Belinda that she was subsequently engaged by R. M. Field, then manager of the Boston Museum, as the soubrette of the famous company at that historic old house, and there she became a Boston favorite, making a hit in the part of Little Buttercup—she had a beautiful contralto voice—when 'Pinafore' was produced for the first time in this country at the Boston Museum in November, 1878.

"'Our Boys' was frequently revived at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, after its first production there, and during the Centennial exhibition ran continuously at that house for more than six months with that old-time Boston favorite, McKee Rankin, as Charles Middlewick, and his then wife, that beautiful woman and delightful actress, Kitty Blanchard, well known and loved by old Boston theatregoers, as Mary Melrose.

"George Honey, whom all old Bostonians remember as an exceedingly clever English comedian, subsequently starred throughout this country in 'Our Boys,' scoring a great success in the part of Perkyn Middlewick, the ignorant but large-hearted, lovable old retired butterman."

Ellen Terry and the Russian Ballet

Miss Ellen Terry has written an "appreciation" of the Russian Ballet and Miss Pamela Colman Smith has illustrated the little volume with black and white drawings.

Miss Terry has this to say of Nijinsky: "We must not belittle him for his miraculously agile leaps and jumps. * * * Dancing is not only sauterie. There was probably no sauterie at all in the dancing of the ancients. * * * There are many young men in the Russian ballet who dance excellently with their bodies, even if they cannot leap as high as Nijinsky; but what really separates them from him is the fact that he dances not only with his body, but with his soul. Unfortunately, this expression is often used lightly to mean merely 'with enthusiasm.' But it can be used in a graver sense, and it is in that sense that I use it * * * Whatever his role, the young Russian dancer projects an interior emotion which has in it all the fire of spontaneity, but is at the same time conscious and considered. As an actress, that has always been my ideal of expression."

And this is said of Tamar Karsavina in "Le Spectre de la Rose":

"Karsavina, who in other roles shows a nervous force, a tragic power, a strange and luring grace which account even better than her dancing for her triumphant prominence, is so gentle, so modest, so suppliant in 'Spectre de la Rose,' that she becomes the incarnation of snow-white youth, dreaming of a heavenly lover. I feel sorry for that young girl, who perhaps will wake next day in that queer Bakst bedroom and think of the partner who gave her the rose, not of the Rose itself."

Nor does Miss Terry disdain to write about scenery: "Everything in 'Scheherazade' suggests violence and horror. Bakst's palace was built for dreadful deeds; no one, I am sure, could ever feel safe in it. Its color makes it vibrate on its foundations, if, indeed, it has any foundations. There are bad dreams as well as good ones, and the dream quality, on which I have insisted, so far, as the special beauty of these Russian ballets and mimed poems, is present in 'Scheherazade.'" And she shows how this brutal nightmare, in which sensuality and cruelty are evoked, has yet a paradoxical vein of delicacy running through it.

A Person of Quality

"Autolycus" writes about Mr. Frank Tinney in the Pall Mall Gazette of March 4:

The rarest quality, both in literature and dramatic entertainment, is, I suppose, fun. Just fun. If you think about it you will recognize this. There are plenty of funny men, plenty of comedians, on the stage, both the legitimate and the variety, but there is very little fun; humor, that is, with gayety and irresponsibility. In literature, too, how little fun! Fun, I mean, as Hood had it, and Lamb, in conversation and certain of his letters, and among later men, above all, that adorable American, Artemus Ward! Fun that values the absurd delight of the moment more than anything before or after, fun that has no axe to grind. How many other writers have had that? Very few.

When it comes to the stage we are forced, of course, to deal only with contemporaries, because nothing else counts. The best critics may spend themselves in extolling the comic genius of dead actors, but we believe only in those whom we ourselves have laughed at. How little of such fun there is on either stage just now! George Graves has a certain gift of nonsense; but it is a nonsense that is built on experience, and not too sweet an experience either, very Londonish and hard. Seymour Hicks had it once, before he took to scamping everything. G. P. Huntley too; but not lately has he given us much of the best brand. Robey's mirth is shot through and through with seaminess; on terrible knowingness is it based. Dunville comes nearer irresponsibility, but he, too, is rooted in cynicism. George Mozart is nigher true fun than any of these; and a new little man at the Hippodrome, Lew Hearn, has gleams of the real light now and then.

But for fun radiant and constant, fun that is never anything else, you must go to Frank. Frank—or, to give him for a moment his full name, Frank Tinney—is just now at the Palace, and he is the very latest humorist to reach this country from a land which bids fair to be sending us too many. Not that there could be too many Franks, but we can expect no more like unto him. He is a survivor of the Christy minstrel: his face is blacked; his lips—such lips, a vast sunrise glow beneath his nose—are pink and mobile; he talks in the old corner-man dialect with no grip on his syllables; he wears a scarlet coat with epaulettes; and that is all there is to him except a trifle of personality. But what a trifle! On the night I saw him—on the night that he instantly conquered me—there had been a program of more than ordinary merit and variety. An American lady entertainer, the perennial Mr. Barclay Gammon, George Alexander, in a little mordant sketch of London frivolity; but it was not until this Ethiopian serenader appeared—this visitant from a period that we all thought obsolete at a leading West end variety theatre—that we were conscious of the authentic note. The others had entertained us, but Frank captured us. He did it at once; his individuality filled the theatre.

His methods are of the simplest. He just stands, or oscillates, on the other side of the footlights and converses easily and foolishly with his confederate, a gentleman named Ernest, who for the time being, greatly daring, occupies a seat sacred to the composer of "In the Shadows." Why Ernest should be there with his back to the audience, instead of in a less important and more audible position, I don't know; but there he is. Comedians have found the occupant of the conductor's chair useful enough for this; but Ernest is more than useful, he is essential. They are on the most friendly terms, Ernest and Frank. Frank pours his simple confidences into Ernest's ear; Ernest listens and sympathizes. Although years have passed, Frank, for example, still remembers his dislike of

... told of ... then the audience is taken into ... confidence, too, but only as an afterthought. He is there principally to ... although no doubt the permutations of the ghost on Friday night ... his Benjamin's portion are not ... Still, that doesn't really ... What counts is fun.

In their little conversational struggles Frank is always the top dog, yet in so ... way that one retains respect for ... But Frank is, of course the real thing, Ernest is no more than a foil. He is so suave so naive, so ... pleased with life and himself, ... in short in fun. He is there ... you laugh, but he seems ... more than any one. His ... in trade is of the slenderest, but ... is rich as Tyrian purple. ... grotesque bagpipe performance ... very little; it is for his spoken ... and his engaging simplicity ... he is precious; above all, for his ... spontaneous rippling sense of fun. Not ... poor Dan has there been such a funny humorist.

A Blizzard and an Orchestra

Editor of The Herald:

On March 12, 1888, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which had left ... Washington the previous ... found itself snowbound at a point near Franklin, Mass., with nothing in sight but snow. The writer, then a member of that organization, took a ... snow which had ... blocked the engine as well as the whole train. After surveying the field from the car windows and ... a farmhouse in the distance I started out to reach it if possible. It was then 9 o'clock A. M. and there was nothing to eat or drink for ... us. I asked our baggage man to accompany me and the late Fred Comee, the assistant manager, authorized me to buy all eatables in sight if we succeeded in getting there. After pulling our feet out of snow drifts for an hour ... we finally arrived and found the ... sympathetic and more than willing to sell us all he could and have ... left for himself and family. I ... purchasing 18 boiled eggs, ... loaves of bread, six pies, a lot of ... and, the best of all, two large ... filled with fresh made coffee ... farmer hitched a horse to a sled ... our provisions we returned to ... It was not much for such an ... but it helped out until a relief ... reached us in the afternoon with ... We were taken back to Boston ... night and remained idle the whole week. Mr. Ellis, our manager, who had gone ahead, was lost somewhere in New York state and we heard nothing from him for several days.

E. N. LAFRICAIN.

March 11, 1913.

CITY CONCERTS.

The music department of the city of Boston will give three concerts this week. William Howard, orchestral conductor, Louis C. Elson, lecturer.

FANEUIL HALL.

Tuesday, March 18, 8 P. M.

Overture to "Don Giovanni" ... Mozart
"Arabesque" ... Debussy
Aria from "Faust" ... Gounod
Miss Carr.
Selection "Samson and Delilah" ... Saint-Saens
Fantasie for flute, "Lucrezia Borgia" ... Briccialdi
Mr. Burns.
Serenade, "d'Arlequin a Colombine" ... Lambelet
Song "May Day Morn" ... Slater
Miss Carr.
Bolero ... Moszkowsky

ROXBURY HIGH SCHOOL.

Wednesday, March 19, 8 P. M.

Overture to the "Magic Flute" ... Mozart
Allegretto Con Grazia, from the Symphony "Pathetique" ... Tschaikowsky
Aria from "Don Carlo," "O, Fatal Dower" ... Verdi
Miss Castle.
Selection from "Mefistofele" ... Boito
Fantasie for violin, Souvenir de Haydn" ... Leonard
Mr. Howard.
Scherzo in canon form, for string quartet ... Jadassohn
... "Night and Dawn" ... Fairfield
Miss Castle.
... of the Camorrists," from "The ... of the Madonna ... Wolf-Ferrari

GIRLS' LATIN SCHOOL, BOSTON.

Thursday, March 20, 8 P. M.

... concert by J. Albert Baumgartner, ... Walter E. Loud, violinist; Milo M. ... violoncellist, and Oscar Huntting, ...
... Vivace, trio, op. 80 ... Schumann
... Song" ... Gounod
... Wiegenlied ... Bendix
... Lehman
Mr. Huntting.
The Swan ... Saint Saens
... Napolitain ... Casella
Mr. Goldstein.
Allegro, Trio, op. 1, No. 1 ... Beethoven
Minuetto, Trio, op. 32 ... Godard
... in F minor, op. 31 ... Faure
... Liszt
Mr. Baumgartner.
"Pilgrim's Song" ... Tschaikowsky
"Thou Art Like Unto a Flower" ... Smith
"King Charles" ... White
Mr. Huntting.
Trio, Episoden, op. 72 ... Schuett

Miss Julia Culp and Leopold Godowsky in Joint Recital at Symphony Hall.

Miss Julia Culp soprano, and Leopold Godowsky, pianist, gave a joint recital at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Conrad V. Bos was the accompanist. The program was: Schubert, Heimliche Lieben, Suleika, Ungeduld, Ave Maria, Miss Culp; Chopin—Sonata in B minor, op. 58, Mr. Godowsky; Lully, Bois epais; Weckerlin, Mignonette; Purcell, When I am laid in earth; Beethoven, The Cottage Maid, English folk song, Long, long ago; Miss Culp; Rameau, Musette en Rondeau; Rameau, Tambourin; Dandrieu, Le Caguet; Lociliy, Gigue, from "Renaissance" (free adaptations) by Godowsky, Mr. Godowsky; Brahms, Vor dem Fenster, Wie komm' ich denn zur Thur herein, O liebliche Wangen, Wiegenlied, Miss Culp. Liszt, Au bord d'une source; Liszt, Etude de concert in F minor, Godowsky, Symphonic Metamorphoses of Johann Strauss Waltz, "Artist's Life," Mr. Godowsky.

Miss Culp's voice is full of the bigness of life. It brings reassurance of vital things behind the curtain that can be felt but never crystallized into concreteness. It is a wonderful instrument, but her singing is not the artist playing upon his instrument. It seems rather the natural expression of herself. The voice is full of mellebrity. It expresses love, hate, sorrow and high determination. Listening to it one forgets the skill born of study and training. Such details as phrasing, tone production, its wide dynamic range, its flawless intonation. After one has heard it, the mystery of life seems for a time less impenetrable.

Mr. Godowsky is a skilful and experienced pianist. His playing has an agreeable ruggedness, but is often hard and lacking in the finer shades of sentiment. He was undoubtedly handicapped by a program which even the highest degree of virtuosity could hardly make interesting. The Chopin spirit was lacking in the sonata and the Strauss Waltz development seemed hardly worth while. The Liszt numbers were well played.

Both performers were warmly received by a large audience and gave several encores. Mr. Bos was an unusually skilful and sympathetic accompanist.

LAST CONCERT AT OPERA HOUSE

The 16th Sunday orchestral concert at the Boston Opera House took place yesterday afternoon. Mr. Caplet conducted. The program was as follows:

Wagner, overture to "Tannhaeuser"; Wagner, "Dich then re Halle," from "Tannhaeuser" (Miss Elizabeth Amsden), Tschaikowsky, concerto in B flat minor for piano (Rudolph Ganz, pianist); Mozart, Serenade for strings; Mozart, aria of Donna Anna from "Don Giovanni" ((Miss Amsden); Saint-Saens, Danse Macabre (Pierre Henrotte, solo violin); Wagner, Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg."

This concert gave pleasure to a small audience. The singer was recalled and Mr. Caplet was applauded. Mr. Ganz gave a brilliant performance of Tschaikowsky's Concerto, brilliant in force and speed rather than in the higher qualities. This was the last concert of an interesting series.

PARKER MEMORIAL CONCERT

A musical program of unusual merit was given at the Parker Memorial Hall on Berkeley street yesterday afternoon by Miss Edith Thompson, Miss Anna Miller Wood and Miss Edith Bullard. Piano solos, including arabesques on themes of the "Beautiful Blue Danube" waltz, were pleasingly played by Miss Thompson. Songs, including "Sweet is Tipperary" and "In the Time of Roses," were sung by Miss Wood and by Miss Bullard, who joined in singing several duets.

In Kingston, Jamaica, they put in bottles a yellowish, singularly unpleasant looking, thickish fluid, which is said to be a preparation procured from the turtle—"One fish yielding only two bottles." The manufacturers think highly of the stuff. Read the label:

"It is a luxury of the highest order and can only be esteemed by those who value exquisite enjoyment regardless of expense. To 'Les Miserables'—who pinch alike their palates as their purses—it must remain a mouth-watering and untasted delicacy—a second Garden of Paradise, the entrance to which is guarded by the sword of Pluto against penurious Epicures."

The style of this eulogy is Asiatic, or, as some prefer, Corinthian. We prefer the simplicity of "The recipe of a nobleman of England" or the heroic couplet recommending a brand of tobacco:

Or seek no farther
Better can't be found.

At Last! At Last!

As the World Wags:

I have been meaning for some days to write concerning Maglets. I have two ... not cups ... (In ... with a ... which is a stout ... were sperm oil ... the stout is too small for a ... hardly big enough to admit ... of a pencil. The captain, who is a strict teetotaler, said they were for vinegar, but I think, particularly since most of your correspondents give the word a bibulous significance, that they were used for the syrups, bitters, etc., which gave a final touch to many a mixture compared to which a cocktail is child's play.

JETHRO SMITH.

Cedar Hill Farm, Cohasset.

But why "maglet"?

Truth in Black.

As the World Wags:

You are probably familiar with the silhouettes, the black outlines of a face or figure upon a white ground, which are the only likenesses preserved in many cases of our great grandmothers and grandfathers. In fact the art had not died down half a century ago when artists went about from house to house or office to office cutting with the scissors the outlines of a sitter in black paper, and often with wonderful success. If this art were to be revived today the effect of it would probably be tremendous. Of course a beautiful girl is beautiful in any monstrosity, and is perhaps set off to some degree by it, the wearer's charm and the color and texture of fabrics disguise the effect of line, only caught by very near sighted people. Just suppose that the sharp silhouette defined in black and white, the big shoes, the ungainly ankles, the swathed skirt, the accumulated matter about the shoulders, the unspeakable riot of hat forms and their decorations, would not the fair sisterhood, brought face to face with a reality, flee shrieking to build a Savonarola pyre and start afresh with some slight reference to nature?

ERVING WINSLOW.

Sabotage Again.

We have received two or three letters concerning the origin of the word Sabotage. According to "C. W. P." and "G. W. D." this word was first used in Lyons, France, some years ago when silk weavers went on strike, took off their sabots, or wooden shoes and threw them through the delicate parts of their looms with intent to ruin them before they left the factory, or as another puts it, "When an attempt was made to run the machines the shoes got caught in the gearing or in some other part of the mechanism and brought everything to a dead stand still. Thus we have sabotage derived directly from the sabot, as boycott is the transference into the language of the name of the man who first suffered from a boycott."

As the World Wags

In re "sabotage." At the time of the blowing up of an iron-clad, in the harbor of Brest or Toulon (which was attributed to "sabotage"), I was told by a man who professed to be learned in French lore, that the word was a new one coined by the syndicated Socialists to denote tampering with a railway track by removing the shoes, or sabots, which connected the ends of the rails—a species of mischief not likely to be noticed until a wreck occurred: hence "sabotage" would come to mean any sort of villainy prepared on the sly, and left to be brought into operation by, apparently, the ordinary chance of events.

Being now in the humor of dispensing information, I venture to call the attention of your correspondent, who asked why even numbers were on the righthand side of Beacon street, to the fact that from No. 1 to Park street the even numbers are on the lefthand side of the street: that from there to Arlington street all the numbers in succession are upon one side of the street; and that, when numbering both sides of the street was resumed at Arlington street, it came about that the first house numbered on the lefthand side came in by chance for an odd number. See?

WAY-BACK BAYER.

Boston.

That Other Day.

As the World Wags: In the United States government report on lighthouses I note the following:

"A lightkeeper on the Columbia river, Or., has taken only two days' leave in 23 years, and one of these two days was for the purpose of being married."

The thought occurred to me—What was the other one for? Perhaps some of your correspondents, and possibly yourself, can throw some light upon the subject.

EPAPHRODITUS PECK.

New Britain, Ct., March 12.

'SUZANNE' AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance in Boston of "Il Segreto di Suzanna," an intermezzo in one act by Ermanno Wolf Ferrari. Mr. Caplet conducted.

Count Gil ... Mr. Scotti
Countess Gil ... Miss Nielsen
Sante ... Mr. Tavecchia

"Il Segreto di Susanna" is a graceful, pretty trifle that well deserves to be added to the repertoire. Saint-Saens is never weary of saying that gayety in music is no longer in fashion. Hearing the operas of the modern Italians, we forget that Italy was once famous as the home of operatic comedies. Rossini is best remembered by his 'Barber of Seville." Donizetti's delightful "Don Pasquale" and "Elixir of Love" might lead one to believe that the composer's forte after all was comedy. Hearing the modern operas comiques, a listener was puzzled by the title, careless of the fact that an opera comique was simply an opera in which there was spoken dialogue. The defining term is still retained by some, although the subject may be tragic. There was a time when the operas of Auber, in which comedy was treated with a peculiar elegance, were to Parisians and the world at large the ideal works for the Opera Comique.

We first knew Wolf-Ferrari through his "Vita Nuova." When "The Jewels of the Madonna" was produced, many wondered how the imaginative and mystical composer of the music to Dante's work could have written the opera of squalid Neapolitan life. Now that we have heard the music of "Susanna's Secret" the wonder is redoubled. Yet Wolf-Ferrari has composed other light operas, one of which, "Le Donne Curiose," with a libretto based on a comedy of Goldoni, has delighted New York. We may be permitted to hear it in the course of two or three years.

Susanna's secret was a harmless one. She smoked cigarettes. Her husband did not know her amiable weakness, and, smelling tobacco in the room, in her hair, on her lips, concluded that she had a lover. Hence his jealousy. In one of these foolish fits he smashed objects of "bigotry and virtue," also furniture, even his pet umbrella. He reminded one of John Leech's picture of a devastated room, with the husband leaning against the mantlepiece and saying: "Well, if I am a little irritable, Arabella, you know it is all over in a minute." At last, thinking to surprise his wife's lover, the count entered through a lawn window. The secret was disclosed. There was a joyful cry. "You smoke, then?" She confessed her vice; he confessed his jealousy. They then swore to lead a happy life with an endless stock of cigarettes.

Wolf-Ferrari's music has the appropriate lightness. It is refined, but not super-refined. Its polish is not hard and cold. The sentiments are delicately expressed, and there is no incongruous passion either in melody or in the instrumentation. The dialogue is deftly managed and there are amusing pictorial passages. The music follows the text but not as a slave. One of the most pleasing pages is the reverie of the Countess when smoking, and here the orchestra is handled in a masterly manner.

The performance was interesting. Mr. Scotti was wholly admirable as the Count, not too extravagant, never going beyond the bounds of comedy. Miss Nielsen played the part of the Countess in the right key and the music is well suited to her voice. Mr. Tavecchia as the servant, a mute part, was also within the frame.

This "Intermezzo" was heartily enjoyed by the audience, and the spirited little introduction won instant favor.

A performance of "La Foret Bleue" preceded. Mr. Caplet conducted and the cast was as before.

VIOLIN RECITAL BY ZIMBALIST

Efrem Zimbalist, the distinguished Russian violinist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. The program was as follows: Bach-Schumann, Sarabande, Double, Brahms, Sonata in D-minor, Vivaldi, Concerto in A-minor; Cyril Scott, Irish Song, Dance, Zimbalist, Orientale, Russian; Hubay, Scenes, "Czardas," Eugene Lutsky was the accompanist. Homer Humphrey was the organist.

Mr. Zimbalist is a violinist of rare ability. His art is mature and polished, his technic sure and highly developed, his tone is pure and mellow. Not the least pleasing feature in his performance is the quiet dignity of his behavior on the stage. He does not strut or swagger. He is never bumptious.

Yesterday afternoon, a ... characterized his playing ...

[illegible] at the [illegible] violinist [illegible] vealize Viva[illegible] [illegible] work in [illegible] sustaining [illegible] Mr. Zim[illegible] displayed a tone of haunting beauty, remarkable for its suave and caressing quality, and in his rendering of the Dance he showed masterly finesse. In both of his compositions, performed yesterday, graceful pieces of the salon variety, Mr. Zimhalist has been successful in suggesting local color.

A large audience was justly and warmly appreciative. Repeatedly recalled, Mr. Zimbalist added to the program.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Robert Loraine in a revival of George Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman." H. M.

Roebuck Ramsden	Louis Masson
Parlor Maid	Grace Moore
Octavius Robinson	Alfred Hickman
John Tanner	Robert Loraine
Miss Ann Whitefield	Emily Stevens
Mrs Whitefield	Maggie Holloway Fisher
Miss Susan Ramsden	May Seton
Miss Violet Robinson	Marguerite Unett
Henry Straker	A. P. Kaye
Hector Malone, Jr.	Rockcliffe Fellowes
Hector Malone, Sr.	Charles Harbury

"Man and Superman" had its first American production in New York on Sept. 5, 1905, with Mr. Loraine in the leading part, and since that time it has had many revivals, all of which must have been a source of profit to Mr. Loraine and a source of pleasure to his audiences, if the performance of last evening may be taken as a criterion. The company at the Plymouth is an exceedingly capable one, and aside from a slight and pardonable uncertainty in the lines the play moved swiftly and with precision. The brilliant dialogue had life and spontaneity and was received by a large and discriminating audience with every mark of appreciation.

It is not necessary to comment heavily on this delightful farce-comedy of Mr. Shaw's. It has been discussed and analyzed, censured and extolled many times and has long since been stigmatized by the timorous as very, very daring and applauded as one of the very best by the unafraid. It is one of the best. The lines are sparkling as almost no one but Shaw can make them, and the satire is pointed, splendidly aimed, thoroughly delightful.

Mr. Loraine's performance as John Tanner is also a matter of history. It is a finished and brilliant piece of comedy made more attractive by the actor's pleasing personality.

In the present cast there are two others who have the same parts that they played in the original New York production—Mr. Massen as Roebuck Ramsden and Mr. Hickman as Octavius Robinson. These characterizations are excellent and very wisely retained. Among the men Mr. Kaye as Straker, the chauffeur, deserves special mention. This part is one which is exceedingly dull if not well done, and Mr. Kaye saved the situation.

Miss Emily Stevens played Ann. Miss Stevens is an attractive and accomplished actress and she made Ann sufficiently alluring, and spoke her lines with just the right emphasis and coloring. But unfortunately she was not always heard. In intonation, method and gesture she clearly showe her indebtedness to Mrs. Fiske's excellent training, but it is very unfortunate that she should have adopted also so completely Mrs. Fiske's mannerisms of voice.

Miss Fisher was delightful as Mrs. Whitefield and indeed every member of the cast was satisfactory.

The sale of seats for the engagement of the Irish Players will open this morning at the Plymouth Theatre. This remarkable organization opens a limited engagement in this city on next Monday and will include in their repertoire many new and old successes. The company is still headed by Lady Gregory and will include such old favorites as Sara Allgood, Marie O'Neill, Cathleen Nesbit, Eithne Magee, Eileen O'Doherty, Arthur Sinclair, Fred O'Donovan, J. M. Kerrigan, U. Wright and others. The usual Thursday and Saturday matinees will prevail.

AT TOY THEATRE

W. A.

The program was varied in a grand manner. There were French verses, many of them, inarticulately recited with declamatory fervor. Next, choice selections from Shakespeare were relentlessly interpolated in an otherwise vacuous sketch. Finally a Japanese play was read in a very pretty setting.

Altogether, it was a night off at the Toy. The young lady who recited the French verses clung desperately to their meter, uttering the "mute e" with a determination that was commendable. All verses are not Alexandrines, and that those that are not—"il faut les [illegible]." Mr. Vroom, in a sketch by Chekoff, displayed some knowledge of Shakespearian characters. His voice is too inflexible to warrant an artistic presentation. Miss Miller and Miss Smith looked pretty in the Japanese setting.

Mr. Freybe, who has replaced Mr. Platt as scenic director, gave a good account of himself. He had a competent, imaginative and successful predecessor. No doubt, the example will inspire him.

Mr. C[illegible]s Whibley, in an article on literary [illegible]uence, says that Otway allowed himself, consciously and of set purpose, to be swayed hy the author of "Hamlet," "and the result is that 'Venice Preserved' has remained unopened and unseen for a century."

What does Mr. Whibley mean by this statement? Otway's tragedy was performed at Covent Garden under Macready in the late thirties of the 19th century, and Phelps revived it in London in 1845. In this country Forrest was seen in the tragedy. John McCullough was playing Pierre in the seventies. John Gilbert, by the way, made his first appearance in Boston and on the stage as Jaffier in 1828. There was a famous performance in New York in 1833, with Forrest as Pierre, Kemble as Jaffier and Fanny Kemble as Belvidere.

We should like to see the tragedy again; to hear Jaffier saying in the old-fashioned play-acting voice:

> I'm thinking, Pierre, how that damned starving quality
> Called honesty got footing in the world.

After Death.

Dr. Cortland Myers is sure that we shall meet our friends after death, and last Sunday he "submitted proofs." This reminds us of a story about Judge Hogeboom, who, old and leaving the bench, told the assembled lawyers and court officials in an eloquent address that he hoped to meet them in the next world. Paul Cooper of Albany, N. Y., the son of the novelist, and very deaf, asked his neighbor what the judge had said. The judge's hope was communicated to Mr. Cooper, who promptly roared out: "Does he? Well, Hogeboom always was a sangine cuss."

Compare with these lively and joyful hopes a passage from "The Note Books of Samuel Butler" apropos of a remark made by the Bishop of Carlisle:

"I am sure," wrote Butler, "my great-grandfather did not look forward to meeting his father in heaven—his father had cut him out of his will; nor can I credit my grandfather with any great longing to rejoin my great-grandfather—a worthy man enough, but one with whom nothing ever prospered. I am certain my father, after he was 40, did not wish to see my grandfather any more. * * * Speaking for myself, I have no wish to see my father again, and I think it likely that the Bishop of Carlisle would not be more eager to see his than I mine."

Bacon and Eggs.

As the World Wags:

We were talking about Bacon the other day—not the Lord, but the pig. One said that he did not remember bacon on the family table in his youth, and the question arose as to how far back any of us could recall the use of bacon.

The first speaker said he could go back to the Thirties and Forties in New England, nor could he recall meeting with it during a year or more on the continent of Europe in the Fifties; nor in England, at that time, does he recollect eggs and bacon, now the breakfast dish that reconciles the Englishman to life; certainly he never ordered it, nor did he take to it kindly when first introduced to his notice in the late Sixties. It seemed gross and tough and coarse. But one day in a New York hotel he dared order it from curiosity as to the way it might be served or cooked, and he thought better of it, as it was in thin, long, reddish slices, with little fat and reasonably tender, and showing the marks of the broiling iron.

Another speaker said that bacon was a very ancient food in England, as Shakespeare mentioned it, and that he had supposed that the old word "shawbacon" was a term of ridicule applied to stupid peasants. He said that when in England about 1870 he saw a lovely English girl in the house where he was staying sop a piece of bread in the fat in which the breakfast bacon was swimming, and eat it with gusto. It made him shiver and he had to turn his head away. Another speaker said that when he went to a boarding school in New York in the forties bacon was never served to the boys. He remembered a boy there from Pennsylvania with a Dutch name who said that ham and eggs was called "specanoya" by the country people. He said that the pork and beans of the North seemed to be the equivalent of the hog and hominy of the South, and he wondered whether the early English settlers of Virginia made and ate bacon. He did not think any came over in the Mayflower, or that any allusion was made to it in early New England annals.

But the question finally became: When did bacon become a common breakfast dish in the United States? And no one felt competent to answer with any approach to accuracy. It would be interesting if you would undertake to enlighten us.

Brookline. J. M. C.

This is a hard question, and we appeal to our correspondents. The word "bacon" appears in English literature as early as the middle of the 14th century. In Shakespeare's "Henry IV." the word "bacon" means a rustic, a clown, a shaw-bacon, with reference "to the fact of swine's flesh being the meat chiefly consumed by the rural population of England." Leigh Hunt wrote delightfully about breakfast, what he liked to eat and drink, and he mentions [illegible] not bacon. This w[illegible]

As for "[illegible]oya," the German for bacon is "Speck."

Mr. Sala's Breakfast.

George Augustus Sala discussed breakfast in his "Thorough Good Cook." He deplored the fact that English people ate too much meat and not half enough vegetables, but he believed in a hearty breakfast in the land of fog, rawness, and smoke, although he banished chops and steak. He recommended kedgeree (a dish of cold fish, boiled rice, eggs, and condiments served hot, while in India it is made of rice boiled with split pulse, onions, eggs, butter and condiments); at least one of 10 kinds of omelettes, sausages, eggs in any form, smoked salmon ("the Dutch is the best smoked by the Jews; it is horribly dear, but delicious"), potted shrimps, bloaters, or eggs and bacon, kippers, fried sardines, now and then a little potted meat, dry toast ("avoid buttered toast"), and plenty of bread and butter, tea, coffee, or cocoa. If there are "young and lady guests," marmalade and honey; and for hunters, broiled chicken and devilled kidneys. Sala also spoke of mushrooms and bacon, dried haddock, plain boiled sole, whiting, mackerel. He insisted on the preface of fruit: grapes, oranges, or the apple, "the toothsome, handsome, sociable, health-preserving apple."

NEW SONGBIRDS" AT B. F. KEITH'S

W. F. H.

William Burress and his company of 30 in "The New Song Birds," one of the season's most elaborate vaudeville sketches, has the headline position on this week's bill at B. F. Keith's, a bill that is of something more than usual excellence and interest. "The New Song Birds" are supposed to represent and to emphasize existing conditions in grand opera as portrayed by rival managers. Mr. Burress, as Oscar Hammershine, stands for grand opera as it should be, with Ben Mosche as Gagagagazi, representing it as it is. The scene is laid upon the stage of a New York theatre where each, happily enough, has presented several of their best song-birds and a portion of their choruses. The question arises as to superiority, whereupon the rival forces enter upon a sort of Marathon contest, each side claiming that the other is lacking in artists of high quality.

Another act of unusual magnitude is that of the Royal Kitamera Troupe of Japanese, which introduces jugglers and balancers in a series of difficult feats of the Orient. The stage settings and the truly Japanese draperies made the act as well staged as it was intrinsically elegant.

The Bison City Four, in which the police officer, the bartender, the tramp and the peanut vendor all have their parts, is making one of its semi-annual visits to B. F. Keith's this week, receiving just as enthusiastic applause as when the combination first appeared in this city, and that wasn't yesterday.

Many of this week's acts possess the added virtue of novelty. The Polzin brothers bring to Boston from Europe an exposition of new balancing and tumbling work, in which an old-fashioned see-saw plays a large part. Then Mabel and Dora Ford present an interesting variety of dances, ranging from a classical Greek dance to the "Lazy Moon" and others of the popular variety. The two young women are extremely good. Frances Stevens and company in "The Country Bride" had an amusing sketch, brought to Boston this week for the first time. Carl Henry and Nellie Francis, one of those easy-to-make-fun teams, kept the audience laughing for their allotted time. Dolly Morrissey was good as the singing comedienne, and the Cavana Duo revealed wonderful versatility, their slack wire work being unusually good.

The talking motion pictures, the latest of the Edison inventions, are retained for the fourth consecutive week. The synchronizing last night was absolutely perfect, but there is a sameness to them all, so much so that they could better be used to bring up the end of the program, now that their novelty has entirely worn off. The pictures this week are "Her Redemption" and the miser scene from "The Chimes of Normandy."

Mch 19 1913

KNEISELS GIVE LAST CONCERT

By PHILIP HALE.

The Kneisel Quartet, assisted by Mr Rudolph Ganz, pianist, gave the fourth and last concert of its 28th season last evening in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Beethoven, quartet in F major, Op. 18, No. 1; Reger, two movements from quartet in E flat major (Larghetto and Allegro Congrazia); Schumann, piano quartet in E flat major, Op. 47. The quartet of Schumann was announced as second in order, but this order was reversed, as the string parts were not at hand and had to be procured outside.

The performance was of a high order. Beethoven's quartet was played with fine understanding. There was no attempt at raising this music to the level of the later chamber works, but there was a frank expression of the composer's earlier manner, for in this op. 18 there are suggestions of Mozart and even Haydn. The beauty of tone, the sureness of intonation, and the polished style of the performance gave interest to passage work and formulas that otherwise might have seemed uninteresting.

The movements from Reger's quartet show that composer in a more amiable, more human light than his other works, orchestral or chamber, that have been heard here. There are moments of genuine beauty in the Larghetto, and the harmonic scheme throughout has not the sterile complexity too often characteristic of this hardened contrapuntist. The Allegro was played with irresistible spirit, and the music itself, though in a form that is not necessarily appealing, holds the attention.

M. Jean Marnold, in an admirable study of Schumann's music, regrets the influence of Mendelssohn, which led the young romanticist, the champion of Berlioz and Chopin, to look backward and to compose music in old moulds. To speculate concerning what might have happened—if Richard Strauss had not met Alexander Ritter, if Bizet had lived etc., etc.—is an agreeable mental diversion, and that is all. To us the genius Schumann is revealed in the songs, the piano pieces, the overture to "Manfred," and certain pages of the D minor symphony.

But in this piano quartet there are pages that are peculiarly Schumannesque, as the few opening measures and the scherzo. Mr. Ganz, who, as a soloist, has of late seemed to rely chiefly on force and speed, played in a truly musical manner and in ensemble spirit. His fluency and quality of touch in the Scherzo were especially noteworthy.

The concerts next season in Steinert Hall will be on Tuesday evenings, Nov. 4, Dec. 2, 1913, and Jan. 6 and March 17, 1914.

CARUSO DRAWS

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Wolf-Ferrari's "Il Segreto di Susanna." Mr. Caplet conducted. K. W.

Count Gil	Mr. Fornari
Countess Gil	Miss Nielsen
Sante	Mr. Tavecchia

Followed by Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Nedda	Mme. Melis
Canio	Enrico Caruso
Tonio	Mr. Rossi
Beppe	Mr. Giaccone
Silvio	Mr. Pulcini

Mr. Caruso made his first and only appearance this season, at the Boston Opera House, last evening, and the audience filled the theatre in every part.

When Mr. Caruso sang in "The Girl of the Golden West" at the Boston Opera House last March he was said to be indisposed, and his voice was evidently not in the best condition. He took the part of Canio in April, and there were still some who shook their heads. Last evening all such memories were effaced. The golden voice was heard in all the fullness of its beauty. There was the accustomed evenness, the resonance, the sonority, the familiar haunting quality of tone that moves and thrills. There are tenors who, by the power of their acting, have charged the part of Canio with an added dramatic significance; but from a purely vocal standpoint, Mr. Caruso's performance is unsurpassed. The mature and rounded fullness of his voice was conspicuously evident in his singing of "Vesti la Giubba," while he sang the famous air with tragic intensity.

Mr. Rossi's dramatic and vocally brilliant singing of the prologue was a feature of the opera. His manly and sonorous voice was heard at its best. Mme. Melis was an indifferent Nedda. It is not a part well suited to her. This impersonation differs widely from Miss Farrar's striking portrayal of the Mummer's wife, who wiped her mouth and said: "I have done no wickedness."

Wolf-Ferrari's little opera was well given. The purity of tone and vocal fluency of Miss Nielsen's art were again apparent and she acted with grace and piquancy. Mr. Fornari replaced Mr. Scotti as Count Gil. Mr. Tavecchia was again amusing as Sante.

There was much applause throughout the evening and scenes of enthusiasm after "Pagliacci."

A man in court at East Cambridge testified that his wife gave him a dollar a week for himself. When he was asked what he did with the dollar, he answered

"I suppose I caroused with it."

Now "carouse" is a noble, sonorous word and we do not willingly associate it with one dollar. When Belshazzar, the King, made a great feast to a thousand of his lords and drank wine before the thousand, when Nero sat high among the banqueters drinking hard and applauding the dancing girls wrapped in thin gauze, or wholly naked, girls from Gades with castanets, Syrian dancing girls with flashing cymbals; when Tamerlane gave gold and jewelled crowns to his generals at the feast—then there was carousing. There is Young's line. "Egypt's wanton queen, Carousing gems."

The earliest quotations illuminate the word:

Drant in his translation of Horace: "I that in tune and out of time, karoust it without measure."

Sir Walter Raleigh: "Some garoused of his wine till they were reasonable pleasant."

Holland in his translation of Pliny: "To quaffe and carouse again upon it more lustily."

And if we understand by carousing, to drink health or success to any one—as in Stubbes's sour line, "Swilling, gulling and carowsing from one to another," or "The Queene carowses to thy fortune, Hamlet"—one dollar seems a paltry sum.

Fit for the Toga.

Whether Mr. Gordon Woodbury's charges are proved or disproved, lovers of the picturesque regret that he will not represent New Hampshire in the Senate at Washington. Some men are born to be chairmen of committees; others have heads foreordained for postage stamps. Mr. Woodbury is of the Roman type, and a toga would singularly become him. He has the head and the figure. If he should don the stately, honorable dress, there would be no suspicion of an adroitly arranged night shirt. Woodbury Togatus! It may be said that the senators at Washington do not wear the toga. They should, but if there is objection, Mr Woodbury would be the soul of dignity in a blue dress coat with gold buttons, a buff waistcoat and nankeen trousers, once accepted as the dress of a statesman.

Maglets and Muglets.

As the World Wags:

I hate to do this, but a growing interest in maglets tempts me to point out that Mr. Smith may have been led astray in this matter by the Newfoundland dialect. I have spent three years on the "French Shore and the Labrador" and have at least become fairly at home in their delectable brogue, a mixture of Devon and Somerset, four or five generations old, with dashes of French and obsolete English. During the hectic fishing season the native usually supports life by a series of hasty interviews with a mug o' tea and a dried Caplin or a bit of hard bread. This repast is always termed a "mug up." Indeed, anything short of a boiled dinner with plenty of bruise (brewis?), an unsavory compound of wet pilot-bread and salt pork fat goes by this name, and most utensils from a net-barking pot to a teacup become mugs and anything smaller muglets. There is a Cape Mugford on the Labrador where old John Penny fed half a tribe of Eskimoes from the orderly Moravian station at Okkak, for he was "fearful them savages would a killed he," but that is another story.

Bill twice my invaluable deckhand, never drank except on special occasions, but what a tang that Spartan sauce, no, Spartan olive, did give his rare cocktail. It was certainly a special occasion when we faced a dinner of peas and a junk of salt horse off Turnvik, and Bill shot a hagdown so neatly that it fell on the head of the man at the wheel. Other stores were not so low, so I mixed what I was pleased to term a vermouthless Martini. Bill's eyes as I poured it were a study.

"Full un oop, surr, full un oop!"

With the air of a connoisseur he inhaled the aroma, and then delivered himself of the following:

"I've had a muglet of rare nippy to the hotel in Sydney, but this do be the [illegible] smell ever I seed."

The vermouthless Martini went its way and Bill got as far as the hatch, where he was met by what they call a "[illegible] dwiving rain"; then he turned and his eyes glistened with unmistakable appeal:

"There's a courageous hoigh sea runs, sir and 'tis vinomous cold on dick."

He had another—but I fear I am trespassing sadly upon your space. Is it not probable that the skipper of Bay Roberts when selling the little pewter object mentioned by your correspondent remarked. "Us calls un a muglet, surr"?

JOHN CHIDLEY.

Boston, March 17.

Blackstrap in Maine.

As the World Wags:

Blackstrap is the [illegible] a portion of North Falmouth, Me., is called. The district is about [illegible] miles north of Portland overlooking Casco Bay, and with a fine view of the White Mountains. It has probably had this name for more than 100 years. The tradition is that in the early days it was a resort of Portland roughs, for the purpose of spending the day in drinking a mixture of rum and molasses. Hence the name, spelled without the hyphen.

Boston. THOMAS J. EMERY.

mch 20 1913

SONG RECITAL BY MISS HUSTON

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Margaret Huston, an English soprano, sang for the first time in Boston yesterday afternoon. Mr. Conrad V. Bos played delightful accompaniments. The program was as follows:

Ries, Es muss was Wunderbares sein; H. Wolf, Unber Nacht, Nixe Binsefuss, Der Tambour; Rachmaninoff, Der Fruehlingsnacht; Bruneau, Chansons a danser (minuet, gavotte, Pavane, Sarabande); Irish country songs; Debussy, En sourdine, Fantoches; Viardot, La Marquise; Puget Chanson de Route.

The program announced Saint-Saens, "Le Bonheur est chose legere," but Miss Huston substituted a pretty little French song that was redemanded.

When the singer spoke a few words about the Irish songs, it was evident that she had a cold. Possibly this accounted for moments of false intonation and other vocal failings in the earlier part of the concert. In the songs by Ries, Wolf and Rachmaninoff, the diction of Miss Huston was more to be commended than her vocal art, but as soon as she came to the French songs effective singing and diction went hand in hand

Miss Huston is evidently a singer of intelligence and experience. The voice is an agreeable one, although yesterday there were evidences of huskiness in the lower tones, and the upper tones when taken forte had little body. She has a fine legato, and she often displayed excellent control of breath. Her personality is pleasing, her bearing is dignified and modest, and she has the saving sense of humor, as was shown in her interpretation of Wolf's "Nixe Binsefuss" and the Irish songs.

The program was an unusually interesting one. It was a pleasure to find Hugo Wolf represented by something else than "Verborgenheit.' The songs by Bruneau were unfamiliar to the majority of the audience, which should have been larger, if only through curiosity for Miss Huston was announced with a flourish of trumpets and beating of drums. For this she was probably not responsible. "The singer is an exponent of the conception which regards singing as a mere extension of sustained speech, in which language is permitted 'to sing itself.'" This reminds us of the old lady at dinner who, when she was asked why she was silent, replied: "When I talk, I talks: when I eat, I eats." When a singer gives a recital, let her sing.

Bruneau was fortunate, first of all, in the verses to which he set his music, verses of charming fancy, sly innuendo, amorous sentiment as it was understood in the 18th century, and in "La Sarabande," irony and tragedy enter. The words and the music bring the old dances vividly before the hearer They recall the pictures of Fragonard and Boucher, the world of powder and patches, lace and epigram and reckless gallantry, especially in the boudoir. These songs, interpreted with full appreciation of their spirit, were the feature of the concert, though the Irish songs were sung with the appropriate simplicity and archness.

"THE GIRL" AT OPERA HOUSE

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—"The Girl of the Golden West." Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni. Cast:

Minnie	Miss Elizabeth Amsden
Jack Rance	Anafesto Rossi
Dick Johnson	Giovanni Zenatello
Nick	Luigi Cilla
Ashby	Michele Sampieri
Sonora	Ramon Blanchart
Trin	Leo Devaux
Sid	A. Silich
Bello	Attilio Pulcini
Harry	Rafaelo Diaz
Joe	Ernesto Giaccone
Happy	P. Tommasi
Larkens	Rodolfo Fornari
Billy	Luigi Tavecchia
Wowkle	Elvira Leveroni
Jake Wallace	Jose Mardones

The third performance this season of the opera which Puccini wrote on Belasco's play and dedicated to the Queen Dowager of England, was given last night at the Boston [illegible] before a [illegible] [illegible] Me[illegible]

It is a [illegible] to say that [illegible] in [illegible] and [illegible] which enabled [illegible] perfect the lyrical atmosphere [illegible] and the "midnight [illegible]" when working on a [illegible] and more full-blooded scale. Even the [illegible] enthusiastic, however, can not deny that "The Girl" has its moments—the song of the wandering player in the first act, Dick Johnson's apology for his lawless life in the second, and the thrilling poker game, played to the subdued throb of bass instruments, which have something of the tragic intensity of the drum-beats heard through the last movement of Tchaikowsky's Pathetic Symphony.

Last night Miss Amsden sang finely, though obviously husbanding her resources through the first act, and the great volume of her voice was heard to advantage in the musical tours de force of which the role of Minnie is full. Mr. Zenatello as ever, was most at home in the pathetic numbers, loud applause following his song under the gallows.

Anafesto Rossi's great height and genius for dramatic pose and pantomime made him eminently picturesque and commanding as Jack Rance, the part created by Dinh Gilly, and a certain quality of harsh resonance in the timbre of his voice suited the sinister part of the gambler sheriff. Luigi Cilla as Nick the bartender, Ramon Blanchart as Sonora, Johnson's good angel at the crisis of his fate and Jose Mardones as the strolling singer, sang and acted sympathetically.

Mr. Louis P. Cappelle of Cincinnati has introduced a bill in the lower House of the Legislature of Ohio providing for the appointment of a commission to prescribe the fashions to be worn by women in that state.

Mr. Cappelle is especially shocked by the sight of a woman's "neck," and if he could have his way "not more than two inches of the neck below the chin shall be uncovered." Now, the neck is the back part of that portion of the body lying between the head and shoulders; "also, by extension, the whole of this portion, the narrow part below or behind the head." A scraggy neck pleases neither the gods nor men. Dr. Holmes wrote some lines on this subject; they were addressed to ingenuous youth:

Sooner than wander with your windpipe bare—
The fruit of Eden ripening in the air—
With that lean head-stalk, that protruding chin,
Wear standing collars, were they made of tin!
And have a neck-cloth—by the throat of Jove!
Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove!

But Mr. Cappelle probably means by neck, the breast or the bosom, for to some persons, chiefly prurient prudes, the two words, like leg, are immodest. Mr. Cappelle is also disturbed by the thought of "transparent stockings," and the sight of any bit of skin seen through lace, "or any kind of embroidery mesh or net" irritates him beyond endurance.

Modest Montreal.

And so once in Montreal, the Discobolus was stowed away in a lumber room with his face turned to the wall, and when Mr. Samuel Butler asked the custodian why, he received this answer:

"The Discobolus is put here because he is vulgar—
He has neither vest nor pants with which to cover his limbs.
I, sir, am a person of most respectable connections—
My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."
O God! O Montreal!

The Law and the Woman.

Mr. Cappelle is only one in a long line. Treatises have been written by clerics and laymen against the "immodesty" of women in dress. Pope Innocent XI. published a decree in 1683 by which "all maidens and women" were commanded to cover their shoulders and breast to their neck, and their arms to the wrist, with some thick and untransparent stuff, and they that did not obey this order within six days after its publication were to be excommunicated ipso facto. The celebrated Mr. Bayle, quoting this decree, remarked that he did not know what success these terrible threatenings had, but he imagined that there was occasion to revive them afterwards. "This is the fate of all sumptuary laws: luxury, with a desire of setting off one's beauty, will soon break through the most wise regulations." You can hear Mr. Bayle snicker as he wrote it.

It is fortunate for Mr. Cappelle's peace of mind—for he seems to be a nervous man—that he did not live a century ago when even staid New England women wore scanty empire gowns and laid aside underclothing. All the clothes worn by Miss Patterson of Baltimore as a bride "might have been put in my pocket," wrote a spectator. "It was told that this beautiful, but certainly reckless young woman, wore no chemise." And the women in this commonwealth wore gowns "so low necked that they were, indeed, incroyable; slit up at one side nearly to the waist." The wedding gown of a [illegible] wife was like that of Miss Patterson.

[illegible] About [illegible]

As the [illegible]:

Some of [illegible] th[illegible] about [illegible] if it proceeded [illegible] of the R[illegible] a syndicalist [illegible] word, [illegible] the thing it. The thing [illegible] "soldiering" on the job, that is, the workers keep down the amount and lower the quality of their work until the employer tumbles to the fact that he is losing money and in self-defence grants the demands of his men for more pay or shorter hours. The Scotch name for the thing is "go canny." The French argot is "travailler a coups de sabots," that is "work as if you had wooden shoes on." From this slang of the French workmen, Emile Pouget a syndicalist, coined the word "sabotage."

I refer you to Pouget's book, "Le Sabotage." As commonly used by syndicalists, the word "sabotage" has been extended to include all direct action tactics except the boycott and the strike. The chief form, besides spoiling or diminishing products, is "putting the machinery on strike," either by disabling it or letting it disable itself. During the French railway strike of 1910 locomotives ran into turntable pits owing to the "carelessness" of the men, who were "striking on the job," to force the reinstatement of some of their discharged fellows. Perishable goods were "accidentally" shipped to the wrong place. The railroad got in a fine tangle and was forced to take back the discharged men. This tactic is also called a "pearled strike." A pretty form of sabotage is "la bouche ouverte," the open mouth, which consists of the employe's telling tales out of shop about the adulterations and commercial trickeries practised by the employer. Another form is to cut down the boss's profits by shipping expensive goods where cheap goods have been ordered and paid for.

JOURNALIST, MEMBER OF THE I. W. W.

Boston, March 17.

What a Professor Thinks.

Mr W. F. Harris writes from Cambridge: "Sabot, in addition to the ordinary meaning of wooden shoe is used as well in the sense of 'shoe'—of wood or metal placed under a wheel of a wagon to serve as a brake on a sharp descent. As sabotage describes the slowing up of an industry by any means interfering with its ordinary running, this use of sabot in the sense of brake seems to fit the case exactly." This definition came to Mr. Harris from Prof Rappard.

As we have said before, the verb, "saboter" means to scamp a job.

The Latest Entry.

And now there is another entry to be made in your interleaved little volume compiled by the gentle Gabriel Peignot of Dijon. "Chronological Notice of the Sovereigns, Princes and Princesses of Europe that have Died a Violent Death from 1437 to 1840." Peignot began with James I. of Scotland and ended with the attack of young Edward Oxford on Queen Victoria. The book, sumptuously bound, would be an appropriate gift to any prince mounting the throne.

mch 21 1913

"Haensel und Gretel" and "Il Segreto di Suzanne" Form Program.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Humperdinck's "Haensel und Gretel." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Peter	W. Hinshaw
Gertrud	Maria Claessens
Hansel	Jeska Swartz
Gretel	Bernice Fisher
Die Knusperhexe	Maria Claessens
Sandmannchen	Florence De-Courcy
Taumannchen	Myrna Sharlow

Followed by Wolf-Ferrari's "Il Segreto di Suzanne." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Count Gil	Rodolfo Fornari
Countess Gil	Alice Nielsen
Sante	Luigi Tavecchia

Both operas were performed last evening for the last time this season. Miss Fisher's and Mme. Swartz's impersonations of the two children in Humperdinck's fairy opera are familiar and wholly admirable. The singers were vocally in the vein and acted with their accustomed spirit. Mme. Claessens was an amiable witch She chuckled at sight of the children, on her broomstick ride and while contemplating the oven, nor was she at any time a terrifying apparition. Mr. Hinshaw was vocally well disposed and impersonated Peter with realistic joviality

Miss Nielsen was again heard to excellent advantage as Countess Gil. She sang with fluency and the lyric beauty of her voice was fully apparent Mr Fornari impersonated the count in a spirited fashion. There was a large and appreciative audience.

[illegible] to the bowers [illegible] are waving [illegible] [illegible]zzling waltz

Dancing Boston.

Yes, Boston needs municipal dance halls, and every young man should be provided with a comely, desirable partner, and every man over 50 with a high stepper. Dances of all kinds should be taught in the public schools. We were unfortunate. In our little village the waltz was considered as the pet snare of Satan. We children were allowed to dance only quadrilles and the schottische. The master was a thin, long-haired elderly man, who fiddled as we danced. He had much to say about deportment, and he would have graced the Turveydrop school. Unfortunately his breath smelled at times of firecrackers, and the report spread that he was "a drinking man." He grew old, and a dapper person from Springfield appeared on the scene, with rosy cheeks, waxed mustache and slushed and odorous hair. He boldly advertised the waltz and mastery of it in 20 lessons. His manners were easy; he pleased the mothers. Nor were the pillars of the Old Church in Main street shaken.

There should be dancing on the Common, in the streets. Sir Andrew Aguecheek delighted in masques and revels and boasted of his prowess. To him Sir Toby: "Why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. Is it a world to hide virtues in?" Gov. Foss, instead of walking to the State House, will dance his gubernatorial way into town. As in old days the dancers sang, what may we not expect of Mayor Fitzgerald? Our streets are now drab and filled with the sad-faced. Few women have the springy motion in their gait for which Charles Lamb praised Hester. Let us change all this. May we soon see Messrs. Auger and Golightly dancing their way down Commonwealth avenue with corybantic gestures. One of them might beat a tambourine.

News Notes.

It is said that Atty.-Gen. McReynolds wishes young men for new judges. There are the young Napoleons of finance and journalism; why not of the bench? "O wise young judge, how do I honor thee!" Let the motto be: Young judges for new laws.

Rude boys of Richmond and Kew in Merry England now sing these lines to the old chant "Guy Fawkes, Guy, Stick Him in the Eye." The new song goes:

'Gette, 'Gette, Suffragette,
Throw her in the river, and let her get wet.

The Journal asks: "What street in Boston is in the worst condition?" The answer is easy: The one you happen to live in or do business in.

A Golden Thought.

"Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray;
Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell,
What is bliss? and which the way?"

Thus I spoke; and speaking sigh'd:
Scarce repress'd the starting tear;
When the smiling sage reply'd—
"Come, my lad, and drink some beer."

Solid Shandygaff.

We have kept valued correspondents waiting:

As the World Wags:

Has Mr. Jacob Faithful, or any other constant reader, ever heard "shandygaff" applied to anything else than a drink? There is a little restaurant on Long Wharf—Billie's—no need to hide the name—the "ad" can do no harm, or good either, for that matter—a place much frequented by banana hounds, longshoremen and fishermen, where a huge plate of beans may be had by the impecuniously hungry for the sum of five cents, or if preferred, the nickel will buy an equally huge order of meat hash. But when the waiter bawls "shandygaff" through the hole in the wall, no long cool drink emerges, but a plate heaped high with a queer mixture of hash and beans. High cost of living? There ain't no such animal.

"The waiter bawls" stir the memory of another old song. My old Dad used to sing it with great feeling:

The waiter roared it through the hall,
"We don't give bread with one fish ball."

That's all I can remember. It was considered "a scream" at the time. Standards and fashions of humor are bound to change I suppose, like those of collars or trousers; and what appalling changes the clothes makers do ring on the shape and size of men's apparel. I discovered the other day that my wordrobe is disintegrating rapidly and wonder if I shall work up courage enough to ease myself into one of the tight ready-to-wear suits now being pictured in the magazine "ads"; or if perchance I. shall be able to bully some cheap tailor into making a pair of breeks wide enough to sit down in comfortably.

It's a hard life.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Dorchester.

That Other Day.

Mr. Epaphroditus Peck recently alluded in this column to a light-keeper in Oregon who has taken only two days' leave of absence in 23 years. One of the days was for the purpose of being married. Mr. Peck asked: "What was the other one for?"

A correspondent answers: "Funeral of wife, no doubt."

We have [illegible] the [illegible] communication:

As the World Wags:

In reply to Mr. Epaphroditus Peck's question in The Herald of March 17, I beg to say:

Far be it for any of us landsmen to throw any reflection on the habits of lighthouse keepers, but it is a fact that a recent applicant for the service asked the writer what he thought of the advisability of his taking a wife, for he had saved $30 and was undecided whether to buy an overcoat or get married; which, perhaps, goes to show that the ways of some lighthouse keepers are frugal. My one best guess, therefore, as to the way Mr. Peck's man passed the second day off, is that he was looking for a small room where light housekeeping was permitted.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

Boston, March 18.

"Coal Oil Johnny."

As the World Wags:

Did "Coal Oil Johnny" ever appear in Boston? He discovered an oil well on his Pennsylvania farm, sold out and invested in a minstrel troupe. They performed in Hartford in the sixties. They were dressed in black velvet suits, mother of pearl buttons and white silk hats. There was a parade in barouches drawn by white horses. The season was short and Johnny went back to the mines.

J. D. K.

And J. D. K. quotes "Down in the Coal Mine," which Johnny used to sing, but Tony Pastor made it famous. Johnny's surname was Steel, if we are not mistaken. He was an industrious, modest, respectable citizen in the latter years of his life.

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Melchisedec was a really happy man. He was without father, without mother and without descent. He was an incarnate bachelor. He was a born orphan.

"Go Canny!"

As the World Wags:

"The Scotch name for the thing (sabotage) is 'go canny,'" says "Journalist, Member of the I. W. W."

Never! No Scot ever used such an expression. It is "Ca canny." "Ca," being literally interpreted, means "call," and "canny" means "warily." The combination of these words forms an admonition used by one Scot to another, the true import of which may only be truly comprehended by one who springs frae the heather.

JOHN BUCHANAN.

Boston, March 20.

"Speckanoya."

As the World Wags:

As a reader of The Herald for many years (since 1868), I wish to say in reference to the enclosed clipping from The Herald of March 18 that the boy from Pennsylvania probably did not have a "Dutch" name, but a German one, as there are few Hollanders in Pennsylvania, but very many people of German descent with their German names still intact. This boy probably did not say "specanoya," but instead spoke of Speck und Eier (Bacon and Eggs), a common dish for many hundred years in my native country, Germany. This boy probably contracted these three German words (as is frequently done) in such a manner when pronouncing them that his hearer thought he said "Specanoya." If you are acquainted with the German language you will admit that Speck und Eier and Specanoya sound very much alike.

C. TURNER.

Rutland, Vt., March 19.

As Mr. Turner undoubtedly knows, inasmuch as "Deutsch" means German, it was and is easy for Americans to speak of a German as a Dutchman, and we regret to say, the term is often used flippantly, as Dago, Jap, Yank. The German language in Pennsylvania has been sadly corrupted, and we have "Pennsylvania Dutch" as we have "Swiss Dutch." An entertaining volume about "Pennsylvania Dutch" has been published. The Hans Breitmann Ballads, however, are not written in the Pennsylvania dialect, although the original of Breitmann served in the civil war in the 15th Pennsylvania cavalry, but in the droll broken English, as Leland says in his preface, "Spoken by millions of—mostly uneducated—Germans in America, immigrants to a great extent from southern Germany."

Bacon for Breakfast.

"J. M. C.," who asked in this column when bacon and eggs became a favorite breakfast dish in the United States, will enjoy this passage from the "Note Books of Samuel Butler":

"Now (1893) when I am abroad, being older and taking less exercise, I do not want any breakfast beyond coffee and bread and butter, but when this note was written (1880) I liked a modest rasher of bacon in addition, and used to notice the jealous indignation with which heads of families who enjoyed the privilege of Cephas and the brethren of our Lord regarded it. There they were with three or four elderly unmarried daughters as well as old mamma—how could they afford bacon? And there was I, a selfish bachelor——. The appetizing, savory smell of my rasher seemed to drive them mad. I used to feel very uncomfortable, very small and quite aware how low it was of me to have bacon for breakfast and no da[illegible] dread of d[illegible] and no bacon. But when I consulted the oracles of heaven about it, I was always told to stick to my bacon and not to make a fool of myself. I despised myself, but have not withered under my own contempt so completely as I ought to have done."

"Considerable."

"Mr. —— told his wife on reaching home that he was suffering considerable agony."

Agony with reference to sickness is defined as extreme bodily suffering, such as to produce writhing or throes of the body. Mr. —— was not suffering a little agony, but "considerable." Victor Hugo remarked that agony when at its height is mute.

"Considerable agony" goes with "somewhat unique," "rather unique," "very unique."

Chaw-Bacon.

As the World Wags:

I see you use the word "Shawbacon." Should it not be "Chawbacon?" You have heard of the song in which Dick Turpin is held up by one of his boon companions by mistake:

Do you not know a Toby boy
From an old Chawbacon?
You think it no sin to collar my tin,
But you'll find you are mistaken!

Wasn't Chawbacon slang for a farmer, like our "Rube?" JOHN KEARNEY.

Lowell.

"J. M. C." in his letter about bacon and eggs wrote "chawbacon," not "shawbacon," which is meaningless. We added in a note that "chawbacon" was used derisively for a peasant, a clown. We are glad to see the lines from the old song and the allusion to a "Toby boy." "Toby" in the old cant meant the highway. Compare it with the gypsy "tober." The game of "hightoby" was highway robbery.

"Putting on Airs."

As the World Wags:

Y[illegible] ke very interesting reading for the [illegible] boys by printing the minstrel songs of 30 or 40 years ago, and it causes me to ask if any of your contributors can quote the first verse of the com[illegible] song, "Putting on Airs," as sung by [illegible]at inimitable comedian, Eph Horn, endman of Morris Bros. minstrels. To see him and the way he sang it always put the house into convulsions. His like has never since been seen. I quote two verses from memory:

Now when a young girl about 16, oh, don't she think she's some,
A fop that sports a big mustache, she's always sure to come
An hour before the looking glass to brush and crimp her hair,
And when she slings her dry goods on, oh, don't she put on airs.

CHORUS.

There's no use talking, no use talking, 'tis so everywhere,
To do as the folks of fashion do, you've got to put on airs.

A boy, too, when about half-grown, although he's nary a red,
With lots of hair around his mouth but none upon his head,
He patronizes tailor shops, gets trust for what he wears,
And when he goes amongst the girls, oh, dont' he put on airs.

Braintree. J. BURNS.

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PUCCINI'S GIRL

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Matinee, Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Minnie	Mme. Melis
Jack Rance	Mr. Rossi
Dick Johnson	Mr. Zenatello
Nick	Mr. Cilla
Ashby	Mr. Sampieri
Sonora	Mr. Blanchart
Larkens	Mr. Ouchanoff
Billy	Mr. Tavecchia
Wowkle	Mr. Leveroni
Jake Wallace	Mr. Mardones
Jose Castro	Mr. Olshansky

For some reason or other the first act dragged after the entrance of Dick Johnson, but this was not the fault of Mr. Zenatello, who was in fine voice and sang eloquently. Mme. Melis was not vocally well disposed in this act, for her intonation was often inaccurate and her upper tones were shrill. The tempi chosen by Mr. Moranzoni seemed sluggish. Mr. Rossi, who has the advantage of imposing height, gave an authoritative impersonation of the Sheriff. He brought out the consuming jealousy of the gambler with especial force. Has any one seen a Rance in opera that was wholly ineffective? The make-up, some think, is half the battle. the Sheriff reminds one of Mr. Oakhurst with the melancholy of a Hamlet. Mr. Cilla, Mr. Blanchart and Mr. Olshansky again made much of their respective parts, but as a whole the performance of this act seemed spiritless. Was it not largely the fault of the music itself? The opera does not wear so well as "Boheme" or even "Madama Butterfly."

The second act was far more spirited, and the audience, which was cool after the first, was now warm in its appreciation. Mme. Melis, who acted throughout with understanding—she was charming in her talk with Johnson at the bar—sang much more effectively. It might be suggested, however, that Minnie should not laugh to herself as she puts the cards in her stocking; she is not then in laughing mood, and she should not throw the cards in air while the Sheriff is near her. Mr Rossi's second act is not yet so convincing as his first, but he is an intelligent singer and will no doubt in time make the part his own.

Puccini said in New York that he was not satisfied with his third act. It is indeed, musically, the weakest, nor does Johnson's sentimental song save it even when sung with the pathos imparted to it by Mr. Zenatello. Nothing has been heard from Puccini with reference to alterations, excisions or additions. Mr. Tavecchia was again an amusing Indian.

A melodrama with music! And the most effective moment is in the card scene, when the only music is the dull rumbling in the lower strings, and there is speech instead of song.

"FAUST" REPEATED

Gounod's Opera Substituted for "Martha" at Short Notice.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Gounod "Faust." Mr. Strony conducted. Cast:

Faust	Mr. De-Potter
Mephistopheles	Mr. Mardones
Valentine	Mr. Riddez
Wagner	Mr. Olshansky
Marguerite	Miss Amsden
Siebel	Mme. Swartz
Martha	Miss Leveroni

J. C.

Owing to the sudden indisposition of Miss Nielsen, who was to have taken the title role in the production of Flotow's "Martha" (in English) at the Opera House last night, the management was obliged, at the last moment, to cancel the production and substitute Gounod's "Faust."

Despite public disappointment at not hearing the long anticipated appearance of Miss Nielsen in a part that Patti, among others, has rendered famous, a large and sympathetic house witnessed Gounod's perennially popular opera and were rewarded by seeing and hearing an excellent performance.

Miss Amsden was a delicate and youthful Marguerite and sang the famous jewel song and other familiar numbers with precision and feeling. Mr. Mardones gave a vigorous and sinister rendering of the tempter, and in spite of a narrowness of range in his voice most noticeable in the earlier part of the opera, Mr. De Potter was a tuneful and good looking Faust.

As Valentine Mr. Riddez gave what was by far the most powerful and dramatic performance of the evening, his singing in the death scene after the fatal duel, calling for loud applause. All the minor parts were well taken.

We have waited a long time for "Kismet" which was produced in New York on Dec. 25, 1911. We have also waited impatiently for the reappearance of Mr. Otis Skinner, the most romantic and the most authoritative of American actors now on the stage. Mr. Skinner has not been in Boston since he gave his impersonation of Col. Philippe Brideau in "The Honor of the Family," and that was in November, 1908. The impersonation was remarkable for its vitality, its reckless audacity, its superb bravado.

"Your Humble Servant" never came here, nor did "Sire," an adaptation of Lavedan's curious drama. Neither of these plays had great popularity, but in "Kismet" Mr. Skinner again pleased the great public as well as the connoisseurs.

Mr. Skinner has the indispensable gift of humor, and if he could have played the part of Hajj in Paris the play would no doubt have met with more favor. Guitry, who took the part, played it grimly, without a relieving ray of humor. Mr Dawbarn, in his letter to the Pall Mall Gazette from Paris wrote as follows:

"Guitry is admirable as the colonel in 'Servir'; he is essentially the modern actor. 'Kismet,' which deserved better luck, for it was gorgeously mounted and generally well acted, did not provide the right sort of scope for this comedian, who is incomparable in 'strong man' parts. Perhaps his fault was to take too much upon himself in producing the play. Cumbered with much serving of a complicated 'mise en scene,' his composition suffered. In fact, he did not 'compose.' That was the trouble.

"I am inclined to agree with Mr. Edward Knoblauch, who thinks that the public goes less and less to see an actor and more and more to see the ensemble; the harmony of play with interpretation. M. Knoblauch, by the way, presents no apology for writing pleasant plays instead of gloomy ones. 'Kismet' falls in the former category, in spite of Hajj's killing propensities.

"'The world is not entirely full of unpleasant or deformed people,' he says. 'In a room of six persons it is not usual to find abnormalities in all of them. Though I do not believe, as do some managers, in the suppression of the villain, for he certainly exists in this world, I think we should limit our wickedness on the stage to the normal proportion—if only to avoid monotony.'"

To the Editor of The Herald:

Opera and Stage Setting

As the opera [illegible] is a [illegible] one naturally [illegible] [illegible] the present [illegible] and reviews [illegible] has been gained in one phase [illegible] there has been marked departure from [illegible] accustomed lines. Mr. Urban's efforts have been the object of much comment, [illegible] favorable and some unfavorable. [illegible] seems possible that it would have [illegible] better for our opera if stage setting and lighting had been less in evidence, less open to comment of either [illegible].

One goes to the opera primarily for the joy of music, its dramatic setting is incidental, important but secondary—[illegible] anything which makes stage setting [illegible] importance defeats to a certain [illegible] the object of opera.

This year one has been forced to listen to the overture of "Tristan and Isolde" in face of a curtain disfigured [illegible] applique enrichment poor in design and color and loudly insistent in [illegible]. The fine red, selected by the [illegible] who designed this beautiful [illegible], was far better. Last year "Pelleas and Melisande" was set with [illegible] well conceived and executed to [illegible] the mysterious, elusive background [illegible] the opera suggests. This year it [illegible] with the use of spotlight, suitable enough in vaudeville, but which has destroyed all elusive quality and [illegible] distinct injury. Two operas new [illegible] Boston were put on and here one had [illegible] to see what Mr. Urban [illegible] when he had entire control. [illegible] had an oriental setting, and [illegible] artist had a wonderful treasure [illegible] of design and color on which to draw, but apparently Mr. Urban was not familiar with this and drew instead [illegible] imagination. The scenes were [illegible] modern German, which re[illegible] of the up-to-date German [illegible] rather than of the beauty [illegible] the [illegible]. The other new opera, "La Foret Bleue," one compared involuntarily with "Haensel and Gretel," to the disadvantage of the former. The [illegible] of Humperdinck's simple little [illegible] story made small pretense, but [illegible] fairly well the music and the [illegible]. It was Mr. Urban at his best, [illegible] good, not what one of our own [illegible] designers could have done, but acceptable and inconspicuous. "La Foret Bleue" was a constant strain for the [illegible]. We are told that the forest [illegible] occupied the full depth of the [illegible]. Perhaps it did, but it gave no [illegible] of a forest such as a child might [illegible] in, for it was open like a park, [illegible] any sense of distance, for the very [illegible] stage trees, California redwoods [illegible], were in the extreme back [illegible] destroyed all sense of distance. No [illegible] that little Red Riding Hood [illegible] ever grew such trees. When Mr. Urban lets himself loose on decoration, as in the palace of the Sleeping Princess [illegible] sumptuous rooms shown in the "Contes d' Hoffman," one can only [illegible] at the idea of using garlands that [illegible] sausages and paper roses that [illegible] Italian quarter, as one's [illegible] decorative material.

One does not have to leave home to [illegible] those whose art, whose imagination, whose knowledge of design, composition and color would have made any [illegible] of these things wonderful. Imagine [illegible] Parish designing the "Contes [illegible] Hoffmann" or Jessie Smith making [illegible] setting for "La Foret Bleue," not [illegible] these are available except as leaders who fix our ambition at a high mark.

It would be interesting to know if any [illegible] of those who stand at the top of [illegible] artistic professions here would endorse what the opera management has [illegible] this year in stage setting. [illegible] a brilliant group of men here [illegible] Boston so near us that possibly we [illegible] realize how high they stand. [illegible] the Museum school, that lets [illegible] as Tarbell, Walker and Benson go rather than acknowledge their own stupid error, cannot appreciate what the United States and what Europe thinks of the work of these men. It surely would be interesting to know what these men think. Is there one [illegible] our painters, sculptors, architects [illegible] whose training and experience [illegible] fit them to judge—is there [illegible] among our literary and musical [illegible] whose training indirectly fits them [illegible] judge who would support or approve [illegible] of the innovations of this year? It is reported that Mr. Urban is to be [illegible] another year. If this is true [illegible] it not be well for the directors to [illegible] someone with more knowledge [illegible] taste controls these important matters and leave to Mr. Urban the detail?

Those who really care for the opera [illegible] justly proud of the house, of the [illegible], the orchestra, the splendid [illegible] chorus, the singers [illegible] artists. It is to be [illegible] may be put at the high [illegible] that has been reached with other [illegible], Boston owes a great deal to those who have carried through and supported this work, and it is all so fine

The Irish Players Again

[illegible] the Irish Players [illegible] the old [illegible] new [illegible] are worthy of consideration. [illegible] the pieces, the players made it [illegible] by the simple charm of their art, by the flawless simplicity [illegible] quietness of it.

"Mixed Marriage," announced for the opening night, has not been performed here. The play is by St. John G. Ervine and was produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, March 30, 1911. Mr. Ervine is the son of a Belfast working man.

When the play was first performed at the Court Theatre, London, (June 7, 1911) the Pall Mall Gazette spoke of it as follows:

"Mr. Ervine has given us a capital example of an art in process of evolution, rich in material and inspiration, but still a trifle lacking in dexterity. His play reminds one of the stuff drawing of an early Italian or the ingenuous creations of the smaller Elizabethans—those babes who played with thunderbolts. His story tingles with life and his dialogue gives us the very essence of character. His Orange workman, who cannot abide Papists, and is prepared to sacrifice every interest, public and private, before he will consent to his son's marriage with a member of the Roman church, is instinct with the double lineaments both of personality and of class. He is the true Protestant with principle bitten into his bone; when he stands, conscious rectitude, surveying and admitting the lamentable consequences of riot and suffering that have flown from his implacability and party spirit, we can hear behind him the voice of Luther himself: 'Here I stand, and can do no other.' We can realize that John Rainey is the kind of man who has made Belfast so different from Dublin, and it is no small tribute to Mr. Ervine's art that he should have embodied the cosmic force of conviction so tellingly in a character against whom the balance of sentiment and of humor in his play is so heavily inclined. Equally true to standards of observation is his shrewd, kindly, diplomatic wife, who acknowledges the supremacy of passion, and yet discerns in the vista the crucial difficulties of mixed marriage, and perfectly conceived are the two sons, the 'daughter-in-law-elect' and the visionary politician, Michael O'Hara. Life is made as big with meaning in this shipwright's kitchen as if the scene were shifted to the camp or the palace. It is only when the author has to approach the technical business of creating a denouement that he breaks down. He has tied a knot which could artistically be unloosed only by humor or philosophy, and he has unfortunately elected to sever its strands with a gunshot. Following three acts which are pure nature, he has given us a fourth which is very transparently borrowed from the resources of 'the trade.' But Mr. Ervine will do better with practice, and we shall always be eager to observe his progress. We should like to know how many of our fashionable dramatists could keep an audience engrossed so long with the conversation of six characters and the affairs of a working-class family. Verily the Irish drama has got the root of the matter in it, and some remarkable foliage as well."

The Chronicle was even more complimentary:

"It is a simple story of a Catholic girl and a Protestant boy who wanted to get married; and there are the old people talking over the fire about it, and the young folk defying them, till the girl gets shot in a strike riot. There is no pose of 'problem' about it whatever, no worry about temperaments, no coining of paradoxes, just natural talk, but it is all right and true and fresh, and the whole thing is as chokeful of thought as it is of genuine wit. 'There are wives and husbands that differ from each other but they never find it out.' What pages of meaning there are just in that quiet phrase of the old wife by the fire! And that is only one of many that kept last night's audience in a continual thrill of delight.

"The acting, too, in this play is strong and firm, as it should be. Mr. Arthur Sinclair, after his picture of the doddering old grocer in 'Patriots,' gives an absolutely masterly study of the stubborn, bigoted old Belfast Orangeman who will not let a Papist cross his threshold. Miss Sara Allgood is at her very best as the kindly old wife—a perfect piece of acting. The author—apparently quite a young man—was called and cheered to the echo.

Some Personal Notes

Miss Adrienne Augarde, who died in Chicago last Tuesday, made her first appearance in Boston at the Park Theatre on March 15, 1909. The play with music, "Peggy Machree," was exceedingly dull and Miss Augarde and Joseph O'Mara could not save it. Miss Augarde had already appeared in New York in the "Duchess of Dantzic." The obituary notices say that she was only 23 years old. She must then have been only [illegible] years old when she [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] that [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] be [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] pure [illegible] that [illegible] a [illegible] spell [illegible] the [illegible] those [illegible] and [illegible] poems in this [illegible] the [illegible] "The [illegible] Maid" [illegible] Tower, a [illegible]. Mme. [illegible] has just published in French, there is this record of her appearance at [illegible] "Jan. 17, 1894, Frankfort. Duse in 'La Dame aux Camelias' [illegible] able personality; natural, refined, and artistically developed; but it is a dreadful piece. The last act, the scene of the death chamber, the confused sound of music coming as if from a distance, the dying woman lying as if asleep, the death-like stillness * * * it was all so natural that I shall never forget it."

On Jan. 11 of the following year she saw Moliere's "Malade Imaginaire," but did not much care for the piece.

The music of "Yato," a new two-act opera, produced at Monte Carlo, is by Mme. Labori, the wife of the celebrated Parisian lawyer. Her first husband was Vladimir de Pachmann. She gave a piano recital in the old Chickering Hall in May, 1890, and also a recital with her husband and teacher. As we remember her she was a beautiful woman with a well developed technic, but lacking in magnetism as a pianist. Her maiden name was Maggie Okey.

She studied at first at the London Academy of Music, but I believe she was a Nova Scotia girl. She married de Pachmann in 1884. They are still good friends, and de Pachmann is devoted to his children, who, until they reached maturity, lived with the Laboris. The artistic world is full of these transfers and promotions. It was a Boston woman who said when she heard of Mr. Weingartner's marriage to Miss Marcel: "That establishes a dangerous precedent in our opera house."

And now another man, one Robert Markstein, swears that he by his own invention can make violins that equal, if not excel, the famous fiddles of Cremona.

Friends of Mr. Weingartner in Vienna are [illegible] festival in honor to be held in June, when he will be 50 years old. One concert will be devoted to his compositions and one to classic master works.

Schoenberg's cycle of songs, "Pierrot Lunaire," was the cause of scandalous proceedings. The furious applause of his friends excited the wrath of the minority, who hissed and howled, and it is said blows were struck. This was as it should have been. Anything is better than glacial indifference toward new compositions.

The Lisbon Opera House, one of the first in Europe, will remain closed this season.

Hanslick, the critic, now has his monument in Vienna, but the National Association of German Students took the occasion of the inauguration to honor Bruckner, whose music was assailed by Hanslick, by placing wreaths on Bruckner's monument close by.

Richard Strauss will go to Oxford to receive his doctor's degree.

A Leipsic newspaper published the following advertisement last month: "Grand Wagnerian evening in honor of the 30th anniversary of Wagner's death. After the concert, agreeable entertainment at the Cafe Casino Bauer, an elegant and distinguished hall, where there will be music until 4 A. M."

Concert and Opera

The Grand Opera Syndicate in London announces its plans for next season, beginning April 21. The centenary of Wagner's birth, in May, will be celebrated by special Wagnerian performances. There will be two cycles of the "Ring" and revivals of "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," "Tannhaeuser" and "Tristan und Isolde." It is said that "Parsifal" will be given in Covent Garden early next year. The list includes Humperdinck's "Koenigskinder," Waltershausen's "Oberst Chabert" (based on Balzac's grim story), "Julien," a sequel to "Louise," and Caryll's "La Dubarry." Among the singers engaged are Mmes. Melba, Destinn, Saltzmann-Stevens, Kirby Lunn and Messrs. Caruso, Cornelius, Martinelli, Gilly, Sammarco, Scotti and Van Rooy.

"Carmosine," an opera, with music by Henry Fevrier, brought out at the Gaite, Paris, Feb. 24, is based on Musset's poem, which in turn was based on Boccaccio's tale of King Pedro of Aragon and the physician's daughter. The conservative critics praise the music, but Mr. Dawbarn has only this to say: "Carmosine, the daughter of a doctor in Palermo, falls in love with the King, and the King, like a gallant man, diverts this hopeless passion to her betrothed, Perillo. And that is all the story—set to pleasant sentimental music, a little reminiscent here and there of Italian composers, by M. Henry Fevrier. The book is by Messrs. H. Cain and Bayren."

Joseph Holbrooke's "Queen Mab," which was performed here early in the season, was played [illegible] at a [illegible] concert led by Mr. Nikisch on Feb. 24. The correspondent of the Lo[illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] Queen [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] be [illegible] think that they had been [illegible] to [illegible] highest [illegible] since the [illegible] of Queen [illegible].

It is interesting to note that while one leading musical critic was impressed by the performance of Handel's "Dead March" in St. Paul's at the memorial service for the brave dead of the Antarctic expedition, that he expressed a wish that it should be exclusively preserved for use in St. Paul's, yet, on the other hand, all the leading orchestral conductors would appear to [illegible] the "Trauer Marsch" from the "Gotterdammerung." This march was given at no less than four concerts in London within a week of the arrival of the sad news, and its choice is easily explained for no march represents the heroic in music so finely as does Wagner's great tonal elegy. The two pieces nearest to it in mood would be the "Marche Funebre," from the "Eroica" Symphony, and the A flat [illegible] march from the Pianoforte Sonata. The [illegible] of the Chopin dirge [illegible] it for a great national [illegible] and does not one New York [illegible] [illegible] fit the march to words [illegible] rousing character? The Handel [illegible], on the other hand, with its [illegible] lines, is perhaps the most powerful instance of the force of mere association in music apart from the [illegible]. After all, who would not heartily commend the Wagnerian choice for the first heroes stricken down in Antarctic snows?"—Monthly Musical [illegible] (London)

A Note on "Martha"

The story of "Martha," which will be added to the repertoire of the [illegible] Opera House tomorrow night, is an old one, and it has been often used on the stage. There is the "Ballet des Chambrieres [illegible]" danced in the time of Louis XIII; there is the "Comtesse d'Egmont," a vaudeville, and the libretto of Balfe's "Maid of Honor" is not unlike that of "Martha."

As we all know, "Martha" was produced at Vienna, Nov. 25, 1847, but "Lady Henrietta, ou la Servante de Greenwich," a ballet pantomime in three acts, book by Saint-Georges and music by Flotow, Burgmuller and Deldevez, was produced at the Opera, Paris, on Feb. 21, 1844. There were 41 performances. Deldevez says in his Memoirs that Saint-Georges planned the scenario originally for an opera comique, and while he complains of the manner in which he was treated, he admits that the success of his music for the third act was great and decided by the "Galop of Mar[illegible]" in the scene at Richmond.

"Martha" was not heard in Paris until Feb. 11, 1858, when it was performed at the Theatre Italien. The chief singers were Mmes. Saint-Urbain and Nantier-Didiee and Messrs. Mario, Graziani and Zucchini. It was produced at the Theatre Lyrique (in French) Dec. 16, 1865, with Mmes. Nilsson and Dubois, and Messrs. Michot, Troy and Wartel.

The most satisfactory performance of "Martha" given here in recent years was that of the Patti-Tamagno company in March, 1890, when the singers were Mme. Patti and Fabbri and Messrs. Ravelli, Marescalchi and Cas[illegible].

The dullest and most ill-timed performance we ever saw at "grand opera prices" was that of the Metropolitan Opera Company in the Boston Opera House on March [illegible], when the singers were Mmes. di Pasquali and Homer and Messrs. Bonci and Didur. There had apparently been no rehearsal. The singers were not well acquainted with the text and there was no concerted action. Mme. di Pasquali was inadequate and Mr. Bonci was not well disposed. There was another poor performance of the opera by the Metropolitan company at the Boston Theatre April 4, [illegible] when the singers were Mmes. Mattfeld and Jacoby and Messrs. Caruso and Journet.

Chorley's sour criticism, written in 1858, when the opera was produced at the Royal Italian Opera House, is amusing. He first spoke of the universal currency of "Martha."

"Yet it may be fairly asked, supposing the 'Last Rose of Summer' taken away (Moore's [illegible] of 'The Groves of Blarney' [illegible]) to 'Martha.' The [illegible] 'Good Night,' and the 'Porter song' (Porter here meaning Barclay and Perkins, by way of giving to the part an ancient English color), a song vapid as is the residue out of a stale vat, and the romance, which, with its Italian words, 'M'appari,' [illegible] [illegible] Sig. Mario's voice and passion. The [illegible] no doubt [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

The Old-Fashioned Soliloquy

[illegible] Pharos talked delightfully to a reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette about the revival of his 'Schoolmistress,' written in [illegible] and produced [illegible] in the following [illegible]

'With regard to 'The Schoolmistress,' one could [illegible] that one contemplates the work of [illegible] youth with mixed and perhaps melancholy feelings. It is true that it contains much that one would not write now if one could. But, on the other hand, it contains much that one could not write now if one would.

"These plays were the work of one's very young manhood, and they were written in a mood of gayety and high spirits. Of course, 'The Schoolmistress' will show old-fashioned technique, which was accepted in those days without question. In it will be found the old-fashioned soliloquies and asides.

"You remember what the old-fashioned soliloquy was like. It was something like this:

Horace (entering from an emerald green garden through the invariable French window): Well, here I am, rich in health, though poor in pocket, after an absence abroad of nearly 10 years! (Fondly surveying the furniture, which, probably, had already been seen by the audience in the first piece.) Everything is unaltered, not a chair or table displaced. I wonder how my dear irascible old father is, and my sweet-faced, gentle mother, and my cousin Kitty, whom my parents adopted when she was a budding child, and who must now be a beautiful lass of 17. Ah! how clearly I remember the foolish misunderstanding that caused me to leave home, and how I wish I could recall the hot words that escaped me when I was falsely accused of abstracting my father's razors! / Heaven grant that time has softened the acerbity of those ill-judged expressions! (A voice is heard, crying, "John, where is my umbrella?") Courage! Here comes my father.

"The 'aside,' too, the most abominable of theatrical devices, was something of this sort:

"'Perkins (in the course of a passionate scene with the heroine, aside): Shall I tell her that her husband died in Australia a year ago, or shall I withhold the information until a more favorable opportunity arises for imparting it? Yes, the latter course is preferable.'

"But though one deplores the use that one made of the soliliquy in those early days, yet I would rather not be understood to condemn it altogether. I see no reason why the soliloquy—the translation into speech of the processes of thought—should not be employed by writers. It is the abuse, and not the use, of it that is to be condemned.

"In fact, I feel sometimes that the great improvement in dramatic technique has rendered the modern drama a little constricted and hidebound, and I have myself made certain endeavors to break away from arbitrary restrictions.

"Some years ago, for instance, I began to drop the curtain in the course of my acts in order to show a lapse of time between one episode and another. This was condemned at the time and described as an ineffective device. But I am glad to see that some of my younger 'advanced' brethren have since adopted this 'ineffective device,' and that it has been received with much approbation."

"Elijah" Over 60 Years Ago

The performance of "Elijah" tonight by the Handel and Haydn Society recalls incidents of the first performance by the society on Feb. 13, 1848. In July, 1847, a conductor, Charles E. Horn, then a favorite English composer, was appointed at a salary of $300, which was raised to $400 the next year. The society had taken part in a concert given by Horn on Jan. 6, 1828. The secretary described this concert "as perhaps the greatest and the best musical entertainment ever given in this city, if not in this country."

Horn, born in England in 1786, died in this city in 1849. He sang in opera and concert before he visited this country. "His voice was poor, but of such extensive compass that he was able to undertake baritone as well as tenor parts." He wrote many operas, music to plays, etc. His songs, "Cherry Ripe," "I've Been Roaming," "The Deep, Deep Sea," and the duet, "I Know a Bank," are still heard.

This Englishman was the first to be a formally appointed conductor of the society.

The solo singers at the first performance were Thomas Ball, the sculptor, who took the part of Elijah—he died not long ago; one Jones who took the part of Obadiah; E. Taylor, Ahab; Miss Stone, the Queen; Miss Emmons, the Angel. The Melodion was crowded, "and the applause, not customary on Sunday night, was hardly restrainable. We are informed by the Chromatype that Mr. Ba[illegible], who then made his début, [illegible] with feeling [illegible] and dignity.

[illegible] In a word, his musical tools were a little rusty.

A Note on "Patriotic" Plays

Mr. Charles Dawbarn writes to the Pall Mall Gazette:

"The patriotic play grows on every theatrical bush. It is indigestible when taken in too large quantities. Much as I admire M. Henry Lavedan, I do not think his reputation is enhanced by 'Servir,' which has the vices of sensation and scarcely the excuse of a great subject. There are some moments when one positively blushes, as much for the distinguished author as for the distinguished comedian who has to interpret lurid lines. And the theme is undoubtedly interesting. Shorn of its exaggeration, the case might well present itself in any French family. How often have we seen domestic divisions over politics and religion! 'L'Affaire' provided many instances.

"In England a patriotic play may be as necessary as an overflow pipe in a children's bath. It is essential, from time to time, to imbue the young man with a sense of service, with an appreciation of national duty—in England, where personal patriotism rarely advances beyond the 'mouth-killing' stage. But it is a different story across channel, where the blood tax falls upon the people, and where, behind the frontier, within a few hours of the capital, glitter the bayonets of the hypothetical foe. It is scarcely necessary to emphasize the ever-present danger, to quicken the pulse with new appeals to the flag. Indeed, there is a positive disadvantage in exhortations to be up and doing; they may be literally followed. And thus, without in the least belittling the noble side of the movement, one may deplore its provocation and Chauvinism.

"Yet the feature of this present season is the patriotic play, and at three different houses the auditorium vibrates with accents that signify the Frenchman's love of 'la patrie.'"

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS

The music department of the city of Boston will give three concerts this week. William Howard, orchestral conductor; Louis C. Elson, lecturer.

CHARLES SUMNER SCHOOL, ROSLINDALE.

Tuesday, March 25, 8 P. M.—Chamber concert by Marion Lina Tufts, pianist; William Howard, violinist; Milo M. Goldstein, violincellist, and Virginio Capelloni, baritone.

Allegro Moderato from Trio in B flat Major, Op. 97, No. 6 ..... Beethoven
"Macushla" ..... MacMurrough
"Day Is Done" ..... Lang
"Oh Fair, Oh Sweet and Holy" ..... Cantor
Mr. Capelloni.
"Chanson Napolitaine" ..... Casella
Mr. Goldstein.
Trio in B flat Major, Op. 21 ..... Dvorak
Albumblatt ..... Wagner-Wilhelmj
Mazurka-Caprice ..... Wieniawski
Mr. Howard.
"My Dreams" ..... Tosti
"When the Roses Bloom" ..... Reichardt
"Look Down, Dear Eyes" ..... Fisher
Mr. Capelloni.
Allegro Vivace from Trio in B flat Major, Op. 21 ..... Dvorak

DORCHESTER HIGH SCHOOL.

Wednesday, March 26, 8 P. M.
Overture, "Coriolanus" ..... Beethoven
Meditation from "Thais" ..... Massenet
Aria from "Dinorah" ..... Meyerbeer
Mrs. Holt.
Selection from "Les Contes d'Hoffman" ..... Offenbach
Allegretto and Finale from Concerto in A Minor for 'Cello ..... Saint-Saens
Mr. Goldstein.
Barcarolle, "Venetian Nights" ..... O'Shea
Song, "The Cry of Rachel" ..... Salter
Mrs. Holt.
Valse Boheme from the Suite "Gitanella" ..... Lacome

FORD HALL, BOSTON.

Thursday, March 27, 8 P. M.
Overture, "Der Freischuetz" ..... Weber
"Romanze" (string quartet) ..... Svendsen
"Walthers Preislied" from "Die Meistersinger" ..... Wagner
Mr. Orcutt.
Andante and Finale from the "Surprise" Symphony ..... Haydn
Fantasie for Clarinet, "Puritani" ..... Bassi
Mr. Arey.
Intermezzo from "The Jewels of the Madonna" ..... Wolf-Ferrari
Song, "Open the Gates of the Temple" ..... Knapp
Mr. Orcutt.
Finale from the "Ballet Suite Egyptien" ..... Luigini

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

SUNDAY—Symphony Hall, 7:30 P. M. Performance of "Elijah" by the Handel and Haydn Society. See special notice.

THURSDAY—Jordan Hall, 3 P. M. Miss Kitty Cheatham's entertainment. See special notice.
Jordan Hall, 8 P. M. Festival Mandolin concert. See special notice.

FRIDAY—Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M. Nineteenth Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

SATURDAY—Symphony Hall, 8 P. M. Nineteenth Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Muck conductor. See special notice.

Mch 24, 1913

People ask complainingly what swells have done, or do, for society that they should be able to live without working. The good swell is the creature towards which all nature has been groaning and travailing together until now. He is an ideal. He shows what may be done in the way of good breeding, health, looks, temper and fortune. He realizes men's dreams of themselves, at any rate vicariously. He preaches the gospel of grace. The world is like a spoilt child, it has this good thing given it at great expense and then says it is useless!

Prudes Long Buried.

As the World Wags:

The records of the colony of Massachusetts bay are full of as absurd attempts to regulate the garments of the colonists as that of Mr. Cappelle of Ohio, to which you recently referred. For example: In 1639, a law was passed, too long to be quoted in full, which included this paragraph. "And that hereafter no garment shalbee made wth short sleeves, whereby nakedness of the arms may bee discovered in the wearing thereof, and such as have garments already made wth short sleeves shall not hereafter wear the same, vnless they cover their armes to the wrist wth linnen, or otherwise; and that hereafter no person whatsoever shall make any garment for women, or any of ther sex, wth sleeves more than halfe an elle wide in the widest place thereof, and so proportionable for bigger or smaller persons." JANE WHINNERTON.

Milton, March 22.

"Americano."

As the World Wags:

I have several times heard the word "Americano" used to express a collection of books about America. Wishing to use the word this morning and to express myself correctly, I consulted one Latin and three English dictionaries. It was not in any one of them. I found the word in the New Century Dictionary and Encyclopedia as the Spanish form of "American—pertaining to the western hemisphere." Can you give me any authority for using it as I first quoted it? A. V. C. R.

Dorchester.

"Americana," not "Americano," is the word found in catalogues when books relating to America are grouped together.

Walt Whitman has been laughed at for his use of the word Americanos, as in "Starting from Paumanok":

Americanos! Conquerors! Marches humanitarian! Foremost! Contrary marches! Libertad! Masses! For you a programme of chants.

In Louisburg Square.

To "A. B. C.," East Bridgewater: The statues of Aristides (not "Alcibiades") and Columbus in Louisburg square were imported and given to the city by Mr. Iasigi. The excellent Samuel Adams Drake identified them as "specimens of Italian art."

"A. B. C." writes: "Can you tell me anything about the mental processes of the men who placed the statues in the square? I tried to find out in the Boston Public Library, but by the time the reference books reached my table it was time to go home. I am not seeking redress in the name of my colonial uncle Sir William, who, I hear, was on the spot at Louisburg, tho' he falls of it in the Square. My interest is simply historic, artistic, femininely curious, chronistic and apositistic. But worse than all this, I'm afraid that something is killing the grand old elms. Could it be the statues?"

Do you really mean to say "apositistic"? Should not the word be "apositic," tending to diminish appetite, causing apositia, or distate for food? And when you say "chronistic" we feel like saying "How?"

The statue of Columbus was erected in 1849; that of Aristides in 1852.

Tops and Buoys.

As the World Wags:

Can you tell us anything of the source of the word "nun" occurring in recent remarks about "sabotage": "A top, gigg or nun to whip or play with"? In nautical circles the word means a can-buoy of particular shape. Funk and Wagnalls's has nothing to say on either tops or buoys; Worcester leads us to believe that the buoy is named after the gentle denizen of the convent, and this supposition, current among seafaring men, has given rise to many a fanciful feminized version of the Abbot of Abberbrothock, who placed the bell on the Inchcape rock. Now a nun-buoy and a whip-top are precisely the same shape, cylindrical, with one end cut off square and the other brought to a point. If this word nun (top) is authentic we have a clear case against the lexicographers and another "mystery of the sea" is solved.

Boston. SEAMAN.

The word "nun," meaning a child's top, is obsolete and rare. Florio wrote in 1598: "Turbine, a toppe, gigge or nunne that children play with, a whirlegigge." The New English Dictionary has "nun-buoy," a buoy of circular shape in the middle and tapering towards each end, and there is a reference to a quotation from Markham's "Country Contentment" (1615): "There be other anglers which make their corks in the fashion of a nungigge" (another name for a top) "small at both ends and bigge in the middest." Dampier knew the nun-buoy at the beginning of the 18th century and 100 years later we are told that the term is "generally applied to that description of buoy which is fastened by a rope to a ship's anchor by which you may know where the anchor lies."

Dr. Murray thinks that the word "nun" (top) may be the same as "nun," a woman devoted to a religious life under certain vows. But as the boresome young Adolphus asks at breakfast: "Why?"

"ELIJAH" SUNG

The performance of Mendelssohn's great oratorio "Elijah" yesterday evening by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston at Symphony Hall drew a large audience of Sunday music lovers, the big auditorium being packed in every part. Oratorio in America has never attained the popularity that it enjoys in England, especially in the North and Midlands, where hardly a week passes without some festival at which the works of the great masters of cantata are given, but there is a steady public which enjoys this, the most serious form of the vocal art, and the four performances a year which the premier musical society in Boston gives about cater to the demand and are invariably well attended. Stuart—

The main motive of "Elijah" as interpreted by the Jewish master is the contrast between the storm and stress of the first portion, and the tranquillity and serene confidence in Jehovah's overruling providence expressed in the airs and fugues of the second part. Last night the chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society did full justice to the composer's intention, their efficiency and careful training being especially noticeable in the stormy close of the first part "Thanks be to God" and the complicated chorus towards the end "Behold the Lord Passed By."

The role of the prophet was entrusted to Earl Cartwright of New York, whose fine bass voice insured an adequate rendering of the champion of Jehovah and destroyer of the priests of Baal. Loud applause greeted Mr. Cartwright's splendid singing of the well known "It is Enough." Mr. William H. Pagdin was somewhat less effective in the tenor part, his voice seeming to lack true tenor range and being rough at times in the middle register. Mrs. Helen Allen Hunt gave a finished and melodious version of "Oh, Rest in the Lord," a song so overlaid for music lovers with memories of the great contraltos who include it in their repertoire that it is perhaps hard to take a detached view of it at this date. Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams sang the soprano numbers of the oratorio brilliantly throughout, the clearness and range of her voice being especially effective in the opening of the second part, "Hear Ye, Israel." Miss Edith Barry Whitcomb was also effective.

The Boston Festival orchestra played admirably, with J. W. Crowley as principal. Emil Mollenhauer conducted the chorus, with H. G. Tucker at the organ.

mch 25 1913

I have done one braver thing
Than all the Worthies did;
And yet a braver thence doth spring,
Which is, to keep that hid.

By Way of Prelude.

What a joyous and yet solemn duty it is to guide the feet of the people in the paths of understanding, either directly, with the aid of books, pamphlets, periodicals and dearly bought experience, or indirectly through the informing and misinforming letters of unpaid correspondents! Some arise in sullen mood. Curses, with the yellow of eggs, are on their lips at the breakfast table. We arise with psalms of thanksgiving for the restoring and chemical processes of the night, moistened when possible by a pint or two of ale; we sing a roundelay in the bath tub; we are irritatingly agreeable, yea, jocose at breakfast. At night we cannot truthfully echo the historical saying of Titus, "the lovely dearling and delightfull joy of Mankinde"; we cannot utter the "memorable and praise-worthy Apophthegme"; for we have not lost a day. Some wretch sitting in darkness has seen the light. Some poor wandering soul has been brought into the straight and narrow path. For example: here is more desirable information about sabotage.

For the Last Time.

As the World Wags:

Your corresponding member of the I. W. W. may or may not "spring frae the heather"; he is suffering from considerable heather mixture when he confuses "ca' canny" with such a serious crime as sabotage. "Ca' canny" at the start was merely a secret agreement among Glasgow workmen to "spread the job" over more time than the efficiency expert allotted, and it has been generally adopted as a measure of defence against the "speeder-up." The Southron calls the same thing "miking," or "sugaring" his work. During the Lawrence strike there was considerable discussion over "sabotage" and there is no need to go to the other side of the Atlantic for a colloquial equivalent. Strikers in Pennsylvania who talked about "giving the boot" were using an almost word for word translation of "sabotage." H. L. S.

Boston, March 22.

"Ca' Canny."

"Ca' canny" with the meaning of "go gently, proceed cautiously" is found in literature as far back as Galt's "Pro-

," which was [illegible] in 18[illegible] [illegible] the Newcastle [illegible] Chronicle of Oct. 2, 1896: "The new labor doctrine of 'ca' canny' is simply [illegible] that a workman who is paid at a low rate of wages shall not give his employer the best work in return, that he [illegible], in fact, 'ca' canny' or go easy.' We also quote from the Newcastle Daily Leader, Oct. 3, 1896. "'Ca' canny' has been very curiously adopted in a ballot-paper issued to the dockers as an alternative to 'strike,' and is explained to mean that the men should give a weak rather than a strong service to their employers."

"Miking" is a good old dialect word meaning "to loiter, idle away time, [illegible]" A "miker" in dialect is a truant. "Mike," the verb, also means to lurk, to skulk, and, in the slang of English tramps, to hang about for alms, a job or a chance to pilfer. Miking, mooching, mouching are practically synonymous.

Backward, O Backward.

As the World Wags:

I was much interested in reading over the list of old taverns and ale houses in [illegible] column, headed "A Pleasant Day's [illegible]," and I at once made up my [illegible] to make the round at the first opportunity, forgetting that they were now [illegible] all non-existent. Fortunately for the thirsty there are others. Laboring [illegible] I do in the neighborhood of Corn [illegible] suggestive name, bringing to memory the bibulous lines:

[illegible] dry with long abstention has gone dry;
[illegible] fill me one with the old familiar juice
[illegible] thinks I might recover by and by—

I often pass the spot where the Bite Tavern stood. A part of the land is now occupied by a new lunch room, which is at present an object of interest to the passersby, who stop and gaze in at the window at the patrons feasting inside. When the curiosity of the sidewalk committee is satiated, it is my intention to test the viands and also sample the barley wine which I hear is kept in stock. I drank a jorum the other afternoon at [illegible]lel's old corner, to the memory of "L's," and the day seemed brighter and warmer for it. This recalls what was [illegible] of the carver who officiated there some 40 years ago, that he could cut the [illegible] slice of roast beef in Boston. [illegible] wasn't it good? And how disappointed you were that there wasn't more of it.

Then there was the stone crock on the [illegible] shelf filled with lambs' tongues in [illegible]. How delicious they were with the Halford sauce, the beer and the dark [illegible]! Halford himself used to enjoy [illegible] there. I liked them better than the game birds at Billy Park's, although [illegible] swore by the musty. Does any one else remember the fragrance wafted through the bar-room when Billy opened the door of his refrigerator to select a [illegible] bird for one of his connoisseurs? I always associate it with the musty, the [illegible] live lobster and the general air of good fellowship which pervaded the place. What a topic for your enthusiastic contributors to harp upon, including the one who signs himself L. P.

Boston.

Anecdote for the Day.

As the World Wags:

I witnessed a beer drinking contest at the Schuetzen Park in Baltimore in 1874. [illegible] prize went to a German who drained a two-quart measure of beer at a single draught. J. D. K.

Boston, March 22.

"KISMET" AT HOLLIS STREET

By PHILIP HALE.

HOLLIS STREET THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Kismet," an Arabian Night," by Edward Knoblauch. Produced at the Garrick Theatre, London, April 1, 1911, with Oscar Asche as Hajj. Produced at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Dec. [illegible], 1911, with Otis Skinner as Hajj.

Hajj	Otis Skinner
[illegible] Gul[illegible] Nasir	Francis Verdi
[illegible] Sheik Jawan	Owen Meech
[illegible] Beggar Kas'in	Charles Darrah
[illegible]	Daniel Jarrett
[illegible]	Harrison Carter
[illegible] Abdallah	Fred Eric
The [illegible] Wazir Abu Bakr	Henry Mitchell
[illegible] Wazir Mansur	George Gaul
Kafir	Richard Scott
Afife	T. Tamamoto
The Guide Kutayt	Martin Sanders
Marsinah	Rita Jolivet
Miskah	Georgia Woodthorp
[illegible]	Merle Maddern
[illegible] Kutu	Eleanor Gordon
[illegible]	Ivy Payre

It is said that Mr. Knoblauch prepared himself for writing this play by reading diligently Sir Richard F. Burton's translation of "The Thousand Nights and a Night." This may or may not be true; it is certain that he has in a measure reproduced the spirit of savage jesting, the sensuality, the indifference toward human life, the blind bowing to the decrees of fate that characterize the [illegible] tales. He has also reproduced, [illegible] what Henley calls the tedium of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] dramatic [illegible] [illegible] scenes as the first scene between Hajj's daughter and her lover [illegible] the second scene between [illegible] and the [illegible]. There are [illegible] that might well be cut out, as the dance of the Almah before Abdallah, for it has nothing to do with the story and, as danced last night, is not seductive. As it now stands, the play is much too long—and even the wealth and picturesqueness of imprecation fall on jaded ears.

Verily we are in the hands of Allah and to him we shall return. To Hajj, the beggar, a purse was thrown by his enemy. The purse swelled Hajj's heart with pride and he stole sumptuous garments in the bazaar. He was taken before Mansur, who made much of him, for Mansur hated the Caliph and by promising power to Hajj and swearing that he would wed his fair daughter Marsinah, he persuaded Hajj to slay Abdallah. But the mercy of Allah spared the Caliph and Hajj was thrown into a dungeon where he found his old enemy the Sheikh, slew him, and escaped. How the Caliph had wooed the daughter of Hajj, how she was conveyed into Mansur's harem; how Hajj found his way thither and stabbed the wicked Mansur and dropped him into the swimming pool; how the Caliph found his loved one and banished Hajj from Baghdad, all this is told at great length in Mr. Knoblauch's play.

The play naturally gives unusual opportunity for effective stage settings and gorgeous costumes, and the producers have improved the opportunity. As a spectacle, with the Man (Mr. Leman) and the Woman (Miss Hanson) singing before the curtain, and with the exotic monotony of the incidental music, "Kismet" is effective. If the story teller before the curtain (Mr. Merrill) would describe each scene in order, the play might easily be turned into a ballet pantomime, as "Sumurun" or "Scheherazade."

We should then miss the impersonation of Hajj by Mr. Skinner, and that would be a pity, for this admirable romantic actor plays the part with marked authority, with rare imagination, and with a cynical humor that often saves the drama from the reproach of unnecessarily crude and also fine brutality. Mr. Skinner does not miss a point, nor does he hammer these points in. He is willing to leave something to the imagination and the sense of his audience. It would be hard to say whether he was more effective as the whining, praying and cursing beggar, the man suddenly puffed up with pride and foreseeing an indolent, sensuous life of splendor—as Alnashar in the Arabian tale or Sir Epicure Mammon in Jonson's comedy—or as the widower and father wreaking vengeance, through the mercy of Allah, on his old enemy and the Wazir Mansur. We know of no other actor that could play this part with such directness and subtlety of diction, such superb swagger, such eloquence of gesture, and strut and crawl through the scenes with such an irresistible display of personality.

His colleagues were boisterous, as though they had been playing in huge theatres, yet Mr. Eric played the Caliph with dignity and wooed Marsinah gracefully. Mr. Gaul was excellent in his quieter moments, and Mr. Scott as Mansur the Sworder was a singularly picturesque figure. Miss Jolivet played Marsinah in an affected, irritating manner, and little is to be said in praise of the other women of the company. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience. Mr. Skinner, always the artist, could not be persuaded to speak after the first or second act, although he was baited in the manner that now is, unfortunately, the rule in Boston.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—First performance by the Boston Opera Company of Flotow's "Martha" (in English). Mr. Moranzoni conducted. The cast:

Lady Harriet	Alice Nielsen
Nancy	Maria Gay
Sir Tristram	Rodolfo Fornari
Lionel	Max Lipmann
Plunkett	Edward Lankow
The Sheriff	Bernard Olshansky

"Martha" had been already performed (in Italian) at this opera house, but not by the local company. The Metropolitan Opera House Company gave a performance, and a poor one, on March 30, 1910, when the chief singers were Mmes. Di Pasquali and Homer and Messrs. Bonci and Didur. The opera evidently had not been rehearsed. It was pitchforked on the stage.

Some wonder why Flotow's work has been added to the repertoire. They suggest that "The Bohemian Girl" should follow. One good reason for the production of "Martha" is that the people like it, and thousands have liked it before them. It made little difference to the audience whether Lady Harriet was impersonated by the dainty Adelina Patti or the gigantically jovial Parepa-Rosa; whether the unhappy Lionel of the evening was the silver-voiced Ravelli or honest Tom Karl. It did not matter to the hearers whether the words were Italian or English, whether German, the original text, was used. How did the opening chorus go in the good old days:

Wh[illegible] these gloomy clo[illegible] of [illegible]?
[illegible] hearers knew the [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] "Martha" [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] confession [illegible] "Martha" we [illegible] (a [illegible] German) and [illegible] singers whose [illegible] objection to [illegible] English is that the singers [illegible] they are Americans, [illegible] difficulty. In the performance of "The Sacrifice" at the Boston Opera House a Spaniard, Mr. Blanchart, outstripped the others in the clearness of his diction, as in old days Mr. Plancon's German in "Tannhaeuser" was faultless, although he did not know the language. Miss Nielsen has had the advantage of singing in operetta, and in operetta the chief singers are taught to enunciate carefully.

The performance last night was a splendid triumph for Miss Nielsen, Miss Gay and Mr. Lankow, and the ensembles were given with a fine and rousing spirit. The audience was an overflow one and there were repeated encores and many flowers.

Mr. Moranzoni found eloquent response from his musicians, and the scene in every detail found an excellent interpretation.

Miss Nielsen, although still indisposed, was a magnetic Lady Harriet. Her singing of "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer" was an admirable and expressive bit of sentiment, and there was a warm response from the audience. Miss Maria Gay made an engaging Nancy.

Mr. Lankow was in excellent voice and made a commanding Plunkett. He was an awkward "bruiser" and yet a convincing farmer.

Mr. Lippmann fell far below the requirements of Lionel. There was an obvious disposition to "loaf"; his timidity was always apparent and twice there were encouraging signs of awakening from a lethargy that unhappily returned.

The Knights of Columbus of Greater Boston added to the gayety of the evening and were present in large numbers.

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Top o' the Morning," a melodrama in three acts by Anne Caldwell.

Mrs. O'Dea[illegible]	[illegible] Farson
Kathleen F[illegible]	[illegible] Elcott
Dermot O'D[illegible]	[illegible] Y. D[illegible]
[illegible] O'Daniel	George Le G[illegible]
[illegible] O'Dea[illegible]	Miss Quinn [illegible]
Father Quinn	Mr. M[illegible]
Bi[illegible] Stern	Robert C[illegible]
[illegible] Gorman	Charles Trowbridge
Miss M[illegible]lock	Agnes [illegible]
Andrew	John C. Fenton
"Da" Garrahan	Ann[illegible] Debagg[illegible]
Lynch	James R. Ca[illegible]
Mrs. McGon[illegible]	Nellie F[illegible]more
Jimmie Casey	John Scannell
Katie McDougal	Peggy O'Neil

The play was insufficient, the audience was small, the applause was liberal. Mr. Murphy was delightful whenever he appeared, but he appeared for intervals so brief that between times things were rather uninteresting.

Mr. Murphy does not come to Boston frequently. That is unfortunate, since, indeed, Mr. Murphy is a capital comedian. He possesses what is called in a language, for the use of which Mr. Murphy's forgiveness must, perforce be sought, "en gros naturel." That means that Mr. Murphy is a persuasive actor. Ostensibly he strongly believes what he says, and what he says is strongly expressed. It is proper to praise an actor for being sincere when by sincerity is meant that his utterances "ring true"; that he gets them over the footlights in such wise as to move his audience. Mr. Murphy is proficient in that respect. He is a persuasive actor, and, in the nature of things theatrical, to persuade is more truly within the province of the actor than to convince. Mr. Murphy is persuasive because he is real and plausible in his impersonations, because he is unskilled in artifices, wanting in exaggeration. His humor is sparkling and kindly. His use of the pathetic is authoritative.

Pity 'tis, then, that he should elect to misdirect his usefulness into improper channels. The present play is not commensurable with Mr. Murphy's talents. It is out and out melodrama with all the earmarks. Irish wit is renowned for its spontaneity. Even that quality was appreciably lacking in the dialogue of this Irish-American play. It betrayed unmistakable signs of lengthy composition. It strives to be simple, it is commonplace. For the rest, it lacks interest. That is a condition precedent to the success of any play, even melodrama.

Well, Jerry O'Donnell was ill treated by her step-mother, left home, became a governess, forthwith saved her brother's life or honor by turning over to him her employer's keys, was sent to jail, released, married the employer and thus furnished occasion for a play.

However, Mr. Murphy in a small part, his own, not the dramatist's, acted with rare naturalness. Without him the performance would have revealed but little art.

[illegible] Family Cycle.

CA[illegible]

[illegible]	[illegible]
M[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
M[illegible] O'[illegible]	[illegible]

"GALWAY RACES."

Michel[illegible]	[illegible]
John G[illegible]	[illegible]
Steve R[illegible]	[illegible]

Mr. [illegible]'s play [illegible] as a homely tragedy [illegible] bigotry for its theme. The [illegible] laid, without change, in [illegible] living-room of a family [illegible] people in Belfast and the [illegible] the effect of [illegible] Irish Protestant for the [illegible] Catholic or [illegible] strike [illegible] gress at the time of the [illegible].

John Rainey is a Protestant [illegible] [illegible]man, a bigot, [illegible] household. To him a Catholic [illegible] [illegible] incarnation of evil. [illegible] O'[illegible] a Catholic and the chances of [illegible] of toleration in the [illegible] which constantly [illegible] strike into a [illegible] chances of success [illegible] and flattered into [illegible] against the element of [illegible] in the midst of a [illegible] speeches when he [illegible] son is going to marry a Catholic [illegible]. He will continue his [illegible] and toleration among the [illegible] condition that this girl [illegible] the meeting that evening [illegible] [illegible], undoes the good [illegible] the spirit is the dreaded [illegible].

This much of the story [illegible] in three acts. In the [illegible] the characters of the [illegible] Rainey's house by the [illegible] check by the military, which [illegible] ceives the order to fire. [illegible] Catholic girl, crying [illegible] hers, rushes out to try to [illegible] shooting. She is shot and is [illegible] back into the house [illegible] but John Rainey, the symbol of [illegible] ing bigotry, defends [illegible] to the end.

This is a [illegible] and the figure of John Rainey [illegible] not representative of [illegible] in the world at large. It is [illegible] years since intolerance suffered its first great reverses at the hands of [illegible] and it is not now one of our besetting sins. Nevertheless the theme is treated with unity and consistency and its sombre tone is relieved by [illegible] lines of wit somewhat homely but none the less appealing on that account.

Of these the majority fall to the part of Miss Allgood as the wife and mother, and indeed this character, which stands more than any other for common sense and humanity, is the dominating one throughout the play. Miss Allgood is well known and well liked in Boston and she acted with her usual ability and restraint.

The company as a whole renewed the impression they made last year, of being an aggregation of excellent actors. Every part in this play was well played and Mr. Sinclair even made of Rainey a somewhat fine figure in his utterly narrow and yet honest adherence to his faith.

"Galway Races" is assuredly a trifle. The program might have called it a "musical comedy" rather than a "comedy," since its sole interest lay in the charming Irish songs which each of the characters sang in a very simple and delightful way. Miss Allgood's voice is not less attractive than her personality. As to the play, it had very little story and it was difficult to make out what that little was about. This was partly due to a lack of clear enunciation on the part of the men which was noticeable in both plays to a certain extent. In passing be it said that the mob in "Mixed Marriage" was too noisy for the good of the lines of the principal characters.

BOSTON THEATRE—Ke[illegible] of "The Round-Up," a four-act play by Edmund Day. Characters as follows:

"Slim" Hoover	Ma[illegible]
Jack Payson	R[illegible]
Dick Lane	H[illegible]
Bud Lane	[illegible]
Jim Allen	[illegible]
Sage Brush Charlie	W[illegible]
Fresno	[illegible]
Slow Low	James [illegible]
Parenthesis	James M[illegible]
Buck McKee	[illegible] Crane
Peruna	Edward L. Settl[illegible]
Timber Wiggins	"Texas" Cooper
Rev. Samuel Price	[illegible]
Echo Allen	[illegible]
Josephine	Ma[illegible]
Polly Hope	Ethel [illegible]

Although this is the sixth presentation of this play in Boston, the verdict of the large audience which filled the Boston Theatre last evening seemed to be that age does not wither, or reproduction cloy the pleasure which this thrilling melodrama affords. [illegible] whoop of the light-hearted [illegible] each honest, manly act [illegible] Jack Payson, the owner of [illegible] and each and every amusing [illegible] created by Slim Hoover [illegible] was received with [illegible]. The villainy of Buck [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] "Land of Dead [illegible]" [illegible] procession of the [illegible] [illegible]es over the precipitou[s] brid[ge] [illegible], and the exciting combat which [fo]llowed aroused all the old-time enthusiasm.

Marlyn Arbuckle as the Sheriff was in his usual good form—with none of the avoirdupois missing—and easily met the varied requirements of the part. His abundant good humor and mastery of each situation, whether for the good of friends or the overthrow of foes, won for him the hearty approval of his audience. Robert Vaughn, as Jack Payson, was a satisfactory hero, and Ogden Crane as Buck McKee, the quarter-breed Cherokee, played the part of the villain with a quiet force and subtlety that was convincing. The other parts also were well taken.

HENRY WOODRUFF AT B. F. KEITH'S

Henry Woodruff, who stepped out of "Brown of Harvard," in which he scored a large success, to step into vaudeville, is appearing at B. F. Keith's this week at the head of a little company of five presenting a one-act comedy, "A Regular Business Man." To many in the audience last night Mr. Woodruff's work in this sketch seemed even superior to his work as Brown of Harvard. The story is of a young lawyer leading, as a matter of fact, a hand-to-mouth sort of existence, although assuming toward all, save his own stenographer—to whom he owes a matter of $48—an air of extreme affluence and success in law.

As Robert Hornblower, far more busy with his debts that with cases before the courts, Mr. Woodruff has a part that is just to his liking, and he played it admirably. He plays one man against another until he succeeds in running a shoestring into real money. Miss Margaret Lotus plays the part of Beatrice Wise, the wise stenographer, with James M. Brophy, Isabel West and Frank Sinne having the other parts in the cast.

W. C. Fields comes back to Keith's this week with his juggling act that is always interesting. Fields has long stood at the top of the juggling gentry and he's just as expert as ever. Along with perfect execution in juggling tennis ball and in balancing hats, Fields work in jest enough of the genuine comedy to make it all the more interesting. Percy Wenrich, along with Dolly Connolly to do the singing, is another of the features this week. He confesses to having been responsible for "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet," for "Moonlight Bay," for "Silver Bell" and for a lot of the other popular airs of the day, the choruses of all of which he plays upon the piano, while Miss Connolly sings some of his most recent compositins.

A decidedly novel act is that of the Travilla brothers, presenting numerous aquatic feats in a mammoth glass tank. The Travilla brothers are assisted by "Winks," the diving seal, who shows a degree of intelligence quite beyond understanding. Morgan, Bailey and Morgan, a pair of banjo pickers and a soloist; John Dooley and Billy Parker, the first time here in a sketch that is as new as they are; James Leonard and company, in a Hamlet travesty; Nip and Tuck, in a novel specialty, and Ethel Kirk with Billy Fogarty complete the bill in addition to a change in the moving-talking pictures, now entering upon their fifth week.

Mch 26 1913

We have solemnly sworn not to publish any more letters in this column about "sabotage." The gender of the gifted being that "flew through the air with the greatest of ease," the original text of the "The King of the Cannibal Islands," crickets and a few other subjects, concerning which indefatigable correspondents have supplied us with some information and a vast amount of misinformation. Shall we add "maglets" to the list? Perish the thought! The word obsesses us. It is probably even now stamped on the "the fleeting remnant" of our liver, as "Calais" was written on the heart of Mary Tudor. And what would we not give to see the maglet itself!

Mr. Smith Replies.

As the World Wags:

Perhaps I should have been more explicit about maglets, for although Mr Whidley's letter is most plausible, and has a refreshing flavor, I am pretty sure that I am right. I, too, have spent more than one season "Down North." Only the poorer class and the "Lavyerers" (permanent settlers on the Labrador) use the dialect referred to. The captain was a well-to-do man whose use of the King's English was normal and he said of what I shall continue to call maglets in my collection, that his father called them by that name and had brooght them out from Cornwall. I should, however, be pleased to hear more of the bird. JETHRO SMITH

[illegible]asset, March 22.

An Encouraging [illegible]

As the World Wa[gs]:

Do you recall [illegible] old-time circus clown

Just give your atten[tion] [illegible] to me:
And I'll tell you a f[ew] [illegible] I don't like
to see

And then followed a [long] list of things which smote harshly on his vision.

I don't like to see a boy riding a goat,
Or a man wipe his nose on the sleeve of
his coat.

I think the tune was "The Irish Washerwoman."

This resurrection of the old songs is a valuable work and already exerting an influence. In our more or less exclusive Back Bay section three times during the past winter I have been served with hot buttered rum; perhaps not quite "like fathsr used to make," but, on the whole, when lack of early training and quality of present-day ingredisnts ars considered, as grateful and comforting a bsverags as one could reasonably expect. And I am informed that this sort of thing has been done generally by our very best little leaders of the proper set. It is a most encouraging sign, and if we could only have had a real old-fashionsd winter strung out over five or six months, there is no telling what on advance might have been recorded in the "Back to the Simple Pleasures Movement." LYSANDER HOWLETT.

Boston.

The Word Macaroni.

As the World Wags:

I should like to have some one explain the derivation of the word "macaronies" as applied to a gay or fashionable young man, as in "Richard Carvel." I could never see any sense in the lines:

Yankee Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called him Macaroni.

But now I suppose there is reference to the above use of the word. A. S. P.

Wollaston.

Several explanations have been given. The generally accepted one is as follows: A Macaroni was "an exquisite of a class which arose in England about 1760 and consisted of young men who had travelled and affected the tastes and fashions prevalent in continental society." Later the word meant any fop. "This use seems to be from the name of the Macaroni club, a designation probably adopted to indicate the preference of the members for foreign cookery, macaroni being at that time little eaten in England." Horace Walpole wrote that the Macaroni club was composed of travelled young men who wore long curls and spying glasses, and the Oxford Magazine (1770) published a pleasing description beginning: "There is, indeed, a kind of animal, neither male nor female, a thing of the neuter gender, lately started up amongst us. It is called a Macaroni. It talks without meaning, it smiles without pleasantry, it eats without appetite, it rides without exercise"—here we must stop, for it was a coarse age. Mr. Albert Matthews of this city found an account of the derivation in the Scots magazine for November, 1772. The writer said that the dish was imported by epicures as an improvement to the subscription table at Almacks, and in time the subscribers were distinguished by the title of Macaroni, and as they were young, luxurious and extravagant in dress as at table, the word macaroni "changed its meaning to that of a person who exceeded the ordinary bounds of fashion."

"A. S. P." also says that hsr father used to sing "The King of the Cannibal Islands" long ago, and as he went to Illinois in 1854 he must havs heard it in Massachusetts before that. "He was not much of a singer—could not tell one tune from another—but could tell every bird by its note and the way it flew."

Schnitzler in Boston.

As the World Wags:

Can you tell me the nams of the accomplished Danish actress, playing in French, who appeared at the Globe Theatre in its first season, soms 12 years ago? Was it Wiehs? I wish to be confirmed in the conviction that this lady "put over" on Boston, years bsfore it had ever heard of Schnitzler the Mimi episode of "Anatol." I do not remember how the little piece was named or to whom attributed; but I do distinctly remember the situation and parts of the dialogue verbatim. Mme. —— presented it for what it was worth as theatrical entertainment with most amusing results, and the general effect was so strongly and characteristically French that it seems difficult to readjust one's mind to the fact of the Viennese origin.

Newton. E. O.

The actress was Charlotts Wiehe (Mme. Henry Bereny), also dancer and pantomimist, who was born at Copenhagen in 1875 and made her debut there at the age of 12 as first dancer in a Danish ballet. At the age of 17 she abandoned the ballet for operetta. Afterwards she played in comedy and still later in pantomime. Shs appeared at ths Globe Theatrs for the first time in Boston on Feb. 1, 1904, and a French version of one of Schnitzler's Anatol plays was then on the bill. It was entitled "Souper d'Adieu." She was assisted by Prad and de Ber

"TRISTAN" AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE. Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Tristan	Mr. Urlus
Isolde	Mme. Nordica
Koenig Marke	Mr. Lankow
Kurwenal	Mr. Buers
Melot	Mr. Saldaigne
Brangaene	Mme. Gay
Ein Hirt	Mr. Lipmann
Ein Steuermann	Mr. Everett
Stimme des Seemanns	Mr. Diaz

Mr. Buers sang for the first time in Boston, and Mme. Nordica and Mr. Urlus for the first time this season. Mr. Caplet conducted the opera for the first time. The orchestra, especially in the first act, was noisy; so boisterous that the singers were often drowned, and we rubbed our eyes thinking that our old friend Mr. Hertz of the heavy hand was riding in the whirlwind and directing the storm.

Messrs. Mahler, Toscanini and Weingartner proved to us in turn that the score of "Tristan" is full of exquisite effects; that it is never inherently noisy, even in the most passionate moments; that the orchestra should sing. Mr. Weingartner was here this season, but his reading of the score has evidently bsen forgotten by those who should have treasured it in the memory.

Mme. Nordica had far better control of her voice than when she took the part of Isolde last season. The voice last night was fresh and sonorous, and there was a certain mellowness, more to be desired than the brilliance of the early years, a brilliance that was at times metallic. She sang skilfully and eloquently, and thus portrayed the character of the Princess rather than by stress of action or wealth of gesture. It was a pleasure to note that she was again in her high estate.

Mme. Gay is now secure in the part of Brangaene and the watcher's song in the second act has seldom been so beautiful. Brangaene, in this act, is no longer in sight; no longer is she garishly revealed by a spot light. This is as it should be; but the sudden changes of nocturnal light in Cornwall as pictured by Mr. Urban still perplex and amaze students of celestial phenomena and close observers of atmospheric conditions.

The Tristan of Mr. Urlus is familiar to us. Mr. Urlus has a fine appreciation of the melodic line, and he sings with a poetic expression that is not found in the actor's impersonation. This impersonation is manly, sane and discreet; but Tristan was indiscreet—at least after he swallowed the love potion—and his sanity was a question for experts. Excellent singer as Mr. Urlus is, we should like to see a really romantic Tristan. Mr. Jean de Reszke had a plausibly romantic bearing, but his Tristan was a highly respectable person, not unlike the Prince Consort, or Tennyson's King Arthur. Mr. Fontana, who took the part earlier in the season, was closer to the character, that is, he created an illusion.

Mr. Buers was a sturdy Kurwenal whose voice had not been roughened in the wars; a warrior who had enjoyed vocal instructions.

Mr. Lankow sang the music of the sermonizing king effectively; he made the rambling monologue endurable by tonal beauty and force of diction.

A large audience was demonstrative in approval. There were many curtain calls.

"PATRIOTS" AT THE PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Patriots," a play in three acts, by Lennox Robinson, performed by the Irish players.

Peter O'Mahoney	Sydney J. Morgan
Ann Nugent	Sara Allgood
Rose Nugent	Kathleen Drago
Mrs. Sullivan	Mona O'Beirne
Bob	Arthur Sinclair
Harry	J. A. O'Rourke
Willie Sullivan	H. E. Hutchinson
James Nugent	Fred O'Donovan
Fr. Kearney	J. M. Kerrigan
Dan Sullivan	M. J. Dolan
Jim Powell	J. M. Kerrigan

Precedsd by Lady Gregory's "The Rising of ths Moon."

Sergeant	Arthur Sinclair
Policeman X	J. A. O'Rourke
Policeman B	U Wright
Ballad singer	J. M. Kerrigan

Last October "Harvest," a play by Mr. Robinson, was produced at the Plymouth Theatre by the Irish Players. It embodied the dissatisfaction felt by conservative Irish at certain modern changes; the play performed last evening was, on ths contrary, a plea for the excellence of thess changed conditions and a condemnation of the methods of physical violence formerly employed by the zealous to denote their flaming [p]atriotism. "Harvest" [illegible] attack on the schoolmaster; "Patriots" is the denunciation of the revolutionary.

James Nugent, a red-handed patriot, a fiery member of the league, has been imprisoned 18 years for the murder of a disloyal comrade. He is released. He returns home to find his wife, formerly as active for the cause as himself, at the head of a thriving grocery store. Hardened by circumstances, she has been forced to discard empty patriotic ideals for stern realities. She will not listen to his impassioned words. Her two brothers, middle-aged and eminently respectable, join with his friends to persuade him that his radical and incendiary views will no longer arouse enthusiastic support. The league meets but no longer to arm secretly, to incite rebellion.

There are illustrated lectures instead on "Through the Appenines with a camera," "Ireland Under Elizabeth," "Old Dublin Newspapers" and the like. Nugent will not listen. He calls a special meeting. The hall is empty. Undaunted, he proclaims his intention of going to large cities for a hearing. He will take Rose, his crippled daughter, with him and Willie Sullivan, a youthful iconoclast. But Ann, his wife, has given her life for the child. She will not have her taken away. She discloses to the horror-stricken man that his patriotism was the cause of her deformity, for she had been prematurely born on the night that he had been taken from their home, a murderer. Broken and at bay, Nugent goes home to make a fresh start.

The play is the tragedy of an idealist. It is a realistically depicted slice of life in a small Irish town, the characters are well and sharply drawn. It is, however, a study of patriotism rather than a drama of engrossing action. Much depends upon the dialogue, and some of that is over long.

Mr. O'Donovan's Nugent was a striking figure. Yet there was little of the poetic in his impersonation. He was powerful, vigorous, virile. His eyes were eager for bloody sights. His soul was restless, turbulent and hot within him. His scorn for his wife's smug brothers was profound. He was selfish in his disregard of those nearest him, but as he meant well his defeat was the more keenly felt.

Too much cannot be said in praise of Miss Allgood's performance as Ann Nugent. She was throughout quietly impressive, with a reserve and passionate repression that was not least eloquent in moments of repose. Her facial play was, as ever, significant, her voice, haunting. Her vehement protest against Nugent's domination of her in the days of their courtship and marriage and her revelation to him of the cause of Rose's lameness were dramatically declaimed.

Mr. Sinclair gave a clever and amusing impersonation of Bob and Mr. O'Rourke was equally effective as Harry, Ann's other brother. In a play where much depended on the invididual excellence of the players there was little left to be desired. While Mr. Kerrigan, who impersonated successively Father Kearnsy and Jim Powell, showed his versatility as a comedian.

An audience of fair size was warmly appreciative.

Let us consult the wisdom of the ancients, for there was a thunder storm last Tuesday night.

"Thunder in March betokens a fruitful year."

"When it thunders in March, it brings sorrow."

"When it thunders in March, we may cry 'Alas!'"

En Mars quand il tonne
Chacun s'en etonne;
En avril s' il tonne
C'est nouvelle bonne.

Thus it appears that much may be said on each side, and this is the wisdom of the ancients and the moderns.

The Story in Berlin.

The Signale of March 12, published in Berlin, contains this interesting note: "There are great orchestral concerts in the Boston Grand Opera House on Sundays, and when Weingartner conducts and Mme. Marcel sings, the house is naturally sold out." To those who remember the incredibly small audiences at the two Weingartner concerts—audiences that were a disgrace to musical Boston—this paragraph is pathetic, yea, tragic in its unconscious irony.

Delicate Hands.

The rector of St. Stephen's, Bristol, and Mr. Filson Young denounce petty pilfering by women, by "well-dressed 'ladies.'" The rector, the Rev. E. J. Houghton, cited the shocking case of a "lady" appropriating—swiping is the familiar word—a parish magazine in his church. She was indeed lost to all sense of shame. He mentions the small thefts by "ladies" in the dressing rooms of theatres, picture houses, restaurants. There are lost souls who carry on "a large and heavy" correspondence in public places where writing materials are provided. "In one case I know of a lady who remained three hours in a crowded tea room without spending a penny, and

the loss of teeth, hair [illegible] and toilet articles, [illegible] small efficts and also powder puffs amounts to a vexatious item each week."

Mr. Young, speaking of suffering in general, says: "It is, I am afraid, a kind of meanness of which women are more often guilty than men. It is probably induced by the desire to get something for nothing which shopkeepers pretend to encourage and by the hypnotic effect of immense quantities of goods displayed together."

All this applies to life and manners in Boston. Any manager of a theatre or concert hall will tell you that women of all classes, picking up an umbrella, purse, vanity bag, article of jewelry, seldom take it to the box office or advertise the finding of it. Women at an afternoon reception or a musicale do not hesitate to take a better pair of opera boots than their own. "Some one has taken mine and I must have a pair to go home in." The checking system does not prevail in cloak rooms for women in private houses and thus a fine opportunity for redistribution is provided.

At the same time it must be remembered that there are men in clubs who clip newspapers and tear out pictures from the illustrated periodicals, especially from Jugend, La Vie Parisienne and Le Journal Amusant.

But let us discuss a noble and more improving subject.

Bacon In America.

As the World Wags:

The gentlemen who were discussing with "J. M. C" the subject of bacon were laboring under a serious misapprehension, especially the one who said, "He did not think that any allusion was made to it in early New England annals." It would, indeed, be strange if such a staple food as hog's flesh should not have been known to the very early settlers. Perhaps live hogs were not brought to Virginia in 1607, to Plymouth in 1620, or to Massachusetts in 1630; but if not, they were certainly brought very soon after.

Capt. John Smith, speaking of the "first supply," which reached Virginia in 1608, says that "the ship staying there 14 weeks (when shee might as well haue been gone in 14 dsies), spent the beefe, porke, oile, aquavitae, cas, butter and cheese, beere, and such [illegible], as was provided to be landed vs." Under date of June 27, 1631, Gov. Winthrop records that the White Angel brought "cows, goats, and hogs, and many provisions for the bay and for Plymouth." On Nov. 15, 1636, a "hog reeve" was elected to office in Boston. On Sept. 29, 1640, John White was, at the Essex County court, "to be paid for bacon, cheese and suet stolen from him." There are allusions to swine in the Suffolk Deeds as early as 1641. In his "Briefe Discovrse of the Nevv-found-land," published in 1620, Capt. John Mason said that "the Plantations haue prettie stoare of Swine and Goates."

We New Englanders are too apt to think that the voyage of the Mayflower was the beginning of everything in this country. As a matter of fact, however, people were living in Maine long before any people were living in or near Boston seven years before Winthrop came over; and Newfoundland was a favorite resort before 1620. Writing in 1622 Capt. Richard Whitbourne said that "My first Voyage thither, was about fortie yeeres since", and that "In the yeere 1615 * * * there were then on that coast * * * two hundred and fiftie saile of Ships great and small. The burthens and Tonnage of them all, one with another, so neere as I could take notice, allowing every Ship to be at least threescore tun (for as some of them contained lesse, so many of them held more) amounting to more than 15,000 tunnes"; and among the "necessarie provisions" for the "men imployed in those Voyages" he mentioned "Bread, Beefe, and Porke."

My guess is that bacon and eggs were eaten on all the early ships, for, even if these did not bring over live hogs, it is reasonable to assume that bacon and eggs were among the provisions carried. Finally, it is perhaps worth noting that the term "hog and hominy" is found as early as 1778. A. M.

March 24, 1913.

KITTY CHEATHAM GIVES SECOND RECITAL OF YEAR

Clever Entertainer Delights Audience in Jordan Hall.

Miss Kitty Cheatham, the distinguished songstress, gave her second recital of this season yesterday afternoon at Jordan Hall. She was in the vein and evidently gave much pleasure to an audience of good size. The program was composed, as usual, of "scraps," as she designates them, in prose and verse, some with musical settings, symphonically accompained by Mrs. Flora MacDonald Wills. Among the authors and composers presented were R. Huntington Woodman, Anatole France, Oscar Wilde, Edward German and Rudyard Kipling. Miss Cheatham's quick intuition and fertile imaginative qualities permit her to mime flowers, children, birds and fairies with exquisite grace and expression. Yet the most attractive feature of her performance were the negro songs and sayings for Miss Cheatham by birth a Southerner is well acquainted with the poetry and idiom of the honeyed southern speech and she is not forced to resort to painful imitations.

"Riders to the Sea," "Land of Heart's Desire" and Two Other Pieces Given.

By PHILIP HALE.

Four plays were performed by the Irish Players at the Plymouth Theatre last night. Synge's "Riders to the Sea," Yeats's "Land of Heart's Desire," and Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News" and "The Rising of the Moon." The last play had not been announced, it was added "by request." None of these plays was new to the Boston public.

"RIDERS TO THE SEA."

Maurya	Sara Allgood
Bartley	J. M. Kerrigan
Cathleen	Kathleen Drago
Nora	Eileen O'Doherty

"THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE."

Maiteen Bruin	M. Dolan
Bridget Bruin	E. O'Doherty
Shawn Bruin	F. O'Donovan
Mary Bruin	Mona O'Beirne
Fr. Hart	Nugent Monck
A fairy child	Ethne Magee

"SPREADING THE NEWS."

Bartley Fallon	Arthur Sinclair
Mr. Fallon	Ethene Magee
Mrs. Tully	Kathleen Drago
Mrs. Tarpey	Eileen O'Doherty
Shawn Early	J. A. O'Rourke
Tim Casey	G. Wright
James Ryan	J. M. Kerrigan
Jack Smith	Sydney J. Morgan
A policeman	H. E. Hutchinson
A removable magistrate	Fred O'Donovan

The cast of "The Rising of the Moon" was that of the night before.

Much has been written in praise of "Riders to the Sea," and some have hysterically compared it to dramas of Aeschylus. The tragedy is terse and grim, and the lamentation of Maurya is strangely eloquent, with its poetic expression enhanced by the matter-of-fact talk of her two daughters, alive to their loss, but impatient of what to them is only the "queer" garrulity of the mother. Synge once said that this tragedy was more appreciated in London than in Dublin, while "The Shadow of the Glen" was better liked in Ireland than in England. To us the play is more impressive, more wonderful in its expression of woe and its lofty eloquence when it is read than when it is acted. Yet it acts well and it was well acted last night. Does the studied monotone of the actors diminish the effect? Reading the play, do we give more poignancy to the dialogue? No one would wish Miss Allgood's impersonation otherwise and the other parts were admirably taken.

"The Land of Heart's Desire" reads better than it acts. It is a highly poetic fancy, and lovers of symbolism can here find plenty for discussion. Mr. William Winter, in one of his bilious moods, when the play was performed in New York in 1900, said the drama tended to show that a fanciful young woman in a tiresome domestic circle may be bored by domesticity to such an extent that she will die. This is all he could see in the play. The allusions to folklore, the presence of "the good people" and evil spirits, or, if you please, the struggle between paganism and christianity—all this is of interest to others, who themselves see visions, and dream dreams when they read Mr. Yeats's lines. Last evening the play dragged, for there was little illusion. The Priest was feebly played and the Fairy Child was not elfish.

"Spreading the News" was as delightful as ever. Bartley Fallon, as an unlucky person, is to be ranked with Romeo and Murad. Mr Sinclair was most amusing and the other parts were acted with full appreciation of the humor in the lines and the situation. The Mrs. Fallon of Miss Magee was especially good, and what a pleasure it was to hear the voice of Mr. O'Rourke again!

"THE COUNTESS CATHLEEN"

Miracle Play and "Blanco Posnet" Given in Afternoon.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE — Matinee double bill by the Irish players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. "The Countess Cathleen," a miracle play in five scenes by W. B. Yeats. "The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet," a sermon in crude melodrama by Bernard Shaw.

"THE COUNTESS CATHLEEN.

Countess	Sara Allgood
Oona	Mona O'Beirne
Maive	Eileen O'Doherty
Shemus	Sydney J. Morgan
Teig	G. Wright
First Demon	Nugent Monck
Second Demon	H. E. Hutchinson
Aleel	Fred O'Donovan
Steward	J. A. O'Rourke
Old Woman	Kathleen Drago
Angel	Ethne Magee
M'ser	M. J. Dolan
Young Woman	Nora Clancy
Porter	J. A. O'Rourke

"BLANCO POSNET

Bubsy	Eileen O'Doherty
Lottie	Kathleen Drago
Hannah	Mona Beirne
Jessie	Nora Clancy
Feder Daniels	Arthur Sinclair
Blanco Posnet	Fred O'Donovan
Strapper Keep	J. M. Kerrigan
[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible] of great [illegible] and [illegible] of the opera [illegible] that the parts allotted to the principal [illegible] placed in the library [illegible] on the stage. Given the [illegible] of all [illegible] Miss Allgood would safeguard the success of such a presentation by giving the second.

The Countess Cathleen," however, is not a miracle play, strictly speaking. The theme, imaginative in expression, is saturated with a corrodig reason that warrants its performance on the stage. Yeats has strongly emphasized his embroidered lines with a wealth of insistent details that make possible the lights and shadows so essential to the theatre. The moral is not achieved by the personification of the abstract, it results from the succession of illustrative scenes in which the characters are definite and individual.

In consequence, the performance yesterday was not merely a tract read, a poem recited; it was a highly dramatic narrative.

The Countess Cathleen" expresses with great emphasis the superstition that is the result of great calamity. Specifically it describes the credulity in regard to the supernatural that was possessed by the Irish peasantry during the famine. Ostensibly, hunger is not only [illegible]; its effects may well be beyond the domain of physical law.

It is recounted, then, that Shemus, exasperated beyond endurance, summoned forth from the forests the devils who bartered for starving men's souls, giving bright gold in exchange. They are, to all appearances, merchant men from the east. With Shemus they strike a bargain. Forthwith he calls on all the peasants to treat with the strangers, disposing to them as gold that they may know there is no fraud. Countess Cathleen would dissuade them. She will give them gold to save their souls. But the demons have raised her coffers to prevent her bribe. Her religious exaltation counts no sacrifice too costly for their spiritual salvation. She sells her own soul for the redemption of all the others. But the powers of good and evil battle in the skies and her glorification is made manifest by the appearance of an angel.

The play is replete with dramatic incidents of unusual merit. The mediaevalism suggested by the scene of the two devils seated, at the bargain table, bidding for the souls of the villagers, each according to its worth, is an extraordinary admixture of the real and the unreal, an incident that derives powerful emphasis from the commonplaceness of the farm and supernaturalness of the theme. Again, the almost legendary way in which the peasant refers to the gold coin he has never seen, but only heard his ancestors speak of, the childish manner in which he describes its color, its shape, its design, accentuate the thought by making it concrete. For the rest, Yeats has expressed his inspiration in an eloquent verse, rich and resonant. There is a happy absence of adjectives.

The performance by the Irish players yesterday afternoon was most gratifying. It is indeed a privilege to witness the results of Miss Allgood's many talents. In the first instance, her voice is one of rare beauty, full, clear, well modulated and sympathetic. At the present time when, apparently, so little attention is given to matters of the speaking voice, it is peculiarly pleasant to take note of the exception. In addition there was, in the impersonation of Miss Allgood a sense of serenity, a religious exaltation, an almost fanatical faith that was eloquent in its appeal. Mr Morgan continued to convey the feeling of dire distress in his characterization. It was especially noteworthy, however, in its presentation of superstition and bigotry. Mr. Monck has rare qualities as a reader. In matters more substantial he is wanting in authority. Mr. O'Donovan, somehow did not strike the proper note. There was not sufficient enthusiasm, too little inspiration in his profession of faith.

The production of Bernard Shaw's satire of the religion of the frontier is well known. Here are real dialogue and a proper reading of it. Mr. O'Donovan, Mr Sinclair, Miss Allgood easily extract from it all that it will yield. It is not unreasonable to suppose that "Blanco Posnet" is the best effort of the company. That is the highest praise since, indeed, they achieve nothing that is not of appreciable merit.

In life we are strangled between two doors, of which the one is labelled "Too Soon," the other "Too Late."

Those Curtain Calls.

There is a passage in Camille Saint-Saens's volume of essays, "Ecole Buissonniere," that should be pondered by opera conductors, young and old:

"Formerly an orchestral leader never bowed to the audience; it was understood that the applause was for the work performed, not for the conductor. The Italians and the Germans have changed all that. M. Lamoureux was the first to introduce these exotic manners. The audience, somewhat surprised at first, finally accustomed itself to them. In Italy, the conductor goes on the stage with the singers to salute the audience, and nothing is more reasonable than to see him, after the last note of an opera

"Paid In Samoleons."

As the World Wags:

You quote a [illegible] I think, not [illegible] I intend to answer it but [illegible] that I have seen the word in the form "Samoleon," though I am unable to find my extracts. If that form does occur, then it seems to me that the theory advanced by a friend of mine is a pretty good one. He connected it with "Uncle Sam," and declared that it was made up on the analogy of "Napoleon." The lines you quoted the other day in which Napoleon occurs, appear to bear out that theory. But if the only form known is "Simoleon," the theory does not seem to fit so well. A. M.

Boston.

"Samoleon" would be a baser coin, or a paper rag. The vulgar make "simoleon" synonymous with "bone" and "plunk" or "plunkers." We like to think of simoleons as golden, stamped with a strange device. A potentate bestowing largesse should give only simoleons. A snuffbox encrusted with diamonds should be filled with simoleons as a token of ducal or princely consideration. There are cetrain names of coins that at once excite the imagination: moidore, doubloon, pieces of eight, sovereign, rupee and high among them is "simoleon."

Anecdote for the Day.

The Manchester Guardian tells this story of the cockney accent in its international aspect, and we hasten to add that this story can be told at the Colleton Club or in the drawing rooms of "our best people." A class was being examined in French, and the question was asked, "What is the French for 'to live'?" "Vivre," was the answer. "Very good. Now, what is 'to die'?" "Ah-yer-dhui," came the reply.

Out of Joint.

As the World Wags:

It might seem strange that on these days of busy eyes and busy pens, so many transparently undesirable things get perpetrated here in Boston every day without audible protest, just as they did when people minded their own business and there were no ardent purveyors of news. The general vogue of things carries people along, prudence and prejudice keep them silent and the bubble is blown that just the one touch which is not forthcoming would burst into soap suds. Take the Dallin Indian, for instance, in the yard of the Art Museum. From one point of view an object is grateful there, to enliven the cold cheerlessness of that multi-windowed facade, but barring this and the really fine quality of the figures, who has not said to himself at least every time his eye catches sight of the group, what a pigmy!—fit perhaps, to stand under a glass globe in a parlor, altogether lacking the heroic proportions to which we have become of late accustomed in open air statues—a reminder of the late (not lamented) Gen. Cass in sad Public Garden memory!

Then the Commonwealth avenue statues, become interesting and familiar now by custom, their proportions veiled by trees and harmonized by long perspectives, are, if we may believe the official announcement, to be dug up and ranged in the glare of the Charles street edge of the Public Garden, served up as brioche.

And to cross the river: though the wall and the warning of Prof. Norton seem to be forgotten now, how long will it be before the great mistake will be recognized of permitting a donor to set up a smaller public library building in the college yard? Having got rid of Gore Hall, its books should have been housed in some stately, dignified, warm brick 18th century companion to Harvard, Massachusetts, Stoughton, Holworthy, Hollis and the beautiful Holden chapel. Note the protest. SENEX

Boston, March 26.

Perfervid.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of "quite unique and its kind, the English translation of one of Turgenieff's early novels says of the heroine that "she was 17 years old and very chaste."

In the slang of the day, what do you know about that? B. A. P.

Boston, March 29.

MASSENET OPERA PRESENTED BY DOLLS

"Cinderella" Given at Copley-Plaza by Two Young Women.

A performance by dolls of Massenet's opera, "Cinderella," was given by Misses Marie Aline and Lillian B. Mixter of Philadelphia at the Copley-Plaza yesterday afternoon. The stage arrangements, which were somewhat like those of a "Punch and Judy" show, were set up at one end of the long ball room, which was well filled with guests, including many children.

A department in the [illegible] created great amusement [illegible]

given. The ... was ... ells in the ... of Mme. ... Louise Berat, Mary Garden, ... Mabel Riegelman, Marie ... Henri Scott and Rossa Galli. The action, especially the ...es and the performance of two roller skaters, was greeted with ...es and applause, which were politely acknowledged by the performers.

"HOFFMANN" AT OPERA HOUSE

By PHILIP HALE.

BOSTON OPERA HOUSE—Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann." Mr. Caplet conducted.

Olympia	Miss Hempel
Giulietta	Miss Amsden
Antonia	Miss Bori
Niklousse	Miss Leveroni
Une Voix	Mme. De-Courcy
Hoffmann	Mr. Clement
Lindorf, Coppelius, Dapertutto, Le Docteur Miracle	Mr. Riddez
Andres, Cochenille, Pitichinaccio Frantz	Mr. Cilla
Spalanzani	Mr. Giaccone
Crespel	Mr. Blanchart
Schlemil	Mr. Everett

There was a very large audience and the performance was an interesting one. Miss Hempel took the part of the automaton for the first time in Boston, and Miss Bori was heard here for the first time as Antonia. Mr. Clement was welcomed back after a long absence from the opera house. Mr. Riddez was seen here for the first time as Hoffmann's evil genius.

Miss Hempel in spite of a few slips in her intonation sang Olympia's music effectively, with a sense of humor, and with the requisite bravura. She acted the part with the becoming rigidity. Miss Bori was a charming apparition, girlish, fond, emotional, but not too passionate in song. Her duet with Mr. Clement was the chief feature of the performance. Mr. Riddez, unlike Mr. Marcoux, respected the traditions in the matter of make up.

In the Venetian scene he wore the officer's uniform and in the third act he had the mask, the side hair, and the short-sleeved coat of Taskin, who created the part. We do not know whether Mr. Riddez had played these parts before. If it was a first performance, it was creditable to him; but he should make in future a stronger impression of malignant evil. We heard this opera in a small theatre of Berlin many years ago. The singing was for the most part abominable, but the actor that took the part of Dr. Miracle chilled the blood of the spectator by his authoritative presentation of the demoniacal quack.

Mr. Clement was not wholly himself until the second act, although his diction in the cellar song was inimitable. In the second act he sang with his customary intelligence, and in the scene with Antonia his tones were as eloquent as his art was flawless. Miss Amsden was a handsome Giulietta and Miss Leveroni an attractive youth. The other parts were satisfactorily taken. The stage settings again excited admiration, but the estrade in the ball room scene is out of place, and in the Venetian scene, fantastically beautiful as it is and gorgeous in color, we should prefer a more open stage and the sight of the water.

This afternoon the operas will be "Martha" and "The Secret of Suzanne." The performance will begin at 1:30. The season will close tonight with a performance of "The Jewels of the Madonna" at popular prices, but with Mmes. Melis and Gay and Messrs. Zenatello and Blanchart.

19TH SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

By PHILIP HALE.

The 19th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in C major	Schubert
Piano concerto	Schumann
Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"	Mendelssohn

Dr. Muck gave an uncommonly fine reading of Schubert's symphony. The performance was conspicuous for clarity and euphony. It was exquisite in nuances and effects of color. Some, when a program of this nature is arranged, go back to the ancients and as they go revile the ultra-moderns. This ... unnecessary. It is possible to enjoy ...ndy and Schubert, Debussy and Schumann. Furthermore, if Schubert and Schumann were now living they would ... write as they wrote. It would be ...ssible for them to do so. Schubert ... an improvisator, and, like a clergyman preaching without notes, and im... a public occasion he was not ... r ... the ... symphony that the ... ent ... fragment of the wood-wind induces a monotony that fatigues the ear in spite of the melodic wealth.

Schubert in his own time was a mod... in his defiance of the traditions concerning the relations of tonalities. What might he not have written if he had had the gift of self-criticism! He did not hear his more elaborate works, and he had little opportunity of thus forming a judgment.

And Schumann in his own day and generation was considered a dangerous fellow, a man of chaotic music, drunken with dissonance. As for Mendelssohn, he would be a prig today. He would still write according to the later Mendelssohnian formulas, and turn his back on the "Hebrides" and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture. He would still be secretly envious of Schumann, and a foe to Berlioz.

If Schumann had only escaped the influence of Mendelssohn! If he had only had the courage to write as he began, giving the reins to his fancy! Yet we have the piano pieces and the songs, and, having them, let us rejoice. We also have the piano concerto. Mr. Wilks's performance of this romantic work was distinguished by unvarying amiability.

The program of the concerts next week will be as follows: Chadwick, "Aphrodite" (first time here); Volkmann, Serenade in D minor (Mr. Warnke solo 'cellist); Rimsky-Korsakoff, Symphony "Antar"; Weber, overture to "Oberon."

ORIGIN OF IRISH THEATRE TOLD

Lady Gregory, the distinguished playwright, began a series of four talks on her own work, at the Plymouth Theatre, yesterday afternoon. The subject was "Theatre Making." The small audience was assembled on the stage behind the lowered curtain, and there was a pervading and wholly refreshing air of informality and intimacy.

Lady Gregory, a fascinating speaker, and a singularly accomplished woman of marked personal magnetism, rare dignity and wide acquaintanceship, spoke delightfully of her first interest and associations with the Irish Theatre. After her husband's death, in 1892, she gave up a busy life in London to return to her own home at Coole, Ire. Here she devoted herself to farming and industrial interests. These, however, did not satisfy her active and resourceful mind. She soon turned her attention to literary matters. She edited her husband's autobiography, and after making a detailed study of Irish folklore, herself began to write. Through a chance meeting with William B. Yeats, who last year accompanied the Irish Players to America, her interest in the Irish drama was aroused, and she was soon eager for the establishment of a national theatre.

The various vicissitudes that she encountered until the Abbey Theatre was successfully established were then told. Afterwards Lady Gregory spoke in detail of the difficulties connected with the productions of Yeats's "Countess Kathleen," which was first performed in Dublin under police protection, and more especially of Shaw's "Blanco Posnet." The latter was a source of grave concern to the lord-lieutenant as it had been barred by the English censor, and while there is no dramatic censor in Ireland it was feared that if the play were produced it might cause strained relations.

Lady Gregory read letters written by her to her family at the time, giving graphic and witty descriptions of her interviews with a high official at the Castle and Lord Aberdeen, himself, on the subject of the barred play and she also read characteristically, savage letters from the author.

The substance of these four lectures will soon appear in book form, dedicated to the playwright's grandson, at present aged four. The volume is intended as an explanation of his grandmother's aims and achievements.

The subject of the next talk will be "Folk-loring."

"He had seen flaxen bobs succeeded by majors, which in their turn gave way to negligents, which were at last totally routed by bags and ramilies."

This sentence is taken from the biography of Beau Nash. How many bright-eyed boys and girls of high standing in our public schools can interpret it to fond parents seated before the glow of the radiator after the work of the day is done? How many young gentlemen at Harvard and Yale could pass a creditable examination on this sentence? Yet it is extant and writ in choice English.

Experientia Docet.

As the World Wags:

In The Herald of March 21, Mr. Halliday Witherspoon asked: "Has Mr. Jacob Faithful, or any other constant reader, ever heard 'Shandygaff' applied to anything else than a drink? There was a little restaurant * * * where no cool drink emerges when the waiter bawls 'Shandygaff' through the ... wall, but instead a plate ... with a queer mixture of ha... ."

I wish to acknowledge the fact that my curiosity led me to this place. The result is, I am still in the hospital! I ordered the shandygaff. It was served in a deep dish piled high with a mixture of beans, hash, potatoes, onions, carrots, in fact almost every kind of vegetable was in evidence. I toyed with some of the beans, and was so intent on digging into the mixture in search of other kinds of food, fruit and things, that I was surprised when I heard a voice say: "What's the matter with it? Ain't it all right?" I assured the waiter that it was all right; but I also said that my partner was too busy to leave his desk and had asked me on my return to bring him a sandwich; this mixture, however, was so good that if he would bring me some I would take it to him at once and then come back for mine. The waiter seemed delighted and brought me a dish of it covered with a scrap of paper torn from the pictorial section of a Sunday newspaper of last year's vintage. I quietly slipped the parcel into the harbor from the float at Driscoll's landing, and as I watched the various oil colors spread over the water as it disappeared, I thought I discovered one reason at least why the board of health objected to the sale in the market of clams taken from the harbor.

My one prayer is that when I recover I may meet this Mr. Halliday Witherspoon on that wharf; that he will accept my personal invitation to take the gaff; that the splash in the harbor may not be heard until I am on my way.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

Boston, March 27.

"Sing Us a Song."

As the World Wags:

I wonder if any of your gray-haired readers remember the following bits of a song I heard when quite young. It was sung by boys in the country and ways always greeted with uproarious applause. I think it originated in the minstrel shows of the late fifties:

My love can cut a pigeon-wing
And she can dance a polka.
She's a rouser in the darkest jig
And also in the cachucha.

CHORUS:

Give us the gal with the blue dress on
The white folks call Susanna,
For she's the gal that stole my heart
Way down in Alabama.

I took my love to a ball one night,
And when we went to supper
She fainted and over the table fell
And stuck her nose in the butter.

They used camphene to fetch her to,
But though they was too later;
For a turkey bone stuck through her head
And she choked to death with potater.

Does any one remember the rest of the song, or know its author?

Then there was the music sold by W. H. Cundey, Boston, at 5 cents a copy. There was "Tassels on Her Boots."

O, it's just the style that suits
The Yankee girl with hair in curls
And tassels on her boots.

There were "Captain Jinks" and many others. There was another curious old song I heard a sailor sing when he was at work for my uncle on his farm in haying time in the sixties, about a famous ram:

The ears upon this ram, sir,
They reached up to the sky,
The eagles built their nests up there
For I heard the young ones cry.

Cambridge. MOREY.

The sailor's song was the song of the Derby ram. The song, as originally sung—and it is an old one—may be found in Llewellynn Jewitt's "Ballads and Songs of Derbyshire" (London and Derby, 1867). In this version the wool reaches up to the sky, not the "ears." There are 16 verses. There are other versions that we have heard sung long ago at school, but they were Rabelaisian, not fit for ears polite.

Can any one give us all the verses of two other once popular songs: "The Rambling Rake of Poverty," and "The Ladies of Cheyenne."

"Sand" and "Sandy."

They say of a courageous, plucky fellow that he has "sand" or is "sandy." What is the origin of this term? A learned professor says that the Greek wrestlers, well oiled, put sand on their bodies, arms and legs, to secure a hold; hence our expression. But in Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn," a character says: "I warn't feeling very brash, there warn't much sand in my craw." The term appears to be strictly American.

Anecdote for the Day.

At a dinner Bismarck attended in his 64th year he remarked that during his lifetime he had smoked 100,000 cigars and drank 5000 bottles of champagne. This reminds us of a wheeze perpetrated by Mr. Fred Lennox in "Prince Pro Tem." "I wish I had as many dollars as bottles of champagne I've opened." Long pause. "I'd have just $2."

By PHILIP HALE.

The fourth season of the Boston Opera House ended last night. In the afternoon there was a double bill, "Martha" in English, conducted by Mr. Moranzoni, and "Il Segreto di Susanna," conducted by Mr. Caplet. The chief singers in "Martha" were Mmes. Nielsen and Gay and Messrs. Lipmann, Lankow and Fornari. Miss Nielsen and Messrs. Fornari and Tavecchia took part in Wolf-Ferrari's little opera. In the evening "I Gioielli della Madonna" was performed. Mr. Caplet conducted, and the chief singers were Mme. Melis, Mme. Gay and Messrs. Zenatello and Blanchart. There was a very large audience at each performance.

It is not easy for the younger generation to understand why "Martha" should be added to the repertoire of any first-class opera house. The story is entertainingly foolish, but, as Chorley said over 50 years ago, the music is "poor, small, hybrid." The older operagoers, hearing it, renew their youth and dream of famous singers, Adelina Patti chief among them. Some have not forgotten the silver-voiced William Castle as Lionel and "Sher" Campbell as Plunket, and they smile again at the elephantine playfulness of Parepa-Rosa in the spinning-wheel quartet.

If "Martha" is to be performed at all, the performance should be characterized by spirit, humor and elegance. Adelina Patti gave distinction to the commonplace phrases—and "Martha" reeks with them. Sopranos of less fame have succeeded in portraying the Lady Harriet (or Henrietta) as an aristocrat, and the contrast between the boredom of the boudoir and the life of a farm servant is the more effective.

And why in the world should we be obliged to hear "Martha" in English at the Boston Opera House? The crudities of the translation would be still more distressing if all the singers were wholly intelligible in song. "Martha" is a German opera, as far as the nationality of the composer and the original libretto are concerned. The music is eclectic, now written after the manner of the opera-comique as represented by Auber, Adam et al., now Italian in the melodic line, with the introduction of "The Last Rose of Summer," so that sopranos may sentimentalize and sob. In the Italian version the music seems to have for the moment more lightness and a certain brilliance. With an English text this music is pedestrian.

It is not necessary to dwell on the performance. I am told that it was smoother than the one of Monday night—which I did not see. Miss Nielsen was in good voice and was heartily applauded after "The Last Rose of Summer." Mme. Gay, although she was suffering from a severe cold, sang her song in the hunting scene so that she, too, pleased the audience. Mr. Lankow's English was unusually distinct. Mr. Lipmann was not a romantic Lionel. His English was somewhat better than might have been expected from a foreigner who has not made a special study of it. He has a voice that will repay cultivation, but at present he is not qualified to take a leading part at a subscription performance. On the whole, even "Martha" deserved better treatment than it has received here late in the season. The production was not worthy of this opera house.

It was fitting that the season should end with a performance of the opera that has been the best drawing card. The reasons for the popularity of "I Gioielli della Madonna" are obvious. The spectacle is vivid, highly colored; the action is swift and varied; the folk-tunes are pretty, and the occasional reminder of "The Follies of 1912" is not displeasing to those who are bored by "Otello" and "Pelleas et Melisande."

The subject is an exceedingly repulsive one, and hardly admits of unvarnished description in decent print. It must be peculiarly obnoxious to those of the Catholic church, and it should be abhorrent to one of any religious faith or religious sentiment. Yet those who have rolled up the whites of their eyes over "Salome" and "The Easiest Way" have not been incited by Wolf-Ferrari's opera to write indignant letters or petition the censorial authorities. Even Mr. Marcoux's unfortunate exhibition of physical agility in the second act of "Tosca" was a childish prank in comparison with the final scene in the second act of "I Gioielli."

It is not necessary to speak again of the excellent impersonation of the chief characters by Mmes. Melis and Gay and Messrs. Zenatello and Blanchart.

A review of the season will be found in another section of this issue.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

… Hotel … P. M.—… by Mrs. … soprano and M… See special notice.
… Hall, 3:30 P. M.—Miss … See special notice.
… Hall, 3 P. M.—Song recital by … Goodrich, contralto, assisted by … and Frank La Forge. Songs: … Schubert, Claerchens Lied, Hark, the Lark, and Auf'm Kirchhof; Brahms, Morgen, Botschaft; Mendelssohn, … Liebe Mich; Ansorge, … Rachmaninoff, Wie mir's weh …; Moor, Thestilis; Weker…, Bergerettes; La Forge, Retreat, to a …; Love's Sympathy. 'Cello pieces: Tschaikowsky, Variations on a Rococo Theme; … Scherzo; Chopin, Nocturne; Popper, … Song.
… Steinert Hall, 3 P. M.—Song recital by Miss Edith Bullard, soprano, assisted by Miss Anna Miller Wood, contralto, and … Jessie Davis accompanist. Duets: Foote, … from the Persian; Chausson, Reve; … L'Ange Gardien and Les Danses de … Miss Bullard will sing these songs: … des Oiseaux; Widor, Contemplation; … Chanson triste; G. Faure, Notre …; Baughan Eternitie; Cyril Scott, Lul…; Carpenter, When the Misty Shadows …; Chansons in Gigue; H. Wolf, Zur Ruh; … Brahms, Vergebliches Staendchen; … Nachtigall; Der Schmied.
… Symphony Hall, 2:30 P. M.—20th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.
… Symphony Hall, 8 P. M.—20th Concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor. See special notice.

CITY CONCERTS

The city of Boston will give three concerts this week:

SHAWMUT CHURCH.
Monday, March 31, 8 P. M.
Organ recital by Frank S. Adams, organist, assisted by William H. O'Brien, baritone.

PROGRAM.

Fugue on the theme, "St. Ann's" .... Bach
Cantabile from the Sixth Organ Symphony .... Widor
Toccata in A flat .... Hesse
Mr. Adams.
"Thou Sublime, Sweet Evening Star" .... Wagner
Mr. O'Brien.
Prayer and Cradle Song .... Woodman
… .... Kinder
Concert overture in C minor .... Hollins
Mr. Adams.
Pastorale .... Wely
… .... Gigout
… Nuptiale .... Tombelle
Mr. Adams.
… .... Frey
… in B flat .... Franck
Mr. Adams.
… Requiem .... Homer
… Lost Chord .... Sullivan
Mr. O'Brien.
… Sketch, No. 3 .... Bird
… .... Dvorak
… .... Lemmens
Mr. Adams.

SOUTH BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL.
Wednesday, April 2, 8 P. M.
William Howard, Conductor. Louis C. Elson, Lecturer.
Overture to "La Dame Blanche" .... Boieldieu
"… a Mystica" (for string quartet) .... Sinigaglia
… from "Mignon"—"Knowest Thou … that Fair Land" .... Thomas
Miss Frances Mooney.
Selection from "Lohengrin" .... Wagner
Fantasie for violin, "Souvenir d'Haydn" .... Leonard
Mr. Howard.
Serenata .... Moszkowski
Vocal selection, "For All Eternity" .... Mascheroni
Miss Mooney.
Waltz from the Ballet "Dornroeschen" .... Tschaikowsky

HUGH O'BRIEN SCHOOL, ROXBURY.
Thursday evening, April 3, 8 P. M.
Orchestral concert. Wm. Howard, conductor. Louis C. Elson, lecturer.
Overture to "The Barber of Seville" .... Rossini
Selection from "Thais" .... Massenet
Aria, "The Erl King" .... Schubert
Mme. Christine Galbraith.
Symphony in B minor, Allegro Moderato .... Schubert
Fantasie for flute, "Lucrezia Borgia" .... Briccialdi
Mr. Burns.
Petite marche from the Suite "Gitane" .... Lacome
Vocal selection, "Woodland Love Song" .... Hawley
Mme. Galbraith.
… from "Mignon" .... Thomas

The … season of the Boston Opera … last night. It is now per… the general character … performances. Four operas were … for the first time … "Le Foret Bleue," "I Gioielli della Madonna" and "Il Segreto di Susanna." The first two were performed … for the first time in …, … publicly, for it is said … has been performed in New York at a music school exhibition. … operas were added to the repertory: "Contes d'Hoffmann," "Don Giovanni," "Louise," "Martha" (in English).

All of the operas mentioned in the prospectus were performed except Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," Ravel's ballet "Adelaide" was mentioned in the prospectus but it was not produced.

The character of an opera house is not determined chiefly by the number of new and unfamiliar works produced, although some would have us think so. The character of the ensemble is of far greater weight. The orchestra, the chorus, the singers regularly employed and not merely stars of a certain evening, the mise en scene.

An operatic manager may well hesitate in producing a new opera in Boston. The great public prefers, as a rule, a familiar opera well sung.

… may be easily discouraged in artistic effort when … that Mr. Caruso in "Pagliacci" … Tetrazzini in "Lucia" draws a … am.

… with an … of … Mr. Weingartner … courtesy.

Character of the New Works

The … of producing "Djamileh" … of … "Foret Bleue" … forced … is a dull operetta, but the … man … served as a rehearsal for Mme. Weingartner who expects to take the part in Hamburg. The emptiness of "La Foret Bleue" was well known last season. The opera should never have been accepted. It is true that the spectacle is a pretty one—with the exception of the forest scene—it is also true that Mr. De Potter was wholly inadequate as Prince Charming, and Mme. Melis was miscast.

The production of "Don Giovanni" was one of the chief events of the season. No repertoire is worthy of serious consideration unless it includes this opera and "Le Nozze di Figaro." The production of "Don Giovanni" was an interesting one, although the stage settings planned to hasten the action were open to criticism. We saw the joyful peasants coming into the street where Leporello had just sung the "Catalogue" aria, and we heard Donna Anna singing the "Letter" aria by the tomb of her respected and murdered father. "Louise" well deserved its place, and so did "Contes d'Hoffmann" and "Il Segreto di Susanna," Wolf-Ferrari's other opera, "I Gioielli della Madonna," was a popular success, a box-office magnet. The color, rapid and diversified action, the color, the folk songs and the orchestral and vocal din of the first act pleased the people, although the subject of the opera is indescribably repulsive—far more repulsive than the abused "Salome" of Strauss—and the music for the most part is vulgar or impotently boisterous.

It was a mistake to give "Martha" in English. If the opera must be performed, let us hear it in Italian, until singers of foreign birth or native singers learn to sing in English that is intelligible.

Some Pleasant Memories

There were many agreeable features in the season of 1912-13. Mme. Alda's impersonation of Desdemona showed her progress. Her voice was under better control than in the past and was of more agreeable quality. Miss Bori's Mimi was a charming apparition. It is to be hoped that she will not force her tones and lose in purity of intonation. Mr. Clement was seen only in three roles, but to each one he revealed his rare diction and polished style. His voice was in better condition than it was last year. Mr. Caruso made his annual appearance to the exceeding joy of the multitude. Miss Destinn gave a memorable performance of Mme. Butterfly, a performance incomparable by reason of tonal beauty and dramatic force. Mr. Fontana's Tristan has not been equalled since the days of Jean de Reszke, and in the last act his impersonation was more vividly romantic than the Pole's. Miss Garden wove her wonted spell, and rose to a great height in the last act of "Louise." Mme. Gay's performance of The Mother in "Louise" was wholly admirable, and the character of Carmela was strongly drawn.

Miss Hempel's Violetta was an agreeable departure from the conventional. Although Miss Hempel is counted among coloratura singers—she has a remarkable and natural staccato—she sang the lyrical pages of Verdi's opera with uncommon emotional intensity and acted with an intelligence that was vivified by imagination. Mr. Lankow was heard too seldom. Why this singer, whose voice has unusual sonority and beauty, was not more utilized, is one of the mysteries of the opera house, and every opera house, though it be in a little town of Germany, has its mysteries. Mr. Laffitte proved to be an honest singer with an agreeable voice. He was not the man, however, for Harouн, the voluptuary, or Julien, the free lover. An honest, bourgeois tenor, he should be reserved for matinees attended largely by inquisitive children. Mr. Marcoux, a basso cantante, essayed certain baritone parts, as in "Contes d'Hoffmann," and his voice and vocal art suffered thereby. He was as ever a strikingly picturesque figure, an engrossing actor. He was at his best as the Father in "Louise," Don Basilio and Mephistopheles. Mr. Macnez of the Metropolitan Opera House as the Duke of Mantua led the hearer to ask why the Metropolitan engaged him. Mme. Melis gave an intensely dramatic performance of Maliella, on the whole her finest and most vivid impersonation.

This impersonation threw that of Mme. Edvina in the shade. The part was wholly unsuited to the Canadian soprano, whose exquisite Antonia will long be remembered, whose Louise was as interesting as her Tosca was commonplace. This young woman, endowed with a voice of beautiful quality, should apply herself diligently to the study of dramatic action.

Mr. McCormack sang the music of Don Ottavio with the utmost purity of voice and style and in the Mozartian spirit. Mme. Nordica surprised even her admirers by the freshness of her voice, and her vocal art is still an example to younger singers. Nor will the Isolde of Mme. Fremstad be soon forgotten. The Isolde of Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens was of a … order. She is not yet

… for the … that … of … from … a … of … with … refreshing … of … and … Polese took … Mr. Rossi, a young … of an honorable career … quality firmness of tone and … the exercise of force.

Mr. Riddez, with a voice that is not pleasing by nature, acted much better than he sang. Mme. Schumann-Heink, who sang for the first time at the Opera House, displayed the grand style, which is fast becoming traditional, in her impersonation of Azucena. Mr. Slezak's powerful performance of Othello was seen again, and Mr. Scotti as Count Gil showed himself an accomplished comedian. Mme. Tetrazzini, whose coloratura was not so brilliant as on former occasions, often sang purely lyric measures with unsurpassable art. Mr. Urlus confirmed the good impression made by him last year. Mme. Weingartner gave an effective performance of Desdemona. In other parts a temporary indisposition affected her voice. Mr. Zenatello, when he returned in December, was still suffering from the then prevailing epidemic. He soon recovered and his record to the end was one of uncommon brilliance. His Gennaro, Othello, Canio, Johnson, Faust, Don Jose are not easily equalled on any stage.

The Experienced Ramon Blanchart

The accident that deprived the Opera House of the services of Mr. Marcoux for some time brought the experienced Mr. Blanchart into prominence. He was suddenly called to take the part of Don Giovanni. He played the rake-helly hero in the traditional manner, but none the less effectively. His Rafaele was a veritable creation. A glance at the list that follows will show the versatility of this artist, without whom the Opera House would have been seriously inconvenienced.

A Few Random Notes

It is not necessary at this late day to sing the praise of Felix Weingartner. Al… though he said the night of his departure that his engagements would prevent his return next season, let us hope that he can find a way to visit us again.

The Boston Opera House is in need of a general conductor.

It also needs a lyric baritone and a light tenor. Mr. Gaudenzi is not a tenor for a subscription night. Mr. Sacchetti is still less acceptable. Mr. De Potter has a good voice, but he does not know how to use it, and his singing distresses the ear. Why does he not seriously consider his ways and put himself under a singing master?

The chorus has done excellent work. The orchestra has improved. The minor parts were as a rule taken by men and women who showed zeal and gave promise. Among them are Miss Von Aken, Miss Barnes, who has left the stage to enter into the drama of wedlock, Mr. Cilla, Mr. Everett, Miss Gauthier, Miss Heyman, Miss Manley, Mr. Olshansky, Mr. Sampieri, Miss Sharlow.

Miss Amsden gave an excellent performance of Donna Elvira after the first night. She sang the taxing music with purity and nobility of style. She also gave dignity and beauty to the music of La Fee. She has naturally a fine presence and a beautiful voice. Either through excitement or as a result of faulty instruction she is inclined to force tone to the injury of intonation, and the violence of her effort does harm to the phrase, the situation and her appearance.

Miss Leveroni is steadily growing in her art. She has improved as a singer and gives character to the parts she takes.

Mme. Swartz and Miss Fisher were again inimitable as boy and girl. Miss Fisher's Micaela is still charming by reason of its simplicity and emotional appeal and her Petit Yniold cannot be bettered.

There are most useful members of this company whose services are perhaps not appreciated by gazers at a star. Look at the roles taken by Mr. Giaccone this season, observe the industry of Mr. Pulcini.

The Herald published last Sunday a letter on the subject of stage scenery and stage management under Mr. Urban. The present stage director has ideas and imagination, also a taste that is at times incongruously fantastical. When this leaves in "boxing" the stage, as is done in the ball scene of "Contes d'Hoffmann" the result is ineffective. His Montmartre in "Louise" is unknown to Paris. On the other hand, no one doubts his artistic purpose and sincerity.

The lists that follow are made with the understanding that the operas were performed yesterday as announced. These lists have been carefully prepared. That they are faultlessly accurate is perhaps too much to expect in this world of haste and carelessness.

Operas Produced and Added

Two operas were produced for the first time in America.

Bizet's "Djamileh," Feb. 24, 1913. It is said that this opera was performed in New York at a music school exhibition … before the production …

… "…" … … in … the … … … Il Segreto di Susanna …

These operas were added to the … of the Opera House: Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann," Nov. 25, 1912; Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Feb. 7, 1913; Flotow's "Martha," March 21, 1913.

Repertoire of the Season

These operas and ballets were performed at the Boston Opera House during the season of … weeks:

Aida, 6 times (once as a special performance).
Il Barbiere di Seviglia, 2.
La Boheme (Puccini's), 6.
Carmen, 4.
Cavalleria Rusticana, 4.
Contes d'Hoffmann, … (first time by this company).
Coppelia—first act, 2.
Djamileh—first professional production in America—1.
Don Giovanni, 3.
Faust, 3.
La Foret Bleue (first performance in America), 2.
I Gioielli della Madonna (first time in Boston), 7.
Girl of the Golden West, 4.
Haensel und Gretel, 5 (one as an extra performance).
Louise, 5 (first time at this opera house).
Lucia di Lammermoor, 4.
Madama Butterfly, 3.
Martha, 2 (first time by this company).
Otello, 3.
Pagliacci, 4 (once as an extra performance).
Pelleas et Melisande, 2.
Rigoletto, 3.
Samson et Dalila, 1.
Il Segreto di Susanna, 4 (… time … Boston—once as an extra performance).
Thais, 3.
Tosca, 5.
Traviata, 4.
Tristan und Isolde, 4.
Trovatore, 3.

The following Italian operas were performed: Aida, Barbiere di Seviglia, Boheme, Cavalleria Rusticana, Don Giovanni, I Gioielli della Madonna, Girl of the Golden West, Lucia di Lammermoor, Madama Butterfly, Otello, Pagliacci, Rigoletto, Segreto di Susanna, Tosca, Traviata, Trovatore. Sixteen operas with 64 performances. It may be said that Mozart was an Austrian and Wolf-Ferrari's father is a German, but "Don Giovanni" and the two operas of Wolf-Ferrari are frankly Italian in text and in musical spirit.

The following French operas were performed: Carmen, Contes d'Hoffmann, Djamileh, Faust, La Foret Bleue, Louise, Pelleas et Melisande, Samson et Dalila, Thais, nine operas with 27 performances.

These German operas were performed: Haensel und Gretel, Martha (in English); Tristan und Isolde; three operas with 11 performances.

Italian .. 16 operas,	64 performances	
French .. 9 operas,	27 performances	
German .. 3 operas,	11 performances	
Total .. 28 operas,	1… performances	

One act of the ballet "Coppelia" was performed twice.

Composers Represented

These composers were represented: Auber … Faust, 3.
Bizet—Carmen, 4; Djamileh, 1.
Charpentier—Louise, 5.
Debussy—Pelleas et Melisande, 2.
Donizetti—Lucia di Lammermoor, 4.

Flotow—Martha, 2.
Gounod—Faust, 3.
Humperdinck—Haensel und Gretel, 5.
Leoncavallo—Pagliacci, 4.
Mascagni—Cavalleria Rusticana, 4.
Massenet—Thais, 3.
Mozart—Don Giovanni, 3.
Offenbach—Contes d'Hoffmann, 4.
Puccini—Boheme, 6; Tosca, 5; Madama Butterfly, 3; Girl of the Golden West, 4. … operas and 1… performances.
Rossini—Il Barbiere di Seviglia, 2.
Saint-Saens—Samson et Dalila, 1.
Verdi—Il Trovatore, 3; La Traviata, 4; Rigoletto, 3; Aida, 6; Otello, 3; … operas and 19 performances.
Wagner—Tristan und Isolde, 4.
Wolf-Ferrari—Gioielli della Madonna, 7; Il Segreto di Susanna, 4; two operas and 11 performances.
Delibes—Ballet "Coppelia" (one act), 2.

The Six Conductors

Mr. Caplet conducted these operas: Carmen (Feb. 19), Contes d'Hoffmann, Gioielli della Madonna, La Foret Bleue, Haensel und Gretel, 5; Louise, 5; Pelleas et Melisande, 2; Samson et Dalila, 1; Il Segreto di Susanna, 4; Thais, 3; Tristan und Isolde, 1 (March 26). Eleven operas and … performances.

Mr. Conti conducted a performance of "Otello" on Jan. 2…

Mr. Lyford conducted performances of "Lucia di Lammermoor" on Dec. 14 and March 8.

Mr. Moranzoni conducted these operas: Aida, … Barbiere di Seviglia, 2; Boheme, 5; Cavalleria Rusticana, 4; Girl of the Golden West, 4; Lucia di Lammermoor, 2 (Dec. …, Jan. …); Madama Butterfly, 3; Martha, 2; Tosca, 4 …; Otello, 2; Rigoletto, 3; Tosca, 5; Traviata, 4; Trovatore, …
…

[illegible] the [illegible] Dec [illegible]

Mr [illegible] conducted [illegible] fol ws Aida, 1 (Feb [illegible]), 1 (Feb 24) Don Giovanni, 7 (Feb 7, 12 [illegible]) Faust, [illegible] (Feb 6) [illegible], 2 (Feb [illegible]), Tosca, 1 (Feb 8) Tristan and Isolde, 2 (Jan 31, Feb 8 10) Trovatore, 2 (Feb. 1, 5) [illegible] operas and 14 performances.

Mr Caplet conducted the orchestra for the performance of Bizet's music to Daudet's play, "L'Arlesienne," produced by a French company for the first time in Boston on March 6.

Singers New to Boston

Among the singers heard in Boston for the first time were:

Bori, Lucrezia, as guest Mimi, Nov. 27 1912, Dec 6, 9; Gilda, March 5; Antonia, March 28.

Buers, Willy—Kurewenal, March 26.

Edvina, Louise Antonia, Nov. 25, 1912, Nov. 30, Dec. 4, 20; Louise, Dec. 18, 23, Jan. 4, 10; Melisande, Jan. 8, 13; Mallelia, Jan. 17, 1913, Jan., 22, 25, Feb. 17, Floria Tosca, Jan. 27, 1913.

Ferrari-Fontana, E—Tristan, Feb. 8, 10, 1913.

Hempel, Frieda as guest—Rosina, Jan. 20, 1913. Violetta, Feb. 28; Olympia, March 28.

Laffitte, Leon—Rodolfo, Nov. 27, Jan. 11; Manrico, Nov. 30; Don Jose, Jan. 24, Julien, Feb 22; Haroun, Feb. 24.

Maenez, Umberto, as guest—Duke of Mantua, March 5.

Rossi, Anafesio—Marcello, Dec. 6, 1912, Dec. 9, Enrico Ashton, Dec. 21; Giorgio Germont, Dec. 25; Amonasro, Dec. 27, March 10; Alfio, Dec. 30, Jan 18; Valentin, Feb. 26, Tonio, March 18, Jack Rance, March 19, 22.

Saltzmann-Stevens, Minnie, as guest—Isolde, Feb. 8, 1913.

Other singers of lesser rank will be mentioned hereafter.

How Roles Were Distributed

The record of other singers is as follows:

Adami, F. d'—Cenobite.

Aken, L. von—Kate Pinkerton, Gavroche, Blanche.

Alciatore, N. Stella (Gioielli della Madonna).

Alda, Frances, as guest—Desdemona, Jan. 29.

Amsden, Elizabeth—Giulietta, Nov. 25, 30, Dec. 4, March 28; Santuzza, Jan. 4; Aida, Jan. 18; Leonora, Feb. 5, Donna Elvira, Feb. 7, 12, 15; La Fee, March 8, 14, 17; Minnie, March 19, Marguerite, March 22.

Barnes, Edith—Irma, Dec. 18, 23, Jan. 4, 10, Feb. 22, Nedda, Jan. 4; Zerlina, Feb. 15.

Blanchart, Ramon—Crespel, Nov. 25, 30, Dec 4, 20, March 28, Count di Luna, Nov. 30; Scarpia, Dec. 7; Giorgio Germont, Dec. 21, Feb. 28; Tonio, Jan. 4; Don Giovanni, Feb. 12, 15; Sonora, Feb. 21, March 3, 19, 22; Rafaele, March 1, 7, 29, Rigoletto, March 1, 5; Sharpless, March 15.

Boccalino, P.—Parpignol and other minor parts.

Bourquin, L—Cenobite, Le Sculpteur, Lillas Pastia, Marchand d'Esclaves, Deuxieme Buveur.

Burrian, Carl, as guest—Tristan, Jan. 31.

Caruso, Enrico, as guest—Canio, March 18 (extra performance).

Casavant, Greta—Lola, Jan. 13.

Chasserlaux, R.—Hermann, Commissario, Un Serviteur, Le Peintre, Morales (Jan. 11, 15, 24), Deuxieme Philistin.

Cervi, Natale—Il Sacristano, Dec. 2.

Cilla, Luigi—Andres, Cochenille, Pitichinaccio and Frantz, Nov. 25, 30, Dec. 4, 20, March 28; Cenobite, Dec. 7, 13, 16; Etudiant, Dec. 18, 23, Jan. 4, 10, Feb. 22; Clecilio, Jan. 17, 22, 25, Feb. 17, March 1, 7, 29; Roderigo, Jan. 29, Feb. 3, 15; Nick, Feb. 21, March 3, 19, 22; Moissonneur and un Buveur, March 8, 14, 17; Servant, March 24, 29.

Claessens, Maria—Azucena, Nov. 30 Gertrude and the Witch, Dec 28, 30, Jan. 8, March 20, Emilia, Jan. 29, Feb. 3.

Clement, Edmond—Hoffmann, Nov. 25, Nov. 30, Dec. 4, 20, March 28; Rodolfo, Dec. 6, 9 Julien, Dec. 18, 23.

Courcy, Florence De—Une voix (6), Un Pastore (5), Myrtale Dec. 7; Premiere Laitiere and Rempailleuse, Flora, Sandmaennchen, Mamma Lucia, Sacerdotessa, Mercedes Serena, Giovanna, Mere du Petit Poucet, Madre di Cio-Cio-San (March 15).

Dalmores, Charles, as guest—Cavaradossi, Dec 2; Niclas, Dec. 7.

Dereyne, Fely—Musetta, Nov. 27, Dec. 6, 9, 28, Jan. 11, Tosca, Dec. 7; Butterfly, Dec. 14; Giuletta, Dec. 20.

Destinn, Emmy, as guest—Butterfly, Nov. 29, Donna Anna, Feb. 7, 12, 15.

Devaux, Leo—El Doncairo, Jan. 11, 15 Jan. 24, Feb. 19, Trin, Feb. 21, March 3 March 19, 22.

Deyrise, M. Camille.

Diaz, Rafaelo—Nathanael, Cenobite, Normanno, Totonno, Cassio, Stimme des Seemanns, Harry.

Didur, Adamo, as guest—Leporello, Feb. 7, 12, 15.

Donner, Dimi (first times at this Opera House)—Mimi, Dec 28; Micaela, Jan. 11, 15; Rosina, Feb. 1.

Everett, George (first season at this Opera House)—Schlemil, Registrar, Cenobite, the Sacristan (Dec. 7), Chansonnier, Silvio (Jan 4), Steuermann, Morales (Feb. 19), Frederi, Farmer and Servant.

Fisher, Beatrice—Olympia Nov 25 30, Dec 4 Crobyle, Dec. 7 13; Gretel, Dec. 8, 30, Jan. 1, Feb. 1, March 20, Petit Yniold, Jan 8 13 Micaela, Jan 24 [illegible] Chaperon Rouge, March 8 14 17 [illegible]

Fornari Rodolfo [illegible] March 8; Marcello, Dec [illegible] Feb 1, [illegible] Jan [illegible] Silvio, Feb 14; Larkens [illegible] 19; Count Gil, March 18 20, [illegible] train, March 24 [illegible]

Garden, Mary, as guest—Tosca, Dec. 2, 11; Thais, Dec. 7, 13, 16. Carmen, Feb. 19; Louise, Feb. 22.

Gaudenzi, G. Edgardo, Dec. 21; Alfredo, Dec. 25; Canio, Jan 4, Turiddu, Jan. 18, Cavaradossi, Jan. 27, Feb. 8.

Gauthier, Ernestine—L'Apprentie, Petit Jean, Maid Servant.

Gay, Maria—La Mere (Louise), Dec 18, 28, Jan. 4, 10, Feb. 22, Amneris, Dec. 27, Jan. 1, Feb 4, 22, March 10; Santuzza, Dec. 30, Feb. 14; Genevieve, Jan. 8, 13; Carmen, Jan. 11, 15, 24; Carmela, Jan. 17, 22, 25, Feb. 17, March 1, 7, 29; Brangaene, Jan. 31, Feb. 8, 10, March 26; Dalila, March 12; Nancy, March 24, 29.

Ghidini, R.—Cenobite, Giuseppe, Pony Express Rider.

Giacconi, Ernesto—Spalanzani, Nov. 25, 30, Dec. 4, 20, March 28; Parpignol, Goro, Ruiz, Spoletta, Cenobite, Arturo, Jeune Poete, Gastone, Un Messaggiero, Beppe, El Remendado, Blaso, Borsa, Un Ufficiale, Spendiano (Feb. 24), First Philistine, Joe.

Gilly, Dingh, as guest—Jack Rance, March 3.

Goritz, Otto, as guest—Peter, Dec. 30, Kurwenal, Feb. 8.

Gravina, G.—Il Re, Dec. 27.

Heymann, Hertha—La Zia, Alisa, Annina, Mamma Lucia, Ines, Mere du Chaperon Rouge, Une Femme.

Hinshaw, Wm., as guest—Peter, Dec. 28, Jan. 18, Feb. 12, March 20.

Lankow, Edward—Palemon, Dec. 7, Dec. 16; Chiffonier, Dec. 18, 23, Jan. 4; Arkel, Jan. 8, 13, Marke, Jan. 31, Feb. 8, 10, March 26, Vieillard Hebreu, March 12; Plunkett, March 24, 29.

Leveroni, Elvira—Nicklausse, Nov. 25, 30, Dec. 4, 20, March 28, Suzuki, Nov. 29, March 15; Gertrude and La Balayeuse, Dec. 18 and other performances of Louise. Lola, Dec. 30, Jan. 4; Amneris, Jan. 18; Berta, Jan. 20, Feb. 1; Maddalena, Jan. 25, March 1, 5, Wowkle, Feb. 21, March 3, 19, 22; Martha, Feb. 26, March 15, 22; La Servante, March 8.

Lippmann, Max (first season here)—Niclas, Dec. 13, Noctambule and Pape des Fous (Louise), Ein Hirt, Jan. 31, Feb. 8, 10, March 26; Lionel, March 24, 29.

McCormack, John, as guest—Pinkerton, Dec. 14; Rodolfo, Dec. 28; Almaviva, Jan 20, Don Ottavio, Feb. 7, 12, 15.

Marcoux, Vanni—Coppelius, Dapertutto and Miracle, Nov. 25, 30, Dec. 4, 20; Scarpia, Dec 2, 11, Jan. 27; Athanael, Dec. 7, 13, 16; Le Pere, Dec. 18, 23, Jan. 4, 10, Feb. 22, Golaud, Jan. 8, 13; Rafaele, Jan. 17, 22, 25; Don Basilio, Jan. 20, Don Giovanni, Feb. 7, Mephistopheles, Feb. 26.

Mardones, Jose—Colline, Dec. 9, 20, Jan. 11, Bidchent, Dec. 21, Jan. 3, March 8; Ramfis, Dec. 27, Jan. 1, 18, Feb. 4, 22, March 10, Un Medecin, Jan. 8, 13 Escamillo, Jan. 15, 24, Feb. 19; Sparafucile, Jan. 25, March 1, 5; Basilio, Feb. 1; Commendatore, Feb. 7, 12, 15; Wallace, Feb. 21, March 3, 19, 22; Abimelech, March 12; Mephistopheles, March 22, Lodovico, Feb. 3.

Martin, Riccardo, as guest—Pinkerton, Nov 29.

Maubourg, Jeanne, as guest—Emilia, Feb. 15.

Melis, Carmen—Aida, Dec. 27, Feb. 4, March 10; Mimi, Jan 11; Santuzza, Jan. 18; Nedda, Feb. 14, 24, March 18; Minnie, Feb. 21, March 3, 22; Mallelia, March 1, 7, 29; La Princesse, March 8, 14, 17; Butterfly, March 15.

Manley, Blanche—Crobyle, Dec. 16; Suzanne, Florais, Jacquet, Maid Servant, March 21.

Morella, Johanna; Inez, La Plieuse, La Boulangere and Jeune Fille.

Mullane, Diana—Elvire.

Nielsen, Alice—Zerlina, Feb. 7, 12; Marguerite, March 15; Countess Gil, March 17, 18, 29; Martha, March 24, 29.

Nordica, Lillian, as guest—Isolde, March 26.

Olshansky, B.—Doganiere, Yakuside, Carcerieri, Cenobite, Deuxieme Gardien de la Paix, Araldo, Jose Castro, Wagner, Pierre, the sheriff (Martha).

Onluchanoff, N.—Cenobite, Deuxieme Philosophe, Larkens (Feb. 21, March 22), Louis, Servant.

Phillips, Maude—La Glaneuse and Marguerite, Annina, the page (Rigoletto), maid servant.

Pini-Corsi, as guest—Benoit, Nov. 27, Dec. 6.

Polese, Giovanni—Marcello, Nov. 27, Jan. 11, Sharpless, Nov. 29, Dec. 14; Amonasro, Jan. 1, 18, Feb. 4, 22; Enrico Ashton, Jan. 3; Alfio, Jan. 4; Giorgio Germont, Jan. 6; Count di Luna, Feb. 1, 5; Scarpia, Feb. 8; Tonio, Feb. 14, 24; Iago, Feb. 15; Rafaele, Feb. 17; Jack Rance, Feb. 21.

Potter, Fernand de—Niclas, Dec. 16; Don Jose, Jan. 1; Prince Charmant, March 8, 11, 17, Faust, March 22.

Pulcini, Attilio—Schaunard, Yamadori, Sciarrone, Cenobite, Premier Philosophe, Baron d'Ouphal, Rocco, Fiorello, Marullo, Montano, Silvio, Un Homme, Bello.

Ramella, A—Alfredo, Dec 21; the Duke of Mantua, Jan. 25; Almaviva, Feb. 1.

Rappold, Marie, as guest—Aida, Jan. 1. Leonora, Feb. 1.

Rennyson, Gertrude, as guest—Leonora Nov 30.

Riddez Jean—Pelleas, Jan. 8, 13; Escamillo, Jan 11; L'Ogre, March 8, 14, 17, Le Grand Prete, March 12; Valentin, March 15, 22; Coppelius, Dapertutto, Miracle, March 8.

Robeson, Lila, as guest—Gertrude, Feb. 12.

Rodolfo, [illegible] Turiddu, Jan [illegible]

Rossi, A.—Marcello, Dec 6, 9, Enrico Ashton, Dec 21, Giorgio Germont, Dec. 25, Amonasro, Dec. 27, March 10, Alfio, Dec. 30, Jan. 18; Valentin, Feb 26, Tonio, March 18; Jack Rance, March 19 22.

Sacchetti, Umberto—Cavaradossi, Dec. 7 11 Edgardo, Dec. 14, Jan. 3, March 8; Turiddu, Dec 30, Feb. 14; Alfredo, Feb. 28, March 1; Pinkerton, March 15.

Saldaigne—Cenobite, Gardien de la Paix and Marchand d'Habits, Melot (Jan. 31, Feb. 8, 10, March 26), Philistine Messenger.

Sampieri, Michele—Ferrando, Cenobite, Palemon, Dec. 13; Bidebenl, d'Obigny, Il Re; Zuniga, Monterone; Angelotti, Jan. 27, Feb. 8, Lodovico, Jan. 29, Feb. 15 Ashby; Chiffonier, Jan. 10, Feb. 22.

Schumann-Heink, Ernestine, as guest Azucena, Feb. 1 Feb. 5; Knusperhexe, Feb. 12.

Scotney, Evelyn—La Charmeuse; Lucia, Dec. 14, March 3; Olympia, Dec. 20; Violetta, Dec. 21; Gilda, Jan. 25, March 1.

Scotti, Antonio, as guest—Iago, Jan. 29, Feb. 3, Count Gil, March 17.

Segurola, as guest—Colline, Nov. 27, Dec 6; Mephistopheles, March 16.

Serpellon, G.—Ceprano.

Sharlow, Myrna—Stella, La Cugina, Elise and Petite Chiffonniere, Taumaennchen, Frasquita, Concetta and L'Acquiola and Fanciulla, Countess Ceprano, Blanche, Sacerdotessa (March 10).

Stilich, A.—Maitre Luther, Lo Zio Bonzo; Angelotti (Dec. 2, 7, 11); Bricoleur; Dr. Grenvil; Sid.

Slezak, Leo, as guest—Otello, Jan. 29.

Swartz, Jeska—Myrtale, Dec. 13, 16, Suzuki, Dec. 14; Haensel; Lola, Feb. 14; Siebel; Petit Poucel.

Tavecchia—Benoit, Dec. 9, 28; The Sacristan, Dec. 11, Jan. 11, Jan. 27, Feb. 8; Don Bartolo; Masetto; Billy; Sante.

Tetrazzini, Luisa—Lucia, Dec. 21, Jan. 3; Violetta, Dec. 25, Jan. 6.

Tommasi, P.—Happy.

Urlus, Jacques, as guest—Tristan, March 26.

Weingartner-Marcel, Lucile—Desdemona, Feb. 3, 15; Tosca, Feb. 8; Aida, Feb. 22; Djamileh, Feb. 24; Marguerite, Feb. 26.

Wilson, Dorothy—La Madre (Butterfly), Nov. 29, Dec. 11; Albine, Dec. 7, 13, 16.

Zenatello, Giovanni—Radames, Dec. 27, Jan. 1, Feb. 4, 22, March 10; Julien, Jan. 4, 10; Alfredo, Jan. 6, Don Jose, Jan. 15, Feb. 19; Gennaro, Jan. 17, 22, 25, Feb. 17, March 1, 7, 29; Otello, Feb. 3, 15; Manrico, Feb. 1, 5; Canio, Feb. 14, 24; Johnson, Feb. 21, March 3, 19, 22; Faust, Feb. 26, March 15; Samson, March 12.

Zeni, F—Radames, Jan. 18.

Small parts in "I Gioielli della Madonna" were taken by Mmes. Phillips, Sharlow, de Courcy, Heyman, Leveroni and Manley and by Messrs. Saldaigne, Fabbri, Pasquali, Boccalino, Olshanksy, Sampieri, d'Adami, Serpellon, Ghidini, Onluchanoff, Zaini, Chasseriaux, Musceleanu and Cammarano.

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And indeed it may well be said that a loose Tongu'd Fellow is no more, in respect of his Discourse, than a white Line struck with Chalk upon a Piece of Timber. For in regard there are several Subjects of Discourse, and that many Men are more subject to some than to others; it behoves every one to take care of all in general, and to suppress Them in such a manner, that the Delight which they take therein may not decoy them into their belov'd Prolixity and Profuseness of Words beyond his white Line.

"Believe Me. Xantippe."

The question has been asked: "Why was the title, 'Believe Me, Xantippe,' given to the play that has had a popular success in Boston?" H. P. C. writes: "Some have thought it to be a saying of Socrates to his wife, Xantippe. The author of the play, having been appealed to, replied as follows:

"The original title of the play now playing at the Castle Square Theatre was 'The Strong Arm,' the play having been conceived and written as a farcical satire on the alleged strength of 'the strong arm of the law.' That title, however, was not altogether satisfactory either to Mr. Craig or to me, so at the suggestion of Miss Mary Young (Mrs. Craig) we called the play 'Believe Me, Xantippe.' * * *

"As to the origin of the phrase, I must admit that it is an invention of mine. The technical problem that confronted me—getting something to betray MacFarland's identity to his prospective captor—had to be solved, and the best way I could think of was to have the man use a peculiar and characteristic phrase. I then set about to invent said phrase, and 'Believe Me, Xantippe!' was the result. You probably wonder why I chose Xantippe instead of Socrates. The fact is, I am a great admirer of Mrs. Socrates. Any woman that can put up with a Socrates merits much admiration. * * *"

Anecdote for the Day.

We prefer the spelling Xanthippe, for that was the name of Socrates's wife. Even in this distressful period, when man is considered as an oppressor and a brute, we side with Socrates. Let us ponder the story told about him by Plutarch in the essay "Of Anger," translated with gusto by Dr. Dillingham:

"Also Socrates taking Euthydemus from the Wrastlinghouse home with him to Supper, his Wife Xantippe came to him in a pelting chaff, reviling him, and in conclusion overthrew the Table. Whereupon Euthydemus arose up and went his way, being very much troubled at what had happened. But said Socrates to him, Did not a Hen at your House the other day come flying and to do the like, and yet I was not troubled at it."

When we were young we were chided for saying "Wrastling." And here is the word used by a learned man, with Greek at his tongue's end, a doctor of divinity.

Shy in Algebra.

As the World Wags:

There is a famous algebraic paradox whereby "one" is apparently equal to "two." Would you mind printing it in The Herald? OLD READER.

Boston, March 27.

We do not know the paradox. And we will here say in strict confidence that we were always conditioned in mathematics—arithmetic, geometry, conic sections, and algebra, commutative, linear, quadruple or the algebra of logic. Do any of our readers know the paradox?

Algebra first meant in English the surgical treatment of fractures; that is, bone-setting. In good Spanish a bone-setter is still called an "algebrista."

All, All Are Gone.

As the World Wags:

The Bell in Hand was in Congress square at one time. The Cornhill Coffee House, kept by the Tafts, father and son, was about where Young's Hotel is now on Cornhill court. The father of Billy Park, originally a woodcarver, opened The Shades on Devonshire street near State street. From there he moved to Morton place retaining the old name of his hostelry there. Billy succeeded his father as landlord. I do not recall him on Church Green but remember him well on Central court before he removed to Bosworth street formerly Montgomery place.

There was another Shades near the Tafts' place kept by an Englishman named Thomas Bates who brought a letter of introduction from Robert Hamilton, formerly stage manager of the Old National Theatre, to my father.

My home was in the Stackpole House for several years of my early boyhood and I was familiar with Theatre alley, before Bill Evans came there and remember Grace Dunlap's snuff and cigar shop with the parlor behind it where liquid refreshments could be obtained in a genteel manner.

Farther up the byway near the Federal Street Theatre, Bill Fenno kept at one time a house of good cheer where beef steaks of prime quality, cooked by the hostess could be obtained. The Exchange Coffee House on Devonshire street kept by McGill and Fearing abutted on a part of Congress square.

BAIZE.

Dorchester.

Pork on the Cape.

As the World Wags:

If the early settlers didn't have bacon, they certainly had pork galore. In 1627 the Plymouth Colony Company built a house on the Southern bank of the Manomet river. They "kept some servants, who planted corn and reared swine." At the settlement of the town of Yarmouth (1639) the townsmen were permitted to keep their swine unringed, in charge of a herdsman, "until complaint be made of some hurt they had done." In case of conviction following a complaint, the worthy forefathers had everything in readiness to make the punishment fit the crime, the constable being duly ordered to erect a pair of stocks and a pound. They took no chances, you see!

Some time ago you had something about Angus B. Reach. I wonder if anybody reads him nowadays? His "Leonard Lindsey; The Story of a Buccaneer," was one of my boyhood favorites. MICHAEL FITZGERALD.

East Brewster, March 27.

Reach is probably best known by a quip of Thackery. Reach insisted that his name should be pronounced in two syllables and as though the "h" was a "k"; whereupon Thackeray passed a fruit dish to him, saying: "Mr. Re ack, will you have a pe-ack?"

"Leonard Lindsay"—Lindsay with an "a"—was first published in 1850.

Large Audience Enjoys Program by Miss Nielsen and M. J. Dwyer.

#017

That the old, familiar songs will attract many to whom other music has yet to make its appeal was evidenced by the large audience which thronged the Boston Opera House yesterday afternoon at the concert by Alice Nielsen and Michael J. Dwyer. Nor was the audience alone in its appreciation of the ballads of years ago, for the singers also appeared to take a keen enjoyment in their presentation.

Mr. Dwyer's capabilities are too well known to need comment. He opened the concert with a song by Schubert, but immediately atoned by giving "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" and the good humor of his hearers was at once restored. For the rest of the afternoon he stuck to Irish ballads and was enthusiastically received.

Miss Nielsen twice departed from the tongues of the British Isles, once to

[illegible] Miss d'arte, [illegible] and again [illegible] of [illegible] h songs, and paid for her [illegible], being obliged to give an encore each time. Her singing of "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Killarney" was especially pleasing to her hearers, who were generous in their applause throughout.

Emiliano Renaud played three selections on the piano, but the afternoon was one for reviving memories, so he was listened to patiently and dutifully applauded. Charles Strong and Frank Waller divided the honor of accompanying the singers.

MISCHA ELMAN RECITAL IN SYMPHONY HALL

Performance Greatly Enjoyed—Percy Kahn Accompanies.

Mischa Elman gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Percy Kahn was the accompanist. The program was as follows: Mozart, Sonata, B flat, No. 10. Wieniawski, Concerto, D minor; Handel, Sonata, G major; Beethoven, Romance, G major; Couperin-Press, Les Petits Moulins, Pergolesi, Aria, Tre Giorni; Brahms-Joachim, Hungarian Dance, No 21; Sarasate, Introduction et Jota. There was a large audience and many stood.

Mr. Elman was at his best. His art has broadened recently. He has gained in depth and breadth, and he now has at his command a still greater variety of emotional expression. Throughout the recital his tone was of great beauty and his technical proficiency of the utmost brilliance. He played Mozart's Sonata in the spirit of the composer, with crystalline clearness, suavity and elegance. His performance of Wieniawski's work was poetic and spirited, a performance distinguished by the fervor and virility characteristic of his playing. Handel's Sonata and the shorter pieces were played in a masterly fashion.

Repeatedly recalled, Mr. Elman was generous in adding to the program.

April 1 1913

RECITAL BY MISS GOODRICH

Contralto Heard Here in Public for First Time—Creditable Performance.

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Helen Goodrich, contralto, gave a song recital in Steinert Hall yesterday afternoon. She was assisted by Mr. Gutia Casini, 'cellist, and M. Frank La Forge, accompanist. Miss Goodrich sang these songs: Secchi, Lungi dal caro Bene, Schubert, An eine Quelle, Klaerchen's Lied, Hark hark the Lark; Rachmaninoff, Wie mirs weh thut; Krehl, Lehs mich; Melartin, O pater; Wekerlin, Deux Bergerettes; Franck, Lied, La Forge, Love's Sympathy, Before the Crucifix and To a messenger. Mr Casini played Tschaikowsky's Variations on a Rococo Theme, a transcription of Chopin's Nocturne in E flat, Piatti, Airs Baskyrs.

Miss Goodrich gave her first public recital in Boston and Mr. Casini played here for the first time.

Miss Goodrich, who has studied here and in Europe, has an agreeable voice. She has evidently been well taught, for her voice is smooth from the lower through the upper tones, the singer maintains firmly a melodic line, and is able to color tone for the purpose of expression although too apparent thought of tonal production. Her management of breath was generally excellent, although in the first group of songs full value was not always given to the final needs. She showed considerable skill as an interpreter and her expression of sentiment was genuine, not assumed for the occasion. She was especially fortunate in her interpretation of the songs by Rachmaninoff, Krehl, Melartin and La Forge. All in all her performance was highly creditable to her.

Mr Casini, a young Russian about [illegible] years old, was educated at Leipsic, I understand, and will play there at a Gewandhaus concert next season. He has an uncommonly rich, warm tone and a well-developed technic. He phrases with musical taste, and while his playing is brilliant it is not spectacular; while it is emotional, it is free from sentimentalism. He should go far as a virtuoso musician.

There was a very friendly audience. Singer, 'cellist and Mr La Forge who, as usual, played helpful and beautiful accompaniments, were applauded heartily. The singer and the 'cellist responded to the recalls.

[illegible] the season [illegible] underlying devotion to [illegible] so overcome by the thought of [illegible] that they take the first steamer sailing for Europe after the last fall of the curtain. To foreign singers, pianists, violinists and virtuoso conductors the United States is only Tom Tiddler's ground on which they can pick up gold and silver.

The attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is called to an advertisement that was published recently in the Exeter, N. H., News Letter: "Wanted—25 hand-sewed workmen."

"H. B. H." writes: "My own recollection of bacon and eggs, or similar combinations for breakfast, dates back to 1868. It was then a common dish on a Connecticut farm where I lived."

George Augustus Sala thought better of Angus Bethune Reach than many who remember the latter only by Thackeray's delightful insolence to which we referred yesterday. Sala in his memoirs speaks of him as an author and journalist "to whose brilliant talents not half enough justice has been done by a cruelly forgetful generation." He was laborious and prolific, and often worked 16 hours a day. Sala describes the routine of Reach's day, but says nothing about the romances, "Leonard Lindsay," the book that pleased our correspondent in East Brewster. Sala does mention "Clement Lorimer, or, the Book with the Iron Clasps," a romance, "unless I am mistaken, of which Dion Boucicault preserved a lively remembrance when he wrote his drama of the 'Flying Scud.'"

Obadiah.

We enjoyed the letter of Mr. Obadiah Williams of Brookline in defence of his Christian name. Obadiah is a good, mouth filling word, preferable to Habbakuk of whom Voltaire said that a man so named was capable of anything. Mr. Williams admits that Obadiah was a minor prophet. True; was Mr. Williams named after the prophet, or after Obadiah, an officer of rank in the house of Ahab, who concealed a hundred or more prophets in caves and supplied them with bread and water? According to a Jewish tradition preserved in Ephrem Syrus, this Obadiah was the same with Obadiah, the prophet. We have our doubts. Or Mr. Williams perhaps was named after Obadiah the Merarite Levite in the reign of Josiah who was one of the overseers of the workmen in the restoration of the Temple.

He was only a workman in Shaughnessy's yard
Till they made him an overseer.

There were other Obadiahs in the Bible, among them the father of Ishmaiah, chief of the tribe of Zebulon in David's reign. All of them were likely men, no doubt, although the prophet had it in for the Edomites.

The choir will now sing a touching ballad, omitting the second, third and fourth stanzas:

Said the old Obadiah to the young Obadiah,
"I am dry, Obadiah, I am dry."
Said the young Obadiah to the old Obadiah,
"So am I, Obadiah, so am I."

Long or Short?

A contributor to the London Daily Chronicle speaking about the proper pronunciation of words generally and fashionably mispronounced says: "I discovered accidentally that the 'i' in 'angina' (pectoris) is really short." Where did he make this discovery? Latin lexicons give the "i" long, as Riddle's which is now at hand. Dr. Murray, however, in the New English Dictionary (article, angina pectoris) makes this statement, preferring the accentuation of the first syllable in "angina," although he also gives the more common pronunciation. "The Latin was until recently supposed to be angina (with a long i), whence the erroneous pronunciation prevalent in English."

Knowledge, writes this contributor, brings "The worrying question whether to use the correct pronunciation at the risk of seeming pedantic and incidentally rude to your less learned company, or the wrong one at the risk of being corrected by somebody who knows also." A physician in Boston told us that he deliberately mispronounced "paresis" so that his patients and friends might not accuse him of ignorance or putting on airs. No one seems to know how to pronounce "valet," least of all those who are afflicted with one. The contributor writes: "My favorite abstention is 'succinct.' I never say it. I have never heard anyone say it. But I know what it means. And I gird up my loins and say 'short.'"

Anecdote for the Day.

The prudent man writes fearlessly what he does not pronounce; and often describes delightfully what he has not seen. Here is a story from London:

A newspaper man took a novelist to a teahouse. When they came out the novelist asked the name of the street. "Bond street," was the answer. "Dear me," said the novelist, "I've never been here in my life." Yet, some days before a serial story by him contained this passage: "Bond street! Bond street! the very name thrilled her! Gay, giddy Bond street—the most famous shopping street in the world! Alfred, who knew every inch of the neighborhood, was overjoyed at the simple girl's delight, but said nothing."

Poe's Birth Street.

As the World Wags:

Prof. Charles T. [illegible] in The Herald last Saturday that Edgar Allan Poe was born in [illegible] street. How and when was the fact determined? Dr Samuel A. Green once told us that the search for Poe's "birth street" had been in vain; that it probably was not far from the Federal Street Theatre, where Poe's mother was then playing.

LUCIEN B. HENDERSON.

Boston, March 30.

A Long Way Ahead.

As the World Wags.

In the Spanish chapel of the 13th century church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence, Italy, among the frescoes of Ghirlandajo (I think), is a large picture with a temple into which are hurrying persons of every nationality led by an eager Chinaman with his long queue falling behind. So many hundreds of years ago did this artist foresee all that is happening in China today!

L.

TRENTINI AT THE SHUBERT

First Performance in Boston of "The Firefly," New Comedy Opera.

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Firefly," a new comedy opera, book and lyrics by Otto Hauerbach, music by Rudolf Friml. Produced by Arthur Hammerstein.

Sybil Vandare	Vera De Rosa
Suzette	Ruby Norton
Pietro	Sammy Lee
Geraldine Vandare	Audrey Maple
Jack Travers	Craig Campbell
John Thurston	Melville Stewart
Mrs. Oglesby Vandare	Katherine Stewart
Jenkins	Roy Atwell
Herr Franz	William Wolff
Nina	Emma Trentini
Antonio Columbo	Irene Samsel
Correlli	R. Odierno

A young girl, a street singer, attracts the attention of Jack Travers and Herr Franz as they are about to take a yacht trip to Bermuda. Jack's betrothed is vexed by his interest in the girl. Franz, hearing Nina sing after she is disguised as a boy, swears he has found a voice for opera. After a short stay in Bermuda her sex is revealed. She leaves in the care of Franz, and three years afterwards, famous on the stage, appears at a party in New York, sings, makes herself known and finally weds Jack. There is a subordinate love story with more or less comic misunderstandings.

The book is above the level of modern operetta libretto. The material is not new, but the story is clearly told, there are no long winded and impertinent interruptions and digressions, and there is a fair proportion of amusing lines.

Mr Friml, who wrote the music first visited Boston as a pianist with Mr. Kubelik. The music to "The Firefly" is eminently tuneful. It has decided character and is not merely a Viennese echo. There are agreeable solos, piquant concerted numbers and well made ensembles. The one at the end of the first act, while it is not too ambitious or incongruous, might well be in an opera comique of the good old school. Throughout the operetta there is rhythmic variety, and the hand of an experienced musician is shown in the writing for voices and orchestra, a musician that has an instinct for the stage.

This music would have been still more appreciated if Mr. Albert Pesce, who conducted an enlarged and capable orchestra, had been less boisterous in his interpretation of the score.

There are pleasing singers in the company, an unusual number of them, in fact, and seldom in this respect is a visiting operetta so well performed. Mr. Campbell has improved in his art. He sings skilfully and tastefully. Miss De Rosa, Miss Maple and Mr. Stewart contributed greatly to the success of the performance. Mr. Wolff's reappearance reminded many of the old nights at the Castle Square when Mr. Savage was first tasting the joys and experiencing the sorrows of an operatic manager.

Miss Trentini might be described as a compound of steel springs and ginger; or she might say with the woman of Dickens: "Ain't I volatile!" Her vivacity is incessant. There is always wonder at the volume of voice coming easily and effectively from this pocket edition of a prima donna.

There was dancing by Miss Norton and Mr. Lee and the latter introduced steps, flings and gyrations that must excite the envy of the old who are now laboriously learning modern terpsichorean devices.

The chief comedian Mr. Atwell, was often delightfully dry and original in

[illegible] operetta [illegible] the popular [illegible] indisputable [illegible] was [illegible] than once, and Mr. Atwell and the [illegible] audience laughing at his [illegible].

At the Wednesday matinee Miss Nena Morgana will take the leading part.

FAIRBANKS AT COLONIAL

"Hawthorne of U. S. A." Ro-

COLONIAL THEATRE—Mr. Douglas Fairbanks in "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," a romantic farce by James Barnard Fagan. First performance in Boston.

Miss Fitz Hardinge Smyth	Edith Lew[illegible]
M. De Witz	Walter [illegible]
Princess Irma Augusta	Irene Fenwick
Anthony Hamilton Hawthorne	Douglas Fairbanks
Rodney Blake	Sam B. Hardy
Augustus III	Ivan Simpson
Count Ivan Pavlovic	Pacie Ripple
General Hohenloe	Roy Cochrane
Colonel Radukski	James Duane
Prince Vladimir Halberstadt	Martin L. Alsop
M. Frederick	Louis De Bey
A reporter	W. Leonard Howe
Kate Ballard	Ruth Allen
Hon. Thomas Ballard	J. K. Hutchinson

The garden of the summer palace in the capital of Bonovira is an attractive spot. It overlooks the charming little city of Oberon with its enclosing hills and it is full of the ruinous, vine-covered remains of Roman monuments. There is a great stone staircase leading down into it from the palace and there are pink blossomed oleanders and eucalyptus trees which shadow its stone seats and its sun dial. Down the stone staircase walks the Princess Irma Augusta and deposits a maidenly kiss on the up-turned face of the garden time-piece. Over the stone wall at the back vaults Mr. Douglas Fairbanks into the midst of the most sentimental first act we have as yet been privileged to see, and the play is on.

This play steps back some 15 or 20 years in its general style to the happy days of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and the rest of the romantic comedies of imaginary kingdoms in the southeast corner of Europe. We have here all the fixings—a King, a Princess, a conspiring and villainous usurper, a revolution and an American adventurer, young, handsome and resourceful, who, of course, is able to cope with the situation and save the day for King and country. Fortunately, Mr. Fagan has not taken the sentiment too seriously and has treated the theme in a broadly farcical manner, and while the localization of American impertinence is not new, it is always amusing, and Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Hardy are very capable purveyors of this brand of entertainment. For the rest, in his final solution of the problem of Mr Fairbanks and his royal love, and in the economic rather than military character of the accomplishments of his hero the author has introduced new elements into the old story.

All in all, Mr. Fairbanks and his present vehicle furnish a very amusing entertainment. The action is rapid and diverting, the lines are funny, if not subtle, the setting for the garden scene is unusually beautiful and the company is in every way satisfactory. Miss Fenwick makes a very attractive princess, and Mr. Simpson is especially effective in the part of the King. His characterization is worthy of a more serious background.

"The Chocolate Soldier" will be the next attraction at the Colonial Theatre coming there on Monday, April 14, with the Whitney Opera Company, which will be well remembered for its strong cast and elaborate scenic production.

BENNETT PLAY AT THE TOY THEATRE

L. W.

"Cupid and Commonsense"

TOY THEATRE—Arnold Bennett's "Cupid and Commonsense."

Eli Boothroyd	Mr. Pichel
Alice	Mrs. Voorhis
Emily	Miss Wetherill
Ralph Emery	Mr. [illegible]
Willie Beach	Mr. Williams
Mrs. Copestick	Miss Torrey
Miranda Finney	Mrs. Cozens
Edna Beach	Miss Miller
Bessie	Miss Bond

This play in four acts is chiefly remarkable for its excellence in the matter of characterization. Alice Boothroyd, a modest sensible girl, lives with her father, a miserly skinflint whose sole thought is the amassing of money, and her sister an engaging schoolgirl. Alice is surprised to hear from her father that she is an heiress [illegible] he has [illegible]

[illegible] the most [illegible] arrangement of it, however, and as a [illegible] he orders her to collect the [illegible] from the Beaches, their tenants. Willie Beach, a shy and irresolute youth, assures her that he and his father are totally without funds. Eli Boothroyd is relentless in his demands. Willie in desperation forges an acceptance to a bill and hands this to the old man in payment. The elder Beach commits suicide and Willie confesses his crime to Alice, who burns the bill. Her father is insensed, but she has a refuge, for she has been courtsd and won by Ralph Emery, a practical business man and a milder edition of her father. Willie Beach goes to Canada and returns six years later with an adoring and wealthy wife to find Emery mayor of the town and Alice enjoying complacent prosperity.

Much of the dialogue is clever and some of the best lines fall to Eli Boothroyd. Mr. Bennett has not, however, made particularly clear the fact that Alice loves Beach, which is only hinted at from time to time. To all appearances she gloats over Emery's attentions and it is the sight of the tremulous Willie, penniless and prison-haunted that moves her to pity.

Mr. Pichel's Eli Boothroyd was a striking figure. He was harsh, cynical, a tyrant at home, a ruthless task master. Mrs. Voorhis as Alice was appropriately demure and acted with sincerity. Mr. Churchill as Ralph Emery gave an excellent impersonation of a shrewd and ambitious business man. Mr Williams played Willie Beach effectively. A feature of the performance was the clever acting of Miss Wetherald as Emily, the younger sister, and the admirable work of Mrs. Cozens as Miranda Finney, a servant in the Beach family.

An audience of good size was appreciative.

SKATING BEAR AT B. F. KEITH'S

One Feature of Excellent Program at Popular Vaudeville House.

W.F.H.

The B. F. Keith's bill this week includes several novelties, by no means the least of which is the cinnamon brown bear that, unfettered and all alone, roller skates out upon the stage, indulges in a number of fancy steps and finally brings up sitting down upon a chair groaning and grumbling for some of the sugar that he knows awaits him at the completion of his act. This roller skating bear—of course his name is Teddy—is the star in the cast of Buckley's animals, in which a diverse collection of agile monkeys, ferocious chimpanzees and active little dogs have the other parts. And the grand finale is a roller skating exhibition, in which not only Teddy, the bear, but several of the monkeys as well, participate.

Cliff Gordon is at B. F. Keith's this week, and Gordon's appearance is always good for a laugh, a long one and a hearty one. For years Cliff Gordon as "The German Senator" has been mutilating and murdering the king's English in his off-hand speeches railing against the high price of living, politicians, monopolies, the evils of the olden times and the faults of the present day suffragettes. He touches in his latest utterances upon the Turkish war, declaring it is no wonder the Turks can't win, inasmuch as every Turk has 10 wives—enough to take the fight out of any man. The Mexican revolutions and the high cost of porterhouse steaks are other things that cause Gordon considerable worry, both in mind and in expression.

Wilbur Mack and Nella Walker, in their musical flirtation, "The Girl and the Pearl," have been at B. F. Keith's several times in the same sketch, which is always so daintly and attractively presented that it never grows tedious or becomes unwelcome. W. H. Macart and Miss Ethelynne Bradford share the honors in "The Second Generation."

One of the hits of the program is Miss Pauline Moran, a dainty comedienne; the DeLasso troupe of aerial bar performers, the Four Ianoas in "A Dull Day in a South African Hotel," the Van Dykee in "Art a la Carte," Tom Penfold and Henry Marshall in songs and chatter and the talking movies, now in their seventh week, make up the rest of the program.

April 2 1913

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—H. J. Byron's comedy in three acts, "Our Boys."

Poddles.....G. E. Massey
Sir Geoffrey Champneys..Winfield H. Roope
Clarissa Champneys....Mrs. G. W. Roope
Perkyn Middlewick..Francis Henry Wade
Charles Middlewick.....Lee Wade, II.
Talbot Champneys....Wright McCormick
Violet Melrose.....Miss Leslie Lindsey
Mary Melrose.....Miss Katrina Amory
Belinda.....Miss Ethel Borden

Preceded by S. Theyre Smith's one-act comedy "A Happy Pair."

Ferdinand Honeyton.....Dr. Wade
Mrs. Ferdinand Honeyton..Miss F. Shirley

The entertainment at the [illegible] Theatre yesterday afternoon, under the direction of Dr. Francis Henry Wade, was for the benefit of the social service work of Emmanuel Episcopal Church. There was a large audience, much applause and many flowers for those taking part in the plays.

Miss Florence Shirley played Mrs. Honeyton with much charm, vivacity and girlish sincerity. Dr. Wade was more successful in his impersonation of Perkyn Middlewick than in that of Mr. Honeyton, although both were heartily enjoyed by the audience. Mr. Roope was impressive and dignified as Sir Geoffrey Champneys and the two boys were acceptably acted by Messrs. McCormick and Wade. Miss Lindsey was a charming apparition as Violet Melrose, and Miss Amory played Mary Melrose with spirit.

When a person was mentioned, who said, "I have lived fifty one years in this world without having had ten minutes of uneasiness"; he exclaimed, "The man who says so lies; he attempts to impose on human credulity."

"A Paradox, a Paradox."

"Ah, gentlemen, the power of the press! Stand anywhere on this earth, on a peak of the Himalayas or on a rice field of Canton, and you hear the rumbling and the roaring of the London Times." Thus spoke the Rev. Joseph Cook to students in the old chapel at Yale.

Yesterday we were reminded of this speech. The Herald published in the morning a letter from "Old Reader" asking for the algebraic paradox whereby "one" is apparently equal to "two." Before nightfall we received eight answers. We regret that we have not space for them all.

Dr. Samuel A. Green of the Massachusetts Historical Society writes: "Is not this the algebraic paradox? X equals Y; X square equals X Y; X square minus Y square equals X Y minus Y square, and this divided by X minus Y leaves X plus Y, equalling Y.

Mr. Charles M. Clay gives the paradox as follows: "12 equals 12. 8 plus 4 equals 8 plus 4. Transposing 8 minus 8 equals 4 minus 4. Factoring 2 (4 minus 4) equals 1 (4 minus 4). Dividing both sides of the equation by 4 minus 4 we have 2 equals 1. The fallacy lies in dividing by 4 minus 4, a zero factor, for one zero is not necessarily equal to another. For instance, 3 multiplied by zero equals zero and 7 multiplied by zero equals zero. Obviously these resulting zeros are not equal to each other."

High Thinking.

"C. W. P." writes: "There are innumerable ways of proving algebraically that "one" is equal to "two," or any similar absurdity. They all depend on the fallacy of using zero as a factor. Any number of times zero equals zero and no more. Perhaps the following example is as simple as any. X minus X equals zero. 5 (X minus X) equals 8 (X minus X); dividing each member of the equation by X minus X, five equals 8. The tyro in algebra when seeking to solve any new or original problem needs always to be careful not to use zero in some concealed form as a factor. Otherwise he may unconsciously be led into any absurd conclusion.

We thank "Cantab," "W. B. A.," "M. A. L. L.," "Presbiterio" and Mr. Edward Lawrence for their interesting explanations of this paradox. Unfortunately their demonstrations are not easily reproduced with clearness and fidelity in a daily newspaper. "Cantab" and Mr. Lawrence refer to the fallacies exposed in Ball's Mathematical Recreations. Mr. Lawrence adds: "Ball's chapter on geometric fallacies, by the way, is bewilderingly interesting. In fact I went through the entire book with pleasure, largely like that of Jo Gargery in his readings, who exclaimed with delight whenever he encountered a 'J' or an 'O.'"

Against Boredom.

Some time ago an English peer announced at a public meeting that he knitted his own socks. It is now said that needlework for men is a fashionable recreation in London and a club for male "tatters" has been established. Many prefer tatting to the game of solitaire. It occupies them and rests the brain.

One of Gilbert's operettas, "The Princess Toto," was not appreciated in this country, nor was the fault in the music of Frederick Clay. In the first act a prince and his attendants enter to be guests at a royal wedding. The prince as played by Dolly Wren was tatting when he entered and he exclaimed: "Three days late! And I have not finished my wedding present." (We quote from memory.) By the way, a London journalist says that the word "tat" comes from the French "tater," to touch. Dr. Murray and his men declare that the origin is unknown. Tatting shuttles were used probably before 1820, but, according to Clara Morris—see her "Life on the Stage"—the tatting craze swept over the United States about 1863.

Was "knotting," the knitting of knots for fancy work, similar to tatting? Dr. Johnson in the year of his death said to an American woman, Mrs. B[illegible]rd, whom he met in the Oxford coach, "Next to mere idleness, I think knotting is to be reckoned in the scale of insignificance; though I once attempted to learn knotting. Dempster's sister endeavored to teach me it; but I made no progress." Mrs. Bereford, who had asked "Is this the great Dr. Johnson?" when she read the name on the waybill, was knotting at the time he made this observation.

Weather Notes.

In April each drop counts for a thousand.
Cold April gives bread and wine.
A sharp April kills the pig.
Till April's dead
Change not a thread.

Berwick Sponge Cake.

As the World Wags:

I should like to ask the readers of The Herald if they can inform me where Berwick sponge cake originated. I have heard that it was first made in Berwick, Me., and was sold at the old restaurant in the depot at Exeter, N. H., many years ago. I have also heard that the man who made the cake at that restaurant came from Berwick, Me.

HARRY V. LAWRENCE.

Boston, March 30.

There is no allusion to Berwick sponge cake in that curious little volume, "The Cook Not Mad, or Rational Cookery" (Watertown, N. Y., 1831). There is, however, a recipe for sponge cake—No. 131: Ten eggs, the weight of them in sugar, the whites of five in flour, beat the yolk and sugar together, the whites of the other five eggs separately; do not add the flour until ready to bake; add essence of lemon and nutmeg.

Miss Farmer's "Boston Cooking School Cook Book" discusses sponge, cheap sponge, cream sponge, chocolate sponge, hot water sponge, sponge drops, sponge fritters, strawberry sponge, but we fail to find the reassuring, blessed, identifying word "Berwick."

Mrs. Lincoln in the "Boston Cook Book" gives a recipe for "sponge cake for cream pies" and adds: "When each part of the process of beating is done just two minutes by the clock, and baked in a loaf, it is called 'Berwick Sponge Cake.'" Why "Berwick"? we ask with Mr. Lawrence.

April 3 1913

"Maurice Harte" Is Produced in Boston for the First Time.

By PHILIP HALE.

The Irish Players at the Plymouth Theatre performed last night two comedies and a drama. "Coats," a comedy in one act of Lady Gregory, and "Maurice Harte," a play in two acts, by T. C. Murray, were played here for the first time. The bill also included Lady Gregory's ever amusing comedy "The Workhouse Ward." The cast of "Maurice Harte" was as follows:

Mrs. O'Connor.....Eileen O'Doherty
Ellen Harte.....Sara Allgood
Maurice Harte.....Fred O'Donovan
Father Mangan.....Sydney J. Morgan
Michael Harte.....Arthur Sinclair
Owen Harte.....J. A. O'Rourke
Peter Mangan.....U. Wright

"Maurice Harte" is a grim, cruel drama, cruel in its pitiless fidelity to nature. The Hartes are in debt, for they have sacrificed everything to prepare their son Maurice for the priesthood. They cheerfully accept the burden. As soon as Maurice is ordained, their other son Owen will marry a girl who will bring money and land with her. The parents are proud and hopeful, but Maurice tells them that he cannot go back to the college. He has no vocation. For him to perform the sacred offices would be sacrilege. Good Father Mangan reasons with him in vain. The parents plead and when he learns of their sacrifice and sees his mother's grief he consents to return.

Several months pass and good news comes to the household. They hear that Maurice has taken all the honors at the college. He is to be ordained, and joyous are the preparations. The father has his new shirt and overcoat to attend the ceremony. The brother will be married by Maurice. The mother already sees her boy a bishop. In the midst of the rejoicing Father Mangan enters and hints at the young man's break-down. The parents fear that he is dead. No, the indisposition is only temporary. The priest does not dare to tell the whole truth. Maurice is brought home by two college companions. There is now an end to the horrible suspense. The face, the walk, the vacant stare, the mumbling, the clinging to a book, all reveal the lost mind. The boy goes out and the father follows him. The mother shrieks and falls to the floor.

Did Maurice lose his mind from overstudy or was he a victim of parental pride and selfishness, the victim of his conscience? The story might have been told of the New England of former years. Parents, planning for the best, slaving to benefit their son, have forced him by entreaties and solemn appeals, to study for the ministry, a calling for which he knew in his heart he was unfitted. The mother wished to consecrate her son to the Lord. He, not naturally rebellious, was unwilling to be a hypocrite. And with the mother's righteous hope was sometimes mingled a mother's pride, a pride compounded of selfishness and vanity; a pride arising from the thought that her son would be the talk of the village, the wonder of the congregation.

This tragedy with ironical rather than relieving episodes—fond, foolish talk of the women, the sight of the father glorying in his fine clothes—was admirably played. Miss Allgood displayed an emotional quality that was the more poignant because it never was extravagant. Seldom do we see on the stage such authority artistically exercised. The naturalness of the lighter scenes, the significant emphasis given to the lines, the facial play, the passionate entreaties, the despair and woe, were alike irresistible. Mr. O'Donovan's Maurice revealed a soul in sore distress; Mr. Sinclair's impersonation of the father was characterized by simplicity and a fine reserve. The kind-hearted old priest, the gossiping Mrs. O'Connor, the simple Owen were played to the life.

And in this tragedy, as in the other dramas of their repertoire, the Irish Players showed the naturalness that is the triumph of art, refreshing unconsciousness of an audience, beauty of voice and of diction.

"Coats" is an entertaining trifle. Two editors in a little town dine together and lament their lack of copy. Feeling a draught they put on thier overcoats but each one dons the coat of the other. It occurs to them that obituary articles of the one and the other would fill the space and be a graceful compliment. Each one reads in turn the article prepared by the other, and as neither one is satisfied, there are wild and whirling words. An apple pie is brought in and the two are reconciled. The comedy was capitally acted by Messrs. Sinclair (Mr. Hazel), Mr. O'Donovan (Mr. Nineog) and Mr. O'Rourke (a waiter). Messrs. Sinclair and O'Donovan and Miss O'Doherty were most amusing in "The Workhouse Ward."

This evening "Mixed Marriage" and "Galway Races."

And something more they add, that hard students are commonly troubled with gouts, catarrhs, rheums, cachexia, hradiopepsia, bad eyes, stone and colic, crudities, oppilations, vertigo, winds, consumptions, and all such diseases as come by overmuch sitting; they are most part lean, dry, ill-colored, spend their fortunes, lose their wits, and many times their lives, and all through immoderate pains, and extraordinary studies.

Acute Algebraists.

We thank Mr. Robert Sprague Hall, Mr. William E. Field, Mr. Andrew Velebri Jr., Mr. Chauncey Smith, Mr. A. Donald Douglas, Mr. Woodbridge Longerbeam, Mr. John M. Meserve, Messrs. One-Equals-Two, N. L. V., J. B. B., F. W. S., J. M. M., Dartmouth, 1903, also Mr. Charles A. Davenport, Miss Katharine J. Lane, Mr. George A. Coleman, Mr. H. J. Fisher of Plainville, Ct.; Mr. Lothar E. Weber, Mr. P. G. Perrin of Sanbornton, N. H.; Mr. John M. Meserve of Hudson, "Chronoplane" of Clark University, Worcester, for their explanations of the algebraic paradox by which "one" is proved equal to "two." Mr. Longerbeam writes: "At the risk of being one among very many I submit the following:

"Assuming X equals 1, then X square equals 1; subtracting 1 from each side X square minus one equals X minus one. Factoring (X plus 1) (X minus 1) equals (X minus 1). Dividing by (X minus 1) (X plus 1) equals 1. That is, 1 plus 1 equals 1 or 2 equals 1. Q. E. D."

"Dartmouth, 1903," writes: "As a member of the famous third division in freshman mathematics at Dartmouth College 13 years ago under our own Tute Worthen such proofs as these are easy: X equals 5. X square equals 5 X. X square minus 25 equals 5 X—25. (X plus 5) (X minus 5) equals 5 (X—5). X+5 equals 5. Ten equals five. Two equals one. In this example X equals the reason why Harvard dropped us from its football schedule."

"J. M. M." puts it this way: "Let X equal 1 and Y equal X, then Y square equals XY, and X square minus Y square equals X square minus X Y. Factoring, (X plus Y) (X minus Y) equals X (X minus Y). Taking out X minus Y from both sides X plus Y equals X, or two equals one.

The other explanations are similar to those published yesterday and this morning or are ingenious variations. The fallacy remains the same: using zero as a factor.

Boston and neighboring towns may well be proud of their accomplished algebraists. Did not old Wood, in his annals of Oxford commend a man as follows: "He had the character among the Vertuosi of a very good Algebrest"?

A Shavian Use.

As the World Wags:

You ask some questions about the word, "shandygaff." If you will turn to page 125 of Bernard Shaw's volume of plays which contains "Getting Married," etc., you will see that he uses the word to describe the articles of the Church of England as compounded by Elizabeth.

JOHN SNYDER.

Nantucket, March 31.

A Forgotten Composer.

It is said that J. P. Morgan found

... the ... of Henry Wilson. To the younger generation of organists and church singers the name of Wilson is unknown, yet he was a musician of a rare melodic gift, of fine taste, and his choir in a church of Hartford, Ct., was famous even beyond the boundaries of that state. He was occasionally sentimental in expression, but at the time he composed, his only American rival in ecclesiastical music was Dudley Buck, also of Hartford. Buck had studied seriously in Germany and had the greater technic. His melodic vein was not naturally so rich as that of Wilson's, nor did he have the imagination of Wilson. Some of the latter's chants are little masterpieces of devotional expression. Here, as in other ways, Mr. Morgan showed artistic appreciation.

Mme. Franklin-Salisbury.

Many will hear with regret of the death of Mme. Gertrude Franklin-Salisbury. Many remember the beauty of her voice, her technical skill, and the purity of her style when she was a brilliant figure on the concert stage. Her talents were fully appreciated in other cities. For many years she has been known as an admirable teacher. A mistress of her profession, she was indefatigable in training and advancing her pupils. Her ideals were high and she had no patience with pretentious mediocrity or ignorance. Many will mourn her as a friend, for she was sympathetic, loyal, beneficent. Always ready to help the worthy the unfortunate, the strugglers, she was generous often at the expense of her health and time. Her good deeds were not noised abroad; they were known only to those whom she had befriended.

"Al Aaraaf."

We all read of a book collector finding a first edition copy of Poe's "Al Aaraaf" used as any board for holding in place an article of furniture in a house in Washington, D. C., but how many know the significance of the title? According to Poe's note—the notes to "Al Aaraaf" were taken from Moore's "Lalla Rookh," Chateaubriand's "Itineraire" and other books—the star was discovered by Tycho Brahe. It was more brilliant for a few days than Jupiter. Then it disappeared. And how many have read "Al Aaraaf," the first edition of which (Baltimore, 1829, 71 pp.) has brought $2700 at auction? The poem was described by Stedman as a "Not unmelodious but immature attempt to create a love legend in verse." The poet-critic spoke of "Its ... leaps from the peaks of Milton ... the musky vales of Moore," and ... the invocation to Ligeia as "The wraith of beauty."

> Ligeia! Ligeia!
> My beautiful one!
> Whose harshest idea
> Will to melody run.

John Phoenix in 1855 parodied the lines to Ligeia:

> Highfiler! Highfiler!
> My long-legged one!
> Whose mildest idea
> Is to kick up and run.
> ... is it thy will
> Thy switch-tail to toss;
> Or caper viciously still
> Like an old sorrel horse (pron. "hoss")
> Incumbent on thee
> As on him, to rear (pron. "rare")
> And though sprung in the knee,
> With thy heels in the air?

April 4 1913

RECITAL BY MISS BULLARD

By PHILIP HALE.

Miss Edith Bullard, assisted by Miss Anna Miller Wood, contralto, and Miss ... Davis, accompanist, gave a recital yesterday afternoon in Steinert Hall. There was an audience of fair size. Miss Bullard's program was as follows: Hue, A des Oiseaux; Widor, Contemplation; ... Chanson Triste; G. Faure, Notre Amour; C. Baughan, Eternitie; Cyril Scott, Lullaby; Carpenter, When the ... Shadows Glide, Dansons la Gigue; ... Wolf, Zur Ruh; Strempelchen; ..., Vergebliches Staendchen, Nachtigall, Der Schmied. Miss Bullard and Miss Wood sang these duets: Foote, ... from the Persian; Chausson, Reveil; Franck, L'Ange gardien, Les Danses de Lormont.

There were unfamiliar and interesting songs on the program. It is always a pleasure to hear one of Duparc's songs, and there was curiosity concerning those of Scott and Carpenter. Scott's "Lullaby" is for an imaginary mother and an ideal baby, that is to say, the Lullaby is an "art song." No practical mother could or would sing it, and no ordinary baby would he lulled to sleep. It would lie awake wondering whither the melodic line was going. Nevertheless the Lullaby has "distinction" and is poetically conceived. There is a ... incongruity between the purely ... thought of Mr. Carpenter, which in these songs is commonplace and obvious and the accompanying harmonic ... and ... "contrapuntal" ... composition of conventional melody ... refer to the middle section—and ... pretentiously grandiose beginning and ending. Aiming at cosmic solemnity these measures are stumbling and chaotic. A feature of the concert was the deliciously simple duet, "L'ange Gardien" of Cesar Franck, which was repeated.

Miss Bullard, whose singing is known to many in this city, has a fine voice. She has accomplished much in matters of technic, although her control of breath is not yet perfect and her attack of upper tones is at times metallic. As an interpreter she has still much to learn, for her range of expression is small. She should also look to her diction. Her enunciation yesterday was often indistinct.

The singers were heartily applauded.

There was a painful lull in the conversation. At last one of the men asked: "Have you had any buckwheat cakes this winter?" All sat up. Their eyes glistened; their tongues were loosed. "If I could only have the black sticky molasses of the 60's!" said one. "It is not easy to get good buckwheat any more. In Ohio new fangled methods have ruined the quality of the flour," said another. A third thought of Walt Whitman's "Come up from the fields, father," containing these lines:

> Lo, 't is autumn;
> Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
> Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages, with leaves fluttering in the moderate wind;
> Where apples ripe in the orchards hang, and grapes on the trellis'd vines;
> (Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?
> Smell you the buckwheat, where the bees were lately buzzing?)

"No," said the man from Ohio, "the only buckwheat fit to eat is now in central New York." The fourth broke his silence: "The doctor won't let me eat buckwheat cakes." A tear trickled down his cheek, and there was again silence as though the angel of death was sitting on the floor below, waiting patiently in the stranger's room for his host.

Positively the Last.

As the World Wags:

As regards your little talk on "Proving 2 equals 1" and "High Thinking," allow me to submit the following proof, which I believe is different from any so far published. Kindly note that zero does not enter into the proof, therefore disqualifying "C. W. P.'s" statement in today's Herald.

Let X equal 2 and Y equal 2. Therefore X square minus X Y will equal X square minus Y square.

Factor: X (x minus y) equals (x minus y) (x plus y).

Cancel: X equals X plus Y.

Substitute: 2 equals 2 plus 2.

Divide by 2: 1 equals 2. Q. E. D.

Boston, April 2. JOHN S. ABBOTT.

In a Dream.

As the World Wags:

Your interesting remarks about Angina call to my mind a very full discussion of its pronunciation and the origin of a doubt, never settled, in regard to the quantity of the "i" in its penultimate syllable, which discussion began in a wonderful dream of the late E. W. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, and will be found in his life by Arthur C. Benson.

ROBERT SPRAGUE HALL.

Boston, April 2.

Our Old Friend.

As the World Wags:

Apropos the name Obadiah. Not attempting to augment your learned dissertation, I am sure you will recollect reading what Laurence Sterne had to say about the whimsical Shandy family. Beside such old-time friends as Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, he mentions Obadiah, the servant in the house, who was sent at a critical time in the history of the Shandy family to fetch Dr. Slop, the famous London obstetrician—and while taking care of Dr. Slop's bag of instruments was careful to tie the string of same in sundry and Gordian knots. While Dr. Slop was busily engaged untying these knots and incidentally cut his thumb, Dame Nature, assisted by a midwife, helped Mrs. Shandy to give birth to a son. It was at the baptism of this son that Mr. Shandy and Uncle Toby discussed the question of the proper naming of children, and Mr. Shandy maintained that a child with a fine name generally lived up to it, but nothing heroic could be expected from anyone, for instance, named Snooks or Nobbs, while burdened with such a stupid patronymic. But Obadiah is a great name and you have correctly quoted biblical authority to substantiate your position.

Imagine a beauteous and elflike maiden yclept Elaine Beresford marrying a man by the name of Scroggins. It is inharmonious and inharmony means unhappiness.

LEWELLEN GOODMAN.

Boston, April 2.

Baptismal Sport.

Mr. Goodman's last paragraph reminds us of a passage in Matthew Arnold's "Function of Criticism." "Wragg! If we are to talk of ideal perfection, of 'the best in the whole world' has any one reflected what a touch of grossness in our race, what an original shortcoming in the more delicate spiritual perceptions, is shown by the natural growth amongst us of such hideous names—Higginbottom, Stiggins, Bugg! In Ionia and Attica they were luckier in this respect than 'the best race in the world'; by the Ilissus there was no Wragg, poor thing!"

There is a curious dissertation about names in Southey's "Doctor" and a still more curious one in "Pensees Diverses Ecrites a un Docteur de Sorbonne a l'Ocasion de la Comete (1680)" by the celebrated Mr. Bayle, who there treats of a fatality in certain names, of pagan superstition concerning names, and in what cases one name should be preferred to another.

Happy Islanders.

As the World Wags:

The following extract from "Letters From an American Farmer," first published in 1783, serves to show that the Nantuckers had their own opinions in regard to innovations even at that time. "A few years ago two single-horse chairs were imported from Boston, to the great offence of these prudent citizens; nothing appeared to them more culpable than the use of such gaudy painted vehicles, in contempt of the more useful and more simple single-horse carts of their fathers. This piece of extravagant and unknown luxury almost caused a schism, and set every tongue a-going; some predicted the approaching ruin of those families that had imported them; others feared the danger of example; never since the foundation of the town had there happened anything which so alarmed this primitive community. One of the possessors of these profane chairs, filled with repentance, wisely sent it back to the continent; the other, more obstinate and perverse, in defiance to all remonstrances, persisted in the use of his chair until by degrees they became more reconciled to it; though I observed that the wealthiest and most respectable people still go to meeting or to their farms in a single-horse cart with a decent awning fixed over it; indeed, if you consider their sandy soil and the badness of their roads, these appear to be the best contrived vehicles for this island." With such a record is there any wonder that they object to automobiles?

S.

April 5 1913

Chadwick's "Aphrodite" Played for the First Time in Boston.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 20th public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphonic Fantasie, "Aphrodite"	Chadwick
Serenade No. 3, D minor	Volkmann
Symphony No. 2, "Antar"	Rimsky-Korsakoff
Overture to "Oberon"	Weber

Mr. Chadwick's Fantasie, completed in the summer of 1911, was produced at a concert of the Litchfield County Choral Union, Norfolk, Ct., on June 4, 1912. The Theodore Thomas orchestra played it in Chicago last December. The first performance in Boston was yesterday.

The idea of the Fantasie was suggested by the bust of Aphrodite in the Boston Public Library and Mr. Chadwick had in mind a little poem from the Greek Anthology. As the statue of Aphrodite was often placed on or near the seashore, Mr. Chadwick has endeavored to suggest in music "the poetic and tragic scenes that may have passed before the sightless eyes of such a goddess." He has not indicated the nature of the scenes thus portrayed by giving each a title. There is a short introduction, an apostrophe to the goddess; the scenes are connected by a motive developed throughout in various ways; and at the end there is a return to the introductory musical thought.

Thus there is something left to the imagination of the hearer who can listen to the music without disturbing thoughts of comparison between sounds and printed text. He is not obliged to determine whether the music of this or that scene justifies its title. This is true program music. It is also panorama music, with the panorama imagined by the spectator, who is for the time only a hearer. He is left to determine whether this scene is a storm or a naval battle; he may fancy the sight of many-oared galleys sweeping by majestically; lovers interchanging vows or children dancing upon the beach. The panorama of sky and sea and shore is rich and varied according to the imaginative faculty of the hearer, which is enlarged and quickened by the music.

Five years ago in London an "illuminated" symphony, poem by Herbert Trench and music by Joseph Holbrooke, was performed. The poem, Holbrooke was performed. The poem, "Apollo and the Seaman," was recited, while "pictorial expressions" were thrown on a screen by an electric light and the music was played. Is it too fanciful to think of a performance of Mr. Chadwick's Fantasie in a darkened hall and the bust of Aphrodite serenely beautiful upon a screen? The most fastidious composer may yet welcome the opportunity of writing program music for motion pictures.

Even in the ... possibly ... a program ... may ... the ... to the ... of the ... the ... that ... picture ... Chadwick, they ... enjoy ... say here ... the ... dance. They ... realization that ... the music itself.

And with ... consideration of its fitness to this or that scene ... by the composer this music gave genuine pleasure to the audience yesterday. It was shown by the spontaneous, hearty and prolonged applause that greeted the composer and compelled him to acknowledge again and again the warmth of the reception.

The Fantasie is broadly planned. It calls for a full modern orchestra with celesta and tam-tam; there is recognition of modern harmonic systems and modern orchestral devices and arrangements of color. There is nothing, however, that is affected or insincere. There is straightforward melodic thought, now warm and appealing, now inspiriting, and the technical skill of the composer is used to nourish thought, not to conceal the lack of it. There is largeness in the plan. There is a firm grasp of the details.

Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Antar," now ... years old, had been played here only once, and that was in March, 18... We were then sadly disappointed, for we had read the glowing praise of Liszt, Buelow and others. Mr. Siloti, an enchanting pianist and a delightful companion, was in Boston that spring and he comforted us by saying: "'Antar' is historically interesting. It is not ..., and should not be taken from the shelf." And Siloti was a Russian and not conservative. Hearing "Antar" yesterday, we were again disappointed. Only in the fourth movement is there a sustained poetic flight. There is exotic melody, exotic coloring in the first movement. The second is barbaric enough in mood, yet on the whole ineffective. The third is conspicuous by reason of its sensuous second theme rather than the march motive. These three movements now seem crude in expression, crude and experimental. The composer was evidently a student of Berlioz and Liszt, but he had not the facility to make the most of poetic and striking ideas that came to him. The monotony of melodic repetition and the rhythmic monotony that appeal to orientals here fret the nerves and dull the ears of the occidental. Nor in "Antar" is there the infinite variety in melodic repetition and the gorgeous instrumentation that characterize "Scheherazade," a later work. When "Antar" was written the composer was still in the naval service of Russia. He had not studied seriously. Balakireff had then drilled him until the pupil outstripped the master in technic. Viewed as a beginner's orchestral rhapsody, "Antar" is a surprising work, and, as Mr. Siloti said, it has a historical interest.

Volkmann's Serenade was beautifully played by Mr. Warnke and the orchestra of strings and Dr. Muck gave an extraordinarily brilliant reading of the "Oberon" overture. This and "Der Freischuetz" and "Euryanthe" are to the concert conductor what "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" are to the operatic director perplexed over his repertoire for the week.

The orchestral pieces of the concerts next week will be Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, the overtures to "The Magic Flute" and "Egmont" and Liszt's "Battle of the Huns." Mme. Julia Culp will sing songs by Beethoven, Schubert and Wagner with orchestra.

A passionate vegetarian asserts ... that the mucilage on the government-stamped envelopes is not so rich ... and nutritious as it was.

A London reporter overheard two young women talking. "What do you think of that new girl in your ...?" asked the one. "Oh," replied the other, "she's not bad, but—well, she's the ... of girl whose sister marries a poor man and then doesn't ... with him."

When was the first sandwich-man seen walking on a Boston sidewalk? Who ran the first night-lunch cart in Boston, and in what year?

This question was asked recently in the London Daily Chronicle. "Can you obtain any information why all railway tickets of cardboard are the same size all over England and the continent and America, viz., $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and have been so for the last 50 years? What is the reason?" The Chronicle answered: "Are they?" but added that there is a tendency to standardize. "Wherever the steps are placed the standard is 23 inches upward or onward. Every builder's ladder is built to scale and the fireman's ladder is on the scale of the seaman's run in the ratlines, not the bricklayer's ... up the wooden rungs." The statement is also made that the circus ring is always of the same diameter the world over and never varies by a foot. Truly this is a little world of great wonders.

"Tory" or "Twor."

Some say repertoire and frown on those that prefer repertory. ... "repertory" ... meant ...

calendar ... go back to the middle of the 17th century. About 50 years later it began to be used as meaning a playhouse or magazine in which something may be found. Not till 1845 did the word appear in English literature as meaning "a stock of dramatic or musical pieces which a company or player is accustomed or prepared to perform," and "repertoire," meaning the same thing, appeared at the same time, but was for a long time printed in italics as a foreign word.

And how do you pronounce "repertory"? We heard a painfully accurate person throw the accent on the second syllable; but if we are to believe the Oxford English Dictionary the accent should be on the first.

Anecdote for the Day.

A young girl recently went up to a policeman in a Boston street and told him that she had forgotten her name. To forget one's name is awkward, although the man who brought everything on shipboard except his name when they went a-hunting the Snark did not seem to mind it. Mr. G. W. E. Russell tells a story of the late Archbishop Trench, who forgot his occupation. His habits were "vague and dreamy" and he resigned the See of Dublin on account of his age and dwelt in London, but he once went back to visit his successor, Lord Plunket. "Finding himself back again in his old palace, sitting at his old dinner table, and gazing across it at his old wife, he lapsed in memory to the days when he was master of the house and gently remarked to Mrs. Trench: 'I am afraid, my love, that we must put this cook down among our failures!' "

Class in Natural History.

The Hen is a fowl of great laying. A Hen is a mild bird about chickens; for she taketh sickness for sorrow of her chickens, and loseth her feathers. And her kindly love about her chickens is known by roughness of feathers and by hoarseness of voice." See "Bartholomeus de Proprietatibus Rerum" (1495) translated later into English by J. Trevisa.

Of Another Kind.

As the World Wags.

What is wrong, if anything, in the following? No doubt you have seen it, as it has been round since I was a boy, now some time ago. I have never heard any good explanation why it is not true.

16 minus 40 equals 36 minus 60.

16 minus 40 plus 25 equals 36 minus 60 plus 25.

4 minus 5 squared equals 6 minus 5 squared.

4 minus 5 equals 6 minus 5

4 equals 6

2 equals 3.

Why not? WILFRED BARNES.

Boston, April 3.

For Good Scots.

As the World Wags:

Now that Sabotage is taboo, a question aroused in the former discussion, and of no less moment to those across the border, calls for a further word.

In this column (March 22) John Buchanan says, anent the phrase "ca' canny" in the discussion of Sabotage, where it was given as meaning "go canny" "Never! No Scot ever used such an expression—'ca' ' being literally interpreted 'means 'call' and 'canny' means 'warily'—which may be only truly comprehended by one who springs frae the heather."

Allow me to question whether he has dropped his plummet to the full depth of the Scotticism. Ca', caa, caw, call are all found in Scotch literature and speech as meaning "to drive," e. g., "The caw o' the water" meaning the motion of the water driven by the wind. "The beast winna caw (be driven) for a' that I can do." "To ca' in a chap," meaning to follow up a blow. Who does not remember in Warlock o' Glenwarlock, by George Macdonald of blessed memory:

> Catch your Nag & pull his Tail
> In his hind Hele caw a nail
> Rug his Lugs frae ane anither
> Stand up, & ca' the King yer Brither.

And did not Burns, through poor dying Mailie, beg her master never again to tie the sheep

> But ca' them out to park or hill
> An' let them wander at their will.

"Cannie," "kannie," "canny" may mean cautious, slow, soft, easy. As "to gang canny" is to move slowly, and a canny horse is a safe one, slow or easy in motion.

One other use of "cannie," crying far from the original discussion in this column, but perhaps of interest to World Waggers, is fortunate, happy, lucky, as in "cannie wife," a common designation for midwife; Cannie mament (moment), as in "Guy Mannering," meaning time of fortunate child-bearing; otherwise called "the happy hour."

A recent newspaper article, with fine distinction, classifies "musical instruments and bagpipes." Has any one explained why the pipes should appeal so strongly to temperaments so radically different as the Scotch and the Italian?

HARRY SEYMOUR ROSS.

Boston, March 31.

April 6. 1913

FULLERS PLEASE

By PHILIP HALE.

Misses Dorothy, Rosalind and Cynthia Fuller of Sturminster Newton, Dorset, Eng., gave a recital of English folk songs in Copley Hall last evening. They were dressed in early Victorian costume and accompanied by an Irish harp.

The Herald has published in the course of the last five or six years accounts of Mr. Cecil Sharp's labors for the conservation of English folk song. The Misses Fuller, brought up in a village where songs of this sort are still sung, were naturally familiar with the songs of Dorset, but their interest was enlarged and broadened by the zeal of Mr. Sharp, at some of whose lectures they have sung.

The program of last night included one song of Dorset, one of Yorkshire, one of Cornwall, Hampshire, Berkshire, Staffordshire, Devonshire, Sussex and Surrey each, and 13 of Somerset. They were divided into groups: Songs of Country Work and Play, Ballads, Songs of Sailors and the Sea, Songs of the Supernatural and Children's Songs. Of those not children's the melodically conspicuous were "The Birds in the Spring," "Lord Thomas," "The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies," "Sweet William" and the song of the lad that went down in the ship Nightingale. This last song is sung by girls who make gloves in a Somersetshire village; one sings the melody and the others supply a humming accompaniment. This song has marked character. "Lord Randall," announced as also a Somerset song, is familiar to students of old ballads. "The Keys of Canterbury" is a variant of "The Keys of Heaven" as far as the sentiment is concerned, although in the former the girl yields at the promise of a rich gown.

The most entertaining of the groups was that of the Children's songs. With the exceptions above noted, the melodies of this group were the most spontaneous, the best defined and the most sharply rhythmed.

The two chief singers stated that they were suffering from colds, and their vocal indisposition was apparent. But folk-songs should be sung with simplicity and sincerity, and the quaintness of text and tune should be duly brought out; they should be sung as by the country folk. Vocal art is not here indispensible; it might be injurious. The Misses Fuller sang in the appropriate spirit and with contagious good nature and a delightful lack of self-consciousness. Thus they gave much pleasure to a large audience.

The recital was under the auspices of the Copley Society.

A musician recently complained of the policy of the Boston newspapers in regard to critical reviews of the Symphony concerts. He said, in effect:

"Until a few years ago the public rehearsals were not criticised. The critics attended the Saturday night concerts and their articles were published on Sunday, Monday morning, Monday afternoon, according to the character of the newspaper, whether it had a Sunday edition or was an evening journal. Everyone was then satisfied. How is it now? A pianist, violinist, singer, appears on Friday afternoon, or a new orchestral work is played. The soloist may not be wholly in the vein, for there are many artists who play or sing better at night than in the afternoon, which is to them a dead time, as it is to many who are accustomed to early morning and late night work. Suppose the violinist occasionally slobbers or his intonation is false, the singer shrieks, the pianist is dull. The critic must do his duty and the audience of Saturday night is prepared in advance. If the critics condemn a new orchestral work or find fault with the performance on Friday, again the Saturday night audience is prejudiced. If the critics praise, the audience is predisposed to applaud. I know that there are some who hear with their own ears and do not rely on the opinion of any critic; but there are many who, while they know that critics are mortal, and therefore often prejudiced, nevertheless are influenced by the Saturday reviews. I insist that the practice of publishing criticisms on Saturday in advance of the concert that night, is unfair to the conductor, the orchestra, the audience of Saturday, and often cruel to the soloist. Suppose that Mme. Portamento, the soprano, or Mr. Boanerges, the pianist, is not well disposed on Friday—and is unanimously roasted on Saturday. With what heart does either one come before the public on Saturday night?"

There is truth also sense in these remarks. Until a few years ago, it was understood by the management and the editors that no critical reviews should be published until after the Saturday concert. Only on special occasions, as the first appearance of a conductor, was this rule broken. The editor of an evening newspaper concluded that the review of a Saturday concert published on Monday afternoon was belated. The Sunday and Monday morning newspapers ... insisted that the Friday concert should be reviewed for the Saturday issue of the newspaper. For some time he was alone in this, but one by one the editors of the other journals instructed their critics to review the public rehearsal instead of the concert, and the management not only consented but finally approved.

The musician might have added that the present system is also unfair to the critics; for the Saturday night performances are as a rule more brilliant. Not only has there been a public performance, but the orchestra as well as the soloist is at night in finer fettle.

"The Typhoon" and Its Author Melchior Lengyel was in London last month looking after the production of his play, "The Prophet," renamed in the English version "The Happy Island," and considerably adapted. Sir Herbert Tree has charge of this production. Lengyel talked with a reporter about his "Typhoon," which will be played in Boston at the Majestic this week.

He made an interesting confession of the significance which he attaches to "Typhoon." He said: "My hero, Tokeramo, is a modern Japanese diplomat, an unusual figure, whichever way one regards him. The Japanese character is very different from the European character. Calm, with an astonishing mastery of self, always modest, always smiling; but under this mask, this pleasant exterior, a man, and one who knows how to suffer. In Tokeramo there has been a curious development, partly due to European surroundings and partly due to love of a European woman. He is half European himself, and it is the expression of this which constitutes the principal difficulty of the part from an acting point of view. I have been extremely fortunate in my actor. In Budapest Tokeramo was played by Hegedus, an actor of unconventional talent and great intelligence. In Berlin Cleving's delineation was just as well thought out, somewhat on the Budapest lines. In Paris De Max was different from either of these. He was profoundly human. He made us all feel that the lot of Tokeramo is not merely the lot of one man, but of a whole nation, when love and duty are at cross purposes. De Max is, of course, a great tragedian." At the Haymarket the part will be played by Mr. Laurence Irving.

It will be remembered that "The Typhoon" was produced here at the Majestic Theatre on June 3, 1912, by Mr. Lindsay Morison. The part of Tokeramo was then taken by Mr. Howell Hansel and that of Helena by Miss Anna Cleveland.

The Irish Players There is a passage in the preface to the first edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" that might be applied to the performances of the Irish Players at the Plymouth.

"The art of art, the glory of expression and the sunshine of the light of letters is simplicity. Nothing is better than simplicity, nothing can make up for excess or for the lack of definiteness. * * * To speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and insouciance of the movements of animals and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees in the woods and grass by the roadside is the flawless triumph of art. * * * The greatest poet has less a marked style and is more the channel of thoughts and things without increase or diminution, and is the free channel of himself. He swears to his art, I will not be meddlesome, I will not have in my writings any elegance or effect or originality to hang in the way between me and the rest like curtains. I will have nothing hang in the way, not the richest curtains. What I tell, I tell for precisely what it is. Let who may exalt or startle or fascinate or sooth, I will have purposes as health or heat or snow has, and be as regardless of observation. What I experience or portray shall go from my composition without a shred of my composition. You shall stand by my side and look in the mirror with me."

Maeterlinck's "New" Drama Why this fuss and pother in newspapers, European and domestic, about Maurice Maeterlinck's "new" play, "Mary Magdalene"? Do they really think that this drama was "produced" at Nice for the first time on any stage last month? Even in Germany the play was produced at Leipsic on March 12, 1910. The Berlin authorities had refused to license the production at the Deutsches Theatre. An English version by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos was produced with Miss Olga Nethersole at the New Theatre, New York, Dec. 5, 1910, and played here at the Shubert Theatre on Jan. 2, 1911. Miss Catherine Lewis and her colleagues of the Ibsen Club, London, brought out the play for the first time in England on March 17, 1912, at the Rehearsal Theatre. But perhaps M. Maeterlinck does not think his drama produced until Mme. Leblanc-Maeterlinck takes the part of the heroine.

And so "Ann Boyd" produced at Wallack's Theatre, New York, on the first of this month is treated by the critics as a new play. It was seen in Boston at the Shubert Theatre on May 1, 1911, and Miss Lucille La Verne, who dramatized Will N. Harben's novel, then took the part of the heroine. ... O'Neil is now the heroine and Miss La Verne the female villain.

Maurice Koessler's Purpose Mr. Maurice Koessler, who joined the first violins of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season, purposes, if there is sufficient encouragement, to give with some of his colleagues a series of chamber concerts for the purpose of introducing unfamiliar compositions. His list includes works by Philipp Scharwenka, Leo Weiner, Joseph Jongen, S. Taneieff, Reger, Max Trupt, Dubois, Lampe, Pfitzner, Lendval, Chausson, Marteau, Klingler, Zolotareff, Radnai, Hans Koessler, Bruckner, Leander Schlegel and B. Sekles. Those wishing to encourage Mr. Koessler should address him at Symphony Hall or at 137 Peterboro street.

To the Editor of The Herald

A Note on "G. B. S." and Gilbert A friend invited me the other day to lunch with him at a restaurant not far from the "Tureen." I gladly accepted the invitation, knowing that he had also provided tickets for the Plymouth Theatre, where Shaw's "Man and Superman" was to be given that afternoon by Robert Loraine and an excellent company. We each had a brace of sausages, garnished with potato salad, with a generous mug of dark beer on the side. When the coffee was served I had the presence of mind to politely decline to smoke a proffered "Cabbagio," so that when we reached the theatre I was in a fit mood to enjoy what was set before me. It is a curious thing how glibly so many of Shaw's characters blurt out whatever is passing through their minds. They make no attempt to conceal their thoughts and feelings. Tanner is one of the most striking examples. He is a terrible infant; more terrible even than the hero in the Blanco Posnet play, or the one in "The Devil's Disciple." Such people make us thankful we don't have to live with them, although they amuse us in books and on the stage. They are no more honest and sincere than other people, but are simply more impudently outspoken. It is a wonder they are not butchered to make a general holiday. There was a short story printed in one of the magazines some years ago, the hero being a foolhardy person who decided to tell for 24 hours what seemed to him the literal truth. The upshot of it was that he had what my grandmother's blasphemous parrot used to call "a devil of a time," and gave up the stunt before the day was over. Shaw amuses us by pretending to give us his innermost thoughts. I say pretending, because, judging from his actions, his real thoughts are quite as matter-of-fact as our own. He is irritated by the massive wall of British Philistinism which surrounds him and takes a mischievous delight in shocking the rigidly respectable, fat-witted English middle class. They, personified by the British censor, are horrified at his utterances and try to squelch him. But he is an Irishman and can't be squelched, and there are many of us who are glad he can't be. In fact, we are impatiently waiting to see "Fanny's First Play," and I hope when it comes that we shall enjoy it as much as "Man and Superman." Tanner's predicament at the close of the play reminds me of Empedocles, who, after preaching good, sound doctrine regarding man's duty, to hear bravely all the ills of life, ends, by way of peroration, in throwing himself headlong into the fiery crater of Etna. In fact, Tanner and Empedocles are the two most inconsistent philosophers in history—unless one ought to substitute Shaw's name for Tanner's.

A few days before seeing "Man and Superman" my friend and I heard "The Mikado," which I hadn't heard since Richard Mansfield played the Lord High Executioner at the Hollis Street Theatre almost at the beginning of his career. I found it a long step from Mansfield to De Wolf Hopper. The former took the part as a whole, in a highbred, serious kind of way; the latter in a manner the reverse, jumping about the stage so friskily as to compel one to think what an appropriate name he had. His antics amused the children, one charming tot who sat across the aisle from me being so delighted that on catching my eye she merrily clapped her little hands, as much as to say: "Isn't he the limit?" I kept thinking of the Mikado's one aim in life:

> My object, all sublime,
> I shall achieve in time,
> To make the punishment fit the crime,
> The punishment fit the crime.

In this particular case the proper punishment might be to make the popular comedian sing the Tit Willow song continuously to a dummy Katisha in an empty theatre, eager for the final curtain, and longing in vain for the ghost to walk.

Let us be thankful that Gilbert has given us so much innocent merriment and that Bernard Shaw has materially added to our gaiety. However different their methods, it seems to me that th

[illegible]

Men and Things

John Thomas, known as "Pencerdd Gwalia," died on March 19, at Bridgend, South Wales, at the age of 87. He was a famous harpist and did much to revive the interest of his countrymen in the harp. He made several tours on the European continent. In 1871 he was appointed harpist to Queen Victoria, and he held this position in the court of King Edward. Ada Lady Lovelace, the daughter of Byron, paid his way as a youth at the Royal Academy of Music. He is described as a tall slender, modest, handsome man with a striking face full of refinement. He wrote two concertos and many other pieces for the harp, and two cantatas.

James Doughty, the oldest clown in England, died at Brighton on March 14. For the last 30 years and until recently he gave performances on the piers with his trained dogs, and showed with pride a certificate given to him by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. In his time he used to sing Whitaker's famous song "Hot Codlings." He left the London stage when clowns were better treated than they are today. He was 94 when he died. At the age of 93, only five months after the death of his first wife, he married a woman of 25. Thus in old age he had a sense of humor.

Mr. Barrie's latest play, "The Legend of Leonora," is the first long play he has written since "What Every Woman Knows." Between these plays he has written half a dozen short ones—"The Twelve Pound Look," "A Slice of Life," "Rosalind," "The Little Policeman," "[illegible]" and "The Dramatist Gets What He Wants." Two or three of these have not yet been performed.

Mr. Titterton writes: 'Of the mere cleverness of the variety performer, most of us are most heartily tired. Handsprings and somersaults no longer move us, we look on unmoved at the juggling of balls, knives and plates; these cyclists disgust us with their [illegible] fore-wheel. We have come to regard [illegible] of wonder that now [illegible] is ordinary. And, what is the [illegible], the humble amateur [illegible] himself on some small degree of expertness comes, from looking at this unattainable perfection, to regard his own skill as quite despicable. [illegible] to be able to make a penny disappear up my coat sleeve, I never try it now. In this, as in so many other [illegible], the amateur performer is made [illegible] ashamed of himself. Now, half the [illegible] things that are done in a [illegible] theatre are really parlor games, [and] are only worth doing, as G. K. C. [would] say, when they are done badly."

[illegible] Foote's Four Character Pieces (after Omar Khayyam), were played at a concert of the St. Louis Symphony [illegible] led by Max Zach on March 2.

Baron Henri de Rothschild has completed a play entitled "Croesus." The [first] production will take place in London this spring, where the English version is to be played. The first performance of the original French text will take place subsequently in Paris, with Lucien Guitry in the leading part.

[illegible] have concert program books in London. The editor of one for a Queen's Hall orchestra concert had this to say of the Scherzo in Beethoven's "Eroica." "In one dizzy sweep the Symphony is [illegible] away and engulfed in a heroic [illegible] of divine joy."

[illegible] was a capital interview with Mr. [illegible] Edwardes in the Referee. In the course of the conversation the popular [manager] of the Gaiety Theatre turned [illegible] valiantly the tendency of all [illegible] except the Gaiety and the others [illegible] control to produce "questionable [plays]." As he put it:

There is too much of a tendency nowadays to produce questionable plays. If [illegible] to put on such plays the critics [would] throw bricks at me. There are [illegible] many unhealthy pieces, both serious and light, just now. Throw open the [illegible], I say, and let us have a breath of fresh air."

[illegible] really charming. Even granted [illegible] the case that there is rather [illegible] freedom allowed to dramatists, [illegible] Mr. Edwardes seriously believe that [illegible] of "The Merry Widow" was [illegible] class of 'questionable' plays? [illegible] amusing, and its music [illegible] light way was quite charming—but [illegible] the musical comedy [illegible] is not entirely beyond reproach in [the] matter of "questionableness."—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Old Music Hall and the New

Mr. W. R. Titterton of London asks himself why he became a critic of [illegible] show. [Of] course, I do it to earn my living, [but] there are many other ways of earning a living, and so this gibe of [illegible] may be allowed to pass. I happen to criticise variety. I imagine [it] is a protest against the dominance [illegible]

[illegible]

Yes, the entertainment that I love and criticise, the institution that is perhaps dead but whose death I refuse to recognize, is the old-style music hall.

The variety theatre is a drug-shop, the music hall was a temple for the communal celebration of simple mirth and good-humor. It had surface vulgarities in plenty, but it was naive, whole-hearted, and essentially clean. It did not snigger, but it had a splendid laughter. It was not clever, but it was true. It was the common people's way of looking at the life of the common people. It was not bestowed upon or donated to the democracy, the democracy created it. The audience did not sit back and watch an expert performance; it was part of the performance, it was not amused, it enjoyed itself.

The music-hall was defiantly British, as British as Dickens or Punch. Its dramatic types were more truly national, had less of the vices of sect than any of the types that were or are to be found on our modern legitimate stage. There was a spacious sanity about those types; but I gather that the London county council did not approve of them.

Why the music hall is dying I shall not here discuss; it is, indeed, the perpetual theme of my weekly sermon. But it is not dead yet; there are still among us the splendid fruits of its latest harvest—Marie Lloyd, Albert Chevalier, Harry Lauder, George Robey, Harry Randall. The late Dan Crawley was of the right sort, Billy Merson has sometimes a touch of the old spirit, and there are many others whose names escape me who have not been spoiled.

"In certain halls, like the Euston, even in the audience something of the old fire endures; though the gallery boys are more flippant and less hearty than they were. But in most of the West End halls the middle classes are in possession, and the great English middle class will never understand the music hall. A variety audience today is lazy and spiritless; it does not want to celebrate, it asks to be amused. And in the end sheer amusement always becomes devilish.

"I like variety—as an etcetera. I delight in Rinaldo, who is the very spirit of variety, the very demon of it. But as an institution, as a substitute for the music hall, I hate variety, with its smug assumption of respectability and its penchant for alluring dances. I hate variety because it is so un-English, because the gates have been opened to the humor of all nations, and the Englishman has no longer a means of communal expression.

"But the music hall spirit, as I say is not dead yet. If some of the gentlemen who endow free libraries would endow a few local music halls and vest them in the citizens of the several localities, or if the citizens would themselves take the trouble to subscribe and to build, something might yet be done."

Borrowed from Life

"Dramatic novelties" come to us late in Boston. "Bought and Paid For," though announced some weeks ago, has not arrived, but Londoners saw it last month, and are talking about the scene in which the husband under the influence of drink batters down his wife's bedroom door so that she shall not escape him.

"The idea of this scene," Mr. George Broadhurst, the author, stated in an interview with a representative of the Pall Mall Gazette, "had been in my mind for some years. Nine years ago one of the most intelligent women whom I have ever met was talking to me about courtship, and how unfair it is to the average couple.

"Quoting her own case she said, 'I was brought up in a convent, and left it when I was 18. I then went home and met a very charming and dashing young man with whom I fell in love. He fell in love with me. Within two months we were married, because each had shown the other only the best side of our characters.

"'When I married him I had no idea that he drank. His parents, however, knew it, and allowed me to marry him on the theory that I might reform him.

"'Three weeks after we were married he came home drunk—offensively and almost brutally drunk. I had practically never seen a drunken man, and here I was brought into this close and intimate relation with him. It horrified me so much that next morning I left him.

"'His parents persuaded me to give him another chance. They gave us rooms in their own house. For three or four months everything went along pleasantly. But one evening, when they were at the opera, and I was alone in the house, he came home as before, and when I tried to get away from him he kicked down the door.'

"This scene, therefore, is founded upon an incident that actually happened. For a long time I did not know whether I could handle it or not, and the play knocked about in my head for seven years. The finished scenes came very gradually, but when at last I got [illegible] the play I [illegible] 10 days [illegible]

[illegible], the attitude of the [illegible] part of the husband [illegible] the audience [illegible] if he were merely [illegible] man, the better [illegible] the worse it would be [illegible] cause the harder it would be for the audience to forgive. In other words, if at the end of the scene the audience says, 'Isn't it a pity?' we have a success; if they were to say, 'Isn't it terrible?' we should have a failure.

"In the last act Mr. Aynesworth and Miss Carlisle have one of the most trying moments that artists have ever had in modern drama, and it is their wonderful artistry that makes the scene hold.

"Jimmy, the comedian, for his own purposes, has telephoned to the husband that his wife has forgiven him. He has said nothing to the wife, and many in the audience, therefore, suppose that their meeting must of necessity partake of the element of comedy.

"But the artists handle the scene so beautifully that not even once have we had the semblance of a laugh. Once or twice in New York, where the play had a wonderful run, there was a laugh on a holiday night, but that was not in any sense due to the actors, but to the holiday spirit in which the audience attended.

'We found by experience in New York that if the actress in this scene, when she saw her husband, stretched out her hands to him, the audience had a tendency to take it from the comedy standpoint; but if, when she saw him, she simply paused and leaned back against the door, it robbed the scene of any element of comedy. By such little things as this is the success of a play made or lost.'"

Concert Hall Pests

"Allegro[illegible]" wrote to the Monthly Musical Record (London) of March: Not long ago I was at a chamber concert given by a famous string quartet. Beside me sat a couple of ardent music lovers, in front of us sat a couple of ladies with big hats. The ladies were so communicative as to their affairs and those of their acquaintances that I could see the recital was proving of small pleasure to the appreciative couple, to say nothing of myself.

Presently the couple let me into a little secret, which I will tell for the possible benefit of other long-suffering concert-goers. I saw the patient male lover of music writing something in pencil down the margin of his program. It was this: "I am sorry we could not have heard more of your conversation, but the violinist has been inconsiderately making himself heard from time to time. I am sure, however, if you speak a little louder he will understand and give way to you."

Well, he wrote that, and then, passing it to his companion, he whispered: "I would like to drop this into their laps, but I don't quite dare." The companion was, perhaps, not exactly of the militant suffragette type, but she was irritated, and she was determined. "You don't dare?" she said. "Well, I do, then." And in some sudden and inexplicable manner the paper appeared before the eyes of the loquacious persons in front. They looked wrathfully behind them only to encounter a row of immobile faces, all eyes raptly regarding the platform. They glared to right and to left of them, with no more satisfactory results. Then they sulked, which had the desired effect.

In the Play House

A "political comedy" in four acts called "The Bill" by Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, was produced by Mr. Wareing, founder of the Glasgow Repertory Theatre, at the Royalty Theatre, Glasgow, on March 25. The play deals with a universal suffrage bill, introduced by a cabinet minister, whose son is leader of the opposition. The scene of the second act is the terrace of the House of Commons, and that of the last act the room behind the speaker's chair, the occasion being the debate on the last reading of the bill.

A wordless play, "She Pays the Penalty," performed at the Palladium, London, is worthy of the Grand Guignol in Paris. The characters are a general, his wife, and her lover, a captain. The wife visits her lover's rooms and later the husband comes. She in another room, does not know this. There is a duel and the captain kills the general. "The thrill of the piece comes when the lady, in extreme dishabille throws herself gaily on the couch beside which the body of her husband is concealed. The play ends with the suttee of the horrified widow, who for once gives to the serpentine dance a dramatic meaning. Nobody acts very well.'

"Playgoer" writes to the Pall Mall Gazette, March 6: "One of the witticisms noticed in 'Her Side of the House,' the new play by Mr. Lechmere Worrall and Miss Atte Hall, produced at the Aldwych Theatre on Tuesday night, ran as follows: 'Indiscretion is the better part of valor.' And, very interestingly, Oscar Wilde's essay, 'The Critic as Artist' which has been in circulation for about [illegible] years, [illegible] of Poor, [illegible]

[illegible]

April 7 191[?]

CLOSES SEASON WITH 'CREATION'

The last of the [illegible] concerts in Symphony Hall [illegible] place yesterday [illegible] and Haydn Society, [illegible] Mr. [illegible]hauer gave a [illegible] "Creation." The [illegible] Caroline Hudson-Alexander, [illegible] Williams and Frederic Martin.

This series of concerts [illegible] cessful in every way. The [illegible] has been of the highest, [illegible] the list of singers and players [illegible] ments: Mme. Calve, O[illegible] harmonic Society of New [illegible] Elman, Nov. 10 [illegible] Heink, Nov. 24 [illegible] Mme. Sembrich, [illegible] Dec. 15; Mme. [illegible] the, Dec. 29, [illegible] ford, Jan. 5; M[illegible] Gerhardt and Mi[illegible] Mme. Butt and M[illegible] Miss Teyte and Mr. [illegible] Mr. McCormack, Feb. [illegible] and Mme. Rhadeskas, M[illegible] Fund Concert, March 9 [illegible] Mr. Godowsky, March 1[illegible] March 30, "The Creation" [illegible]

These concerts [illegible] lar. The prog[illegible] cians and the gr[illegible] hou[se] was conv[illegible] city and the sub[illegible] gaged as principals [illegible] nets, but they m[illegible] without delibera[illegible] crowd. They sang [illegible] they were in t[illegible] phony audience. T[illegible] only to be congratulated [illegible] thanked for the p[illegible] thousands and for th[illegible] thus exerted [illegible] with fine compositions [illegible] formed.

It was a happy idea t[illegible] may it be only the first [illegible] a performance of "The [illegible]. [illegible] work itself is peculiarly [illegible] the month, and it is [illegible] The freshness of th[illegible] paired. The melod[illegible] of the choruses, even th[illegible] —especially those of a z[illegible] —are as delightful tod[illegible] French officers in V[illegible] to the composer [illegible] Haydn's music in [illegible]. Only [illegible] of his symphonies [illegible] pianists neglect his sonatas. [illegible] the works of this composer a[illegible] the greater is the admiration [illegible] melodic spontaneity, the variety [illegible] invention, his in[illegible]. Nor should the true beauty [illegible] ment be ignored, for [illegible] as some would have [illegible] composer of high spirits.

And this concert gave an [illegible] of hearing the Handel and Haydn chorus to many in [illegible] who are inconvenienced by evening concerts or debarred from them.

The management en[illegible] leading oratorio singers, Mr. [illegible] and Mr. Martin. Mrs. Hudson-Alexander, although younger [illegible] stage, has already an enviable reputation. It remains to be said that the performance was one of general excellence. The soloists were in the vein, the chorus was effective and the Boston [Festival] orchestra was heard to advantage. There was a very large and enthusiastic audience and [illegible].

To the office, but, Lord! what a conflict I had with myself, my heart tempting me a thousand times to go abroad [illegible] some pleasure or other.

Fashion Note.

"The ashes of an oyster shell calcined and incorporate with honey rid away wrinkles, and make woman's skin to lie smooth and even."

Animal or Reptile?

A jury in New York decided that a turtle came under the head of animals, but Justice O'Sullivan of the [illegible] court threw out the case, declaring that no jury could ever reach a decision on the question.

An Australian act of Parliament provides that a bounty is payable on preserved fish. A man who had been producing preserved turtle on a [illegible] scale claimed early in 1908 the bounty. After much consultation and [illegible] the Commonwealth Customs Department decided that the turtle is not a fish [illegible]

In 1868 [illegible] Edward [illegible] an admirable work [illegible] worth [illegible] in full.

... of the ... Divine Natural, and Moral d... with their lively Figures, ...s, Conditions, Kindes and Natures ... all venomous BEASTS with their ... Poysons and Antidotes; their ...p hatred to Mankinde, and the won...ful work of God in their Creation ...d Destruction. Necessary and profit... to all sorts of Men. Collected out ... divine Scriptures, Fathers, Philoso...e..., Physitians, and Poets: amplified ...h sundry accidental Histories, Hiero...phy..ks, Epigrams, Emblems, and ...nigmatical Observations." On page ...8 Mr Topsell discourses in a masterly ...nner on the Tortoise of the Sea, and ...gins as follows: "It were unproper ...d exorbitant to handle the Sea-...rtoise in this place, were it not be-...uss it liveth in both elements, that is, ...oth the water and the land, wherefore ...eeing the Earth is the place of his ...eneration, as the Sea is of his food and ...ourishment, it shall not be amisse nor improper (I trust) to handle this ...so among the Serpents and creeping things of the earth."

The Concise Oxford Dictionary boldly ...ays: "Turtle: Marine reptile encased as tortoise and with flippers used in swimming, especially (also green turtle) k nd much used for soup."

Creeping Things.

Frank Buckland was a daring natural...t. He ate strange food in his re...arches, rode on a crocodile, but one ...y Dr. Nathan Adler, father and pre...essor of the late Chief Rabbi in Lon...n, asked him whether Jews might ...fully eat oysters and Buckland was ... doubt. He consulted Dean Stanley. What was the interpretation of the Mosaic law? Do oysters creep? The ...tter question was finally answered in the affirmative, and oysters have since ...een included by orthodox Jews of England in the list of forbidden food. It is strange that no rebellious one has cultivated the stationary oyster.

Berwick Sponge Cake.

As the World Wags:

I noticed in The Boston Herald of April 2 that the question was asked about the origin of Berwick Sponge cake. It was a plain cake, made in the Fifties by a Mrs. Briggs. Her husband lost one of his legs working for the rail...d, and the company established him in a restaurant at Berwick Junction, which in time became famous for its sponge cake, so much so that the Briggs made a small fortune selling it to the ...assengers.

They retired from business, came to Newburyport, made unfortunate investments and died poor.

AN OLD CUSTOMER.

Newburyport, April 2.

As the World Wags:

The mention of Berwick Sponge cake tickles my palate even now, though it ... more than 45 years since I bought that far-famed and delicious double-decked sponge cake while stopping at the old Berwick depot for lunch on my way from Boston to Portland via B. & M. R. R. MRS. M. A. SMITH.

Middletown, Ct., April 2.

Bel Canto and Baldness.

"How many people," asks the Manchester Guardian, "would solve at once the problem of this notice?

Our Unique Method of Singing Strengthens the Hair.

"It was in a hairdresser's."

A few days ago in New York a young prisoner heard singing by an aesthetic judge was loosed from his bonds. The prisoner was a tenor. And yet Buelow declared after experience in opera house and concert hall that a tenor is a disease.

One Snooks.

Apropos of surnames that to some seem harsh to the ear or grotesque, Mr. Freeman in last Friday's Herald mentioned Snooks. In Mr. Wells's story "Miss Winchelsea's Heart" the name "Snooks" is changed little by little until it becomes "Sevenoaks." Learned men tell us that in all probability Snooks originally came from "Sevenoaks" by the way of "Senoaks." Malthus from Malthouse and Bellows from Bellhouse are a little more euphonius than Snooks.

Another Old Song.

As the World Wags:

As you seem to be engaging your intelligence lately in talking about old songs can you tell me who wrote the following, which my mother often used to sing, and of which I can only recall this fragment:

In days of old
When knights were bold
And barons held their sway
A warrior bold
With spurs of gold
Sang merrily his lay.

And then followed the lay, which was all about a young lady with blue eyes and golden hair.

SIEUR GANACHE LE CHOU-TETE.

Plainville, Conn.

Edwin Thomas wrote the verses, Stephen Adams the music.

Foreign News.

We learn from European journals just received that while the great Napoleon is commonly credited with being a snuff-taker, he detested tobacco in any form. The error arose from his carrying for his chronic indigestion a mixt...re of liquorice and brown sugar, loose in his waistcoat pocket.

...M. Poincare is ... of the theatre, but he plays no games, not even dominoes.

April 8. 1913

'THE TYPHOON' AT MAJESTIC

By PHILIP HALE.

MAJESTIC THEATRE: "The Typhoon," a drama in three acts, adapted by Emil Nyitray and Byron Ongley from the Hungarian of Melchior Lengyel.

Tokeramo	Walker Whiteside
Joshikawa	Stephen Wright
Kobayashi	Grant Sherman
Hironari	Harold De Becker
Omayi	Arda La Croix
Bernard Bruck	Arda La Croix
Ernest Lindner	Hubert Wilke
Illona Kerner	Florence Fisher
Tira Hempel	Maude Shaw
Johann	William Weston

Mr. Lindsay Morison produced a version of "The Typhoon" at the Majestic Theatre on June 3 of last year when the part of Tokeramo was played by Howell Hansel and that of Helene, or Illona, as the girl is named in the version seen last night, by Miss Anna Cleveland. In some respects, and they were important, the adaptation by Mr. Morison and Mr. Pitman was closer to the original.

Would the Hungarian know his own drama if he were to see it played by Mr. Whiteside and his company? Now there are three acts instead of four. The third act of the original shows the trial of the youth who declared himself the murderer of Illona to save Tokeramo and for the honor of Nippon. In this act Tokeramo, moved by the innocent lad's peril, proclaims his own guilt, but his companions swear to his innocence and attribute the confession to excitement and mental distress. The part of Tira Hempel is much more significant in the original. The final scene is very different. The wonder is that the present adapters had the courage to take such destructive liberties with a drama that had made a sensation in European cities possibly by the references to Japan as a menace to occidental civilization.

As the motive of this play even in its present mutilated form is familiar, it is not necessary to describe the plot at length. Tokeramo is at work in Berlin, and although the precise nature of his report is not told to us, it is of utmost importance to Japan. He has become involved with a light o' love, one Illona. Warned against her, he finally finds out that she has deceived him. There is a scene in which he loses his self control. Ordering her to leave his rooms for ever, he weakens and confesses his love. She taunts him. He is no stronger than the other men she has ruined, no stronger than Lindner of whom he is jealous. She taunts him for his yellow skin; she reviles his country. Then he sees all things red and strangles her. His Japanese comrades are eager to assume the guilt, for his work must be completed. A victim is chosen. Tokeramo fulfils his mission. Overwork and mental strain are too much for him. His heart fails, and his comrades remarking that death is nothing, send for the coroner, and proceed with their work for Japan. Thus the play ends in the mangled version.

This version is poorly constructed, episodic, and without marked significance. There is an air of mystery, but the mystery does not enwrap the spectator. He merely wonders what it is all about; nor is this mystery revealed, for there is really nothing to reveal. There is much talk about the glorious past and the glorious future of Japan; there are scenes of cajolement and recrimination ending in a screaming quarrel and murder; there are attempts to portray the devotion of the Japanese to their country. By way of relief a pompous German professor is introduced. Then there is Lindner, ruined by Illona and given over to brandy, violent abuse and maudlin sentimentalism.

If any one should take the trouble to read the French version of this play after seeing the production at the Majestic, he would again wonder at the audacity of Messrs. N. Yitray and Ongley, the adapters.

The performance is not an impressive one. Mr. Bergman, who took the part of Joshikawa, and Miss Florence Read, who took the part of Illona at the Fulton Theatre, New York, a year ago last month, are no longer with the company; nor are Mr. Cossart and Mr. Malcolm Williams, the original professor and Lindner in New York. The present company gives little illusion of Japanese character and manners. The members assume a certain rigidity of expression and manner of gesturing, but the moment they speak there is little thought of Japanese in Berlin or at home.

The acting of some was curiously old-fashioned in its blueter and fury. Joshikaway hissed his consonants and chopped his sentences and even Mr. Whiteside, who for the most part preserved an oriental composure, had a trick in emotional moments of breathing in a manner that suggested letting off steam. These Japanese are as excitable as any nervous American. It seems ... moment Miss Fisher was interesting in her first scenes, hard, flippant, feline, and in her amorous approaches she was dangerous, but as the last she ranted as any old-fashioned Emilia reproaching Iago. Mr. Wilke also was very noisy.

A large audience listened attentively and welcomed any speech that it could construe as comic.

INDIAN GIRL GIVES RECITAL

By PHILIP HALE.

Pe Ahm E Squeet ("Floating Cloud"), or Miss Bee Mayes as she is known to the palefaces, gave an entertainment yesterday afternoon as a singer, dancer, lecturer and harpist in Jordan Hall. This entertainment was of an unusual and engrossing nature.

Of late years white men and women have studied the music of the North American Indians and written learnedly about it: about its scale, its relationship with primitive music elsewhere; how it should or should not be harmonized, etc., etc. It was a pleasure to hear an intelligent and charming woman describe the music and dances of her tribe and give examples of its dances and songs.

Miss Mayes, of the Chippewa tribe, born on a reservation in northern Michigan, was sent when she was about 13 years old to the Haskell Institute, where she first learned the harp. She came to Boston three years ago to continue her studies, to learn the white man's music. It seems that the harp appeals to the Indians, who find certain effects produced on it similar to the sounds of the drum. Miss Mayes has a singularly beautiful voice in speaking and in singing, but she should exert greater force when she lectures in a room as large as Jordan Hall. Her English is delightfully pure; her choice of words is fortunate; she talks with refreshing ease and the fluency of one that has mastered her subject. Her bearing is graceful, devoid of self-consciousness, free from the assurance that sometimes comes from over-familiarity with the lecture or recital routine and irritates even the well-disposed. She has a keen sense of humor, which some have denied the Indian. Miss Mayes spoke of this and said that the Indian often laughs and relishes amusing stories.

In the first part of the entertainment she sketched Indian life from her personal recollection and knowledge. She told legends of her tribe, legends of animals, and told them vividly and poetically. It is not easy for a white man to become acquainted with the beliefs, customs and music of the Indians, she said, even when he lives with them. According to her statement, the Indians do not know any harmonic system in singing, even of the rudest description. When a man invents a song it is his. He may give permission to another to sing it; he may sell it; but the Indian's sense of honor forbids him to sing another's song without this permission. Among the songs given in illustration, with and without the harp, the song to the Sun and a Death Song had the most striking character and melodic significance.

The second part was devoted to Indian Dances, the Maiden Dance, the Green Corn Soup Dance—a game; the Drum Dance, the Ceremony of the Rainmaker, the Ceremony of Planting Corn and of Gift Giving; Mourning for the Dead and the War Dance. These dances, in which Miss Mayes showed grace and agility, had more than ethnological interest.

Mr. Guy S. Maier, pianist, played Liszt's "Funerailles," Liszt's transcription of Mendelssohn's song "On Pinions of Music" and Debussy's Toccata, and played the music for the dances.

There was a deeply interested and appreciative audience of good size.

"Magnanimous Lover," a New Piece, and Two Old Favorites Are Given.

K. W.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Magnanimous Lover" a play in one act by St. John G. Ervine. First performance in Boston.

Samuel Hinde	Mr. O'Rourke
Mrs. Cather	Miss O'Beirne
William Cather	Mr. Morgan
Henry Hinde	Mr. Kerrigan
Maggie Cather	Miss Allgood

"The Building Fund," a comedy in three acts, by William Boyle.

Mrs. Grogan	Miss Allgood
Shan Grogan	Mr. Sinclair
Sheila O'Dwyer	Miss MaGee
Michael O'Callaghan	Mr. O'Rourke
Dan McSweeney	Mr. O'Donovan

"The Rising of the Moon," a play in one act, by Lady Gregory.

Sergeant	Mr. Sinclair
Policeman X	Mr. O'Rourke
Policeman B	Mr. Wright
Ballad Singer	Mr. Kerrigan

There was variety at the Plymouth Theatre last evening. Mr. Ervine's play is inclined to verbosity. The characters, however, are skilfully drawn, and as ...ted by the Irish Players the piece was not the least enjoyable on the program.

Henry Hinde, after an absence of 10 years, returns to his native village to "make respectable" the girl he ruined in his youth and who has borne him a son. His stay in Liverpool has made him a prosperous shopkeeper with two assistants. He has repented of the wild ways of his early life. He is a pillar of the church and mouther of the scriptures. He is even looked upon as a desirable suitor for a minister's daughter, a fact which his doddering and smugly respectable old father reiterates impressively to the parents of the fallen Maggie.

Henry, steeped in magnanimity, offers her marriage; but he does not love her. He is merely paying "a debt he owes to God." Maggie, a proud and passionate woman, will have none of his cant. Before he left her 10 years ago she had begged for marriage on her knees. He called her names then, he shall not now be permitted to ease his conscience. Appalled at the lack of all seeming decency on the part of the Cathers Henry and his father take their leave after a pious prayer and further biblical quotations.

Mr. Kerrigan played the part of Henry with becoming suavity and was the pious hypocrite to the life. There was much primitive force in Miss Allgood's impersonation of Maggie Cather, her reading of the lines was dramatically impressive and she showed a proper scorn for the man who considered her his inferior. Miss O'Beirne and Messrs. O'Rourke and Morgan were pleasing as the old people.

"The Building Fund," William Boyle's delightful comedy, which was included in the repertory of last year, was again effectively performed. It would be difficult to say which of the characters is most admirably portrayed; indeed, this interesting organization may well plume itself on the individual excellence of its members.

"The Rising of the Moon" was the concluding piece. There was an appreciative audience of fair size.

There will be a special matinee this afternoon, the proceeds of which will be given toward a building to be erected to save Sir Hugh Lane's gift of pictures for Ireland. The program will include "Kathleen Ni Houlihan," "The Rising of the Moon," a scene from Moliere's "Miser" and "Spreading the News."

CASTLE SQUARE—"The Darling of the Gods." Melodrama in five acts and eight scenes by John Luther Long and David Belasco.

Zakkuri	John Craig
Kara	William P. Carleton
Tonda Tanji	Donald Meek
Saigon, Prince of Tosan	Walter Walker
Shushoo	Carney Christie
Kugo	Frederick Ormonde
Kato	George Henry Trader
The Imperial Messenger	David Kimball
Taro	Albert LeR...
First Secretary in the War Office	Frank Taylor
Bauza	Frederick Ormonde
Little Sano	Henrietta McDannel
Rosy Sky	Laurett Browne
Setsu	Florence Shirley
Kaedo	Mabel Colcord
Niji-Omra	Gladys Wilson
Yo-San	Mary Young

W. J.

OLD AND NEW SEEN AT B. F. KEITH'S

Gertrude Vanderbilt and George Moore in Vaudeville—Other Features.

W. Hapgood

B. F. Keith's bill this week is a happy combination of old favorites like Charley Case and Master Gabriel, with newcomers to the vaudeville stage in Boston. Among those who are here for the first time are Gertrude Vanderbilt and George Moore, late features of Raymond Hitchcock's Red Widow Company, in up-to-date songs and dances. They have a most interesting sketch in which Miss Vanderbilt's dancing plays no small part. She is one of the most graceful, agile dancers that has ever visited B. F. Keith's.

Another very pretty sketch, and one that was received with instant favor, was that of Charlotte Ravenscroft the singing violinist. Miss Ravenscroft sings two or three catchy airs to her own accompaniment upon the violin, and also recites a few stanzas of poetry with great effect. Somewhat different, but none the less clever in their line, are the Jack Dakota Trio in which is witnessed some extremely accurate and daring sharp-shooting as when Jack Dakota shoots into bits a toothpick that one of the young men holds between his teeth.

Charley Case, who has been talking for years about his father, his neighbors and his friends, has the same old monologue, but it's as clever as ever, goes exactly as well and Case, try as hard as he might, could probably never evolve a better line of chatter. Then there is Master Gabriel, the original Buster Brown, supported by his own company in the one-act comedy entitled "Little Kick." Ed Gallagher and

[illegible] Fields, late heroes of "Th[illegible] Too Soon," return to B[illegible] in a vaudeville [illegible] entitled "The Battle of Bay [illegible]" which is equally amusing. Bradley [illegible] others, as comedy contortionists [illegible] a novel sketch.

The rest of the bill is made up of Charles Brown and May Newman in original nonsensicalities, the Great Lovics Family, astounding athletes and balancers, with the Edison talking-moving pictures, now in their seventh week at the playhouse.

TREMONT THEATRE—Opening of Aborn grand opera season. Verdi's "Il Trovatore." Mr. Fichandler conducted.

[illegible]	Jeanette Alvina
Inez	Florence Coughlan
Azucena	Jayne Herbert
Manrico	Leonid Samoloff
[illegible]	John Mercer
Count di Luna	Morton Adkins
Ferrando	Joseph Parsons

The character of the performances given by this company is known to all and appreciated by many. It is the purpose of the Messrs. Aborn to give complete performances of popular operas in a creditable manner and at a price that allows enjoyment to those with a slender purse. For the last three seasons the company appeared at the Boston Opera House. This season the management thought it better to engage the Tremont Theatre, which has often been the temporary home of grand opera.

The repertoire of the company is a large one. It includes many of the more modern operas, but there were good reasons for opening the engagement with "Il Trovatore," for the popularity of Verdi's opera is still universal and unabated. Nor is this popularity due solely to the melodies of Verdi. Much has been said in jest of the mysterious, incomprehensible plot, and the question is still asked: "Which baby was tossed into the flames by the enraged gypsy?"

In comparison with the librettos of certain modern operas, psychological, symbolical, the book of "Il Trovatore" is as crystal. There is continuous action, even in the recitation of events and in the arias. There is always something going, to use the colloquial phrase. The characters are so familiar that they may be said to be historical. Manrico and the Count di Luna surely lived their [illegible] life and the "sangre azul" flowed in their veins. Of either one it might be said

> A true Hidalgo, free from every stain
> Of Moor or Jewish blood.

As for Azucena, we saw her not long ago in an encampment on the road to [illegible]. The motive is the old familiar and approved one: two men and a woman. Then there is the introduction of the Gypsy woman, one of the most picturesque and dramatic figures in all opera. And "Il Trovatore" does not call for elaborate stage settings and sumptuous costumes. We once saw a performance in which the chorus was little more than a double quartet, and the orchestra did not number over a dozen, but yet the music sung passionately by [illegible] was as irresistible as ever.

Mr. Samoloff, who appeared last evening as Manrico, did not sing in English, and there was no evidence of faulty enunciation by the others of the cast. There foreign accents were numerous. These had a fascination of their own.

There is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.

Welcome to Our Band.

As the World Wags:

Is it easy for you to produce from your great store of the Rare and Curious a little information as to the antiquity of the form of tobacco pipe known as the "Churchwarden" or "Broseley Straw"?

I know in a general way that the [illegible] is old and the pipe is old, but have not at hand the means of tracing to the origin of either.

In one of William Bates's articles in the "Maclise Portrait Gallery" he refers to the subject in a way to suggest that the words have seen many years. "It is fine," he says, "to think of Robert Hall lighting his Broseley at the pulpit lamps at the close of his discourse and of Samuel Parr half hidden by fuliginous clouds, a yard or so behind the bowl of a huge "churchwarden.""

Even this little lore is enough to give a dash of joy to the contemplation of the following true story, which I respectfully tender for the consideration of yourself and your wiseacre friends.

Being desirous of adding a touch of completeness to a gathering of friends, who would discuss before my big country fireplace Tobacco and Books, and Tobacco and Cheer and more Tobacco, I determined to provide a handful of good old church-wardens for incense burning, and in a somewhat hurried passing from mid-town to station I vainly sought the Broseleys in every store along my course. There were pipes of almost every sort, but nowhere could I see the "straw" that I could catch at. The railway station was close at hand and my [illegible] to see [illegible] one of the [illegible] of the great tobacco Octopus, [illegible] you a certificate [illegible] the effect that you have made a 25-cent purchase when you buy a 14-cent package of cigarettes. I rushed thither. Over the counter leaned a face with features that suggested a bridge of the centuries, even to the days of Abraham and his children. I hastily stated my desire, calling for a church warden, or Broseley, or long clay, and indicating with my hands as well as my commuter's packages would permit, the length of the stem.

I was forthwith withered. "Ve dondt carry dose nofeldies," said the descendant of the ancient race; and there seemed to be in his tone something of scorn for one who would graft upon the ancient and sacred art of "drinking tobacco" the use of any new-fangled contraption. JOHN ALGER.

North Reading, April 3.

Inadequate Information.

We are unable to say when the name "churchwarden" was first applied to the old-fashioned long clay pipes. The orthodox and modern dictionaries do not give a dated and illustrative quotation. The 18th century dictionaries do not know the word, although Bailey admitted colloquial terms and phrases. In 1857 one Hood wrote: "Give me my willow-tube for a lance, the lid of a cigar box for a shield. Thrust me a pair of cuttles into my girdle for pistols. Hang a churchwarden by my side for a sabre." The pipe is probably much older than the name, and is also known in England as an alderman, steamer, yard of clay. In 1859 Fairholt wrote in his book "Tobacco": "Such long pipes were reverently termed 'aldermen' in the last age, and irreverently 'yards of clay' in the present one." There is this sentence in "Tom Brown at Oxford": "He is church warden at home, and can't smoke anything but a long clay."

Dr. Richardson, lecturing on tobacco at a British Association meeting in 1864, said: "Cigars are more injurious than any form of pipe; and the best pipe is unquestionably what is commonly called a 'churchwarden,' or long clay."

The Brosley is a clay pipe, so called from the place of its manufacture in Shropshire, England.

Without Zero.

"C. W. P." thus replies to Mr. John S. Abbot: "John S. Abbot says that 'zero does not enter into the proof, therefore disqualifying C. W. P.'s statement.' But note that he uses X minus Y as a factor on both sides of his equation. He has made X and Y each equal to "two," and equal to each other; therefore X minus Y equals zero. He has used zero twice in concealed form, as a factor. That is just what I cautioned against in my original statement."

In Answer to Mr. Barnes.

As the World Wags:

In reply to Mr. Wilfred Barnes:

Five squared equals 25. Four minus 25 equals minus 21. Six minus 25 equals minus 19. Since when has minus 19 equalled minus 21?

Also 100 divided by 20 equals 5 divided by 1, but that does not make 100 equal 5 or 20 equal 1, does it? The fallacy lies, I think, in the fact that 40 does not equal 60.

WAYLAND M. MINOT.

Algebra and the Circus.

As the World Wags:

In this morning's Herald Mr. Barnes asks us to point out what is wrong in his algebraic proof that 2 equals 3. The fallacy lies in taking the square root of 16 minus 40 plus 25 as necessarily equal to 4 minus 5. In taking the square root of an algebraic quantity it is always necessary to affix the sign (plus or minus) to the whole expression, and then make use of either or both values, as the occasion may require. Therefore, the square root of the quantity just mentioned may equally well equal 5 minus 4, in which case we get: 6 minus 5 equals 5 minus 4, a true equation.

I also see, in the same Herald, that circus rings are always of exactly the same diameter. This is perfectly true, and for a very excellent reason. The circus horses have all learned to complete the circuit of the ring in a given number of strides, and the slightest change in the diameter of the ring would make them reach the various pieces of apparatus at the wrong portion of their stride.

EDWARD P. WARNER.

Concord, April 5.

April 9. 1913

EVERETT E. TRUETTE GIVES ORGAN RECITAL

The 21st organ recital under the auspices of the New England chapter of the American Guild of Organists was given in Symphony Hall last evening. Everett E Truette was the organist, and the program was as follows: Bach, Prelude in B minor; De La Tombelle, Pastorale in E; Truette, Suite in G minor; Guilmant, Lamentation and Fugue in D; Lemare, Romance in D flat; Bossi, Scherzo in G minor; Thiele, Theme and Finale. Mr. Truette's technical proficiency and taste in registration were warmly appreciated by a large audience.

[illegible]

A Thirst Provocative.

As the World Wags:

My uncle, Socrates Luther, who was a Wide-awake in the Lincoln campaign of 1860 and is still so agile that he is able to follow Gov. Foss, tells me that Berwick sponge cake was first made not at Berwick, which has no railroad station, but at North Berwick, then on the Portland, Saco & Portsmouth railroad. That railroad is now a part of the Boston & Maine system, which in the days of Berwick sponge cake went into Maine as far as South Berwick Junction.

Uncle Socrates tells me that the original Berwick sponge cake was famous mainly for its thirst-producing qualities, being less moist than breakfast food in its unnatural state. Those coming West from Portland in those days ate sponge cake at or after passing North Berwick. At Exeter, in the old restaurant, or at Portsmouth, on the other line, they slaked their consuming thirst in excellent prohibition ale or lager, while the train conductor accommodatingly waited until the last glass had been drained and the last nickel had been paid. AMOS T. LUTHER.

Boston, April 7.

The Dinner Bell of the House.

As the World Wags:

I saw a paragraph in this column about "Knotting," and called to mind a few lines I used to hear when a girl in reference to it:

> Mr. Burke once endeavored a lady to please.
> By admiring some work she had placed to her knees.
> She answered him gayly: "'Tis trouble some work,
> But pretty when done. Can you knot, Mr. Burke?"
> "No, madam," said he, "I can not."

I believe "Mr. Burke" was a statesman in England. Mrs. KATE WILLIAMS.

He was; he was, indeed. Mr. Thackeray alluded to him in his "Mayfair Love Song."

> I know my chief's distrust and hate
> He says I'm lazy and I shirk
> Ah! had I genius like the late
> Right Honourable Edmund Burke!

Mrs. Williams adds "Margaret Birkenmarch" omitted to mention the fact that one maid here gets more than the three would in England, and has less to do than the average maid of all work there.

Long and Short.

As the World Wags:

The fact that the word "angina" was, as a Latin word, the accent on the first syllable or the second syllable is not decisive as to the pronunciation of "angina" as an English word. "Orator," as a Latin word, has the accent on the second syllable, but in the case of the English word "orator" the accent is on the first syllable. ICHABOD TWOSTICKS.

Here is a curious fact. The New English (or Oxford) Dictionary, 1888, gives both pronunciations of "angina," but prefers the accent on the first syllable. The Concise Oxford Dictionary, 1911, throws the accent on the second syllable and gives the Latin derivation "angina"—accent on first syllable—"formerly thought to be angina"—accent on the second syllable—"whence usual English pronunciation."

The Number Seven.

As the World Wags.

I have seen the statement made that originally there were only seven jokes, and all others are variations from these. What were the original seven? This is quite a question, and one that should be settled as completely as possible before the earth gets on much further in its checkered career. Perhaps your interesting hash corner might like to consider it. P. G. PERRIN.

Sanbornton, N. H., April 4.

Pythagoras declared that while the number 3 contained the most sublime mysteries, the number 7 is powerful for good or evil and is associated especially with holy things. There are the seven deadly sins among Christians and Moslems, the seven champions of Christendom, the seven-league boots, the seven sages of Greece, the seven sleepers of Ephesus, the seven sorrows of Mary, the seven heavens known to the Cabbalists, the seven virtues, the seven wonders of the world, the seventh son of a seventh son. In the early church there could be only seven deacons to each town. Jacob served seven years for Rachel. In the Bible we read of seven bullocks, rams, men, sons, spirits, stars, seals.

> The strong gods pine for my abode,
> And pine in vain the sacred Seven.

And why should there not be seven original and only jokes? We have never seen them in print or manuscript. Undoubtedly one of them had something to do with a mother-in-law. Possibly "When is a door not a door?" was one of them. Of this we may be sure: jokes old in the Ark are repeated confidently today in musical comedies, comic papers, [illegible] by the [illegible] fireside.

[illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] Grand [illegible] an old [illegible] showing [illegible] quality [illegible] Scottish [illegible] to learn to dance [illegible] Pet[illegible] Stuart, [illegible] Harlem, remarked [illegible] of choristers "going up [illegible] to make legs to God." [illegible] fine art of courtesy. [illegible] longer now. Women [illegible] concerts given by pupils or [illegible] professional American singers [illegible] women in a hundred [illegible] ence gracefully. [illegible] stage might learn [illegible] the entrance [illegible] Julia Culp.

Mr. [illegible] that this name is not [illegible]—also speaks of the [illegible] "Berwick Junction."

Anecdotes for the Day.

"So Antigonus the King [illegible] Antagoras the Poet [illegible] Cook broiling Congers [illegible] to him, does thou [illegible] was dressing Congers [illegible] Agamemnon's [illegible] that Agamemnon [illegible] exploits, whilst he [illegible] drest Congers in the [illegible]"

APOLLO CLUB GIVES ITS LAST CONCERT OF SEASON

Large Audience Enthusiastic Over Varied Program.

The Apollo Club, [illegible] conductor, gave the [illegible] cert of its 42d [illegible] last evening. The [illegible] the Boston Festival [illegible] Crowley, concert master, [illegible] son, pianist, and [illegible]. The program was [illegible] hoven, "Chorus of [illegible] chestra; Gade, [illegible] Walter M. Smith [illegible] Brotherhood [illegible] Parker [illegible] Scotch Song, [illegible] arranged by Miss [illegible] Carter, [illegible] piano, [illegible] tra; Gibson, [illegible] Mohr, "In the Temple [illegible] orchestra [illegible] Messrs. [illegible] and [illegible].

The [illegible] pieces were [illegible] of Nidaros, an ambitious [illegible] work, is inferior in [illegible] melodic interest to Dudley Buck's [illegible] ment of Longfellow's poem. The club maintained its high standard [illegible] sion, balance and [illegible] dental solo work [illegible] singers. Th[illegible] the listeners [illegible].

April 10. 1913

> Where are you, accompanists trusty
> Of early days here met to dine?
> Come, waiter! Quick, a flagon, crusty,
> I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
> The kind old voices and old faces
> My memory can quick retrace;
> Around the board they take their places
> And share the wine and [illegible].

Ichabod! Ichabod!

There are no restaurants and taverns like those we frequented thirty years ago. The steak, the chops, the Welsh rabbit—these were cooked especially for you as an individual, persona grata, not merely No. 37 in a hungry three or four hundred. George Young inquired about your health; he looked at the dishes before you as though they were for him. "Billy" Park talked with you about his trip to England and had something to say about fish and game in London. There was an oyster opener in Essex street who called you by name and knew what size you preferred. And in this oyster house there were snug boxes with red curtains.

The appetite was keener in those brave days. The stomach was a friend whose confidence we abused. We were more receptive, more sentient. J[illegible] Jones was a delightful companion. T[illegible] Jones is as big a bore as old Auger, [illegible] we hear his voice [illegible] and [illegible] must [illegible] are on the other [illegible] lost [illegible] at [illegible] Wh[illegible]

[illegible] ... he ... and ... the ... through an exlist of ... Brown, who never was willing to take even the last car now passes "the fleeting remnant of his liver." He has acquired a taste for thin gruel and is of a serious turn of mind. But the sons and nephews of our old companion flaunt it at night. To them the world is one brilliantly lighted restaurant. There never was finer cooking, sounder ale, more sparkling champagne, prettier girls than now.

A Disappearing Cafe.

It is not surprising then that Englishmen and Frenchmen shed the tear of sensibility over the Cafe Anglais in Paris. It will be closed on the 15th of this month. The anecdotists are already at work. Cora Pearl, Marguerite Bellanger—her real name was Juliette Leboeuf—Therese Lachmann, better known as the Marquise de Paiva and other noble dames, are invoked from their tombs as the buried nuns rise in "Robert le Diable" to the spectral tones of the bassoons. It was at the Cafe Anglais that the Comte de Narbonne smashed glasses so that another might not use them after he had drank costly wines. There was the Marquis de Saint Cricq, who dwelt only round the corner, but drove daily to the cafe in a post chaise guiding the horse by a bridle passed through the window at the back. His dress was spectacular. He would don a three-decked mantle and wear a hat so shabby that Senator Evarts would have envied him. He salted his salad with snuff and at table would rub on his face a pomade mixed with Canary or Condrieu, "to harden the skin." Diners near him shuddered, but were spellbound. Offenbach would whistle a tune in the midst of his dinner and light a cigar after he had swallowed a mouthful or two. You would see English Milords, a dozen Russian Grand Dukes, Nabobs and among the Parisians, Cousin, Roqueplan, the Goncourt brothers, Musset, Baudelaire, Villemessant of Figaro, Gambetta, Ferry, About. Of the women Hortense Schneider is still living, rich, quiet, charitable, pious.

Singular Omissions.

Strange to say, Thackeray in his charming essays "On Some Dinners at Paris" and "Memorials of Gormandizing" does not mention the Cafe Anglais, though it was founded in 1802. He gossiped about the Freres, Very's, Faola's, the Cafe de Paris, Voisin's, Philippe's. It was in 1841 at the Cafe Foy that he ate with a friend a potage julienne with a little puree in it, entrecotes with spinach, a partridge with truffles, Roquefort cheese, a bottle ... nuits with the beef and a bottle of sauterne with the partridge. He ... a note: "They melt butter well at the Rocher de Cancale and at the Freres," and on the next page you find: "It is my firm opinion that a third rate Burgundy and a third rate claret—Beaune and Larose, for instance—are better than the best." And what a bad dinner he had at Richard's!

Nor does Dr. Veron in his "Memoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris" have much to say about the Cafe Anglais, although he gives pages to the Freres Provencaux, Very's, the Cafe de Foy, the Lemblin, the Rotonde, the Mille-Colonnes, the Montansier, the Hardi, Tortoni's, Des Mares and others—for there were more than 900 restaurants in the Paris of 1825. It was at the Hardi about 1816 that an eccentric Englishman, one "Schmitt," was seen. He used to dine daily at 5 o'clock. He was through eating at 10, but he drank till midnight, when he ate a red herring. At daybreak he left behind him at least a dozen empty bottles of Bordeaux.

Appreciative Guests.

In 1855 Charles Astor Bristed contributed to Fraser's an entertaining article, "Paris in Little." He had something to say about the Cafe Anglais, which he classed with the Trois Freres and the Cafe de Paris as the best, but he admitted that the reputation of the Anglais had fallen off since 1850. "Its chief deficiency now is the cellar, which used to be very superior, especially in the article of Burgundies, both still and sparkling. Yet after all a carefully selected dinner at the Anglais is a very comfortable thing." It was at the Cafe de Paris that a certain count ate "to his own cheek" five hundred francs' worth of dinner, beginning with caviare at 15 francs and 12 portions of birds' nest soup at 20 francs the portion.

There is much about the Cafe Anglais in "Paris Herself Again," by George Augustus Sala. An experienced gourmet, he thought it in 1878 the very best for dining purposes in Paris. "They will cook everything for you that is in season. Everything that should be hot will be 'piping' hot; the fish is always fresh, and the cleanliness of everything is simply perfect." There was good vin ordinaire for three francs; but a tiny partridge braised with cabbage, carrots and small sausages cost Sala ten francs, "and the dish was dear at the price."

At Biron's.

When we were a student in Paris in the middle eighties we preferred Biron's in the rue Lafayette. A ... of ... and milk cost six sous and a beefsteak could be had for 10 sous. There was bread. We have seen old gentlemen with the ribbon of the Legion in the buttonhole dropping vinegar in a glass of Seine water to give it a taste, or to destroy the natural flavor. Henry Bisbing, the cattle painter, used to walk from Neuilly and back to dine there before he was appreciated and prosperous. Biron made a fortune and lost it at the races. He is dead; Bisbing is dead; the old gentlemen long ago went through the door into a more spacious chamber. Those were days of poverty and laughter, joy and hope. A franc seemed a large sum. A dinner at two francs was luxury.

April 1913

We were saying what a delightful dispensation of providence it was that prosperous people will write their memoirs.

"Thames" or "Temse"

As the World Wags:

I was informed the other day that the phrase "to set the Thames on fire," to do something wonderful, used especially with the negative, meaning never to distinguish oneself, should read "to set the temse on fire"; that a temse is a sieve, used for bolting meal, and a brisk fellow might set it on fire by force of friction. My informant was cocksure and quoted the Century Dictionary—I think it was the Century. Is there any ground for his assertion?

JEROME B. LUTKIN.

Boston, April 10.

Rest, perturbed spirit. The word is Thames, meaning the famous river; old English, Temese; Latin, Tamesa. (We thrown this off merely to inspire confidence.)

In 1865, a contributor to "Notes and Queries" advanced the opinion that Thames in the familiar phrase was originally temse, a sieve, which might be fired as stated above. There is no basis of fact for this conjecture. The phrase has been used for several centuries in various countries with the name of another river, the Rhine, the Seine, etc.

In "Piers Plowman" (1363) we find this sentence "Wickede dedes Fareth as a fonk of fuyr that ful a-myde Temese" and two centuries later there is this proverb in Heywood: "As well cast water in the Tems as give him alms." A more joculatory proverb cannot be quoted here on account of its coarseness.

It will thus be seen that the river Thames was used for proverbial expressions.

A character in one of Foote's companies (1778) says: "Matt Minnikin, an honest burgoise (sic) won't set fire to the Thames, though he lives near the Bridge."

See Notes and Queries 6th s. ix, 14, and 8th s. vi. 502. "To a practical man a grain riddle-firing would sound most absurd. If you say to a Lancanshire laborer, 'Tha'll ne-er set th' Tems afire' a hundred to one he would understand the River Thames."

In the Follies pantomime of "Aladdin" produced last December at the Empire in London there was a trio for Aladdin, the Widow and the Slave of the Lamp beginning:

Who is the man you most admire,
Who is rapidly setting the Thames on fire?

English Humor.

The book reviewer of the Pall Mall Gazette finds "great fun" in "Astonishing Anatomy," by Tingle, "fully illustrated by numerous wood cuts, abrasions, finger prints and thumbnail scratches." He quotes this answer to a correspondent:

RESOLUTE RACHEL—Of course a dynamite pill is not in the Pharmacopoeia, and has doubtful advantages even as a last resource; still, as you say the child is stubborn by nature, and of iron constitution, there would be no great harm in giving her a couple some evening, and locking her up in the coal cellar. If you could contrive to bind her in copper wire without her suspecting it, there would be less chance of any splinters reaching the greenhouse, of which you are so justly proud.

Observe the lightness, the spontaneity, the delicate fancy. The reviewer adds: "The pictures of the smaller intestine and the abdominal viscera are very funny." We doubt it. No picture of anyone's "inwards" can be funny; they are too serious a matter to be a subject for jesting. We should not like to see a cross-section of the interior clockwork of the fairest dame in Christendom. What did the ninth sphinx in Victor Hugo's poem say of Cleopatra couched for ever? Kings had died of love, entering her chamber; her very name intoxicated and Strophus did not dare to write it. She was a goddess and deigned to be a queen. Passerby, approach her tomb.

Mais bouchez-vous le nez si vous passez la porte.

A Pen Portrait.

"Riddle," says the Pensacola News, "is a steel javelin, silver mounted; a silk pennant on a lance; a bugle call; a shooting star; a problem in mathematics; a new deck of fine cards; a mandolin solo; a castle on a hill; a prince of Ruritania; he is a yacht with lovely lines approaching Iceland; a high power rifle; a cavalry charge; a lake in the Alps." We do not know this gentleman, but it is perfectly clear that he must be considerable citizen of Columbia State.

In Good Usage.

As the World Wags:

Would you kindly tell the undersigned how and when the abominable use, now common in cheap literature, of "convention" came about for "conventionality"? As it is employed very much by those who wish to make light of conventionality and that which represents, it may have been thought that the smaller word might more easily be turned into contempt; also who closed up "on" and "to" into a single word "onto," extremely unpleasant to the eye? The defence of the similarity of form to "into" is no defence in the English language, the true pride of which is irregularity. WAGGER.

Boston, April 7.

"Convention" in the sense of "conventionalism" has been in English literature since the end of the 18th century and has been used by Hannah More, Bentham, Mrs. Browning and Matthew Arnold. "The conventionalities"—all that is conventionally regarded by society as proper—did not come into use before 1850.

"Onto" may be "unpleasant to the eye," but there is good authority for its use. Keats did not spurn this preposition. We find a note in the New English dictionary: "In the sense in which it corresponds to 'into,' 'onto' is in speech a real compound." In this sense "it must be distinguished from modern instances in which 'on' as the extension of a verb is followed by 'to' as a separate word e. g. to 'walk on' to the next station."

One of the finest uses of a preposition is in the complete works of Artemus Ward:

"You must not giv the Elephant Tobacker, becoz if you do he will stamp his grate big feet up on to you and kill you fatally ded."

BLIND PIANIST GIVES RECITAL

Mr. Robert J. Belue gave a piano recital last evening in Steinert Hall. The program was as follows: Bach, Prelude and Fugue in E major from the second volume of the "Well-tempered Clavichord;" Beethoven, Sonata in E minor, op. 90; Chopin, Etudes, op. 25, No. 9, op. 10, No. 3 and No. 5, Nocturne in G minor, op. 37, No. 1 and Valse in A flat major, op. 42; Schumann, Novelette in E major, op. 21, No. 7 and Nachstueck in F major, op. 23, No. 4; Schubert-Tausig, Military March.

Mr. Belue is blind and his musical studies have been interrupted by poor health. That he has reached his present stage of proficiency is a proof of natural musical instinct and uncommon perseverance. His industry and courage should be an example to students who have been more fortunate. Mr. Belue has an agreeable touch and he often played with unaffected sentiment, as in Chopin's Nocturnes.

There was an interested, friendly audience.

Liszt's Symphonic Poem "The Battle of the Huns" Stirs Enthusiasm.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 21st Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Karl Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mme. Julia Culp sang for the first time with this orchestra in Boston. The program was as follows:

Symphony in G major, "The Surprise" ....Haydn
Overture to "The Magic Flute" ....Mozart
Songs with orchestra, "Rastlose Liebe," "Jaeger, ruhe von der Jagd," "Ave Maria" ....Schubert
Symphonic poem, "The Battle of the Huns" ....Liszt
Songs with orchestra, "Traeume" Wagner
"Freudvoll und Leidvoll" and "Die Trommel geruehret" Beethoven
Overture to "Egmont" ....Beethoven

Liszt's symphonic poem was stormily applauded. Not within our recollection has any one of Liszt's compositions been so favorably received by an audience in Boston. Was the applause due to the brilliance of the performance? The orchestra played brilliantly throughout the concert. Or was the applause due to the sonority of the last pages, with the roar of the organ, the choir of brass, the beating and clashing of pulsatile instruments? Surely the battle scene is not exciting. It is lamb-like music in comparison with the section in Strauss's "Heldenleben," or the introduction to Massenet's "La Navarraise." The one salient feature in this scene is the figure which by theme and rhythm brings to mind the chief motive of the "Walkuerenritt."

Wagner sketched the "Walkeuere" in 1854, but the last act was not finished until April 1856, and then Wagner was eager to learn how it would affect Liszt. The latter worked on "The Battle of The Huns" early in 1857. Wagner often helped himself to Liszt's music with both hands. It is not safe to say in this instance that he borrowed from him.

When "The Battle of the Huns" was performed in Vienna in 1875 the critic Hanslick was sorely vexed. He could not understand Liszt's direction to conductors: "The whole coloring should at first be continuously somber, and all the instruments should sound in a spectral manner." Hanslick objected to the word "coloring" as applied to music. He argued that this coloring would be light or dark, according to the instrumentation, that no conductor could produce a spectral effect unless it were already in the music itself. Thus he, not Liszt, showed a lack of imagination. A matter-of-fact consideration can easily reduce a highly fantastical work to a series of commonplaces.

And Hanslick complained of drumsticks with sponge tips, cymbals struck with wooden drumsticks, the contrast of the choral for the organ with the "battle motive." Operatic effects, unworthy the dignity of a concert hall! Fortunately for his peace of mind, Hanslick died before he was obliged to know ultra-modern systems of harmony, the strange use of familiar instruments, and the formidable apparatus demanded by Strauss and Mahler. The fact that Liszt endeavored to put Kaulbach's picture into music disconcerted him.

Yet the Viennese critic was right when he insisted that the orchestral dress did not conceal poverty in invention, for although a spirited performance may give temporary worth to the Battle scene, and impressive ecclesiastical pomp to the treatment of the hymn "Crux fidelis," the symphonic poem as a whole is not broadly or nobly conceived. The picture of Kaulbach is a mural painting. Liszt's composition is as a garish fresco. The final section, however, when played as it was yesterday, cannot fail to excite an audience. The hearer might well shout with the frantic worshippers of Cybele: "I have eaten of the drum and drank of the cymbals."

Dr. Muck is as fortunate in his reading of Haydn and Mozart as in his interpretation of romantic contemporaries. Mozart said of music that "it should always sound." The symphony and the overture not only "sounded" yesterday; they were played with exquisite clarity; melodies were sung; the rhythm was irresistible; there was no attempt to give undue importance to formulas of the period or to unessential passages; there was no distressing attempt to re-establish an "archaic" spirit. And so there was no endeavor to make something new out of the "Egmont" overture; there was no impertinent "originality" in the reading. We remember Franz Wuellner leading this overture in Berlin many years ago, when to "make an effect" he broke the continuity of the first allegro for the sake of giving dramatic significance to the heavy recurring chords that are supposed by persons restless in their minds to portray the Duke of Alva.

Mme. Culp sang three songs from Schubert's "Lady of the Lake" series. With the exception of the "Ave Maria," this group was interesting chiefly by reason of the singer's admirable art. Schubert said that the first hearers were astonished at the devotion he had thrown into the "Hymn to the Blessed Virgin," and added that he never forced himself into devotion. Mme. Culp might say this of her devotion to art. The orchestration of the accompaniment of "Jaeger, Ruhe," is not beneficial to the melody.

Mme. Culp had already sung the songs from "Egmont" at a recital in Boston. Yesterday Beethoven's orchestral accompaniments, especially that of "Die Trommel geruehret," added greatly to the effect.

The singer's voice showed somewhat the strain of the season, for the upper tones were not quite so fresh as when she first sang here, but with the exception of certain tones that were hard in quality, the voice was a most sympathetic instrument, one to enchant the hearer by its richness and warmth. As before, her amazing management of breath, the beauty and significance of her phrasing, the aesthetic intelligence and taste, the womanly fervor, all worked their spell.

The program of the concerts next week will include Mahler's Symphony No. 5 and three pieces from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

PROGRAM OF FOLK-SONGS GIVEN BY MISSES FULLER

The Misses Dorothy, Rosalind and Cynthia Fuller presented a program of English, Scottish and Irish Folk Songs yesterday afternoon at the Tuileries.

The work of these young women has recently been reviewed at length in The Boston Herald. Yesterday afternoon they appeared to excellent advantage and their performance was distinguished by vivacity, archness and elegance. The songs included Cradle, Children's, Love, and Mothers' Songs, Songs of Occupation, Death and Home and Country. There was a warmly appreciative audience of good size.

The Misses Fuller will give two other recitals at the Tuileries on next Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock, when a program for young people will be presented, and next Wednesday afternoon at 4:30 P. M.

We [illegible] Mr. William E[illegible] of Wells River, Vt., "Reader" of [illegible] College, and Mr. Robert S. Hall of Bo[illegible] for their letters concerning the [illegible] paradoxes recently published here. We also thank Mr. William Hill of Colebrook, Ct., for his note about Berwick sponge cake, which, he says, was originally known as "North Berwick sponge cake." "P. W. B." asks the old question: "Take 9 from 6; 10 from 9, and 50 from 40 and leave 6."

Mr. M. J. Canavan of Boston writes: "I remember you had some question as to the early use of bacon in New England. When the great fire occurred in Boston in 1760, accounts were turned in showing the losses; and several times bacon is mentioned. Gov. Thomas Hutchinson drew up a list of goods destroyed in his house by a mob in 1765. One of the items is bacon." Yes, but was bacon and eggs a common breakfast dish at that time?

"E. E. T." of Northampton writes: "Observing your recent reference to the physician who was chary about pronouncing the word 'paresis' with its proper accent on the first syllable reminds me of another popular medical word which is commonly mispronounced, and that is 'eczema'—colloquially accented heavily on the second syllable; but more correctly on the first, I think."

Who is the author of the poem in which this couplet occurs?

> The weather was extremely cold
> When D. Maguire got left.

A Lost Opportunity.

As the World Wags:

Why not pay a tribute to Tom Smith, who was famed for serving oysters in all styles, and whose ale was cooled in a vault, deep under ground, without the aid of ice? In 1871 or '72 his place was on Lindall street, now Exchange place, about under the rear of the new Stock Exchange building, and was destroyed in the great fire, I think. Among the thousands who were his regular customers some must survive who still remember the call, "half dozen broiled—dry and ale." LOUIS E. G. GREEN.

Boston, April 10.

Alas, we never knew Mr. Smith. He is undoubtedly worthy of a statue, or at least a bust in Boston's Hall of Fame. Nor did we know Boston in '71-'72, except as a visitor, but we are gradually growing used to it.

Some One Please Answer.

As the World Wags:

I am told that the 4th of March, when it comes in the year following leap year, cannot fall on a Sunday; and that it was for this reason that that day was chosen for presidential inauguration day. Can you enlighten me on this?

Boston, April 9. JOHN S. ABBOTT.

We are ashamed to say that we cannot answer this question. There were classes in American history in the grammar school of our little village and there was a time when we could proudly shout the date of the first [illegible]-house in New England. There was nothing about inauguration day in the history then used. There was no course in American history at Exeter, nor was there any course at Yale in [illegible], the year in which Mr. Tom Smith, mentioned above, flourished and drew [illegible] ale. The only textbook then at Yale that bore indirectly on the subject was Lieber's "Civil Liberty and Self-Government." Has there been any change for the better in public and private schools?

A Note on Cobblers.

As the World Wags:

On page 14 my Herald, ever carefully edited, prints the phrase "as a shoe cobbler." Waiting impatiently for Mr. Herkimer Johnson's mastodonic work, I seek light here from you on "Cobbler." We have in America sherry cobblers—what other kinds, if any, and whence? If Prof. Johnson is not to be heard from, or "Oxford 3000" on this, may I ask you to touch the button and let her go?

BARRISTERS' HALL 1006.

Boston, April 3.

Yes, there is another cobbler known in the West, "a sort of pie, baked in a pot lined with dough of great thickness, upon which the fruit is placed; according to the fruit it is an apple or a peach cobbler."

You surely do not object to the word "cobbler" itself. It is, like "accommodated," a good word, and with Bardolph we will maintain it with our sword? Your objection is probably to "shoe cobbler," and you would accuse the writer—whom we do not know—of pleonasm.

There are other cobblers. In English dialect a certain fish with a large head and a thin body is known as a cobbler. So is the fruit of the horse chestnut tree, and in at least two English counties "cobbler" is a turkey, likewise a call-word to turkeys. In Suffolk a cucumber seed is named a cobbler. Cobbler's balls are large black, bitter plums; cobbler's lobster is cow heel; cobbler's [illegible] is bread. Then there is cobbler's punch, warm ale, thickened, sweetened and mixed with spirits. Some say that "cobbler" in "sherry cobbler" is short for "cobbler's punch" and that it patches up the drinkers. We doubt this derivation.

It is a pity that the word "cordwainer" is out of fashion. Some years ago we saw it on a sign in this city. "Licensed [illegible]aller" may still be seen. "Cord-

[illegible] of [illegible] by [illegible] Russian grand [illegible] have their [illegible] bound in Russian leather or [illegible] calf?

Anecdote for the Day.

"At the close of 1839 a gentleman by the name of Taylor had entered a cab, but when the driver arrived at the Angel, Islington, and opened the door, he found his passenger dead. A surgeon was called who tried to bleed him, but in vain. He opened his head, and found alcohol in his brain, which, on the application of fire, burned with a blue flame. A considerable portion of spirit was also detected in his stomach. These facts were stated at the inquest which was held by Mr. Wakely."

LADY GREGORY TALKS ABOUT WRITING PLAYS

Some Essential Points for Dramatist to Bear in Mind.

Lady Gregory gave her third and last lecture yesterday afternoon at the Plymouth Theatre. Her subject was "Playwriting." She spoke of her own beginnings in the field of drama, of her collaborative work with Mr. W. B. Yeats and others, and of various methods of procedure which she had found helpful in her work. She laid special stress upon the essentiality of form and explained that she was herself in the habit of rewriting her scenarios in other countries in the hope of gaining new ideas.

That the characters should be put in as close an emotional relationship as possible is also a necessity, and whether his characters are extraordinary people in ordinary circumstances or ordinary people in extraordinary circumstances is also a question to be pondered by the young dramatist. Then, too, there is the ability of sticking to essentials, avoiding irrelevancy and learning the art of leaving out, while much depends on the climaxes of plot, dialogue, action and upon the clever management of changing moods on the part of the character.

Lady Gregory concluded by giving a detailed definition of the kind of plays acceptable for production by the Abbey Theatre Company.

YSAYE REVEALS SUPERB TECHNIC

By PHILIP HALE.

Eugene Ysaye gave his last violin recital in Boston this season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. He was assisted by Camille Decreus, pianist, and John P. Marshall, organist. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The program was as follows: Grieg, sonata in G minor, No. 2, Vitali, Chaconne with organ (by request); Bach, Chaconne for violin alone; Bruch, concerto No. 1, G minor; Vieuxtemps, Andante and Finale of the concerto in E major.

It seems that a recital rather than an orchestral concert now calls forth all that is supremely great in Mr. Ysaye and reveals him as a creative artist. When he last played here at a Symphony concert, he was not Ysaye; he was merely a violinist of talent not well disposed. There were occasional flashes of genius, but one hearing him for the first time might well have wondered at his reputation. In recitals this season he has risen above his colleagues, so that even the best of them have been in comparison only excellent fiddlers.

It is doubtful whether we shall soon hear again a performance of Bach's Chaconne as that given by Mr. Ysaye yesterday; a performance remarkable not only for its flawless technic, but for the dignity of conception, the infinite variety of expression, the tone now melting, now noble. Even Bruch's concerto was for the time a masterpiece. The supreme artist was shown by his reading of the very first phrase. The emotional passages were stripped of sentimentalism and glorified. The music was as though a loftier soul taking Bruch's music for a theme had paraphrased it. With what amazing verve the last movement of this concerto was played! And in Grieg's sonata there was the same vivifying force, the enthusiasm of the rhapsodist, the most exquisite taste.

Hearing Mr. Ysaye in this mood, we recalled the tribute paid to him by Mr. Arthur Symons: "A beauty which had never been in the world came into the world; a new thing was created, lived, died, having revealed itself to all those who were capable of receiving it. That thing was neither Beethoven nor Ysaye, it was made out of their meeting; it was music, not abstract, but embodied in sound; and just that miracle could never occur again, though others like it might be repeated forever. • • • And Ysaye seems to be the type of the artist, not because he is faultless in technic, but because he begins to create his art at the point where faultless technic leaves off."

Mr. Decreus played musical and sympathetic accompaniments and Mr. Marshall gave valuable [illegible]

[illegible] Miss [illegible] play deals with "[illegible] Phases of Life, or [illegible] Currents." It is [illegible] table b[illegible] ability and talent for the [illegible] reckoned with. It is presented for "the special benefit, enjoyment and amusement of the Manly Man and Womanly Woman of today who are not lured by the glitter of gold."

We invite the attention of the Drama League, the American Drama Society and all others interested in the "uplift" of the stage to this remarkable play. As Mr. Moylan, whose address is Century, Fla., remarks: "If the play ('The Ape') appears upon the American stage and fails to portray a WIFE'S LOVE AND DEVOTION, my task has been in vain." There are twelve characters.

"First scene—The room of an humble home; table, chairs, washtub, clothes line extended. Maggie McArthy at the washtub washing a jumper, Gracie Glenn standing near Maggie.

"Maggie (hanging the jumper on the line)—Some men when success crowns their efforts renounce their humble homes and seek to walk in strange paths.

"Gracie—Man is never satisfied; it is well for him that he is so—that there is always something more for which he craves."

The two talk about the duty of a wife, and Gracie finally says: "If I can assist you in any way, Maggie, call on me, you are cognizant of the fact that I do know that your life is not all roses. Cheer up; do not grieve, the dark clouds will soon pass away, the Sun will shine as brightly again for you and will bathe all the hilltops with his splendor."

Daniel and Maggie

Maggie's husband, Daniel McArthy, enters:

"Daniel: I am pleased to inform you, Maggie, that I am promoted. Mr. Walsh notified me in person that the board of directors decided to place me in charge of the entire plant. I am glad of the promotion especially on your account, for it displeases me to see you wasting yourself away over the drudgery of household affairs. There are better days now in store for you and me."

Does Maggie rush into his arms with the joyful cry, "O Dan! ? Not a bit of it. Listen to her:

"For your sake, Dan, I am also glad, although I love to work, for idleness makes the hours wearily long and the days woefully short. Daniel, there is in nearly all of us that which frequently impels the commission of acts we know to be unworthy; that against which we sometimes war, and to which we often yield a baser self. Every life knows the inner combat, on: with some the struggle is perpetually keen, and the power that drags them down seems to be disastrously potent. Only believe, Daniel, that you are capable of great and worthy things in your new position and you have more than half attained to them; according to your faith so is it to you."

Daniel is not phazed. He returns the ball swiftly and surely: "It is always an easier matter to be filled with the lofty sentiment of universal fraternity than it is to exhibit even ordinary patience with the man who stands beside you."

On a Park Bench

Maggie stands by Dan after others in the family say he has a swelled head. Alas, he falls into the snare of Miss Emma La Joy. The two sit on a bench in the park, and are overheard by Maggie and Old Man McArthy. Dan is saying: "Shakespeare tells us that love is merely madness, a lunacy that is contagious, which attacks both men and women, and Ovid says that love is the perpetual source of fears and anxieties. Is love a thing which thrives best with judicious letting alone?"

To which Miss Emma replies: "Nothing upon earth can equal a woman's love in blindness to faults, even vices, nor in the ability to see virtues where none exist; in divesting even sin and shame of repulsiveness and disgrace."

After 13 lines of this Dan reminds her that she promised to meet him in Paris. "Dear Paree, as the Frenchmen say." He denies his old father and then Maggie speaks as follows. We give the speech in full for the benefit of all that are interested in stage curses:

"Emma LaJoy, God's curse will ever rest upon you for the nefarious part you have played in my sad life's drama. There is a Scriptural injunction, 'What God has joined together let not man put asunder.' You have robbed me without enriching yourself of my husband, the man that I love. His gold is tempting you to ruin one of him. I will [illegible] your flesh and corrode your heart; that [illegible] your [illegible] the lawful wife, man before his God made me the lawful wife. Before the world you can never be more than his mistress. Daniel McArthy, the fraud ship is a ways richest in days of greatest need and out of my deep sorrows there will come high powers to comfort and strengthen me. Take your stage utterly to Dear Paree, and in the gilded salons where your wealth is both your invitation and passport, parade before the public, let them gaze upon the creature that was once your MANHOOD and INTEGRITY, your SOUL and HONOR."

(Curtain down.)

Dan's Remorse and Return

Dan is president of the Consolidated Company. He deserted Maggie for a stage [illegible] an [illegible] and Maggie [illegible] dying of a broken heart [illegible] Walsh, for [illegible]

[illegible] Miss [illegible] in [illegible] sought the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] Maggie [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] Caleb.

It [illegible] in the [illegible] In the third act [illegible] the hero [illegible] Dan McArthy will be a [illegible] He has paid dearly for the w[illegible] in tights. A cheap [illegible] exhibition, but it separates [illegible] their wealth and [illegible] kind." Emma enters (with [illegible] her hand) and [illegible] who remarks after [illegible] "What was written by [illegible] willow fringed rivers of [illegible] holds good. I should [illegible] fruit would spring from [illegible] becomes a hobo. Maggie [illegible] friend disguised as a [illegible] a jumper, and begs him [illegible] he should meet him. The [illegible] is already repentant. He [illegible] in the reception room at Maggie's home they all sing "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" As Mr. W[illegible] fully observes: "Time [illegible] wafted us here tonight [illegible] prodigal's return."

A Few Personal Notes

Miss Natalia [illegible]ava, the [illegible] who has [illegible] and foreigner [illegible]et, purposes to disappear [illegible] glory. She was an [illegible] dancer. At the Moscow [illegible] she took a first prize [illegible] prizes for the history of the [illegible] for the history of art [illegible] from sore throat and [illegible] Now she is studying [illegible] taille, Curel, Rostand, [illegible] and other modern authors. [illegible] vent a few "sweets," for [illegible] her farewell to the [illegible] "What have I achieved after two years [illegible] Chatelet? Count the number of [illegible] danced. I feel that there is [illegible] to be done. Dancing [illegible] an official routine. It [illegible] art, it lists no longer than [illegible] that burst and fall. [illegible] stay too long? I [illegible] youth is gone. I feel that I [illegible] other destiny in life. She [illegible] will take two years [illegible] to appear in comedy.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's d[illegible] the tragedy of Parnell, may soon be produced in London. It was [illegible] years ago. It deals with the period that includes the Pigott forger[illegible] Capt. O'Shea's petition for divorce.

M. Grillet has written a play in [illegible] the actress Rachel is the heroine and her sisters and brother [illegible] are introduced. Antoine [illegible] it for the Odeon. There is talk about [illegible] Simone playing the heroine. [illegible] that Rachel cannot take the part.

In the "Memories" of [illegible] Coleridge there is a dismal [illegible] about Henry Irving's last year. [illegible] itors were about him. He [illegible] on with ebbing health and [illegible] He toured the country; and when corporations presented him with the freedom of cities in golden caskets [illegible] was seized upon and an [illegible] out to him. He never [illegible] very few were the least aware of the sadness and gloom amid which he [illegible] and drooped. And so the [illegible] approached his magnificent death and at last sank down upon the [illegible] as the martyred Becket [illegible] as his last words in this world "Into Thy hands, O Lord, into Thy hands." This statement has been [illegible] since the publication of the book. Mr. Coleridge admired beyond [illegible] Charles Warner as Leontes in "The Winter's Tale."

"It was the most convincing portrayal of jealousy I have ever [illegible] the stage. He played [illegible] tively than objectively, giving the impression of awful suffering [illegible] of a tortured heart rather than of [illegible] wrath at his wrong. I have [illegible] Irving and Booth play Othello [illegible] nights, and I have seen [illegible] Robertson both as Othello and Leontes, but they none of them reached the insight into the true and [illegible] elements of this awful emotion which Charles Warner attained."

Mr. Coleridge vexed some by saying that Irving "never spoke the [illegible] of Shakespeare as though it were anything but prose."

Francesco Berger has [illegible] his "Reminiscences, Impressions and Anecdotes." He was born in London in 1835 and some 20 years later, having studied in Italy and Germany, settled in London as a composer and pianist. He tells a good story of B[illegible] who, in [illegible] to dine with the directors of the Philharmonic Society, answered: "What have I done that, because [illegible] at your concert, I should also be expected to dine with your directors?" Mr. Berger did not like Grieg: "I [illegible] his conceit amounted almost to [illegible]ness, his want of courtesy [illegible] Dvorak once walked [illegible] the [illegible] room [illegible] [illegible] pile.

[illegible] the first [illegible] after [illegible] per's in[illegible] to have [illegible] "Men a[illegible] wo[illegible] in [illegible] up [illegible] as a [illegible]ation, to make [illegible] o fit and not from higher [illegible]" Mr Berger says. "The press is always demanding 'encouragement of native talent' and concert-givers are willing enough; the public stops away. * * * What is needed is a subsidy from the state. A state grant of [illegible] a year would kill the pernicious, the inartistic 'star' system on which the Philharmonic is now compelled to rely in order to draw a house."

They think in Milan that some one has put an evil eye on the Scala, for the late season was a chapter of disappointments and accidents.

Massenet's "Werther" was performed for the [illegible]th time at the Opera Comique, Paris, on March 22. M. Elol, who took the small part of Bruhlmann, took it at the first performance in Paris in 1893.

Claudina Cucchi, whom Wagner called the goddess of the dance, died miserably in a Milan hospital 85 years old. She was applauded in Paris and Vienna, and famous for her beauty was pursued by potentates and statesmen. She married a baron, was divorced, gave dancing lessons and published her memoirs when every one had forgotten her name.

To the Editor of The Herald:

Miss Horniman and Her Theatre

When, in September, 1907, Miss A. E. F. Horniman began at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, every manager believed that she would abandon her enterprise in less than two years. The argument was that a provincial public would not pay to see a play lacking the stamp of London success, and the London actor-managers on tour would give to Manchester better productions of revival classics than Miss Horniman could afford to give with a resident company. The fifth season of her Manchester enterprise ended on June 16 last with these results: Ninety-one plays had been acted.

Fifty-seven of these plays were either from the manuscript—that is, for the first time on any stage—or were foreign plays acted for the first time in English, as "Mid-summer Fires" ("The Fires of St. John") and "Vale of Content," Leopold Kampf's "Before the Dawn," and Emile Verhaeren's "The Cloister." Fifty-three of the plays were acted because Miss Horniman approved of them after reading the manuscript.

The acted plays ranged from Euripides's "Tojan Women" and "Hippolytus," to Stanley Houghton's "The Dear Departed," "Independent Means," "Hindle Wakes" and others. Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Ibsen, Rostand, Maeterlinck, and Shaw had been drawn upon for plays. Christmas of each year has found Miss Horniman offering to her public something of sane appeal. It was "The Rivals" last Christmas; in 1911, "Twelfth Night"; the year before, "The School for Scandal"; in 1909, "Much Ado"; in 1908, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle."

It is to Miss Horniman that John Galsworthy owes the first hearing of his "The Silver Box," "Strife," and "Little Dream." No London manager would take a chance on either "The Silver Box" or "Strife" until after she produced them.

One American play found its way into the repertoire when Miss Horniman, to give variety to her bills, revived in October, 1911, Chester B. Fernald's "The Cat and the Cherub," which, 14 years before, had been a casus belli between rival American managers. It was in "The Cat and the Cherub" that Holbrook Blinn, then unknown, entered in London on his career.

Not many of the group of playwrights who have grown up with Miss Horniman's Manchester venture are represented in the American repertoire on this visit. But the names of J. Sackville Martin, Charles McEvoy, H. M. Richardson, Basil Dean, Gilbert Cannan, Miss Gertrude Robins, Harold Brighouse, Allan Monkhouse, and E. Hamilton Moore are represented each by two or more plays in the busy five seasons that ended last June. The late St. John Hankin, too, found in Miss Horniman a sympathetic manager.

As to her players, Miss Horniman finds herself in different case from her experience as the first patron of the Irish Players at the Dublin Abbey. The plays there, being racial in time and subject, called for specialization on the part of the actors, so that they had a narrow market away from the Abbey. But the wide variety of the plays given at the Manchester Gaiety makes for an all-round virtuosity, so that Miss Horniman each year knows what it is to have her players lured to London. She never tries to hold them beyond the period of contract, which is always for a year. "It is for the actor to say, when his year is up," she explains, "if he is to remain another year. I don't like to lose the men and women who have learned their craft under me; nevertheless, it is better to let them go than to have them remain, dissatisfied."

The prices at the Manchester Gaiety range from 25 cents to $1.25 a seat. This scale differs but slightly from what obtains in the best theatres in this country, save in the larger cities, where $2 is asked for many attractions.

JOHN F. HENDRICKSON.

Superstitions of the Stage

[illegible] the publ[illegible] article by William Gray on superstitions of the stage. Hale Hamilton never goes on the stage without a lucky 10-cent piece in his left boot. Frank Parker picks up a horseshoe nail or a battered coin on the morning of a production. The last line or tag of a new piece must not be spoken at rehearsal. Mrs. Stoll, the mother of the music hall manager, believes that if she is not present in the box office to take the first money from the public at any new theatre opened by her son, no luck will come to the building. A black cat is a welcome visitor. Mme. Bernhardt wears as a mascot a tiny skull set in diamonds which belonged to Rachel. She also wears at every first performance a necklace of nuggets given her by admiring miners in California. An actor taking part in a new production delights in receiving telegrams from professional friends wishing good luck. (But opera singers in Boston object violently to any one wishing them success just before they go on the stage). "Tho musical comedy 'flapper' will assure you that 'if a man who squints looks at you whilst you are on your way to the theatre you are sure to have good luck. But, oh, my dear, if a woman 'bosses' at you, you are in for it!'"

"The fair variety artiste has a firm repugnance to sewing a garment in any shape or form whilst it is being worn, 'If you do, you'll forget the w[illegible] your song, or your business, wi[illegible] go on.'"

M. Samuel of the Varietes, Pa[illegible] a straw hat whether " [illegible] one day, for he was [illegible] day that "Veine" w[illegible] "Believing that the [illegible] but a short run, he [illegible] his straw hat until it w[illegible] To his great surprise, the pie[illegible] nights, by which time M. Samue[illegible] got so accustomed to a straw hat, and every one had ceased to make remarks concerning it, that he decided to wear that kind of headgear at all times, as to change the style might prove unlucky." Nothing is said about opening an umbrella in the theatre, or the evil influence of a yellow clarinet; or the folly of naming a theatre after a bird. The Eagle Theatre in New York was unlucky.

"The Typhoon" and Laurence Irving

Laurence Irving, who has made a great hit in London as Tokeramo in "The Typhoon," said to a reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette before the production on April 2:

"I think it is the most difficult part that I have ever attempted.

"Under the mask of Japanese self-suppression one has to show," he explained, "the most violent emotions of the soul. And although one is wearing ordinary European costume one yet has in one's bearing and voice, demeanor and gesture to make felt the influence of an entirely alien civilization.

"There is a peculiarity about the Japanese walk. It is more a glide, with the foot flat on the ground.

"And when they sit down, first kneeling and turning their feet inwards, and then sitting on them inverted, it makes on the muscles of one not accustomed to this posture an enormous strain.

"It took me a fortnight of excruciating agony to be able to accomplish this posture.

"Again, there is the accent. The letter 'L' is a great difficulty with the Japanese.

"The whole reason why their pronunciation is different from ours is, I think, that the Japanese language is all spoken from the back of the throat.

"In the play, when we are alone and are supposed to be speaking Japanese, we speak ordinary English; but when we are with the foreigners we speak with a strong accent and with a considerable play of facial muscles.

"Again everything the Japanese do is done very softly. If, for example, a Japanese touches anything or takes anything up he does it with almost feminine delicacy.

"Every Japanese is also trained not to speak face to face. It is not polite. He speaks away from you, aslant; and if he turns his face towards you he places his hand before his mouth, the idea being that it is not polite to allow his breath to reach the person to whom he is speaking.

"There are dozens of these little peculiarities that one has never to forget.

"You must never, to mention just one other example, turn your back to a superior. If you are going to pass a superior you throw out your leg, look down towards your heel, and turn your face in the direction of the person you are passing, which is as much as to say, 'Will you excuse me?'"

It may here be said that Mr. Whiteside at the Majestic is in certain ways excellent in the part. His face—whether you regard it as Japanese or not—is a mask, yet behind it you are conscious of the play of emotions. But why does he at times under the stress of excitement indulge himself in that curious breathing that suggests the rebellious

[illegible] for wh[illegible] w[illegible] with the packing? Is [illegible] nese, or merely a melodram[illegible] nerism?

To the Editor of The Herald.

A Grateful Concert Goer

I wish to render thanks for the pleasure the Sunday afternoon concert of the sixth has given to one old woman, namely myself. I could not go to an evening concert for many reasons, even if I lived in town. But I live in a distant suburb, and could not get back home that night if I were ever so young. But this arrangement has made possible to me that rarest of delights, "The Creation," rendered by the Handel and Haydn society. I am sure there must have been many in that vast audience as thankful as I am.

JANE B. FISKE.

South Hanson, Mass.

New Plays in England

"13" is a little melodrama by Robert Elson, produced at the Empire Theatre, London, March 24. The scene is the operating room of a surgeon. Guy Renwick practises the ray treatment. Lady Weston visits him and her husband is led in on the verge of collapse from overwork. Guy and Lady Weston are on too intimate terms. Now shall the unknown powers of ray 13 be employed on the unconscious patient? If he should die under the treatment, it would be an accident and Guy and the widow could marry. The accident happens, but the patient recovers, and the surgeon bids Lady Jocelyn good-by.

Arnold Bennet's new play, "The Great Adventure"—Kingsbury Theatre, London, March 25—is based on his romance, "Buried Alive," which is known to many. It is a story of a shy but famous painter who is mistaken for his valet when the latter is ill; and when the valet dies, the world is told that the artist is dead. The Daily Telegraph asks: "Was he merely the greatest painter since Velasquez, or the greatest that ever lived?" He now has £80 a year, which he had left to the departed valet, and £200,000 goes by his will to establish international art galleries. He meets a young widow with whom the valet had communicated through a matrimonial agency. She is of humble birth, but true, womanly and brave. In the end he marries her; he takes to painting once more and is discovered, but those in the secret are persuaded to hold their peace. The play is described as amusing, charged with satire at the expense of English conventionalisms, but too long. Cutting is recommended.

Miss Wish Wynne played the part of the young widow, Mrs. Cannot, "with a delicacy beyond all praise. She was at Keith's Theatre in Boston last June, and was recently playing the part of a drudge in a sketch at the London Pavilion, where Granville Barker saw her and asked her if she would not return to the theatre, for before she went into vaudeville she had played Trilby and other leading parts. She was booked into 1918, but the music hall managers were kind and released her. After this engagement she will return to the music halls in a new sketch which had its origin in a recent visit to Japan.

"In the Future," at the Tivoli, London, is a suffrage inversion of the familiar situation: the neglected wife, the husband that goes out nights, and the smooth-voiced temper. Here the husband is neglected and the wife puts up the excuse of business and, smoking a cigar, leaves him.

"The Yellow Jacket" was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre in London on March 27. The Pall Mall Gazette said it is not easy to describe, for its action is disconnected, and a good deal of its bearing necessarily remote. "It impressed us, rather, as a string of episodes than as a defined story. The vocabulary of the dramatists seemed exiguous, and such words as honorable, honorably, august and augustly, and sublime occurred so often that at last they grew rather wearying; while their stock of ideas certainly failed to suggest the fertility of the East in that respect. On the whole, we came away with the feeling that 'The Yellow Jacket' was, so far, at any rate, as the greater part of it is concerned, a good deal better to look at than to listen to. Also, that there is a great deal in it which we could, with a good deal of enjoyment, see at least half a dozen times."

Omnium Gatherum

Some may have seen a resemblance between St. John Ervine's "The Magnanimous Lover" performed here by the Irish Players and "Hindle Wakes." But the former was written about five years ago, and not produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, until last October. The history of the play is as follows: The author first sent it to the Afternoon Theatre, but that was coming to an end and the manuscript was returned. It was then recommended to the Stage Society, who were unable to produce it. Miss Horniman then saw it and advised the author to send it to Mr. Yeats. The manuscript was in the possession of the A[illegible] for over two years. Any [illegible] of plagiarism is absurd.

Mr. Gordon Craig in his book "Toward a New Theatre," relates a conversation he once had with a Berlin manager for whom Hofmannsthal had folly adapted "Venice Preserved." Mr. Craig had been asked to design the scenes and costumes:

I showed my picture for the last scene but one to the director, who formerly had been a literary critic, and who had only studied the theatre for a few years, and then not as an artist, but as a "literary genius." He looked at it with some suspicion. He then looked at me with more suspicion, and asked me where was the door. I said, "But there is no door." I said, "There is a way in and a way out." He said, "Yes, but I see no door handle or lock. You cannot have a door without a handle." But again I repeated, "There is no door. There is a way in and a way out." This very nearly sent him into a rage, but he changed and became quite calm again and pleased when I informed him that it was copied exactly line for line from an old Italian manuscript. I leave the reader to guess whether I had copied it or no.

The reviewer adds: "There is the Whistlerian touch of insincerity about this. Indeed, now and then Mr. Craig rather suggests that he has lost interest in his own work. In one of his drawings there are some children, but what they are supposed to be doing he admits he cannot say; and a drawing of the Sphinx for Mr. Shaw's 'Caesar and Cleopatra' would, he acknowledges, be intolerable to any one who had seen the mighty original." The volume contains 40 designs for stage scenes made by him for "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Henry V.," Otway's "Venice Preserved," Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," Mr. Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" and other works; and many of them attain magn[illegible]tly the effect of mystery, awe, terror, dignity. Indeed, the more we consider the greater part of these designs, and particularly those made for the Shakespearean Theatre, the more we realize the pity of their not being used on our stage, and the more we realize the impossibility of their being so used until present fashionable methods of acting the poetical drama are reformed altogether. We can, in a waking dream, imagine for example a performance of 'Macbeth,' which would harmonize with Mr. Craig's most impressive pictures of the outside and inside of the castle of Macbeth, but it would require such a cast as present playgoers are very unlikely to see. Our only immediate hope for any such performance lies in some such society as the Pioneer Players, which gave us, lately, a most interesting rendering of 'Hamlet' as interpreted by Mr. Louis Calvert. It might give us another of 'Macbeth,' decorated by Mr. Gordon Craig and harmoniously acted. It might have to make a special levy to defray the cost of the new scenery, but the subscriptions would, we fancy, be forthcoming."

A steatite relief found in the Swat valley represents the story of King Sivi, who saved a pigeon from a hawk, and to compensate the pursuer cut off pieces of his own flesh equal in weight to the bird. "The writers point out that this story is also localized in the Indus valley, and, being imported into Europe, was possibly the origin of the legend which formed the basis of 'The Merchant of Venice!'"

Pierre Veber's new and short play, "Le Bonheur," is a psychological study. Mr. and Mrs. Mazeraud are dissatisfied. Although they live comfortably they cannot afford luxuries, and all they can talk about is the luck of a cousin, a colonist. His good fortune embitters them. The colonist returns, ruined in health and pocket. Then Mr. and Mrs. Mazeraud are reconciled to their fate.

"Le Croissant Noir," by Jean Laffer is less cheerful. A Turkish spy is caught by Bulgarians. He refuses to speak, but at last says he has been inoculated with cholera virus so as to spread the disease among his country's foes. The spy is shot at once and the officers shoot the Bulgarian sentinel, who, having heard the story, might tell his comrades and thus create a panic.

"La Maladresse," by Georges Docquois, has a moral. A cocotte adores the man of her heart, a youngster. He expresses his affection awkwardly; he hands her a bundle of banknotes. Her love dies, but is born again when she learns that he stole the money from an old man, her protector.

Rag-time in a Parisian atmosphere is queer. It is queer how the light-hearted Parisian gaiety robs almost any dance of its immorality. We never forget, I think, that the first Yankees were the Puritan passengers of the "Mayflower," and we expect that they shall always be uttering mortal platitudes in a prophetic manner. The words of rag-time songs fulfil our expectations, but the movements of the dances shock us. What would the Puritan fathers have said to that? Paris is otherwise. Paris, in spite of a hundred revolutions, is a bubble of the moment, is youth en fete, and the "Grizzly Bear" is a grotesque lark when Paris dances it.—Mr. W. R. Titterton.

[illegible]

In Washington, D. C.

[illegible] I have not been able to answer questions [illegible] to me of late, for I have been in Washington. In answer to a pressing invitation, I might [illegible] I arrived at the White House on March 3 and was in close conference with President Wilson until a [illegible] ago. Honor restrains me from [illegible] our conversation or stating by [illegible] I was persuaded to [illegible] course. I will say, however, that I positively refused to accompany him to the House of Representatives [illegible] his message. "No, Woodrow," I said, "it is a grand sight to see the President of this country speaking [illegible] and alone to his fellow-men [illegible] If I stood near you I might [illegible] their attention." He acknowledged that this was reasonable and, [illegible] said: "Mr. Johnson, I have never known a more modest and unselfish man." Soon after his inauguration [illegible] how I should like to [illegible] to the court of St James's. The office tempted me, for I [illegible] to observe at close range the [illegible] and also earls, belted or [illegible] but my bank account [illegible] low, and I owe a [illegible] to the subscribers to my colossal [illegible] The first volume should be published [illegible] next fall. I may say to you [illegible] that this administration is [illegible] to economy. Mr Wilson has [illegible] the possibility of government [illegible] saying that the publication [illegible] "Man as a Political and Social Beast" [illegible] folio) should be a national undertaking.

Sunday Suppers.

As a [illegible] and a man I was [illegible] interested in the statement [illegible] is or ought to be, the [illegible] of the week," and [illegible] that a little volume, "Sunday [illegible]" has just been published, or [illegible] be in the book shops. The statement called to my mind boyhood [illegible]

The boyhood was passed in villages of Vermont, Massachusetts and New [illegible] Sunday in Northampton [illegible] in some respects. We went to church twice a day, and [illegible] to Sunday school, where we sang [illegible] "We Gather at the River?" [illegible] Along," "The Pearly Gates" [illegible] that we knew was a lie [illegible] we were shouting it:

[illegible]
[illegible] my hours in play.

[illegible] was in a family where [illegible] on Sunday were considered [illegible] In Northampton, in Windsor, [illegible] in Exeter, N. H., [illegible] it was the custom to have an unusually hearty, even [illegible] dinner on Sunday, and later [illegible] the week-day hour. It was the [illegible] to stuff oneself. The chief dish [illegible] the roast beef or turkey mattered [illegible] there was inordinate eating. Men [illegible] were unfitted for mental [illegible] exercise that afternoon. The [illegible] in some households kept [illegible] There was no playing of [illegible] no reading of newspapers, novels [illegible] in some households only religious books were allowed. There was no [illegible] except solemnly to church. [illegible] for pleasure was frowned on [illegible] older people.

[illegible] there was no set supper. There [illegible] foraging. Mary might get herself [illegible] of bread and milk. Johnny [illegible] eat doughnuts or cookies—there [illegible] cookies now.

Hard Sledding.

[illegible] 17 years in my life I ate in boarding houses. I am not ashamed of this [illegible] education, and I gained in [illegible] material for my magnum opus. [illegible] majority of these boarding [illegible] the Sunday supper was the [illegible] tion of desolation. Stale bread, [illegible] of dried beef, a few pale and [illegible] prunes, and what was called [illegible] There was tea, either of [illegible] or an [illegible] variety of tea that [illegible] been standing on the stove for [illegible]

[illegible] first knew the glory of Sunday supper in Albany, N. Y., in well appointed [illegible] There was the hand[illegible] table without a cloth and with [illegible] ancestral silver. There was lobster salad, brown bread toast, cold [illegible] chicken pie, cake with [illegible] with jelly, or with a [illegible] The host would say "A [illegible] with you, sir" and in [illegible] the private cellars of Albany [illegible] famous for sherry, port and [illegible] I almost wept at table, [illegible] my wasted youth.

Indoor Sports.

[illegible] said, I never was in a [illegible] when [illegible] food for Sunday was, [illegible] scruples, cooked the [illegible] I spent Sat-

[illegible] maintained. The [illegible] arrived at the house [illegible] M [illegible] "sat up" with [illegible] daughter, a [illegible] with [illegible] eyes, [illegible] or 6 A. M. His intentions were strictly honorable. After a year or two of this courting, he married her. The parents joked the girl at breakfast every Sunday morning, and the jokes were always the same. I believe Mr. Howells alludes to the custom of "sitting up" in "A Modern Instance," perhaps the most vivid book he has written. The Sunday dinner in this Sunderland household was massive and concrete.

And now through force of circumstances my Sunday supper is a slight affair; that is, when I am at home. Bread and butter, a handful of pecan nuts, some stewed fruit, or a bit of rice pudding left over. I openly preach this sobriety. But when I am invited out to supper I have a wolfish appetite, not wholly satisfied by lobster and game; nor do I need a whetting cocktail.

Ah, what a weak, inconstant thing is man! HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Blossom Court, April 12.

CONCERT GIVEN BY BAND WITH 320 PLAYERS

Musicians' Mutual Relief Society Is Assisted by the Apollo Club.

The Boston Musicians' Mutual Relief Society, with an orchestra of 320 players, assisted by the Apollo Club, gave a mammoth orchestral concert in Mechanics Hall yesterday afternoon and there was a good sized audience present. Emil Mollenhauer was conductor of the orchestra.

In the program were these numbers: March, "Reine de Saba," by Gounod; overture, "Tannhauser," Wagner; "The Lost Chord," Sullivan, by the Apollo Club; andante, Tschaikowsky, by a string orchestra; waltz, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," Joh. Strauss; "In Picardie," Osgoode, and "The Maid of the Valley," Horheck, by the Apollo Club; "Largo," Handel, and Herbert's "American Fantasie."

THOMAS EGAN SINGS FOR KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

Thomas Egan, the Irish grand opera tenor, made his first appearance in Boston last night at a well attended concert in the Boston theatre. He was greeted enthusiastically and the prolonged applause after each number gave indication that he found his way to the hearts of his first Boston audience.

The program consisted of grand opera selections and ballads. Mme. Lillian Breton, soprano, of the Royal Italian Grand Opera, Drury Lane, and Mme. Katherine Fleming, contralto, of the Metropolitan Opera company, New York, appeared with Mr. Egan, and John I. Reharer, pianist, and Miss Lydia White, harpist, appeared as accompanists and soloists.

Mr. Egan scored his success of the night, mainly by virtue of his excellent rendition of the ballad part of the program. His singing of the more ambitious numbers, such as the aria, Flower Song, from Carmen, while well received, failed to bring forth such outbursts of tumultuous applause as greeted his singing of Moore's "Minstrel Boys" and other Irish and Scotch songs. As a ballad singer, Mr. Egan proved a master.

Mme. Fleming, with an unusually sweet contralto voice of considerable strength, sang well, especially in a duet from "Trovatore" with Mr Egan. Mme. Breton shared ballad singing honors with Mr. Egan, singing Balfe's "Killarney" admirably.

The concert was given under auspices of the Knights of Columbus of Boston, Mr. Egan and the other artists proffering their services free. The proceeds of the concert will be devoted to the fund which the local sir knights are amassing in preparation for the annual convention of the order here in August.

April 15 1913

TRIPLE BILL AT THE PLYMOUTH

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE. Synge's "Shadow of the Glen."

Dan Burke	Arthur Sinclair
Nora Burke	Sara Allgood
Michael Dara	J. A. O'Rourke
A Tramp	J. M. Kerrigan

T. C. Murray's "Birthright."

Dan Hogarty	J. A. O'Rourke
Maura Morrissey	Eileen O'Doherty
Bat Morrissey	Sydney J. Morgan
Shane Morrissey	J. M. Kerrigan
Hugh Morrissey	Fred O'Donovan

Lady Gregory's "Hyacinth Halvey."

Mrs. Delane	Sara Allgood
Mr. Quirke	Arthur Sinclair
Sergeant Carden	Sydney J. Morgan
Miss Joyce	Eileen O'Doherty
Hyacinth Halvey	Fred O'Donovan
Fardy Farrell	J. A. O'Rourke

The triple bill brought out all that is best in this admirable company. The plays themselves are among the best in its repertoire.

It was a great pleasure to see Synge's drama again, with its violent humor, its [illegible]

[illegible] that the [illegible] in [illegible] is generally [illegible] in [illegible] that [illegible] inflated [illegible] are only talk. The dialogue of Synge, with [illegible] that at times [illegible] inspiration [illegible] merely the literary exercise of a strange genius. In "The Shadow of the Glen" even "Oncle" Sarcey would have admitted that this speech is of the theatre. And the dialogue alone is a delight, especially when it is spoken by the Irish players.

It is not necessary to search anxiously in this drama for symbolism. A young wife lives with a hard old man in a lonely farmhouse. The mists from the bogs are warmer than the blood of her husband and the chilliness of her heart. Disgusted by the ghastly trick he plays on her, she gladly goes out forever. No wonder she prefers to throw in her lot with the tramp of the wheedling voice and the exciting suggestions rather than with Michael, a coward, and a greedy person whose one thought while she was pouring out her soul to him, was how much did the dead man leave in money. What woman in Nora's shoes could have withstood the voice of Mr. Kerrigan?

How effective the ending, Dan and Michael drinking healths together, while Nora and the tramp are breathing free air! Is the play a comedy or a tragedy? It is said that Synge wished it to be played as a comedy; but his wild and fantastical comedy is always tragicomedy.

Mr Murray's "Birthright," a singularly grim and relentless picture of country life, wears well, although at the beginning of the first act the development of the soured father's character is slow and the scene between Hogarty and Maura Morrissey would be tedious were it not for the simplicity and sincerity of Miss O'Doherty and Mr O'Rourke. The play is grim, but not so cruel as "Maurice Harte." It is close to nature, and there is a swift approach to the end that seems at the time inevitable. The performance was worthy of the play in its emotional quality and utter absence of artificiality.

Lady Gregory's "Hyacinth Halvey" is always welcome. It is the most skilfully constructed of her little comedies. In some of the other one-act pieces a mildly amusing idea is beaten very thin. In "Hyacinth Halvey" the motive is humorous and also satirical, and this motive is logically developed, while the dialogue is delicious. Miss Allgood could not act with the tragic force that distinguishes her among women now on the stage, if she had not a fine appreciation of comedy. Mr. Sinclair was again inimitable. But one member should not be praised above another. The strength of the Irish players is first of all in its ensemble. Any one of them in another company might seem as conventional as their new colleagues.

The triple bill will be repeated tonight and at the Saturday matinee. Tomorrow night "The Unicorn From the Stars" and "The Jackdaw" will be performed.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer."

Sir Charles Marlow	Frederick Ormonde
Young Marlow	William P. Carleton
Squire Hardcastle	Walter Walker
George Hastings	Carney Christie
Tony Lumpkin	Donald Meek
Diggory	Al Roberts
Stingo	George Henry Trader
Mrs. Hardcastle	Mabel Colcord
Constance Neville	Florence Shirley
Dolly, maid to Kate Hardcastle	Henrietta McDannel
Rose	Gladys Wilson
Kate Hardcastle	Mary Young

H. M.

The revival of Goldsmith's comedy at the Castle Square this week is a spirited and creditable performance, and this is largely due to the excellent acting of Miss Mary Young and Mr. Donald Meek in the principal roles. Tony Lumpkin and Kate Hardcastle are parts about which hangs the lustre of famous names, and yet Mr. Meek and Miss Young, braving the recollections and old memories of those inclined to hark back to the palmy days, present characterizations of their own which are virile and spontaneous and which preserve the spirit of the comedy delightfully.

Miss Young is not often seen to better advantage than in the opening scenes of this play before she assumes the role of housemaid. A charming picture in her flowered costume, she invests the part with grace, piquancy and refinement. In the scenes with Marlow in which he mistakes her for the barmaid, there is perhaps a little too much justification for his doing so, a little too perfect an adaptation to the humble role.

Mr. Meek's Tony does not depart notably from traditional lines but it is a well-acted, convincing and amusing Tony, and was received last evening with laughter and appreciation which were well merited. This was also true of the excellent little bit of comedy which Mr Roberts contributed in the part of Diggory.

Mr. Walker as Squire Hardcastle, Mr Trader as Stingo and Miss Shirley as Constance Neville are all eminently satisfactory and if one or two of the other parts are less fortunately filled, the production as a whole compares very favorably with some of the recent revivals by more heralded companies.

[illegible]

[illegible] Popoff K. M. [illegible]
[illegible] Popoff [illegible]
[illegible]
Captain Ma[illegible]
Colonel Casimir [illegible]
Major Alexius Spiridoff [illegible] Coote

"The Chocolate Soldier," [illegible] all modern opera bouffes, returned to Boston last evening. There were changes in the cast, but these changes, while in some cases they did not efface the memory of their predecessors, were generally acceptable. The delightfully melodious music of Strauss and Shaw's pervading drollery are an irresistible combination.

The favorite songs—"My Hero," the "Letter Song," "Falling in Love" and "Tiralala"—again made their appeal and the encore fiends were strong in number and persistence. Then too, the cleverly drawn caricatures, the fatuous Spiridoff, Bumerli the [illegible], the sprightly Mascha, the sentimental Aurelia, the explosive "Capt Massakroff" and the impressive Kasimir have their individual charm.

The performance last evening was generally excellent. Mr [illegible] Bumerli with quaint humor. Miss Hughes as Nadina acted, sang and danced with grace, brilliance and piquancy. She was comely to look upon. Miss Fletcher's Mascha was becomingly provocative and alluring. Miss [illegible]ders's Aurelia was attractively impersonated. Mr. Powell's Capt Massakroff was appropriately ferocious. Mr [illegible]lois was amusing as Casimir and Henry Coote was acceptable as Spiridoff.

It was a pleasure to hear the orchestra again under the skilled direction of Mr. De Novellis, whose finished reading of the score cannot be too highly commended.

Gounod's "Faust" performed [illegible] Aborn English Grand Opera Company [illegible] Mr. Fichandler conducted.

Marguerite K.	[illegible]
Faust	[illegible]
Mephistopheles W.	[illegible]
Valentine	[illegible]
Siebel	[illegible]
Martha	[illegible]
Wagner	[illegible]

A large and enthusiastic [illegible] present last evening and [illegible] enjoyed the performance of Gounod's opera in English. Mr [illegible] however sang in Italian and [illegible] were moments when Miss Alvina lapsed sympathetically into French.

The features of the performance were Mr. Hardie's strikingly picturesque impersonation of Valentine and the singing of Mr Shields as Mephistopheles. Vocally, Mr. Hardie was also well disposed. His voice is fine in quality and he showed excellent training. He sang with manly fervor, yet not without poise. Dramatically, he bore himself with soldierly grace, and he revealed himself a finished actor.

Mr Shields's devil was a fine figure of a man, jovial and swaggering. He laughed heartily at Faust's surprise, at his first appearance [illegible] manoeuvres and at the [illegible] of the lovers. His voice [illegible] of pleasing quality [illegible] advantage.

The music of Marguerite is [illegible] well suited to Miss Alvina. Her [illegible] was uneven and at times [illegible] singularly metallic. She [illegible] conventional, [illegible] and exulted greatly in the [illegible] of her lover.

Mr Russo appeared to better advantage in the [illegible] of the [illegible] opera [illegible] as the ardent [illegible] voice of pleasing quality when not forced, was too often strained to the utmost. His interpretation was [illegible] he acted with sincerity.

The chorus sang effectively, and Mr Fichandler was a painstaking conductor.

The opera next week will be "Carmen."

W. F. H.

"Born a monkey, he made himself a man" is the way the program introduces the famous Peter, who headlines the bill at B. F. Keith's this week. Nor is the program very far out of the way in its assertion. One glance at Peter indicates that he was born monkey all right. And some of the things he does during the half-hour he is upon the stage would indicate that he has man-sized intelligence, or certainly something very closely approaching thereto.

Peter enters the stage attired in full evening dress and regales himself with a repast served by courses upon his order. Then he takes a cigarette from the case he carries in his pocket, removes a match from one of those ordinary German safety match boxes, lights the cigarette and leans back in the chair for a comfortable smoke. He subsequently does a lot of other things showing a surprising amount of intelligence. He rides a [illegible] takes off his [illegible] and again, [illegible] and

[illegible] w[illegible] notes [illegible] and does many [illegible] difficult [illegible] winding up with a [illegible] [illegible] Peter has been all around the world and from start to finish showed an intelligence that seemed [illegible]dly credible.

[illegible]ter winds up this week's bill, but [illegible] he appears a number of other good acts are presented. The Kaufman [illegible] others as "The Chocolate Dandies" [illegible]e a lot of good songs and a con[illegible]al chatter that everybody enjoyed. Then Ralph Lynn, who has many friends in Boston, judging from the amount of applause he received, appears in one of E. A. Rolfe's musical comedies entitled "The Purple Lady." Adelle Barker, as the purple lady, was simply immense, and Denny Dugmore as DeWitt Wright, her sweetheart of [illegible] years ago, was excellent, with Mr. Lynn and dainty Miss Mercedes Lorenz having the other principal parts. A chorus of six, supposedly from Vassar College, contributed some catchy songs and dances.

As good an act of its kind as has ever been seen at B. F. Keith's is that of the Equili brothers, head-balancers and equilibrists, their arm-strength being little short of marvellous. For rapid-fire talking, from the standpoint of speed and endurance, Searl Allen, in his own little comedy, "The Promoter," has all others distanced. Allen is not only upon the stage during all of his 20-minute act, but he is talking all of the time. If the world's record for rapid-fire talk averages 300 words to a minute, Searl Allen shoots them forth at about [illegible] a minute.

Robert Emmet Keane, as "The American Englishman," had a rather unusual sketch, while "Those Four Entertainers" were good singers and perfectly willing to give plenty of entertainment. Pero and Wilson, as jugglers and barrel jumpers; Lexey and Mellen, the dancing experts, round out the bill with the Edison talking motion pictures, now in their eighth week, and apparently about as popular as ever.

And then says I, Billson, you hain't got a well-balanced mind. Says he, Yes, I have, old hoss-fly (he was a low cuss)—yes, I have. I have a mind, says he, that balances in any direction that the public requires. That's wot I calls a well-balanced mind. I sold out and bid adoo to Billson. He is now an outcast in the State of Vermont.

A Lost Habit.

As the World Wags:

Why it is that many women in Boston, apparently well-bred, women that have "enjoyed the advantages of a refined home and a liberal education," are unable to say the words "Thank you," as a reward for any little act of civility? If an invitation is extended to them by word of mouth, whether they accept or refuse, "Thank you" sticks in their throat, as "Amen" in the throat of Macbeth. I do not refer to street car incidents, for few men in Boston, unless they are strangers, or gentlemen of the old school, expect to be thanked if they offer a woman a seat. I went to the theatre a few nights ago. A woman nearly opposite me in an aisle seat, dropped her playbill, or rather flirted it from her. A young man picked it up and gave it to her. She stared at him and did not even bow in courtesy. She then turned to her companion, whispered something and the two stared at the young man, stared insolently and laughed. He was presentable; he was not officious; when he handed the playbill to her he did not smirk. He acted naturally. The woman and her companion were known to me. They are reckoned among "our best people." Perhaps I am an old fogy, but really I felt ashamed. Her father and I were in the same class at Harvard and he has always been punctilious in his behavior toward men and women of all stations. Mrs. Marlborough tells me that it is now the fashion for young women and young men to be rude. I do not like to think this. LANCELOT BOYNTON.

Boston, April 14.

What Is "Pisco?"

As the World Wags:

Cannot Mr. Halliday Witherspoon enlighten us in regard to "pisco"? Some days ago a friend informed me that he had received two bottles from South America containing a delectable fluid. He further confided to me that he had finished one, in trying to find out what it was, and that before the second one became but a memory he would be glad to have me test its contents. After his departure I thought of "pisco," that mysterious beverage which is used on the pampas and other delightful South American places, and I rejoiced that I should taste the drink associated with, and possibly used by, "gauchos." But alas! many days have passed and my friend is not! I fear also that the "pisco" is not. In my despair, I thought of Mr. Halliday Witherspoon and his vivid description of mescal and its effects. Will he not tell us what "pisco" is and what are its effects upon the user? I fear that it acts somewhat like the fabled waters of Lethe' XENES.

Chestnut Hill, April 11.

We thought there might be something [illegible] "pisco" in Sir Richard F. Bur[illegible] 'Brazil,' f[illegible] [illegible] is an anthr[illegible]-

[illegible]logist, et[illegible] [illegible] named in the [illegible] with Mr. [illegible]kimer Johnson. Burton's book was published in 1869. He has much to [illegible] about drunkenness in the interior of Brazil. The consumption of ardent spirits exceeded that of Scotland, and temperate Brazilians, scandalized, declared that raw rum was used in baths. "Anthropologists will remember the immense quantities of whiskey drunk in the United States, and it is curious to observe that the aborigines of Brazil were extraordinarily addicted to intoxication." Alas, he says nothing about "pisco."—Ed.

That Worm.

But Burton throws light on that curious phrase heard in several countries: "To kill the worm." The tropeiro and the boatman in Brazil began the day with a drama—"para espantar O Diabo"—to fright the foul Fiend. The second drink was the "mata bicho"—kill-worm. Burton gives the origin of this phrase. In the early part of the 18th century a disease appeared in Spain. It slew many and the physicians called it mysterious, until Dr. Gustavo Garcia, a retired physician, performed an autopsy and found a small worm still alive in the intestines. He treated it with alcohol, which at once destroyed it. The physicians took the hint and dosed their patients with a petit verre. The expression and the habit passed to Portugal and thence over the Portuguese world. Senor Mendes de Faria, from whom Burton borrowed this story, remarked: "Some kill the worm in the morning, others at dinner time, many at night, and the majority as long as a coin rattles in their pockets."

"Tuer le ver" has long been in the slang of French workmen, who on rising drank a glass of brandy. "To kill a snail" is also heard. "Tuer le ver" also means in the slang of French thieves, to stifle conscience, as when a naturally amicable thief is obliged in the exercise of his profession to kill a man. And in like manner Benedick talking with Beatrice speaks of "Don Worm, his conscience."

Anecdote for the Day.

Saxo Grammaticus in his Danish historie commemorates one Suablda, a Queene, in all the lineaments both of bodie and face to be of that rare pulchritude; that being doomed unto a wretched and miserable death, and bound with thongs of leather, to be trod upon by the hoofes of wild horses; her beautie struck such an impression even in those unreasonable creatures, that they could not be forced with their rude feet to leave the least character of violence upon limbes so fair and exquisitely fashioned.

Inauguration Day.

As the World Wags:

In answer to Mr. Abbott's query of today, I cannot say why our ancestors chose March 4 for presidential inauguration day, but it is not true that it never falls on a Sunday on the day following leap year. It fell on Sunday in 1849 when Taylor was inaugurated, again in 1877 when Hayes was inaugurated, and it will fall on Sunday in 1917, the next inaugural date. Also in 1945, and in 1973. Were Taylor and Hayes inaugurated on Sunday, or on March 5th, Monday? ENGINEER.

Boston, April 12.

As the World Wags:

The 4th of March in a year following a leap year was Sunday in 1821, 1849, 1877. It will be Sunday in 1917, 1945, 1973, 2001, 2029, 2057, 2085, 2125, 2153, 2181.

In every 400 years the 4th of March in a year following a leap year is Sunday 13 times, Monday 16, Tuesday 13, Wednesday 15, Thursday 14, Friday 14, Saturday 15. WILLIAM BELLAMY.

Boston, April 12.

April 16. 1913

Cecilia Society's Program Includes "We Are the Music Makers."

By PHILIP HALE.

The program of the last Cecilia concert this season in Symphony Hall tomorrow night includes Sir Edward Elgar's setting for contralto solo chorus and orchestra of Arthur O'Shaughnessy's poem "We Are the Music Makers." This work was produced at the Birmingham (Eng.) musical festival on Oct. 1, 1912, when Miss Muriel Foster was the solo contralto and Sir Edward conducted. The performance tomorrow night will be the first in this country.

The composer said at the time: "The mainspring of O'Shaughnessy's Ode is the sense of progress and never-ceasing change. It is the duty of the artist to see that this inevitable change is progress. With a deep sense of this trust, I have endeavored to interpret the Ode as showing the continuity of art, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers and a singer who sings no more."

It might rather be said: the poet's idea is that creative artists—musicians and poets—are the true creators and inspirers of men; therefore, the true

in[illegible] self [illegible].

We a[illegible]
[illegible]
Yet we are the [illegible] the [illegible] of the
w[illegible] f[illegible] it seems.

Sir Edward also referred to "the mood when the creative artist suffers in creating or in contemplating the unending influence of his creation. Yes, suffers, this is the only word I dare to use, for even the highest ecstasy of 'making' is mixed with the consciousness of a sombre dignity of the eternity of the artist's responsibility."

He gave to O'Shaughnessy's poem a personal interpretation, so that he includes in this cantata quotations from his earlier works, themes from the "Enigma" Variations as the Nimrod motive and from "The Dream of Gerontius"—the phrase when poets are spoken of as "Dreamers of Dreams" and the "Novissima Hora" phrase when the poet speaks of "a dreamer who slumbers and a singer who sings no more"; from "Sea Pictures," the two symphonies, and the violin concert. He also introduces phrases from "The Marseillaise" and "Rule Britannia" to illustrate special passages in the poem. Thus Sir Edward looks on this poem as "strictly personal" and follows in the footsteps of Richard Strauss in "Heldenleben," the symphonic poem in which he plays the part of the hero, introduces a thematic anthology of his preceding works and shows his contempt for snarling or thick-witted critics. Sir Edward, however, lets the critics alone in his cantata.

The Irish Players will give tonight a performance of "The Unicorn from the Stars," a play in three acts by William B. Yeats and Lady Gregory. The drama was produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on Nov. 23, 1907, when Messrs. Sinclair, Kerrigan and O'Rourke, now members of the company at the Plymouth Theatre, took respectively the parts of Thomas Hearne, Paudeen and Andrew Hearne.

It was about 1901 when Mr. Yeats, whose eye-sight was then bad, began to dictate this play and others to Lady Gregory. According to Mr. Yeats's statement she had then written no plays, "but had greater knowledge of the country mind and country speech than anybody I had ever met with." The first version of "The Unicorn" was a five-act play, "Where There Is Nothing," written in a fortnight to save it from a plagiarist. Lady Gregory would not allow him to put her name to the plays, but signed "The Unicorn," which, Mr. Yeats says, "but for a good deal of the general plan and a single character and bits of another is wholly hers. I feel, indeed, that my best share in it is that idea, which I have been capable of expressing completely in criticism alone, of bringing together the rough life of the road and the frenzy that the poets have found in their ancient cellar—a prophecy, as it were, of the time when it will be once again possible for a Dickens and a Shelley to be born in the one body."

The poor hero who endeavors to overthrow the order of the world may seem to us insane and arrogant; but our hearts can go with him, "If he speak with some humility, so far as his daily self carry him, out of a cloudy light of vision; for whether he understands or not, it may be that voices of angels and archangels have spoken in the cloud, and whatever wildness come upon his life, feet of theirs may well have trod the clusters."

The strange title is thus derived: Martin, who has been in a French monastery, returns to Ireland and works for his uncle, a coach builder. A fine coach is building and Martin has been rubbing the gold on the lion and unicorn that adorn it. He is a man of trances and visions, and in one he saw unicorns trampling and crushing grapes they had torn down in a townland of heaven. Father John, the good priest, understood vaguely, for he had heard somewhere of the "Monocoros di Astries," the Unicorn from the Stars, and a French monk had told him that unicorns meant virginal strength, a rushing, lasting, tireless strength."

Gustav Mahler's extraordinary symphony in C sharp minor will be performed at the Symphony concerts this week. Mr. Gericke produced it here on Feb. 3, 1906, and the Symphony made a marked impression so that there was another performance on the 24th of that month. Mr. Gericke then made cuts and rewrote certain passages. As Mahler was in the habit, especially during his later years, of tinkering the works of even Beethoven, Mr. Gericke, some might say, thus wrought a deed of poetic justice. The Symphony is very long and although the first part—there are three sections—takes 25 minutes in performance, late comers will not be admitted to their seats until its end. The program also includes the three familiar orchestral pieces from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

Mme. Nordica will give a concert in Symphony Hall next Sunday afternoon. This will be her only appearance in Boston before she leaves for a concert trip round the world. She will be assisted by Franklin Holding, a violinist, who is highly spoken of, Josef Keller, 'cellist, and Gustave Helm, trumpeter. Many of the songs will be in English.

The Misses Fuller will give the last of their folk song recitals this afternoon at the Tuileries at 4:30 o'clock.

[illegible] [illegible]nti[illegible] ma[illegible] [illegible]d [illegible]
Y[illegible] y fi[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] old vertigo [illegible]
W[illegible] never leave him t[illegible] he's dead
Be[illegible], h[illegible] d[illegible].
He recollects not what he says:
He cannot call his friends to mind,
Forgets the place where last he din'd,
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before

Inauguration Day.

The Herald has received many letters in answer to the inquiry of Mr. John F. Abbott about Inauguration Day. They do not differ materially from the answers of "Engineer" and Mr. William Bellamy, published yesterday morning. We thank Mr. G. A. Osborne of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Mr. A. Fish of Brookline, "E. L." Mr. J. N. Jones of Portsmouth, N. H., "C. W. P." of Boston and "A. T. C." of South Boston.

Mr. Winthrop L. Fiske of Phillips Exeter Academy writes: "In any non-leap year when March 4 comes on Sunday, Jan. 1 comes on Monday. This means that the Dominical letter for that year is G. The tables given in prayer books for finding the Dominical letter for any year shows that three times in a century G is the Dominical letter for years following leap years. In the last century this happened in 1821, 1849 and 1877. In these years, then, March 4 came on Sunday. In this century it will come on Sunday in 1917, 1945 and 1973."

"Abacus" writes: "The bait you always troll for us, however the world wags, will explain my happening upon the inquiry of John S. Abbott, in The Herald this morning. I fear we shall not escape the misfortune, if it be such, of inaugural Sundays for some time to come, as under our "New" calendar the round is the same through all periods of 400 years, that is, the dates of 2400-'99 reproduce those of 2000-'99, etc. This may seem the more regrettable because one-half of the millennial anniversaries of our Independence day are due on Sunday, namely, July 4, 2776, July 4, 4776, July 4, 6776, etc. It is rumored, however, that some change in the calendar may be due about 4000 A. D., so we may live in hopes."

Further Information.

Mr. J. E. Bowman of North Hyde Park, Vt., writes that 1837 March 4 fell on a Sunday and in 1837 Martin Van Buren was inaugurated.

"A. M." writes: "The gentleman who suggested that March 4 could not, in a year following leap year, fall on a Sunday, owes it to the world to disclose his name; for many would delight to do honor to the originator of a notion that is a distinct addition to the gayety of nations. At least three Presidents of the United States have been inaugurated on March 5—namely, Monroe in 1821, Taylor in 1849 and Hayes in 1877. In what year the inauguration will again fall on March 5 I leave to the ingenuity of your able corps of mathematical correspondents. Who is responsible for the wonderful miss-sell-aneous information that is so freely cast abroad? Mr. Abbott's informant must have spent no end of gray matter in trying to figure out his problem, whereas all I had to do to get the above facts was to look into Jameson's 'Dictionary of United States History.' It's too easy."

But why was March 4 chosen for the inauguration of a President?

Red-Headed.

In London they are discussing the question whether red hair is a handicap for a man. One correspondent writes: "The troubles of red-haired women are as nothing to those of red-haired men. I think you will agree with me that red hair is 50 times more ugly for men. I am one of those unfortunates, a man with red hair, and if I go to a social affair my hair seems to get more red in the glare of the lights."

The prejudice is well known. Many women wooed for their Titianesque hair were mocked and wounded as children by their playmates and pitied by their parents. There is much curious information concerning opinions against and in favor of red-headed women in "Les Femmes Blondes selon les Peintres de l'ecole de Venise," written anonymously by "Deux Venetiens" (Paris, 1865).

There is an 18th century opinion in Mary Gulliver's poetical address to Cap. Lemuel Gulliver written by Swift's friends. She, complaining of some estrangement of his affections after his return from the land of the Houyhnhnms, and his preference for the stable as a dwelling place, exclaims

I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
At least thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.

This reminds one of the vexing question concerning a summer girl: Which would you prefer, a cool, thin, acrid brunette, or a pulpy luscious, saccharine blonde?

The objection to red-haired men goes back to the earliest people. The abhorrence of the Egyptians for red hair was a monomania. A Vedic hymn prayed Indru to destroy certain enemies who were "red haired and uttered frightened yells." So it was in China, Germany, old England, if proverbs are to be believed. Judas Iscariot was red headed. Mr. Frederick Boyle, ex[illegible]

... reading in the ... perplexion of ... daring, rash and desperate enterprise ... of times the red-headed were ... ed.

Anecdote for the Day.

But above all, this is most strange which happened in a town of Misna, in the yeare of our Lord God 1552, the 11th of September; there a ... father seeing his sonne ... about his businesse wished he might ... from this place, for it was no ... said, but done his son stucke fast in ... place, neither by any meanes possible ... removed, no not so much as to sit ... his body till by the praiers of the ... pains were somewhat mitigated, ... resulted, three yeares he continued standing, with a post at his back for his ... and five yeares sitting, at the end whereof he died: nothing weakened in his ... standing but professing the faith.

April 7, 1903

IRISH PLAYERS IN 'THE UNICORN'

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "The Unicorn from the Stars," a play in three acts by W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory.

Father John	S. J. Morgan
Thomas Hearne	Arthur Sinclair
Andrew Hearne	J. M. Kerrigan
Martin Hearne	F. O'Donovan
Johnny Bacach	M. J. Dolan
Paudeen	H. Hutchinson
Biddy Lally	Eileen O'Doherty
Nanny	Ethna MaGee

The motive of "The Unicorn," the early history of the play and Mr. Yeats's account of his share in the writing were published in The Herald yesterday morning.

Mr. Yeats has said that in the first version, "Where There Is Nothing," the part of Martin was too prominent; that this man of trances and visions was too active. This, perhaps, was true of "Where There Is Nothing" as an expression of the mystical motive; but as we remember the first version as published, it was better suited to the stage and a miscellaneous audience. It has been said by those who have the interest of the Abbey Theatre at heart that they do not wish to produce "popular" plays. The fact remains that "The Unicorn from the Stars" demands a special audience. Even to ardent admirers of Mr. Yeats, the poet, there are lines and ideas that are not wholly clear.

What is an audience accustomed to dramas written for some one actor or actress rejoicing in "personality" rather than the art of acting, or dramas more or less clumsily adapted from the French and provided with a smug and happy ending, or a musical comedy with an admired waltz—what has this audience to do with "The Unicorn from the Stars"? The Boston audience today seemed first of all to laugh. Its attitude was expressed not long ago by the remark of a spectator at the performance of "The Yellow Jacket," who, bored and yawning, said to his companion as they went out. "There isn't a good laugh in it." In like manner many of Miss Ethel Barrymore's admirers were perplexed and disgusted when they saw her admirably in Mr. Pinero's grim comedy "Mid-Channel." Even in "Mid-Channel" they were required to think. We are told today that the first and only mission of the theatre is to amuse.

Unless a spectator has himself seen visions and still has illusions he will find nothing in "The Unicorn from the Stars" but talk, talk, talk. Here is Martin with his desire to set the world right. Call him a dreamer, a visionary, a lunatic seized by hallucinations and with the mania of destruction. Class him as you will, on the stage he appeals only to those interested in fantastical weavings of a brain disordered or extraordinarily ... or in the endeavor to establish a better order of things, or in the poetic expression of ideals.

That Martin, in his trance, saw unicorns tearing down grapes and trampling them under foot in a townland of heaven; that the thieving beggar Johnny is to him a man bringing a divine message; that he forsakes the coach builder and, under the banner of the unicorn, with the tramps and other discontented souls, sets fire to fine houses, and at the end, before he is shot by a stray bullet, learns by another revelation that it was not his mission to destroy the towns, the law and the church; that the true war is within, the soul, and "Where there is nothing there is God"—all this is a stumbling-block even to those who are not disconcerted on learning that a play is serious and thought-inciting.

Nor do the other characters in the play interest the average audience. Father John, too, had seen visions; he too had been rebellious, and he is therefore exiled, poor and humble. The coach builder is the hard-headed ordinary man of business. Nor is the talk of the beggars who believe that Martin is a re-[illegible] ... filled by strange ... and the stranger eloquence as in the plays of Synge.

It is a poetic piece mystical, symbolical, interesting to dreamers. It was ... tally played. Mr. O'Donovan gave life and reality to poor Martin, and Mr. Kerrigan's Andrew is one of his finest impersonations.

Lady Gregory's amusing comedy, "The Jackdaw," was played with humor and gusto by Mmes Allgood and Drago and Messrs. O'Donovan, Sinclair, O'Rourke and Kerrigan. It was a pleasure to see it again, to listen to the duel of words between Messrs. O'Donovan and Sinclair; to witness the trials and vexations of Mrs. Broderick, played with marked, but not extravagant comic force by Miss Allgood. The satire on the gossip and credulity of villagers, and on the self-importance of the type represented by Mr. Nestor, acted to the life by Mr. O'Donovan, is universal. It is parochial only by reason of the brogue.

Van Amburg is the man,
He goes to all the shows;
He sticks his head in the lion's mouth
And tells you all he knows.

A Famous Predecessor.

Did Carl Hagenbeck down in his heart think nobly of the elephant, or did he approve the opinion of the elephanteer in Charles Reade's "Jack of All Trades" who characterized the admittedly sagacious beast as the most treacherous and revengeful of all animals?

Hagenbeck would have been a still more fortunate man if he had exhibited in Paris when Theophile Gautier was writing dramatic criticisms for the newspapers. The "good Theo" delighted in any show that was out of the common, anything that enlivened the routine. It was in August, 1839, that he went to the Porte-Saint-Martin to see "The Emir's Daughter" in which Van Amburg and his animals took part. "Never did any entrance of Talma, even as Hamlet, when he walked backwards followed by his father's ghost, produce so much of an effect as that of Van Amburg. Breasts were straitened with anguish; hearts stopped beating." Van Amburg was about to enter the lion's cage.

Gautier described him as "a phlegmatic American (sic) with a gentle face," very tall, well built, a blond, whiskered, with no mustache, wearing as Said-el-Maidir in the play, the costume of a Roman emperor. "Daniel and Androcles were nothing in comparison."

In Praise of Beasts.

Seeing this show, Gautier wrote eloquently about the monstrous conflicts in the old Roman arenas, where 40,000 spectators, panting, frenzied, with eyes starting from sockets, necks stretched, fists clenched, awaited the end of this terrible tragedy far more interesting than the iambic declarations of Seneca. To some, said Gautier, these shows appear cruel, but the spectacle inspired a noble contempt for life and was not devoid of a savage grandeur. "In my opinion, vaudevilles that make mock of everything and expose the ignoble side of life and manners, are much more barbarous, unwholesome and immoral than combats in the circus. Blood is less foul than mud, and ferocity is better than corruption."

With the same gusto Gautier described the dog Emile, a singularly intelligent and emotional actor in "The Dog of the Pyrenees"; also the four-footed and romantic actors in "The Elephants of the Pagoda." Note Gautier's opening in his critical review of the latter: "Every time that any one announces an elephant, a rhinoceros, a hippopotamus, a crocodile, a boa constrictor more or less educated, we put aside everything to run thither. We have so few opportunities in civilized life to see the works of the good Lord! What monstrous enormities, what strange caprices the sovereign sculptor permitted himself especially in the first days of creation! Then he did not fear any scarcity of material; he modelled largely without economizing clay; it was the time of mammoths, behemoths, krakens, leviathans, the megalonyx, dinotheriums giganteums, pterodactyles and all those strange races whose weight would have upset the ark." And Gautier dreamed of wild dramas in which such actors could play thrilling roles.

Other dramatic critics have shared Gautier's taste. When the late Henry Austin Clapp came to the Herald as dramatic critic his first article was a eulogy of Hagenbeck's show then in Boston.

Already an Immortal.

It has been announced that Miss Lillian Russell will soon retire from the stage. She may rest for a season, but retirement is impossible, nor will it come when the supreme stage manager calls for the exit.

There have been women famous for their beauty who, although the foolish reckon them among the dead, still play a glorious part. There is our old and esteemed friend Helen of Troy. Miss Russell is indisputably a blonde. She has been characterized as an edible blond. Yet learned men are still disputing the question whether Helen was a blonde or a brunette. Miss Russell's present husband is her fourth. Lycophron named ... [illegible] ... Is it true that ... whether ... father? Miss ... frankly ... her age and ... to ... Was Helen ... or ... old when she first saw the walls of Troy? The celebrated Mr. Bayle devotes two pages to this important question. Was Helen finally hanged by envious women on the island of Rhodes? That did not prevent the paying of divine honors to her after her death, and she worked miracles, as the giving extraordinary beauty to an ugly girl who was borne daily into her temple. Miss Russell recently described here qualities of beauty and the means of retaining them. Has she the 30 marks of perfect beauty that were ascribed to Helen? We will gladly wager that she has at least 29 of them. Women like this never die. The legends are repeated from father to son, the memories are consulted when grave histories are dusty on the shelf.

With Authority.

As the World Wags:

I observe that some of your correspondents raise the question why March 4th was chosen for Inauguration day. It was not so chosen originally and Washington's first inauguration, as is well known, could not be arranged until the late date of April 30, 1789. But March 4 has been the date ever since.

Reference to my history (vol. 1 p. 79) will show the situation as first presented. After our present constitution had been adopted in 1788, the old Continental Congress fixed by law that in 1789 the choice of presidential electors should be made on the first Wednesday of January; that the choice of President and Vice-President should be made by electors on the first Wednesday of February, and that the induction of the new government should follow on the first Wednesday of March. The first Wednesday of March that year happened to occur on the 4th. Hence the date of the earliest administration came with the calendar set at the 4th of March, and so it has since continued. The date of inauguration, like the date of a king's coronation, might be set at a different date, but a new "reign" begins with March 4.

JAMES SCHOULER.

Boston, April 16.

A Question of Accent.

It is not easy to be exact. Take Van Amburg's name, for example; in books concerning menagerie life and in stage annals it is also spelled Van Amburgh and Van Amberg. We have received a letter from "J. O. B.": "In the verse at the head of your column this (Wednesday) morning are the lines

That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead

"Then 'vertigo' is here pronounced with the accent on the second syllable or the rhythm halts."

Yes, Dean Swift evidently threw the accent on the second syllable. Walker in his Pronouncing Dictionary (1791) accented the word thus by preference, although he admitted pronunciation with the accent on the first. The Latin word, by the way, is accented on the second, and this accent is still allowed in English by some of the best and latest dictionaries.

April 18 1903

LAST CONCERT BY CECILIANS

By PHILIP HALE.

The Cecilia Society, Arthur Mees, conductor; assisted by Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, soprano; Miss Mildred Potter, contralto; Clifford Lott, baritone, an orchestra of Boston Symphony players, and John P. Marshall, organist, gave the third and last concert of its 37th season last night in Symphony Hall. There was an audience of good size.

The concert began with a performance of Palestrina's "Tenebrae Factae Sunt" as a tribute of respect to the late William F. Apthorp. The chorus was sung with a fine quality of tone. The applause that followed was incongruous and disturbing, but it is now the custom in Boston to applaud an orchestral or choral composition when it is played in memory of the dead. An intelligent visiting foreigner might well wonder at the practice, or conclude that the death of any one was approved by the audience. The applause in this instance was singularly out-of-place, for Mr Apthorp, during his long and brilliant career, had taken the liveliest interest in the Cecilia; but there are uneasy persons who applaud everything, good, bad or indifferent, in or out of season.

Elgar's "Music Makers," for contralto solo, chorus and orchestra, was performed for the first time in Boston. It was expected that this performance would be the first in the United States, ... in and ... the University Festival Chorus performed the work last ... [illegible] ... the ... are the ... of the world. It might be ... in this ... makers, but Sir Edward ... the ... and in ... introduced quotations from his earlier compositions, as much as to say "I have shaken England and ... of ... years the British empire." The poet's boast is finely expressed, and may be taken as an example of poetic license. We may say to Sir Edward, as Sir John Falstaff said to Ford "Mehinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously."

Sir Edward was fortunate in his prelude and music to the first verse, dramatic or rather theatrical in his music illustrative of the building of Nineveh and Babel. He missed the sentiment of the verse beginning "A breath of our inspiration." The moment the contralto enters the music becomes labored, and the choral writing is involved and muddy. Miss Potter has a voice of rich quality and she sang with taste, but the music gives to her by the composer is ineffective and for the most part dull.

The composer is happiest when he is called upon to give the idea of dreaminess. Here his harmonic scheme and his instrumentation are poetic and suggestive, but the repetitions of this mood fritter away the first effect. The cantata will not enlarge Sir Edward's reputation. As a whole the work is not highly imaginative, and the beauty of the poem is not emphasized by the music.

The Cecilia gave an excellent performance. The chorus had evidently been rehearsed carefully and intelligently, and what is in the cantata was fully brought out.

Coleridge-Taylor's "Death of Minnehaha" does not wear well. The rhythmic monotony becomes almost intolerable. Mr. Lott, a newcomer, has a manly voice. He sang with understanding.

In its program the Cecilia makes an appeal for support. It seems that not for years has it paid expenses. It has lived only through the generosity of a few and with the aid of the income from a fund raised by the late B. J. Lang. This society has brought out many works; it has been catholic in selection, it has done much to raise the standard of music in this city. Of late years there has been marked indifference on the part of the public. Is the musical public of Boston tired of oratorios, cantatas, choruses and part songs for mixed voices?

What a privilege, what a joy it is to touch the heart of the people by a pathetic song, a pleasant reminder, a searching, vital question! The privilege is sacred. The joy is pure.

Only three days ago "Xenes" of Chestnut Hill inquired in this column concerning the nature of "pisco." The answers were immediate and illuminative. There was no foolish trifling, no wanton jesting. No punster wrote anything about "Nolo episcopari."

Among our informants are two retired officers of the United States navy, a rear admiral and a commander, a retired deep sea sailing man, philologists, clubmen, professional and amateur sociologists.

The Peruvian Coast.

As the World Wags:

I am interested in the effort to locate Pisco by means of Burton's "Brazil"! You have doubtless heard of the old lady in England who asked a man starting "for America," to look up her nephew in America, who proved to be (the nephew) in Rio de Janeiro! Pisco is "a famous spirit from the grape, called Pisco and Italia" And "Good wine is made at Pisco and Ica." [The quotations are from the ninth Encyclopaedia Britannica—the only one available in my little library.]

Pisco will be found on the coast of Peru, about three degrees south of Callao (or Lima.) Ica is a little in the interior of Peru from Pisco, in the province (?) of Ica. I made the acquaintance of both Italia and Pisco, in Lima, nearly 40 years ago. My recollection, now somewhat vague, is that Pisco was somewhat strong—something like gin in strength, and colorless like gin. Italia I recall as more like a wine, with a decidedly grape-like flavor. I bought, to bring home, a "pisco" or a "pisquito" of Italia—the pisco or pisquito being an earthenware jar resembling an amphora, but without the handles. Pisquito I understand to be the diminutive of pisco—both derived from the name of the town or settlement. My recollection is that the jar (pisco or pisquito) held a gallon or two of the delicious Italia. I kept it safely for several months, and then ... the contents to bottles ... age.

LONG ... [illegible]

Winthrop, April ...

Sweet Memories.

To the World Wags:

The ask what is "pisco." The reading of these lines about pisco carried me back many years to those other and younger days when I quaffed pisco in its native lair, looking into the languorous eyes of the beautiful senoritas of the West Coast. As I remember, pisco is of many kinds, all the way from the strongest drunk-come-quick to the mildest and most beautiful flavored wine. 'Tis the native drink from Ecuador to Chili.

And should you come across a bottle at your friend's, just please pass it down this way. C. H. ALLYN.

Hyannis, April 15.

A Learned Answer.

As the World Wags:

The word "pisco" is found recorded on pages 609-610 of Dr. Rodolfo Lenz's "Diccionario-Etimolojico de las Voces Chilenas Derivadas de Lenguas Indíjenas Americanas" (Santiago, 1904-1910), where it is defined as "the best aguardiente in Chile." The saying runs "Aguardiente de Pisco, quesos de Chanco, lucumas de Coquimbo, papas de Chiloe"—these are four best things in Chile. The name was also applied to the vessels containing this liquor. The history of the term is like that of "cognac," as the phrase "aguardiente de Pisco" suggests. It is now named "pisco" (for "aguardiente de pisco"), the locality of Pisco (and Ica) in Chile being famous for its production. The word has wandered to some other parts of Spanish America, and is said to be known even in Guatemala. As to remoter origin, the place-name Pisco probably reproduces the Quechua word "pisco" or "piscu," signifying "sparrow"—in some other parts of South America "pisco" designates quite different birds. "Pisco" is said to be made from grapes, etc., the region in northern Chile, where it is manufactured, being noted for its vineyards.

ALEXANDER F. CHAMBERLAIN.

Clark University, Worcester, Mass., April 16, 1913.

Nearer Home.

"S. M. P." writes: "In Chili they make a brandy called Italio de Pisco, which is like a good many other brandies and quite pleasing to the taste. I think there is a bottle of it, or part of a bottle of it, at the University Club, Providence. At the World's Fair in Buffalo the Chilian consul had samples of Italio de Pisco in his exhibition, and I sampled it. It was most delicious, much better than the common commercial brand." "S. M. P." names a shop in Boston where, he thinks, pisco may be obtained. We would not give the street and number for the world. The overworked wild horses of tradition could not drag the secret from our shaggy breast. Woe to him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips! Furthermore, the firm does not advertise.

And if, violating the pledge, we should drink a quart or two of pisco, ten to one we might not like it. Perhaps the Incas, perhaps Pizarro, quaffed it gayly, but there is a Peruvian product that is safer.

Old saws and gimlets
Its appetite whets
Like the world famous bark of Peru.

Brothers in Sports.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Ross in a letter to you comments on the similarity of musical taste of the Scotch and Italians in that they both like the pipe. The two nationalities have yet other points of resemblance.

Who but a Scot, for instance, would find any pleasure in the game of bowling on the green? It is fun to watch them, I'll admit that, but why should any human being take any real pleasure in the game itself? Who but a Scot would play it? Echo answers, "An Italian," for if you go down to the North end into the barrooms you will find in some of them, or rather behind some of them, open spaces where the game of bowls is played, on concrete, it is true, but the same game nevertheless.

What mix-up in the early making of the races gave the Scotch and the Italians the same inclinations in games and music (?) ?

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Dorchester, April 17.

April 19, 1913

E'er since Deucalion (the Sea tossed by Storms) moored his small Vessel on Parnassus Top, implored the Oracle, and by degrees the softened Stones grew warm with vital Heat * * * whatever Men since did, Vows, Fear, Anger, Pleasure, Joys, Inconstancy, sha'l be the medley Subject of This Book.

By Way of Prelude.

We have received a long letter from Mr. Herkimer Johnson. He must wait his turn. Courtesy and fair play toward all is the motto of any self-respecting newspaper. It is [illegible] popping [illegible] on [illegible] the door step as an inopportune creditor waiting for the family to sit within.

We observed last Thursday night that the Cecilia Society persists in pronouncing the name of the Indian hero as though it were spelled Heawatha. Was not the Cecilia the first to introduce this genteel pronunciation? From our youth up until one choral night in Boston, we always heard the word "Highawatha." We used to spout passages from "Highawatha" on the platform of the old high school building.

Digression. In country towns in the sixties the "Academy" stood on a hill, and it was hard to distinguish it from a church. In the lot in front of anyone of these academies were mullein-stalks in rank abundance. Now the word "academy" was originally the proper name of a garden near Athens where Plato taught. Query: Did our forefathers have this in mind when they determined the location of their academies?

That Titian Red.

As the World Wags:

For a long time the papers have called every kind of red hair, from carrot to drab mahogany, "Titian tresses." Such is not the case at all and shows a deplorable lack of knowledge of the works of the great Venetian colorist. I think I am correct when I say that Titian only once painted red hair and that is in the portrait of the man with the closely cropped hair usually called the "Duke of Norfolk." All of the women, I mean in his fancy pictures, not portraits, have hair which is not red at all and are dark complexioned with dark eyes. The women of Venice were noted for their cosmetics and hair dyes and the tresses were colored by lotions and assisted by bleaching in the sun. I think you will find an account in Augustus Hare's book on Venice, also in a new book on the Dogaresses (author I've forgotten).

The Italian painters very seldom painted red hair. Solario, in his small canvas of the "Madonna of the Green Cushion," made the Christ child with golden red curls, but I think it is a unique example. The color of hair in Titian's Flora, Magdalen and other ideal pictures is a bronze with golden brown lights about as far from carrot locks as orange is from mahogany. The following anecdote may explain a few things: After an examination of the eyes of several dozen Chicago married men who had red-headed wives, nearly all the husbands were discovered to be color-blind. PINXIT.

Boston, April 16.

"Pinxet" will find records used by Venetian noble dames who wished to be blonde in "Les Femmes Blondes selon les Peintres de l'ecole de Venise" (pp. 269-309), a book to which we have already referred, also in "Courtisanes et Bouffons," by E. Rodocanachi (Paris, 1894), a study of Roman manners in the 16th century.

"Port, You Lubber."

As the World Wags:

I should be interested in a further discourse upon the words "starboard" and "port" now jettisoned by the navy department. I question the advisability of substituting for words that are distinctive in their meaning, words which are in common use with a different meaning, i. e., right meaning "correct," but similar in sound to "write"; and "left," the past participle of "to leave"; hence leading to possible confusion in an emergency or quick command.

Boston, April 17. INTERESTED.

"Larboard" was discarded in the navy and supplanted by "port" to avoid confusion with the similar sounding starboard. The origin of "lar" has not been determined. Some connect it with the verb "lade" meaning "the side on which cargo was received or on which deck cargo was placed."

In old English the corresponding term was "bacchord." "The word seems to have meant 'the side at the back of the steersman'; the rudder or steering-paddle of early Germanic ships having been worked over the right side, whence the name 'steorbord,' steering-side, starboard." The word "larboard" in its form "laddeborde" is found in England of the 14th century. In "Hakluyt's Voyages" we find "steere boord."

The derivation of "port" is obscure. An English admiralty order substituted "port" for "larboard" in 1844, but "port" was in recorded use more than two centuries before that date. In 1846 the United States navy department ordered the like substitution.

The use of "port" is thus explained: "When the steering apparatus was on the right side of the vessel (the steereboord or starboard) it would be convenient in order to leave this free, to have the port (entering port) on the opposite side. For the same reason the vessel, when in port, would naturally be placed so as to lie with her larboard alongside or facing the shore or port."

A Foolish Story.

Yet "port" may be mistaken. When John Phoenix left San Francisco in 1853 to go to San Diego by boat. The vessel sped down the bay and the captain on the wheelhouse shouted: "Port, port a little, port."

"What's he a-calling for?" inquired a youth near Phoenix. "'Port wine,' said I, 'and the storekeeper don't hear him. You'd better take up some.' 'I will,' said Innocence; 'I've got a bottle of first rate [illegible] [illegible] soon returned with a pail, dark [illegible] fallen and sheepish appearance. 'Well, what did he say to you?' inquired I. 'Pointed at the notice on that tin,' said the poor fellow: 'Passengers not allowed on the wheelhouse.' 'He is, though, ain't he?' added my friend with a faint attempt at a smile, as the captain in an awful voice shouted, 'Starboard!' 'Is what?' said I. 'Loud on the wheelhouse!' Good God! I went below."

A foolish pun, and yet Mr. Walbrook of London, seeing Sir Arthur Pinero's new one-act play called "Playgoers," found a "certain confusion arising between carrying a pail and looking pale," and "felt a gentle sadness" stealing over him such as he had not hitherto associated with a Pinero farce.

Mahler's Great Work in C Sharp Given—Regret for Harpist Schuecker.

By PHILIP HALE.

The 22nd Public Rehearsal of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Muck, conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in C sharp minor, No. 5 . Mahler
Minuet of Will-o'-the-Wisps, Dance of the Sylphs and Rakoczy march from "The Damnation of Faust" . . . . Berlioz

It was announced yesterday afternoon by a slip inclosed in the program books that Mr. Heinrich Schuecker, harpist of the orchestra, died on Thursday night, and that a piano would be used instead of a harp in Mahler's symphony and a celesta instead of a harp in the pieces by Berlioz.

The death of Mr. Schuecker was a shock to the orchestra, the management and many in the audience. His intimate friends knew that he suffered from a disease of the heart, but he was loath to speak about it and performed his duties bravely. He played during the first part of the Cecilia concert on Thursday night. He was then in pain, and a physician, summoned, took the harpist to his home, where he soon died.

Mr. Schuecker was the younger son of Johann Schuoecker—for thus the father spelled his name—a distinguished trombone player in the Vienna Imperial Court Opera orchestra from 1865 to 1883. Heinrich and his brother Edmund studied the harp with Antonio Zamara of the Vienna Conservatory. Edmund, born in 1860, joined the Leipsic opera and Gewandhaus orchestra. He afterward was the harpist of the Chicago orchestra, and died some years ago.

Heinrich, about eight years younger, played in orchestras at Hamburg and other cities and joined the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1886. His skill as a virtuoso and ensemble player was acknowledged by all musicians and the general public. He was singularly conscientious in his work, faithful to composer, conductor, colleagues. His name will long be remembered in this city. He was one of the virtuoso musicians that have established and maintained the high reputation of the orchestra.

The funeral service will be at St. Cecilia's church next Monday morning at 9 o'clock.

Mahler's colossal symphony was really heard here for the first time yesterday afternoon. Mr. Gericke gave a brilliant performance in February, 1906, and the impression made by it was so strong that there was another performance later in the month; but Mr. Gericke thought it advisable to make cuts and to revise certain passages. We understand that yesterday the symphony was played as Mahler wrote it.

It is well known that the composer abhorred program books in explanation or analysis of his symphonies. He wished the audience to hear them without prejudice; that the hearer should make his own program while the music sounded. It has been said that the opening dead march in this symphony was suggested by military funerals in Vienna; that the Scherzo, a Laendler, is characteristically local in spirit; in other words that the music portrays Viennese life in its various moods and phases; but this mighty dirge with its episodes of frantic grief is for humanity rather than a lieutenant and the dance was the expression of joy or religious fervor long before the Sultan Soliman led 200,000 men beneath the walls of the Kaiserstadt.

It has also been said that this music is autobiographical. This may be said of almost any serious orchestral or chamber work, even when there is a title or an argument; autobiographical in the sense that the composer expresses in his music his joys and sorrows, his aspirations, hopes, despair. And sometimes those who in daily life are of uncouth behavior or stupid in speech are through their music revealed as prophets or consolers; their musical lips have been touched with fire; they have been like the apostle, caught up to the third heaven.

Even a prosaic listener hearing this symphony might say with one of Mahler's biographers that it begins with the epilogue after a great sorrow and through this sorrow soars aloft. The choral heard before the [illegible] is jubilant at the end.

To dwell on the technical structure, to point out feats of contrapuntal skill and an unusual, but legitimate, use of instruments, to speak of harmonic progressions that are as daring as anything invented by the ultra-moderns, would be a fruitless, impertinent task, except in a classroom. Neither the average hearer nor he that did not hear would be benefited thereby.

Or suppose one should write that the finale is like unto that music heard by De Quincey in an opium dream, music that reminded him of "the undulations of fast gathering tumults. * * * Multitudinous movements, infinite cavalcades, tread of innumerable armies." Would the words of rhapsodists be of avail? Only as they might incite one to hear this music. Mr. Arthur Symons once characterized an analytical program book and a rhapsodic interpretation as useless to student and general reader. "Yet what method is there besides these two methods?" And again: "What subterfuges are required, in order to give the vaguest suggestion of what a music is like, and how little has been said, after all, beyond generalizations, which would apply to half a dozen different pieces!"

The performance was one of extraordinary brilliance, one that was worth a pilgrimage. Fortunate, indeed, is this city in having such an orchestra led by a conductor who has imagination as well as the capacity for taking infinite pains.

The pieces of Berlioz were shrewdly chosen. They held their own and afforded the requisite contrast.

The symphony at the concerts next week will be Beethoven's Fourth. Miss Germaine Schnitzer will play Liszt's piano concerto in E flat major. The other pieces will be announced later.

"TYRONE POWER," by William Winter, published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York, is a valuable and entertaining book: valuable to the chronicler of dramatic events by reason of its accurate information; entertaining by charm of narration and the frank and at times boisterous exposure of Mr. Winter's dislikes and preferences.

The book is the first of a series of lives of the players which Mr. Winter has undertaken to write, and in this series he purposes to record and commemorate achievements of important actors now living. He chooses Mr. Power as a subject because the early life of this excellent actor was romantic and adventurous, and also for this reason: "There is no contemporary actor who, by integrity of artistic purpose, steadfast devotion to a noble ideal, self-sacrifice for the sake of being right and doing right in the pursuit of his vocation, and furthermore, by splendid acting, has shown himself better entitled to sympathetic recognition and practical public acclaim." Mr. Winter says that this actor has already done enough to prove himself of the artistic lineage of Forrest, Brooke, Dillon, Edwin Booth, Barrett and John McCullough. Here we have favorites of Mr. Winter bunched together, and it is not surprising that on the second page appears the name of Mary Anderson.

The Youth, Tyrone Power. As many know, Tyrone Power was the grandson of Tyrone Power, the elder, who made three visits to this country, wrote a book concerning his first visit (1833-1835) and returning to England was lost on the President in 1841. His children were befriended and advanced by the Duke of Richmond, whose second son, a close friend of Power, shared his fate. As Mr. Winter says, good fortune accrued to three sons because their father was an actor and a man; "yet—such is the patent influence of snobbery—though they had obtained advancement, position and wealth through association with the stage, those persons were no sooner socially established than they manifested the liveliest antipathy toward it." Harold, one of the sons, however, became an actor, later an entertainer. He, too, visited this country.

The desire of Tyrone, the younger, to go on the stage was combated by his relations. He was taken from Dulwich College and sent at the age of 16 to work on an orange plantation in Florida. The foreman was a drunken, savage brute; the workmen were ruffians. The boy was treated abominably. He succeeded in running away; was a waiter at St. Augustine; finally made his first appearance on the stage in a little theatre there in 1886. Friends raised money for him to go North and he arrived in New York in mid-winter wearing a straw hat and a summer suit. How he slept, or sat up, in cheap and crowded lodging houses; how he was befriended by a good clergyman in Philadelphia; how he had to choose between "Hot Coffee, Five Cents" and "Hash, Five Cents"; how he played Claude Duval in a Bowery museum and went about New England, New York and Pennsylvania with a little strolling company, shabbily clothed, poorly fed, often penniless—the incidents of Bohemian days—until he, by a stroke of fortune, joined Mme. Janauschek's company—all this is narrated vividly by Mr. Winter. Power

[illegible] n [illegible] the 20th year when he [illegible] [illegible] to Mme. Janau[illegible] [illegible] Meg Merrilies.

Mr. Winter's Invective. Then comes the record of Powers's engagements with the Daly company, Beerbohm [illegible], Haworth, Mrs. Fiske and other companies and managers. There is a [illegible] and illuminative analysis of [illegible] more famous impersonations: The Marquis of Steyne, Judas of [illegible], Ulysses, Ingomar, Lonawanda, four characters in "The Pilgrim's Progress," the Drain Man, Damiel the Monk in Wilstach's "Thais," Brutus in Mr. Faversham's version of "Julius Caesar." There is also criticism, at times caustic, of the plays themselves.

For instance, the pages devoted to "The Servant in the House" and "Thais" show that Mr. Winter is still a master of polished invective. There are times when the invective loses its polish.

His remarks on the inconsistency of the public are delightful. Speaking of "The Servant in the House," as a play, "ponderous and tiresome," with a "prosy, monotonous fabric of colloquy" he says:

"Various plays, even hinting at the introduction of Jesus Christ as an interlocutor, have been met with fervid protest from the religious community, [illegible] here was a play covertly but unmistakably presenting Jesus Christ as a butler in an Englishman's house, admonishing a page not to steal the breakfast jam and referring equivocally to his crucifixion—the wish having been expressed that he should be 'nailed up'—and no offence was found [illegible] it except by those eccentric reactionaries who object to insolent dialogue and religious impartments from the stage."

In his criticism of "Thais," Mr. Wilstach's adaptation of the ironical romance by Anatole France, Mr. Winter has something to say about the historical Thais of Corinth, introduced by Dryden at Alexander's feast, and a [illegible] reader might confound the two. [illegible] is the Thais of M. France and Massenet's operetta wholly "a fictitious person" as Mr. Winter says. Her story was told by the early fathers; it is related at length in the Golden Legend of Jacobus de Voragine, Englished by William Caxton, and also in Thomas Heywood's "Nine Books of Various History Concerning Women." She is the heroine of a play by the nun Hrotswitha, who wrote dramas in the time of the Emperor Otho for the convent at Gandersheim, and from her work M. France did not hesitate to borrow.

"The purpose of this play (supposing that there was any purpose in writing it other than theatrical speculation in the book and the opera from which it was derived) was to illustrate a conflict between asceticism and carnalism, in the mind and person of the unfortunate, weak, misguided, miserable man—a compound, as all such eroto-maniacs are, of the fool and the fanatic, and urgently in need of medical care."

Alas, also for Miss Constance Collier as Thais: "That actress seemed intent [illegible] substitute for dramatic talent a copious revelation of her mature physical charms, and her exhibition of them was sufficiently liberal to assuage public curiosity on that subject—if any ever existed. Her demeanor, as the vain, luxurious wanton, surrounded by flatterers, implicated much lethargic posturing and curvetting and much grimacing, and her affected recitation of some [illegible] verses made known her remembrance of the abominable elocutionary [illegible] of the English actor, Herbert Beerbohm-Tree."

Here is Mr. Winter at its best, as lovers of "roasting" would say: at his worst, as Messrs. Kennedy and Wilstach and Miss Constance Collier would [illegible].

Passing Notes and Opinions. On the other hand, turn to the noble tribute to Mme. Janauschek. It is strange that Mr. Winter does not mention Brunhilde among her "representative" performations. There is an interesting characterization of Augustin Daly, the manager.

[illegible] There is praise for the Pinero of "The Magistrate," a farce written before the talented author began to trouble himself and his public about noxious "problems" (that are not "problems" at all, but only special examples of vicious conduct)." The scenes of Phillips's "Ulysses" are "those of uninspired, mechanical contrivance," and the language, "though occasionally [illegible] and fervid, formal with obvious art" "ignoinar" is "lovely in spirit and beneficial in audience." There are interesting pages about the [illegible] red man on the stage. There is an elaborate review of "Julius Caesar," and the actors in Mr. Faversham's recent production. Mr. Winter justly objects to the anti-climax in the assassination scene due to the restoration of the colloquy between Antony and the servant, and the introduction of the widowed Calphurnia to make a picture. He also [illegible] to Brutus and Cassius clad [illegible] [illegible] in the quarrel scene also to the [illegible] at the [illegible] scene. He [illegible] the [illegible] Mr. Crane's [illegible], for it [illegible] wrong and grotesque" [illegible] extravagant" [illegible] Cassius, [illegible] petulant, malignant, turbulent, addicted to bombastic utterance, and fantastic gesticulation, a 'plug-ugly' and a spouter."

Who Will Hold the Sceptre? Who will restore the golden day of Wallack, Forrest, Davenport, Booth and Irving? Mr. Winter answers his own question. Mr. Willard might have done this, but he long ago retired. Mr. Sothern will soon retire. Robert Mantell also will soon prefer tranquillity.

"John Drew, a man of 60, has 'flung away ambition' and is content to repeat from year to year the same pleasing exhibition of his silvery skill as a light comedian. John Mason, a superb actor of the school of William Warren and Joseph Jefferson, shows no inclination toward the great legitimate drama or toward the heavy responsibilities of leadership, satisfying himself and his public by making exquisite studies of character. Otis Skinner, heir to the traditions of Booth and Barrett, has abandoned tragedy and adopted the ephemeral drama of fantasy. David Warfield, talented, earnest and interesting, reached his height some time ago and is 'ready to decline.' Wilton Lackaye—intellectual, of exceptionally strong character, fine dramatic ability and ample experience, though embittered by circumstances—is capable of fine things and may do much. Goodwin, Crane, James O'Neill—good actors, finely equipped, each proficient in his line—are veterans now, each moving in an ever narrowing orbit of repetition. George Arliss is an exceptionally fine artist, a dramatic Meissonier—as especially shown in his remarkably expert performance of Sakuri, in 'The Darling of the Gods'—but, seemingly, he lacks courage and the faculty of initiative." Who will hold the sceptre? Mr. Faversham? Mr. Winter names him and asks: "Who shall say?" Then follows a long eulogy of Tyrone Power, who stands "fair for succession to the tragic crown. Within the next two or three years the American public will see the most prominent English-speaking actors in the plays of Shakespeare, and foremost among them, I believe, will be Tyrone Power."

The volume contains about 20 illustrations—12 show Mr. Power in his more prominent roles, a chronology of Mr. Power's professional life; a sketch of Edith Crane, Mr. Power's first wife, and a letter written by Mr. Power protesting against the charge that his withdrawal from Mr. Faversham's production of "Julius Caesar" was due to jealousy. Alas, there is no index.

"Sardou and the Sardou Plays." "Sardou and the Sardou Plays," by Jerome A. Hart, is published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. A reviewer may well shudder at the thought of expressing an opinion about this book, for Mr. Hart in an answer to strictures made by Mr. Brander Matthews showed himself to be a peppery person, and in his answer he had the better of his critic. It is only fair to say that Mr. Hart does not profess to examine Sardou's plays in a critical spirit or to assign him his place among dramatic authors. He has collected a mass of material which he has put before the reader in an entertaining manner. Lovers of anecdotage will be pleased with the book; the statistics will be of value to chroniclers and students of the theatre; the general reader will relish the vivid description of the plays. At the very beginning there is a chronological list of the Sardou plays and libretti with dates of production, also a list of books commenting on Sardou, and at the end statistics about performances of Sardou's plays in this country are grouped under the titles of the plays, and casts of first performances are given. The absence of an index is regrettable.

In the chapter "The French Critics on Sardou," Mr. Hart, of course, mentions Jules Lemaitre and quotes a general estimate by him of the playwright's work; but neither here nor in any page relating to "Tosca" does he refer to Lemaitre's brilliantly savage attack on the play in which he dubbed Sardou "The Caligula of the Drama." Giving the date and place of the production of Puccini's "Tosca" and the first performance at Covent Garden, Mr. Hart makes a statement that might mislead: "Fraeulein Ternina appeared in the title role." She did and her performance still remains unequalled; she raised melodrama to the height of tragedy; but she did not "create" the part at Rome. The first operatic Tosca was Mme. Darclee. Milka Ternina was the first to take the part at Covent Garden and at the Metropolitan we find no allusion to Giordano's opera "Fedora" and there is very little about "Andre Fortier" written expressly for the Boston Theatre.

Weedon Grossmith's Memoirs. [illegible] is [illegible] [illegible] This book is [illegible] versonal, full of [illegible] some of which are entertaining while others would be effective only if heard in an alcoholic haze. Mr. Grossmith tells of his school days, how he studied painting and set up a studio and became interested in private theatricals, fell into debt, found pleasure and forgetfulness in fishing, and finally made up his mind to go on the stage. Rosina Vokes was his first teacher in the art of acting. Then came engagements with Irving, Mansfield, Mrs. Wood.

We are naturally interested in his adventures in this country. When he first visited the United States in 1886 he found that New York "with its white houses and green shutters" resembled Paris more than London. At the Hoffman House he first heard and felt a mosquito. The company opened at the Globe in Boston in "The Parvenue," "which had already been played there with their own popular favorite without success." The sharing manager, "a man not overburdened with intelligence, suggested that Miss Vokes, while sitting on the branches of a tree in a pretty love scene, should sing the 'Tit Willow' from the 'Mikado,' which was then all the rage. He was one of those ignorant men (there are many) who imagine that any play can be improved or bolstered up in the weak parts by the introduction of a song or dance." Mr. Grossmith found the changes of climate trying. He tells of his success as Lord Arthur in "The Milliner's Bill"; how this creation of a new type of stage dude or masher made him a marked man; how he was spotted everywhere as "Vokes's Dude." "I was the first actor to introduce the crease down the centre of the trousers, a huge straw-colored diamond in the centre of my shirt and a small emerald above and below it." He modelled the character on a type of the smart young peer met at clubs and sporting gatherings. The handshake was that of the Prince of Wales.

In the fall of 1910 Mr. Grossmith visited Canada and the United States. He found that the Washington audience did not care for "Mr. Preedy and the Countess" or himself, "with the exception of a few people who had visited Europe, including President Taft, who honored me by his presence on the first night and was indeed a splendid audience in himself." He met Denman Thompson and mentions "a curious play called 'The Old Homestead.'" "I saw Raymond Hitchcock, the Fred Leslie of America, who struck me as a man with marked personality." In New York he had cheery days and evenings. "One of my hostesses was the graceful Amelia Bingham and her good-natured, hospitable husband. It is so easy to praise the husband when the wife is very attractive." He lunched with John Drew, who inquired about numerous friends at the Beefsteak Club; and here, on page 249, is one of the best stories in the book:

"'How is Col. So-and-So?' he would ask. 'Alas!' I had to reply, 'he died nearly a year ago.' 'That's bad; and how's dear old Johnnie?' 'Ah, he's gone also,' I answered. 'And how's that lively peer, Lord ——?' 'Oh! he passed away three months ago.' At last Drew paused, and with a very serious face said, 'Say, Weedon, isn't there any member of the club only seriously ill?'"

The book, which is well illustrated and provided with an index, reveals the author as a shrewd and kind observer of men, women and manners. There are pages that will be of use to a historian of London life in Mr. Grossmith's period. At the beginning we are told that it was the custom in the author's boyhood to borrow the Times from 8 to 11 A. M. for which privilege the borrower daily paid threehalfpence.

A pleasant, informing book, not too garrulous, and while the author talks lightly about his own achievements, the reader, entertained, leaves him with a feeling of personal acquaintance.

"The Typhoon" in London. When "The Typhoon" was brought out recently in London with Laurence Irving as Takeramo, the court scene was retained and the hero, as in the original play, commits suicide. A Japanese, Azooma Skeko, took a prominent part and made a hit. The author, Melchior Lengyel, had this to say about the production to a London reporter:

"The whole production has gained considerably by having Japanese as well as English actors. In other countries there have been no Japanese in the play.

"The Haymarket has shown that they have an extraordinary gift for the stage, and how quick and deft they are in realizing the material in the parts."

It was to his own friendships with Japanese, and also to some extent to the resemblance of the Hungarian character to them, that "Typhoon" owes its origin.

[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] thing that [illegible] [illegible] opposed, on [illegible] [illegible] and again in [illegible] [illegible] there has been an unfortunate [illegible], and the end of it has been that the Japanese has committed suicide.

"Do you think that in the case of Takeramo the motive for the murder of the cocotte was sufficient?" he was asked. "Might it not have been strengthened to betray some national secret?"

"As it stands," he explained, "it shows the change in this man's character. Takeramo has become so Europeanised that he is jealous of the girl's French lover. Jealousy would be a sufficient motive for a European under similar circumstances, and it is a sufficient motive for him.

"Besides this, there is the fact that the two Japanese elders have realized that the influence of this woman is thoroughly bad, and that there is the danger of her betrayal of state secrets. There is the motive of betrayal underlying that of jealousy, but it did not seem to me that it was essential that it should be stated."

The dramatist also spoke of the change that has been made in England in the ending of the play. In the Continental productions Takeramo dies practically of a broken heart. "At the Haymarket," he said, "the last act in which he commits hari-kari, is [illegible] more effective."

When he arrived in London he was anxious to see the stage set farther back and the foreground filled with blossoming almond trees, as it is in Budapest. But he has come to see that the setting is perfect as it is.

Japanese have complimented him upon a play in which their character is thoroughly understood.

To the Editor of The Herald:

The First of "Our Boys." The recent amateur performance of H. J. Byron's "Our Boys" at the Plymouth Theatre recalls to my mind the original production here of this comedy at the old Globe Theatre in the middle seventies. After the rebuilding of this playhouse, after its first destruction by fire, Arthur Cheney, who was then its proprietor, brought over from London George Honey and John C. Cowper. It was Honey's first visit to this country, but Cowper had been here previously with Adelaide Neilson. When they arrived here the exuberant Dauncy Maskell, the father of Laura Joyce, brought them to my office. Upon acquaintance I found them typical English players, Cowper quite jovial and Honey despondent over the mislaying of his baggage, which he was afraid would be lost. To cheer him up I invited him with his companions up to the old Athenian Club which was then in existence on Tremont place. Under the influence of a little liquid stimulant he recovered his spirits and he said: "You are smiling and, perhaps, everything will turn out all right." And it did.

I first saw him on the stage as Perkyn Middlewick, the retired butterman. It was the best interpretation of the character ever given here. He seemed to fit into the part exactly. His old Eccles in T. W. Robertson's "Caste," which I saw afterwards, I did not like so well, although I think he was the original of the part in London, and, indeed, he told me himself that Henry J. Montague, the most refined of light comedians, who was in the distribution of characters with him in England, said: "A good performance, George, but you are not in the picture." This was a correct judgment it always seemed to me. The father of Esther and Polly Eccles is a pot-house politician, and not the low, degraded, unkempt sot that Honey made him. He misconceived the character, and went searching through the London old clo' shops for the most disreputable looking attire, and when he found what he wanted had it baked so as to free it of any offensive living things that might be lurking among its folds. The naturally refined heroine of "Caste" would hardly allow her father to go about in such a rig. She would see that he was reasonably presentable at least, even when he was looking for a mouthful of cooling gin.

But I must stick to "Our Boys," one of the tea cup and saucer school of plays so popular when I was early four decades younger. In its cast with Honey was Cowper as Sir Geoffrey Champneys, and an excellent, aristocratic father he made, with just the right touch of distinction. Poor Harry Murdock, who afterwards lost his life in the Brooklyn Theatre fire, was the Charles Middlewick. He was an [illegible] actor, the brother of Frank Murdock, who wrote "Davy Crockett" for Frank Mayo, and the nephew of that [illegible] old elocutionary histrionic James Murdock, who gave readings for the benefit of the Sanitary [illegible] during the civil war. Owen Marlowe [illegible] Talbot Champneys in [illegible]

[illegible]rd. He could not [illegible] man. Nature made [illegible] [illegible] not make him a [illegible]. He was, however, [illegible] the few parts to which he was adapted by his pleasant personality. These were the boys. For the girls we had Katherine Rogers, a skilful but somewhat artificial actress, as Violet Melrose, and Lillian Conway, a pretty woman, as Mary Melrose. Altogether it was a highly satisfactory cast and the piece had a long and successful run.

Honey never seemed at home here. He missed "dear, old, foggy Lunnun,' where his success as an actor came late in life, and his family. He liked the domestic hearth, although he was Bohemian enough to be fond of a frequent "tod." Still, he believed in upholding the dignity of a father, for, when an American friend wrote in a volume, which the Canadian was sending home to his son, "From His Awful Dad," he rebelled against this American irreverent facetiousness. He made his home in Boston at Miss Fisher's on Bulfinch place, though the gentle landlady, who did not believe in latchkeys, sometimes chided him for his late hours, and held up William Warren, her star boarder, as a model of propriety.

Mr. Cowper after he was settled here sent over to England for his family, and lived for a time near the foot of Fourth street in South Boston. Here for a time he maintained a dramatic school, using the studio of Walter Smith as a hall of instruction. Mr. Smith, a neighbor, was at this time superintendent of drawing in our public schools, and like Mr. Cowper was a native of the right little, tight little island, then presided over by the widow of Windsor. It used to be said jocularly at the "Point" that he had as many children as the old woman who lived in a shoe.

Mr. Cowper performed Cardinal Wolsey in "Anne Boleyn," the play in which Anna Dickinson made her debut on the stage at the Globe Theatre, and for a brief period he was the leading man and manager in the company that she gathered about her for touring purposes. I happened to be at Mr. Cowper's house one Sunday afternoon when she came there, evidently dissatisfied with whatever professional arrangements they had made, and, on being introduced to me, she was very condescending after the manner of a tragedy queen. This was rather laughable considering that she had not made a distinguished success upon the mimic scene and had made a mistake in leaving the lecture platform, though, perhaps, even there her popularity was on the wane. I never saw her but once as an actress, and she seemed to be lacking in the dramatic instinct which is the basis of good playing. To my mind she imitated Clara Morris, then a reigning favorite, most abominably.

Mr. Cowper afterward had the Academy of Music in Chelsea, where he continued his dramatic teaching, and there I lost sight of him. He had two sons, Archie and William, both actors. The latter was for a little while in the Boston Museum company, about the time "Pinafore" was first produced here. He was originally cast for Ralph Rackstraw, but he evidently did not fill the bill, as the saying goes, for the part was taken from him before the initial performance and given to Rose Temple.

The elder Cowper was in trade in Manchester in the pork line before he faced the footlights professionally. His real name was John Curtis. Well, David Garrick sprang from a wine cellar to dazzle London town by his sublimation of the Duke of Gloster of an inferior actor. JOHN W. RYAN.

Dorchester.

To the Editor of The Herald:

An Appreciation of Ysaye. Such occasions as Mr. Ysaye's last recital in Symphony Hall are rare, and perhaps a few words of appreciation from a music-lover may be permissible. Revelation, rather than interpretation, would express the meaning of Ysaye's work, as he not only brought forth unknown beauties in the music he had chosen, and told (all unconsciously) of deeps in his own nature, but he showed, as few can, the lofty heights to which the greatest and purest music can lead. In the interpretation of Bach's "Chaconne" there was an isolation, an absorption, an exhalation about the man and the music that suggested the mystery that lies under the deep thought and lofty imagination in this art. At such rare times the words "technique," "interpretation," "art," fade away, are forgotten—even the composer and player become shadowy, for the moment, only the music itself as conceived in one master mind and revealed through another, floats in its pure and mysterious beauty.

There could be no more perfect illustration of the following thought of Carlisle. "A musical thought is one spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of the thing, detected the inmost mystery that lies hidden behind it. . . . The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that." And as the great beauty of Bach's music was so clearly revealed, to its perfect close,

[illegible] great [illegible] the words and [illegible] of music were even greater than its beauty.

And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star.
"Consider it well: each tone of our scale in itself is naught;
"It is everywhere in the world loud, soft, and all is said;
"Give it to me to use! I mix it with two in my thought;
"And, there! Ye have heard and seen; consider, and bow the head!"

HELEN W. DYCKMAN.

Boston, April 14.

The Egyptians, who were a wise nation, thought so much depended upon diet that they dieted their kings, and prescribed by law both the quality and quantity of their food. It is much to be lamented that those bills of fare are not preserved to this time, since they might have been of singular use in all monarchical governments. But it is reasonably to be conjectured from the wisdom of that people that they allowed their kings no aliments of a bilious or choleric nature, and only such as sweetened their juices, cooled their blood and enlivened their faculties—if they had any.

An Episode.

As the World Wags:

Scene: Any old train ten miles out of Boston bringing commuters in.

Mrs. General has met on the station platform, to her effusive surprise, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Smith, Miss Robinson, who are also going shopping.

Train pulls in. Miss Robinson happens to arrive first at the car steps, and, after the inalienable habit of women, instead of mounting quickly, she bars the way for others while she hands Mrs. General, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith up the steps. This brings Mrs. General in the lead in the aisle of the car, and enables her to exercise the inalienable habit of women of marshalling the others into a double seat before she removes herself from the gangway. There is a pause (compulsory upon all following) while she surveys with a deliberative eye several highly eligible locations. Finally, after two or three fitful starts, she pounces upon a seat and proceeds to turn it over, and then to marshal in the other three while she continues to block the aisle.

"Oh, don't sit there, Mrs. Brown—I'll ride backward—no, I'd just as soon as not—really—why—oh no, come in and sit here, Mrs. Smith—why Miss Robinson, you mustn't ride backward—let me—I'd really just as soon—I do so much, because the children always prefer to ride the other way—there—that's right—now Mrs. General—oh no, let me sit beside you—that's much better—I told Marian only yesterday I couldn't——"

Deep, doleful chorus from waiting commuters in the rear:

"Sit down—somewhere—anywhere—and give us a chance to get in."

(N. B. The commuters were too chivalrous to say this, but there is reliable authority for the assertion that they actually thought it—way down deep.) COMMUTER.

Boston, April 18.

Inauguration Echoes.

As the World Wags:

My letter of the 12th inst. noting that the 4th of March fell on Sunday in 1821 and in 1877, also stated that according to "Table for finding Easter," it also fell on Sunday in 1837, the year of Van Buren's inauguration.

The 4th of March did not fall on Sunday in that year. The copyist in consulting the table unfortunately read across from one column to the other, so confusing the year 1837 with the year 1894. May I correct this error?

I have read somewhere the statement that President Grant invited President-elect Hayes and family to the White House for Sunday, March 4, 1877, and that the oath of office was there administered privately as a safeguard under the conditions peculiar to the time. Is there any authority for such a statement? J. E. BOWMAN.

North Hyde Park, Vt., April 15.

As the World Wags:

In regard to the selection of March 4 for inauguration day, the Americana says: "It is said that Benjamin Franklin selected this date because in the next two centuries it would fall less often on Sunday than any other day in the year."

MRS. R. W. JOCELYN.

Chelsea, April 16.

Mrs. Jocelyn quotes the resolution of the Confederate Congress, which has already been printed here.

"How" or "Hew."

As the World Wags:

Will you kindly tell us how the residents of Houston, Tex., pronounce the first syllable of the name of their city, i. e., as if spelled Hoo or Hew? We all know, or should know, that they do not pronounce, nor allow it to be pronounced, as if spelled How! Indeed, it is stated that a foreigner, so pronouncing it, while visiting there, is quite liable to be filled full of holes. They hold the name of Gen. Sam. Houston, for whom the city was named, in worshipful remembrance, and will not allow it to be trifled with. My very firm belief is that the old fighter pronounced his name as if spelled Hoo; a friend who visits that city semi-occasionally differs with me, but he failed to convince me. S. M., JR.

Boston, April 17.

The leading gazeteer gives the first syllable [illegible] to [illegible] We were young and adventurous [illegible] looked in at Harry Hill's in Houston street, New York, and that street in the Sixties was "Howston" as it is today. We know "Hoostons" and "Hewstons." Was there not a Ferguson who insisted on the accented "u"? Is there any Texan in town who will answer our correspondent?

Tigers and Cataracts.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of accents misapplied recalls Goldsmith's "Traveller" where near the end mention is made of.

> Climes beyond the western main,
> Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around
> And Niagara stuns with thundering sound

Was the tiger of Hyrcania mentioned in literature before Macbeth called our attention to him?

In "le Capitaine Fracasse" of Gautier (Chap. XIV.) mention is made of the Hyrcanian modesty of the heroine Isabel in about the same manner in which we in modern slang might speak of the gentleness of any one as "something fierce." SCHON WIEDER.

Boston, April 18.

"Macbeth" is supposed by some to have been written between 1608 and 1610. Others think it was produced on the stage some time between October, 1604, and August, 1605. "Bartholomeus de Proprietatibus Rerum," published in 1425, was translated into English by J. Trevisa and published at London in 1535. At the end of an article about the tiger, beginning "The Tiger is the most swiftest beast in flight, as it were an arrow, and is a beast distingued with divers speeks," there is this sentence: "And in the more Hyrcania breedeth many beasts of this kind." In the third part of "Henry VI." York calls his foe, Queen Margaret, "more inexorable, O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania." If we are not mistaken, Hyrcania was on the Caspian sea, and the country is now called Korkan.

As for Niagara. Another poet preserved the correct pronunciation:

> Niagara, Niagara,
> You are a staggerer!

By the way, do any of our readers remember the "Niagara" or "cataract" curls of real or false hair that American women wore at the back of the head in the Sixties?

RECITAL BY MME. NORDICA

Mme. Lilian Nordica, assisted by Romayne Simmons, pianist; Miss Hernandez, organist; Franklin Holding, violinist; J. Keller, 'cellist; G. Helm, trumpet, and Louis Rousseau, reader, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Organ selections by Miss Hernandez, Schubert, "An die Musik"; Wakefield-Cadman, "When Cherries Bloomed," "At the Feast of the Dead"; Arensky, "Lately in Dance"; Stange, "Damon"; Haendel, "Let the Bright Seraphim"; from "Samson," trumpet obligato; Faure, "Nell"; Leroux, "Le Nil," violin obligato; Vidal, ariette; Puccini, aria from "Mme. Butterfly"; Erich Wolf, "Faeden"; Bleichman, "Komm Lass uns Spielen"; Jensen, "Am Manzanares"; Bemberg, La Ballade du Desespere.

The occasion marked Mme. Nordica's last appearance in Boston before starting on a tour during which the famous prima donna will give recitals in every country of the world. An enthusiastic audience filled the hall in every part, many stood, and the art and winning personality of the singer wove their wonted spell. Mme. Nordica used her voice skilfully and with the utmost intelligence. In quality it was sonorous, mellow, and when occasion demanded, brilliant. A past mistress of technic, she gained effects without apparent effort; her trill was smooth and even. There were many memorable moments when the full beauty of her voice was revealed, when the singer's fine appreciation of the melodic line was eloquent and when she voiced sentiments of a tender, reflective or passionate nature with emotional sincerity; but it is unnecessary, at this late day, to speak in further detail of the performance of a singer whose art and attainments are a lesson to singers young and old. In response to many requests Mme. Nordica substituted her interesting conception of Schubert's Erlkoenig in place of Schumann's "Waldesgespraech" and she added Mrs. Beach's "The Year's at the Spring." Mr. Simmons, as usual, played admirable accompaniments. Miss Hernandez showed talent and technical proficiency, and the other assisting artists rendered efficient aid.

CASTLE SQUARE—"The Man from Home," a comedy in four acts by Harry Leon Wilson and Booth Tarkington.

Daniel Voorhees Pike..........John Craig
Grand Duke Vasili Vasilivitch..........William P. Carleton
Earl of Hawcastle..........Walter Walker
The Hon. Almeric St. Aubyn..Donald Meek
Ivanoff..........Frederick Ormonde
Horace Granger-Simpson..Carney Christie
Ethel Granger-Simpson..Florence Shirley
Comtesse de Champigny..Laurett Browne
Lady Creech..........Mabel Colcord

BENNETT PLAY AT PLYMOUTH

Miss Horniman's Company of Manchester Players Opens Engagement.

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE: First performance in Boston of "What the Public Wants," a play in four acts by Arnold Bennett.

Saul Kendrick..........Edward Landor
Sir Charles Worgan..........Percy Foster
Francis Worgan..........Milton Rosmer
A Page-Boy..........James Wood
Simon Macquoid..........Cecil Brooking
Emily Vernon..........Irene Rooke
Holt. St. John..........Frank Forbes-Robertson
Mrs. Cleland (Henrietta Blackwood)..........Violet Vorley
Samuel Cleland..........Lionel Briggs
Mrs. Downes..........Isabel Beresford
Annie Worgan..........Doris Bateman
John Worgan..........Howard Cochran
James Brindley..........Leonard Mudie
Edward Brindley..........Frank Darch
Mrs. Worgan..........Hilda Sims

Mr. Bennett's play was produced under the auspices of the State Society, London, on May 3, 1909, at the Aldwych Theatre. It was played at the Royalty on May 27 of that year with Mr. Charles Hawtrey as Sir Charles. The author in the mean time changed the fourth act, "by removing the suggestion that its heroine threw over Sir Charles, for the reason, among others, that she wanted to marry his brother Frank." In the version played last night the audience is dismissed in the belief that Emily may marry Francis and that Sir Charles will court a noble dame on his way to the House of Lords.

Mr. Bennett's play is an amusing satire on the methods of certain newspaper proprietors. It has been said that the original of Sir Charles is Sir Alfred Harmsworth, otherwise known as Baron Northcliffe. This newspaper man may have suggested by his rise the character, but the methods satirized are known in New York, Boston, Chicago.

The plot is a simple one. Sir Charles is a rich man, the owner of many newspapers and periodicals. He believes that he knows what the public wants, and he gives it to them. While he sneers at literary Johnnies who read the Manchester Guardian, he has a longing to be on friendly terms with the lights in literature and art. He does not court the society of swells, and he already knows enough "rotters." His brother Francis walks into his office. They have not met for 19 years. Sir Charles tells his opinions and beliefs and Francis comments ironically, with an irony so fine that his brother sometimes fails to see it.

Francis tells him the only way to obtain his desire is to marry a clever woman who will attract the litterati, painters, composers, etc. He reminds him of their old playmate, now the Widow Vernon, still young and pretty, who is on the stage of a "highbrow" and unsuccessful theatre, on the stage, but not an actress. She calls at the office and Sir Charles is at once infatuated. He gives £5000 to the theatre and a much larger sum to Oxford.

Francis becomes the dramatic critic of one of his brother's papers. Sir Charles, all for love of Emily Vernon, is the head director of the theatre. He woos Emily and wins her. They go for a Sunday to his brother John's house in the country. There is a scene because Sir Charles purposes to revive a scandal that affects a lady living in his native place, an intimate friend of his mother's, and at the time a guest in the house. His brother's and his mother's arguments are of no avail, but Emily's caresses dissuade him—to not drop this particular scandal. That night Emily sees him as he is and on returning to London breaks the engagement. Francis resigns, because he is tired of seeing the widow on the stage, because he is tired of the actor-manager; he gives many excuses. The audience suspects that he does not care to work longer for his brother.

The charm of the play is in the dialogue, which is witty, humorous and at times cynical. The first act is the most spontaneous, and the attention of the audience does not flag a moment during the long scene between the brothers in which the character of Sir Charles's newspapers is discussed. In the second act the manager of the theatre, St. John, is introduced and here the humor becomes extravagant, but we would not willingly spare Mrs. Cleland, the actress, any more than in the first act we could spare Mr. Macquoid, the dramatic critic, who resigned because two lines with a split infinitive were introduced at the end of his signed article, for which outrageous insult Sir Charles would not apologize in print.

In the third act there are sketches of characters, the good old mother who abhors Sunday newspapers, the provincial

[illegible] John [illegible] o [illegible] ever a raw joke in a sporting paper, the young dramatist with his play of everyday life. And yet we feel that these characters are stalking horses behind which Mr. Bennett shoots the arrows of his satire. Thus the young [illegible] figures so that there may be [illegible] remarks about successful and unsuccessful plays, the taste of the pub[lic] and a reference to Sir George Alexander.

And what is to be said of Emily? Why does she suddenly decide to "chuck" Sir Charles? She knew the character of the Mercury and the other papers before he showed his generosity and paid her the compliment of an offer. She liked his people and they liked her. She knew that she could twist her betrothed round her finger. Yet she has qualms of conscience, as soon as she knows that a caress can affect his purpose. Is she not charming, vague, enigmatical. Or was she slow in learning that this millionaire was after all a magnificent bounder?

The one great character in the play is Sir Charles. He is drawn to the life. Trafalgar is a mouthpiece for Mr. Bennett. He feeds the dialogue and leads Sir Charles on in his exposure of himself. In the opening and most brilliant scene of the play the satire is incessant, deserved and wholesome.

And Sir Charles was played with extraordinary force and finish by Mr. Foster. When Miss Horniman's company gave a performance at the same theatre of "Nan" a year ago last month, we commented on the admirable ensemble. The ensemble is now even better.

It is true that Miss Rooke was a delightful Emily, fascinating by voice, gesture, facial play, by what she suggested as well as spoke, but equally worthy of praise was the performance of Mr. Rosmer and Mr. Cochran, and in fact all the parts, even the slightest, were capitally played.

The audience was most appreciative of the satire and the performance. There were many curtain calls. Mr. Rosmer spoke in behalf of the company and had something to say of a sanguine nature concerning the work and influence of the Drama League.

This play, however, is for the general public, and seldom has this public in Boston an opportunity of seeing so well trained a company in plays that are worth while.

Mr. Vanni Marcoux, rehearsing in Paris the part of Panurge in Massenet's posthumous opera of the same name, has seen at least twice the ghost of the composer clad in a familiar gray frock coat, standing on the stage and beating time with his hands. The fair and ingenuous Mlle. Arbell also saw this ghost.

Is the performance so poor that Massenet not only turns in his grave but leaves it? Perish the thought! For Mr. Marcoux is a singularly accomplished actor and Massenet wrote pleasant things about Mlle. Arbell in his memoirs. Nevertheless, we are reminded of a "crack" made by M. Anatole France after the first performance of Reyer's "Salammbo," based on Flaubert's romance by the librettist du Locle. M. France believed that Flaubert, who played the comedy of life in melodramatic fashion, would have been in a tragic state if he had seen his "Salammbo" made into an opera. "How his eyes would have flashed at this horrible spectacle! How the foam would have frothed his lips! What a cry would have come from his breast! * * * That he did not appear on that night, lamentable and terrible, to Messrs. Reyer and du Locle is almost an argument against the immortality of the soul."

Beasts and Their Friends.

The late Karl Hagenbeck often said that you could do nothing with animals except by kindness. But there have been men, and probably Hagenbeck was one of them, who fascinated animals, who won at once their confidence. It is the fashion to call George Borrow a romancer, an egoist, a liar; but he had the trick of "horse-whispering" and so the wild, grimy Smith near Devil's Hill, uttering one word could make the tamest horse rear and kick and uttering another word, sweet and plaintive, could make the wildest horse a gentle, fawning creature. Some of us remember John S. Rarey, the horse tamer. He, too, was a master of "whispering." Long before Borrow, long before Rarey with his horse Cruiser was Butler, the student and friend of bees, and of him Thomas Fuller wrote, "either he had told the bees things or the bees had told him." The fishes swam into Thoreau's hands, snakes coiled themselves affectionately about his legs.

Moral Suasion.

Yet when we hear of savage animals made tame by moral suasion, we remember the experience of Artemus Ward with his leopard. Artemus was whacking the animal in his cage when a tall gentleman in spectacles said: "My good man, do not beat the poor caged animal. Rather fondle him."

"I'll fondle him [illegible]," I answered, hitting him [illegible].

"'I prithy desist,' said the gentleman, 'stand aside and see the effects of kindness. I understand the peculiarities of these creeturs better than you do.'

"With that he went up to the cage, and trustin' his face in between the iron bars, he said, soothingly, 'Come hither, pretty creetur.'

"The pretty creetur come-hithered raythur speedy, and seized the gentleman by the whiskers, which he tore off about enuff to stuff a small cushion with.

"He said, 'You vagabone, I'll have you indicted for exhibitin' dangerous and immoral animals.'

"I replied, 'Gentle Sir, there isn't a animal here that hasn't a beautiful moral, but you mustn't fondle 'em. You mustn't meddle with their idiotsyncracies.'

"The gentleman was a dramatic cricket, and he wrote a article for a paper, in which he said my entertainment was a decided failure."

Natural Antipathies.

Mr. Halliday Witherspoon told the readers of The Herald last Sunday how as child, lad, young man, he feared snakes, even the little garter snake. Lord Wolseley confessed to having "a loathing horror and indescribable repugnance to all sorts of reptiles." Late in life he would run even from a toad. Lord Roberts's fear of cats was proverbial in the British army. A London journalist recently admitted that he would not take into his hand a live sparrow or any other harmless thing that squirms. Marcellus Donatus speaks of a Mantuan nobleman who fell into a fit and a cold sweat at the sight of a hedge-hog. Henricus, in his "Medical Observations" (vol. 1 obs. 29, p. 247), describes the sad case of "a person amongst us of prime quality, who at the sight of an eel is presently cast into a swoon, even though it be brought to the table enclosed in paste; he falls down as one that is dead, nor doth he return to himself till the eel is taken off from the table." Some are made sick by the sight of a rose, others by the smell of an apple. As the excellent Nathaniel Wanley, late M. A. and vicar of Trinity parish, Coventry, remarked in his "Wonders of the Little World": "The seeds of our aversion and antipathy to particular things are often lodged so deep, that in vain we demand a reason of ourselves for what we do or not love. The enemies of our nature work upon us (it seems) whether we are aware or not."

For Sale.

These advertisements appeared recently in London journals.

"A white cockatoo, swears like a bishop." What does this mean? That the bird knows no cusswords? Swear like a lord, swear like a trooper, swear like a pirate—these are familiar comparisons. For this cockatoo that swears like a bishop, the owner wishes £20.

The other advertisement, published in the Times, runs as follows:

"Oxford undergraduate scholar, who is tired of being poor, wishes to be adopted by wealthy people."

Genial Town Meetings.

As the World Wags:

I thought it might interest the readers of The Herald to know that for many years it was customary to serve hot coffee to the voters as they entered the town hall in Exeter, N. H., to vote at the annual town meetings. This coffee was served by the late Miss Abbie McIntyre, and she had a little stand in the outer hall. Miss McIntyre served the coffee with a pleasant smile to all who asked for a cup, and it seemed as though she put every one in good humor at these meetings. She was a well known charitable worker in Rockingham county and did a great deal of relief work in Exeter. Do any of the readers of The Herald know of any other town where coffee was served at town meetings?

Boston. HARRY V. LAWRENCE.

Anecdote for the Day.

"Nay, by Jove, it was the opinion of wise Aristotle himself: For he being perplext with an Egregious Prater, and tir'd out with his Absurd Stories, and idle Repetitions of 'And is not this a wonderful thing, Aristotle? No wonder at all, said he, this; but if a Man should stand still to hear you prate thus, who had Legs to run away, that were a wonder indeed."

SOMERVILLE PUPILS SING VERDI'S REQUIEM

With the largest chorus ever crowded into Symphony Hall the pupils of the Somerville high schools last night sang Verdi's Requiem to an audience that filled the hall. It was the sixth of a series of concerts given by the pupils under the direction of S. Henry Hadley.

Though it cost more than $1200 to stage the production, those in charge estimated that they had cleared more than this. The credit balance will be used to purchase works of art for the school buildings, with especial attention to the decoration of the new class rooms and auditoriums.

Sixty players from the Symphony Orchestra, including Jacques Hoffman and Joshua Phippen, and four soloists, Mme. Wilhelmina Wright Calvert, Miss Adelaide Griggs, Harold S. Tripp and Willard Flint, helped make the affair a success.

[illegible]

[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	B. Welw[illegible]
Kapule	[illegible] Kai[illegible]
[illegible]alhe	[illegible] Kawala
Kiki[illegible]	W. B. Ack[illegible]
Laupule	Maria Howe
Mahumahu	Joseph Burton
Hopole	Nona Kelly
Hapoe	Audrey St. Clair
Konia	Harry Sautan
Lemnlele	Howard Hickman
Hewahewa	Bessie Barriscale
Luana	Lewis S. Stone
Paul Wilson	Robert Morris
Captain Hatch	John W. Burton
Mr. Sysonby	Estar Banks
Mrs. Sysonby	Margaret Langham
Diana Larued	Guy Bates Post
"Ten-Thousand-Dollar" Dean	Robert Harrison
Holeno	George Hill
Tomoro	

After a run of many weeks in Los Angeles, "The Bird of Paradise" was produced in New York on Jan. 8, 1912. It was a popular success on Broadway, aroused considerable interest and was much written of in the periodicals. Many theatregoers consequently looked forward to its production in Boston with expectation. The cast which is now acting the play is not wholly the same as that which appeared originally in New York. Miss Laurette Taylor has been replaced in the title role by Miss Bessie Barriscale, and several of the other prominent parts have been recast. Mr. Post and Mr. Stone are still playing their original roles, however, and the company is in most respects a capable one. If the play fails, therefore, it is due to itself and not to the players.

The scene disclosed on the rising of the curtain is interesting and attractive. The picture it presents of Hawaiian life and landscape is, in externals at least, convincing and the inquiring spectator is moved to speculation as to whether or not the characterizations of the native Hawaiians in the play are true to reality and whether the dialect adopted by Miss Barriscale and the others is correct, if indeed English was generally spoken by the natives of the remote parts of the islands in the nineties.

Speculation on these questions is, however, short lived. The play is poorly written, the construction awkward, the lines at times puerile in the crudity of the attempts at humor or realism. The situations do not develop, they explode upon an astonished audience, and on finding the character drawing of the plain American in the play wholly artificial, wholly unreal, one is not inclined to consider at length the fidelity or infidelity of the Hawaiian characterizations. The initial mistake is in coming to "The Bird of Paradise" expecting to see a serious play, for from a serious point of view it is merely preposterous.

And yet certainly every effort is made by actors and producers to induce you to take "The Bird of Paradise" seriously. The scenic investiture is elaborate and accurate in detail and the characterizations are certainly seriously conceived. The part of Luana is the most important and the most exacting one, and Miss Barriscale works hard and creditably to make it go. Her Luana is physically beautiful and alluring enough, and looks the Hawaiian Princess—of our dreams. But she is not able to make Luana a real creature. Her accent, which she does not forget to use it, is fascinating, surely, strangely reminiscent of Miss Anna Held. The character remains interesting but unconvincing.

Mr. Post is the most fortunate member of the cast in the impression made. It is hardly fair, however, to judge of Mr. Stone in so impossible a part. His role is that of a cad and its prominence in the plot of the play is responsible without doubt for the fact that the final impression of the play is not only a poor but an unpleasant one.

The performance is nevertheless interesting in many ways and the music of the young Hawaiians—real ones—who sing the plaintive melodies of the islands to the accompaniment of ukuleles and guitars is in itself worth going to hear.

TREMONT THEATRE—Bizet's "Carmen," performed by the Aborn English opera company. Mr. Fichandler conducted.

Carmen	Jayne Herbert
Don Jose	Domenico Russo
Escamillo	Lewys James
Zuniga	Joseph Parsons
Dancairo	George Shields
Remendado	Sol Solomon
Micaela	Mabel Siemonn
Frasquita	Florence Coughlan
Mercedes	Cordelia Latham
Lilas Pastia	Frank Roche
Morales	Bertram Peacock

The performance last evening was highly creditable to the Aborn opera company. The libretto had been shrewdly adapted, and its author had not been content with a bald translation. Some wondered, however, why the charming orchestral prelude to the third act was omitted. There was, too, a slight discrepancy in the lighting of the second act, for the audience, after assisting at the revels of Carmen's gala night at Lilas Pastia's tavern, was surprised, when the doors of this house of joy were thrown open, to see the victorious Escamillo's torchlight procession approaching gayly through apparently sunlit fields. On the other hand, the smugglers's retreat was an especially effective scene.

[illegible] however, she was a [illegible] in the card scene [illegible] histrionically, she suggested the tragedy of her impending doom.

Mr. Russo this time sang not in Italian, but bravely in English. He is to be commended for his effort, which added harmony to the ensemble, and for his diction, which, although unmistakably tinged with a foreign accent, was for the most part clear and intelligible. Don Jose is a part well suited to him and he again showed experience and sincerity as singer and actor.

Miss Siemonn, whose voice is of pleasing quality, sang and acted, as Micaela, with unaffected simplicity. Lewys James was a picturesque and vocally brilliant Escamillo. Messrs. Shields and Solomon afforded much amusement as the smugglers. The chorus was excellent, and Mr. Fichander conducted with discernment.

The opera next week will be "Lucia di Lammermoor." "Haensel und Gretel" will be performed at two special matinees on Tuesday and Friday.

OLD FAVORITES AT B. F. KEITH'S

Old Boston favorites in Sam and Kitty Morton head the bill at B. F. Keith's this week, and at both of yesterday's performances these two ever popular vaudeville performers were accorded enthusiastic receptions. They have the same old act, "Back where they started," in which Sam Morton, to the intense delight of the audiences, tells of their wedding breakfast and of his bride's breaks during the repast. "When Mrs. Moriarty asked for the fire cracker," says Sam, "you passed her a beer bottle, and when Mrs. Ryan said her cocoa was cold you told her to put on her hat," were but two of the many things in their act that caused everybody to laugh.

The Mortons, however, have one distinctly new feature this time. Upon their first appearance they are attired in the sort of costumes they have always worked in their sketch upon the stage, but this time, when responding to the prolonged encore that always follows their leaving, they appear in conventional evening dress.

George Felix, who has always been assisted by the attractive little Barry sisters, is at B. F. Keith's this week in another old-time favorite, "The Boy Next Door," in which Felix's droll antics and the clever dancing and singing of the two Barry girls share the honors. Then there is Phil Staats, just as big as ever—a little bigger if anything—who sits at the piano most of the time in his well-named "Three Pounds of Monologue and Pianologue." Staats gets lots of fun out of his own poundage, declaring that if he has half as much fun taking it off as he had putting it on, there are still some good times ahead for him. Staats is as clever at the piano as in straight monologue work.

An elaborate act, both in stage settings and in the number of the cast, is "Arcadia," a musical sketch in which nearly a dozen participate. Cesare Nesi, who has earned for himself the title of "The Young Caruso," sings several selections in his native Italian, and was recalled again and again last evening. Handers and Millis in eccentric dancing perform excellently and among the other numbers upon the bill are the Two Alfreds, Europe's foremost head equilibrists, Marco and Hello, comedy magicians; Hanlon and Clifton, muscular marvels, and the moving talking pictures.

CHANGE OF CAST AT COLONIAL THEATRE

Miss Hunt Appears in Original Part in "Chocolate Soldier."

COLONIAL THEATRE—The "Chocolate Soldier" entered upon the second week of its engagement at the Colonial Theatre last evening. There was a fair sized audience. Aside from the unusual success that has attended the performances of this delightful opera bouffe, there was interest in the first Boston appearance of Miss Ida Brooks Hunt as Nadina. Miss Hunt was the original Nadina in the New York production.

Miss Hunt's interpretation was unusual. Playgoers are too seldom favored in light musical works with a voice of such clearness—a voice that gives so much pleasure in sustained song. Her dramatic conception of the composite Nadina was interesting. There was a coquettishness—an archness—that was very captivating.

The performance was, in other respects, as enjoyable as ever.

April 23 1913

[illegible] Wilym . . . [illegible] pie and bilid [illegible] weddin [illegible], given to him by [illegible] and [illegible] the clergyman [illegible] present of my father's new overcoat, and when my father on discovering it got in a rage and [illegible] him. Uncle Wilyim said the old man [illegible] my parents hadn't any idee of first class Humer'

A Mad Wag.

Mrs. Einson in a New Jersey town brought suit for divorce against her husband. The Special Master has filed a report in the court of chancery recommending a decree for her. It appears that after her marriage she discovered that Mr Einson was "illiterate, coarse and a practical joker of an unusual kind." "Illiterate" is vague. Can he not read and write? Or is he bored by Browning's poetry and Shakespeare's plays? Or is it because in unguarded moments he says "be you," "says he" and "how"? She must have found this out before the wedding ceremony.

"Coarse" is also a vague term. What some deem coarseness is to others a sign of strength, something elemental and heroic. Did Mr. Einson show his coarseness in his conversation, or at table, or on Sunday by laughing uproariously over the comic supplement? It must be admitted that as a humorist he was disturbing. Thus, after he had been married only a week, he went to Panama. When he returned he lived with his wife for several weeks, then disappeared and neglected to write to her. He left no address and did not return. In the course of their life together he was inspired to hide himself in a "steamer trunk." When they found him he was unconscious. Brought to his senses, he laughed wildly and wondered why those about him could not see the joke. Unappreciated as a humorist, he left his Gertrude forever, his final marital jest. But how did he get into a steamer trunk?

Humor in the Household.

A humorous husband is a constant trial to a conventional woman. The married clown is happy and devoted because in private life he is cast down, melancholy and in need of cheering words and comforting caresses. Professional humorists who write for newspapers and comic weeklies, are sedate citizens, who go to work at 9 A. M. and stop when the whistle blows for dinner. And yet comedians on the stage often change wives, probably because the domestic laughter and applause is fainter than that of the great public of "guffoons." Some sociologists are of the opinion that the average woman has no sense of humor. This is a foolish view, for there are many happy marriages due to the fact that the wife does not take her husband seriously. To her he is an "amoosin cuss," like Artemus Ward's kangaroo, and never so amusing as when he really believes that he is lord and master of his household. At the same time there are few women who relish surprises. They prefer a man who comes through the door, and not down the chimney. If Mrs. Einson had the saving grace of humor, her husband on leaving the steamer trunk would have found her singing that pathetic ballad, "The Mistletoe Bough," and the two would have laughed together.

Titianesque.

As the World Wags:

In The Herald today "Pinxit" says: "For a long time the papers have called every kind of red hair, from carrot to drab mahogany, 'Titian tresses.' Such is not the case at all and shows a deplorable lack of knowledge."

Perhaps it is not so much a "deplorable lack of knowledge" as it is tactfulness on the part of the newspaper man. Did any one ever hear of a woman taking offence because her red hair was called Titian, no matter what color of carrot it might be? Is it not rather a subtle compliment to the possessor of it? Would any paper man (or more substantial sort of man) have the courage, or poor taste, to compliment a woman on her red hair? Titianesque is also more euphonious. JACOB FAITHFUL.

Boston, April 19.

"Hew."

As the World Wags:

In reply to the query of "S. M., Jr.," in this morning's Herald regarding the pronunciation of the name of the town Houston, I will state that we Texans pronounce it as though it were spelled Hewston. I was personally acquainted with a son of Gen. Sam Houston and know that he gives his name this pronunciation. TEXAN.

Newburyport, April 21.

Local Pronunciations.

As the World Wags:

In answer to the query headed "How" or "Hew." I would say although I am not a Texan I spent three years in and around Santa Fe, New Mexico, and one never hears anything but "Hewston" there; also Galveston with the accent on the second syllable. Colorado is pronounced as if spelled Coloraydoh and Nevada as Nevaydah. In both cases the last syllable is short. Santa is properly—"Santa" with long "a's" "ay" in the Mexican language which is in fact spoken more generally than English in New Mexico, but English-speaking residents usually [illegible] "Santa Fee," with the accent on "Sant," which has "a" short.

There are lots of cases of difference in pronunciation that I could describe, not only in the West but between here and New York, notably Pawtucket, Tremont. This is the case with Seattle, Spokane and many other towns. In the Southwest many differences are due to the fact that most of the names are Mexican, and while the Westerner preserves the old pronunciation, the Easterner Anglicizes it. W. B. C.

Jamaica Plain, April 21.

The Cape Codder knows no town of Chatham with accent on the first syllable. He knows Chat-Ham; and so with names of other towns ending in "ham." The old English "ham" meant a plot of pasture ground, or meadow land, and sometimes an inclosed plot; but "ham" in Hampstead, Hampton, Oakham, etc., is a shortening of home, and writers sometimes used it in the sense of "town," "village" or "manor." Thus the home or "ham" of the Billings would be Billingham, to quote from Green's "Short History of the English People."

Milton Rosmer of Miss Horniman's company addressed the Drama League yesterday afternoon at its seventh meeting of this season at the Plymouth Theatre. There was a large attendance.

Mr. Rosmer explained that he had no intention of making "The Drama" the subject of his talk. In his opinion, too much has already been said about it and not enough done to further its immediate advancement. Being a man of action, he therefore proposed to speak to the league about "The Necessity for the Repertory Theatre." It is Mr. Rosmer's ambition to see started in every prominent American city a substantially financed theatre where entertaining and delightful plays, such as those given by the Manchester Company may be produced. The actor then spoke at length concerning the repertory theatre of the past, present and future, giving suggestions for possible accomplishments in this field and his own reasons for considering this form of dramatic organization of so great importance.

April 24 1913

But still that jolly mariner
Took in no reef at all,
For in his pouch, confidingly,
He wore a baby's caul;
A thing, as gossip-nurses know,
That always brings a squall!

Born with a Caul.

It is said that the unfortunate Fletcher was born with a caul and therefore had the gift of foretelling the future although he was not the seventh son of a seventh son. For many centuries a child born with a caul was reckoned among the fortunate and the common people believed that whoever bought a caul would be lucky and escape danger, especially death by drowning. Antoninus Diadumenus, who became Emperor, was born with a caul, and his biographer informs us that this caul in the shape of a diadem, whence the Emperor's name, brought him constant happiness during his reign. The learned biographer also states that midwives in those days sold cauls at a high price to lawyers who thus obtained the power to sway judges and audiences by their eloquence. Cauls were also sold for magical uses, and St. Chrysostom preached violently against the superstition. The buyer of this membrane could always know the physical condition of the one born with it; if he was alive and well, the membrane was firm and crisp; if he was sick or dead, it was relaxed. Some think the superstition came from the east. The prices obtained for a caul early in the 19th century ranged from £6 to 25 or 30 guineas. In the first chapter of "David Copperfield" we read: "I was born with a caul, which was advertised for sale, in the newspapers, at the low price of 15 guineas."

Sir Thomas Browne discussed the matter in his stately way: "Great conceits are raised of the involution or membranous covering, commonly called the silly-how, that sometimes is found about the heads of children upon their birth, and is therefore preserved with great care, not only as medical in diseases, but effectual in success, concerning the infant and others, which is surely no more than a continued superstition."

One of the advertisements in the London Times (1820) read as follows: "A child's caul to be disposed of. The efficacy of this wonderful production of nature, in preserving the possessor from all accidents by sea and land, has long been experienced, and is universally acknowledged; the present phenomenon was produced on the 4th of March inst. and covered not only the head, but the whole body and limbs of a fine female infant, the daughter of a respectable master tradesman. Apply at No. 491 Gee street, Goswell street, where reference will be given to the eminent physician who officiated at the birth of the child."

"Auditorium."

We read yesterday that a building with a large "auditorium" would soon be erected here. And so there are many who do not own or rent a house, but a "residence," and there are still persons [illegible] speak of a fire as a "conflagration."

Not long ago the Daily Chronicle remarked that London does not like the name "Auditorium," although it is frequently used in the United States to denote a large and commodious concert hall. "Is there," it asked, "an 'auditorium' anywhere in the British isles? One in Australia is nearly completed." Mme. Clara Butt was engaged to "inaugurate" it, and Mr. Harry Lauder will there make his first appearance in Australia.

An auditorium meant at first the part of a public building occupied by the audience, and in ancient churches, the nave. It also meant the reception room of a monastery. The basilicas contained halls so named in which courts of justice were held. Auditorium, a place for hearing. Thus irony enters. What is to be said of the use of the word as applied to a hotel!

From a Torch-Boy.

As the World Wags:

Since there has come a little lull in your printing the old minstrel songs, I must presume the old boys are engaged in a thinking spell and I shall hear from them again later on, so I will take advantage of the interval by writing a few facts of interest which may lead to a response from some of our old firemen of 60 or more years ago, when I was one of the torch boys of Torrent engine No. 6 of Roxbury, a celebrated Hunneman tub. In those days it was very necessary to use hand torches to help light up the dark roads so those pulling on the ropes could see their way without stumbling, for the roads were dimly lighted with only whale oil lamps upon posts of such distance apart one would have to pass through pitch dark spaces in going from lamp to lamp. I used to work mostly for the crackers and cheese which was always provided free for the men after they had returned from a fire, and only boys who had helped out were admitted. There were wide shelves hanging the whole length of a side wall of the house; these were raised up, making a table, and large quantities of crackers and cheese were dumped out from one end to the other, also pails of coffee and piles of tin dippers were there, and after roll call it was a free blow for everybody.

After a fire of long duration sometimes Old Six was detailed to stay and play upon the smoking ruins and during an exhaustive play-out the boys would become weary and often "slack up" on the brakes. while the captain, always on top of the engine with one foot on the an exhaustive play-out the boys would roughly shout out: "Brake-her-down-boys, brake-her-down." Then some one to keep them "livened up," would strike up a song and the boys would keep time with the brakes. The most popular song consisted of a line of questions with a chorus after each one and was sung by one man. All hands joined in the chorus. I will give the cue to start in, and you will notice there was quite a dwell on the "Did."

D-i-i-d you ever see a gin sling made out of Brandy?

Chorus: Johnny am a ling go lay.

D-i-i-d you ever see a yaller gal licking 'lasses candy?

Chorus: Johnny am a ling-go lay

The small portion above is all I remember, but there was much more of it, and I hope some of the old firemen will be interested enough to quote more.

Braintree. J. BURNS.

Another Old Song.

As the World Wags:

The recent discussion in your column of the Scriptural name Obadiah, recalls to my mind the verse, which most of your readers will doubtless remember, in which the name Esau is preserved for all time:

I saw Esau kissing Kate,
The fact is we all three saw;
For I saw Esau, he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esau.

Query—Would Esau have as readily bartered that privilege, as he did his birthright, for a paltry consideration?

DORCHESTER.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Rivals," a comedy in four acts by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, performed by Miss Horniman's company.

Fag	Frank Darch
Coachman	Howard Cochran
Lydia Languish	Christie Laws
Lucy	Hilda Sims
Julia	Violet Vorley
Mrs. Malaprop	Isabel Beresford
Sir Anthony Absolute	Edward Landor
Captain Absolute	Milton Rosmer
Faulkland	Leonard Mudie
Bob Acres	Percy Foster
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	Ernest Bodkin
David	Lionel Briggs

Yesterday afternoon Miss Horniman's Players displayed their skill in 18th century comedy. As a whole the performance was slow-paced, yet there were many pleasant features and among these the Bob Acres of Mr. Foster, the Sir Anthony Absolute of Mr. Landor, the Captain Absolute of Mr. Rosmer and the Mrs. Malaprop of Miss Beresford. The sweeping gestures, the stilted expressions of sentiment, the delicate wit of Sheridan's play present serious difficulties to the modern actor, for they demand a special form of histrionic ability and the most polished of dramatic methods.

Miss Laws was a vixenish Lydia Languish. She played the part with little humor and less archness. She was without girlish charm and she was unduly angular, even in occasional moments of rapture.

On the other hand, Mr. Foster's impersonation of Bob Acres was an admirable and finished piece of acting. He did not represent "Fighting Bob" as a boor, but rather as an amiable country squire, whose provincial manners were not wholly concealed behind fashionable finery. His zeal to defend his honor did not prevent him from blanching at the very thought of a duel, and his terror when actually on the scene of the expected encounter with his supposed adversary was an exquisite bit of fooling.

Mr. Rosmer, too, was excellent as Capt. Absolute, and he showed himself an accomplished comedian. He had distinction and suavity of manner, freedom and eloquence in gesture, incisive and authoritative speech, grace in repose and vigor and variety in action.

Mr. Landor's Sir Anthony was a clever foil. He was the choleric and fastidious old beau to the life.

Miss Beresford played Mrs. Malaprop with discernment and finesse. Her reference to "the allegory on the banks of the Nile," her catalogue of subjects which she would have a young woman know, her quotation from "Hamlet," and her other verbal ineptitudes gave much pleasure to the audience.

Mr. Bodkin was an indifferent Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Mr. Darch's Fag and Mr. Briggs David were cleverly played. The settings were effective but not pretentious.

April 25 1913

GRIM IRONY IN 'THE SILVER BOX'

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Silver Box," a play in three acts by John Galsworthy. Played by Miss Horniman's company from Manchester, Eng.

The cast:

Jack Barthwick	Frank Darch
Jones	Milton Rosmer
Wheeler	Doris Bateman
Mrs. Jones	Irene Rooke
Marlow	Leonard Mudie
John Barthwick, M. P.	Percy Foster
Mrs. Barthwick	Violet Vorley
An Unknown Lady	Christie Laws
Mrs. Seddon	Doris Bateman
Snow (a detective)	Howard Cochran
Roper	Edward Landor
Julius Holden	Ernest Bodkin
Livens	Lionel Briggs

As in "Strife" produced here by the New Theatre Company, Mr. Galsworthy in this pitiless play, unfamiliar to local theatre goers except possibly through reading it, tells a story in relentless fashion but takes no side, suggests no remedy, does not pose as a reformer and is not hysterically rhetorical.

The worthless young Barthwick gets drunk, steals a reticule with a purse from a light o' love, and suffers only a parental reproof. Jones, out of work, discouraged, a bad lot but not yet a criminal, helps Barthwick into his home, is invited to drink, drinks too much, and steals the reticule, purse, and also a silver cigarette box. As Barthwick stole the girl's reticule to be even with her and boasted of it in his drunkenness to Jones, so Jones took the silver box to spite Barthwick. Jones is dragged into court. The charge of the theft is dropped, for the elder Barthwick, a liberal and a member of Parliament, does not wish the little story of the purse to get into the newspapers, but Jones for an assault on a detective who was about to arrest Mrs. Jones, the char-woman at the Barthwick's, is sentenced to one month at hard labor.

As he is taken out he roars: "Where's the justice of it?" Mr. Galsworthy does not spoil the effect by moralizing. The magistrate is ready for his luncheon. Roper, the counsel, shakes hands with his client, Barthwick. The silly boy sneaks out of the courtroom. And there is Mrs. Jones, honorably discharged, but what is she to do and what will become of her children? Accustomed to poverty and abuse, she stands there with hopeless face, a crushed figure, the victim of well ordered, conventional, every-day injustice.

Mr. Galsworthy's irony is as grim as his motive and development. It is far from the lambent irony of M. Anatole France, who also finds no justice in this best of worlds. Mr. Galsworthy's play is direct and obvious. The dialogue is of everyday life; but that ineffable prig, the elder Barthwick, always prating of principle and principles, whereas his principles are only fear of the world's opinion; his irritatingly conventional wife, with her horror of "the lower classes" and her readiness to believe them capable of any crime, and the empty-headed son, all reveal themselves by their speech rather than by their actions. The satire is bitter; so bitter that though often amusing, it did not incite last evening the uneasy giggling that, so often heard in tragic situations, mars the effect and provokes the wonder of the intelligent foreigner within our gates.

Could the magistrate have decided otherwise on the evidence? Should he have paid closer attention to Jones's

[illegible] evil? As the [illegible] violent in [illegible] he ro[illegible]d and [illegible] up time, and it was nearly lunch-[illegible] hour.

The play was capitally acted. Who will soon forget the voice and face of Miss Irene Rooke? Her impersonation of Mrs. Jones was one of the most pathetic, convincing and artistic performances that we have seen of late years. The Jones of Mr. Rosmer was equally admirable, realistic in every way, not photographic in its realism, but with the touch that saves it from the reproach of bald literalism.

Then there was Mr. Foster as the canting prig, with his futile talk about working for the people, raising the people, bringing the attention of Parliament to the wants of the people, etc., etc. The scene between him and the young woman who came to the house demanding her purse was delicious, and Miss Laws acted the night-bird to the life. As Ulysses said of Cressida, "There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip, Nay, her foot speaks." A daughter of the game! Yet a more wholesome, more human creature than Mrs. [illegible] k, with her hypocritical, prudery, airs and graces—a part played in [illegible] by Miss Vorley.

Nor were the minor parts slighted in the distribution. Mr. Landor gave marked character to Roper. The detective was not a dime novel sleuth. Mrs. [illegible]ddon was seen only for a minute, but she, too, was essential in the picture, as was poor Livens.

We regret to say that this play, written by a man of international reputation, known as an original and courageous thinker and a master of incisive English, acted by a company of unusual excellence, drew only a small but most appreciative audience. And yet we hear from members of drama leagues and from unorganized uplifters of the [illegible] that if **managers** would produce plays worthy of serious attention, the highly intelligent public that is weary of musical comedies would crowd the theatre.

[illegible] we were boys we were greatly [illegible] in reading Greek and Latin au-[illegible] by riding the poneys provided [illegible] by the good Henry G. [illegible]. The word "Bohn" became synonymous with pony, as in the song of the Biennial Jubilee at Yale (1855): "It [illegible] plenty of skin with a good deal of [illegible]." The reprints of Harper & Bros. were also joyfully used.

We are reminded of this by the announcement that the great Bohn library [illegible] be republished in a more convenient [illegible] and [illegible] cheaper edition. The original editions were considered remarkable [illegible] they were first published. [illegible] the announcement, anecdotes are [illegible] the old publisher, but we do [illegible] among them two that are in William Hazlitt's splenetic book "Four [illegible] cations of a Literary Family," which was called in soon after the publication [illegible] "I was told," writes Hazlitt, "[illegible] at a wine sale Bohn insisted on [illegible] all the samples, and became in-[illegible] of looking after himself; they [illegible] to carry him down and put him into [illegible]. [illegible] the next morning that [illegible] about a dozen. He was very [illegible] of [illegible] about being invited to [illegible]. He told a confrere [illegible] that it was a very singular thing [illegible] there was no [illegible] the other wickedly, 'perhaps it [illegible] all upstairs.'" This [illegible] of others, and the [illegible] attributed to Douglas [illegible] Hazlitt tells stories to show [illegible] was a good deal of a liar and [illegible] toward his sisters. "They came [illegible]-Smith's, in Soho square, [illegible] I was there one day, to beg him to [illegible] sixpence." It is said that the [illegible] of [illegible] bearing Bohn's name [illegible] was really the work of one [illegible] 'Bohn, when any one came to [illegible] with a complaint of [illegible] in the [illegible] 'Oh, it [illegible] rant', but if you went [illegible] that some [illegible] improve [illegible] he would [illegible] did that myself.'"

[illegible] shows W. C. Hazlitt as a [illegible] beer and an unwho[illegible].

Those Bacon and Eggs.

[illegible] 13, 1913, that "J. M. [illegible]" asked in this column [illegible] a common breakfast [illegible] this country. The question was [illegible] a few days afterwards to in-[illegible] and eggs.

As the World Wags:

A few days ago I read a manuscript [illegible] kept by a man who travelled [illegible] Newton, Mass., to Baltimore, Washington, back to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Troy, Bennington, [illegible] to Newton. He left Newton in November [illegible], and got back in April [illegible]. On April [illegible], 18[illegible], he says: "At 8 [illegible] the evening I reached Hoosic Falls [illegible] rested my weary limbs at Leigh's [illegible]ern. * * * I made a good supper [illegible] fresh eggs and bacon." On April [illegible] he writes: "At Bennington I took [illegible] which I found a current [illegible] in this part of the country and [illegible]. Mr. McK[illegible] or Mr. Mc[illegible] [illegible] before [illegible] of eggs and Bacon. [illegible] possible. I dined at [illegible] tavern on the side of the first of the green mountains. After dining [illegible] customary dish [illegible] and eggs [illegible] which by the way reminded me of a passage in the Spectator which you may recollect, "or what say you my dear to a nice Ox chop dressed up with your favorite sauce of my own making which you know his Grace the Duke of W[illegible] was so fond of for generally when I [illegible] a dinner or [illegible] [illegible] at [illegible] supper. [illegible]. What can you give me to carry? My answer is, Why [illegible] what should you like? Have you any fresh meat? No sir. Any fish? No sir, but I have a fine piece of Bacon with some nice fresh eggs. Well, dish them up as soon as possible."

Exactly how much of this is quoted from the Spectator I don't know, as the writer was careless and omitted to put in the second quotation mark, and perhaps it is not correctly quoted anyway. But at all events, here is proof that bacon and eggs were eaten in combination in Vermont a century ago.

Boston, April 23. A. M.

The question was: When were they first eaten at breakfast? This traveller had them for supper and dinner.

Another Episode.

As the World Wags:

Scene, Harvard square car. Seats all occupied. Opposite, lady in brown talking with lady in gray. Lady in brown, glancing down the car, sees another friend sitting some distance away; gets up, walks down to friend, greets her enthusiastically, then says to a block of four passengers intervening between her friend and her own previous seat: "Oh, if you please, would you mind moving up, so I can sit beside my friend here?" The block of four, responsive and agreeable, moves up. Lady in brown seats herself beside her friend, converses affably for half a mile, then, leaving her, addresses herself to the block of four passengers: "Oh, if you please, would you mind moving back again, so I can sit where I sat before?" The block of four, mildly surprised but still amenable, moves as one. Lady in brown expresses gracious thanks and returns to lady in gray.

Can you beat it? COMMUTER

Boston, April 23.

A Good Accent.

As the World Wags:

Might one, without becoming too personal, inquire how you pronounce the word "pianist"?

I have said "pi-anist," and said it with conviction any time th's—well, half century more or less. And now mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted has lifted up his dictionary against me. She has not scrupled to enlist for her support my father and mother and their dictionary. (I scorn to consult my own.)

They accent the second syllable of "pianist" with one raucous voice.

I hate it, even if it is used by our most distinguished critics and musicians, of which I am by no means convinced. Indeed, the word, familiar drudge that it is, is more seen than heard—like the model child.

Personally, I have always classed pianist (with the accent on the second syllable) with exquisite (accent on the second syllable), and with hospitable (accent on the expectoration).

Perhaps in a happy, carefree life passed among eminent artists and the deep thinkers of the Porphyry Club you have escaped these two atrocities. They are not so uncommon as they deserve to be. One half of the world little knows how the other manhandles the king's English.

After all, what does this unanimity of the Century Dictionary and the Standard prove? Simply that they agree, nothing more, to my mind.

Winchester. MIRIAM LOWELL.

We had always pronounced the word "pianist" with the accent on the second syllable, and regarded the other pronunciation as an affectation, until looking into the New English Dictionary we found the word accented on the first syllable and the syllable pronounced as "pea." The force of habit is great, and we still throw the accent on the second syllable.

Meanwhile, Mr. G. K. Chesterton and his publishers are enjoying the free advertising. Let the discussion go on. Let Mr. J. H. Shaw and Mr. Donald Douglas taunt each other with the license of ink. Without these fierce disputes art would be stagnant.

Modern Art (?)

And for this reason, although we are friendly disposed toward all cubists, hexagonists, parallelogramists and rhombohedrists in painting, we publish the following letter:

As the World Wags:

In visiting a gallery of cubists one does not find oneself "entertaining an angel unawares," but is finding entertaining an angle unawares, and may awake to a realization of the possibility that a clever, original and inventive band of jokers is experimenting on the public to see how much it will swallow as a fad—but certainly not digest—and laughing in its sleeve at the influx of "lambs" enriching its coffers. One who gazes mystified upon the "Nude descending a staircase," remarks with conviction before reading the title, "Ah, yes; that is unmistakable; a foot of mixed kindling," or "Roof of a house wrecked by a cyclone." With equal conviction one sees in Picabia's "Dance at the Spring" a wrecked aeroplane. Lembruck's "Woman Kneeling" and praying for the restoration of the back half of her head, is built on lines tending to arouse the bitterest envy in a giraffe. What can one say of the captivating beauty of Brancusi's Miss Pogany, wrapped apparently in contemplation and nothing else. One sees the prototype in a medical rather than an art museum. Words fail to express the ravishing beauty of Picasso's "Woman and Pot of Mustard," with her faultless, classic features decorated with mustard from the pot. The merest tyro in art can tell which is the woman and which the pot of mustard, so that the artist has not labored in vain. Endless pages might be written and conjectures innumerable ventured as to the [illegible] and [illegible] so imaginative [illegible] and over [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] April [illegible].

"Cumberland [illegible]"

As the World Wags:

[illegible] with th[illegible] [illegible] of Gloucester [illegible] of the sixties [illegible]

> The eighth day of March [illegible]
> Then many a brave [illegible] to the [illegible] adieu.
> But our flag was wrapped in a mantle of [illegible]
> By the heroic deeds of the [illegible] crew.

Boston, April 24. J. [illegible]

The True Version?

As the World Wags:

The "Dorchester" reading of that [illegible] old saw of Esau, which I learned [illegible] 50 years ago, is not just as I knew [illegible] viz.:

> I saw Esau kissing Kate,
> In fact we all three saw;
> I saw Esau, he saw Kate
> And she saw I saw Esau

I am merely submitting it [illegible] it is not more rythmical; and, as [illegible] is a crowd when kissing is g[illegible] my version is that Esau did n[illegible] "me," but saw Kate and enjoyed [illegible] the full; which he would not have [illegible] if "me" was peeking! And [illegible] knew it. WI[illegible] W[illegible]

Lynn, April 24.

Anecdote for the Day.

We quote the following pr[illegible] from "Classified Quotations" or "[illegible] Banquet Book":

HOT SCOTCH.

Use one jigger of either brandy, [illegible] rye whiskey, add the juice of a [illegible] sugar to suit the taste, and fill [illegible] water.

Then why "hot scotch"?

Speaking of Scotch.

As the World Wags:

What did Mr. Halliday Withe[illegible] mean by asking "Who but a Scot, [illegible] instance, would find any pleasure [illegible] game of bowling on the green?" [illegible] sonally I did not know that Scots [illegible] particularly addicted to the [illegible] then, though I have been to Scotland two or three times, I have not tr[illegible] extensively in Scotland. On the [illegible] hand, I know England well, and I should hate to say how many times I have stopped and watched a game of bowls or how many bowling-greens I have seen. I have always supposed, though very likely wrongly, that the game was essentially an English [illegible]

Boston. A. [illegible]

On a Sunday.

As the World Wags:

As there seems to be an interest in dates falling on Sunday, I submit the following extract from Blackstone's Commentaries, Book 3, Chap. 22

"Upon a writ of error from an inferior court, that of Lynn, the error assigned was that the judgment was given on a Sunday, it appearing to be on 26 February, 26 Eliz, and upon inspection of the almanacs of that year it was found that the 26 of February in that year actually fell upon a Sunday. This was held to be a sufficient trial, and that a trial by jury was not necessary, although it was an error in fact; and so the judgment was reversed, (Cro. Eliz. 227)"

Now, the mare's nest is: the 26 February, 26 Elizabeth, was not Sunday, but Wednesday. Was this a miscarriage of justice? or have I simply fallen upon a typographical error?

WILLIAM BELLAMY.

Boston, April 21.

We invite letters from learned counsel.

Backward, Turn Backward.

As the World Wags:

When next you turn your steps toward the erstwhile region of stately mansions impinging on Chauncy and Summer streets, I hope you'll not fail to favor us with some tender reminiscences of "Buckley's Serenaders," seated in their permanent temple at the [illegible] ence of those respectable thoroughfares. Do you remember how their scale of prices included "Children in arms, [illegible] dollars, payable in gold"?

Those were the happy days, with Morris Brothers' and Buckley's performing minstrels brightening up the old town at the same time!

Boston. D. F[illegible]

We shall comment soon on a [illegible] program of Morris Brothers, Pell [illegible] Trowbridge kindly sent to [illegible] "B. J. B."

April 26 1913

23D SYMPHONY REHEARSAL

Miss Germaine Schnitzer the [illegible]

By PHILIP HALE.

The 23d public rehearsal of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Muck conducted and Miss Germaine Schnitzer was the pianist. The program was as follows:

Symphony in B flat major, No. 4	Beethoven
Symphony in B flat major, No. 2	P. E. Bach
Concerto for pianoforte, No. [illegible]	Liszt
Overture to "The Sold Bride"	Smetana

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] it not for [illegible] [illegible] into this [illegible]. The [illegible] are closely [illegible] a lively po[illegible] [illegible] turned to associate [illegible] shows the composer's [illegible] contemporary formulas [illegible] free use of the [illegible] instruments. The allegretto has Mozartian grace, but the third is conventional and perfunctory. What Vincent d'Indy has said of Emanuel Bach's piano sonatas might be said of the better pages of this symphony. "If his melody is sometimes lacking in variety and distinction, the unforeseen in rhythm and harmony gives to his compositions a most particular flavor."

The performance of Beethoven's symphony was eloquent. The introduction was impressive, significant in its mood of anticipation. The famous cantilena of the second movement was sung with purity of expression. The nobility was preserved, whereas some conductors here fall into sentimentalism in the endeavor to be expressive. But the salient feature of the performance was the masterly reading of the Finale, strongly rhythmed, sparkling with life, finely proportioned.

Smetana's vivacious, chattering overture, charged with high spirits, was brilliantly played.

Miss Schnitzer has many excellent qualities as a pianist. When she first visited Boston she rioted in her technical proficiency. Her teacher, Raoul Pugno, played faster than any one we have heard, except possibly Eugen D'Albert and Mark Hambourg in their salad days, when they lacked judgment. Some still remember the mad race between Mr. Willy Hess, the violinist, and Mr. Pugno in Cesar Franck's violin sonata—of all pieces in the world! Their race might have been called "The Chase After Applause." At her recital here this season the admirers of Miss Schnitzer thought that she had matured in her art; that she had broadened her style; that she had acquired repose, and could be meditative and emotional when the music called for these moods.

Her performance yesterday was brilliant in technical display. It seemed as though Miss Schnitzer had said to herself: "Come now, I'll see if I cannot outstrip Pugno." Her performance was exciting, but the excessive speed did harm to Liszt's concerto, for too often the structural beauty was concealed. The concerto itself is defiant in its brilliance; there is the "panache" of the romanticists; there is a challenge to the old concerto formula. Over half a century old, the music is still intoxicating. But there is more in it than Miss Schnitzer revealed. There are passages of rare beauty, fleeting but exquisite measures of melodic ideas, sustained and tender melody; charming arabesques.

These were not fully brought out. The performance was one long, dazzling flash, the tour de force of a virtuoso. The poetical chivalric atmosphere was missing and Romance, frightened, fled before technic.

The program of the concerts next week, the last of the season, will be as follows: Brahms, Symphony No 1 in C minor; Wagner, overture to "Rienzi," the prelude to "Tristan und Isolde" and the prelude to "Parsifal."

ALL AID ACTORS' BENEFIT SHOW

A very large audience, of which m[illegible] stood, filled the Boston Theatre ye[illegible] afternoon, in every part, at the [illegible] performance for the Actors' Fund of America.

The program was varied and of exceptional excellence, while the entertainment ranged from [illegible] to [illegible] ville.

Miss Mary Young and [illegible] Walter Walker [illegible]

... Xan... won the Craig prize ... Miss Young will tour next ... while Milton Royle, Howard ... and the Misses Rock and Bateman of Miss Horniman's players were ... in the second act of "The Silver ..." when Mrs. Jones and her husband are arrested for the theft of the cigarette ...

... feature of the afternoon was the first performance on any stage of "The Ne'er-to-Return-Road," a play in one act, by ... Otis Skinner. The scene is laid at ... Carter's farm on the Kansas plains. A large reward is offered for three convicts who have broken jail. The third, a desperado, is thought to have murdered ... Carter's son, who has been dead some years. His father joins the sheriff's posse ... hunt, while his mother grieves at ... No sooner is Carter gone than a convict staggers toward the house and ... fainting at Mrs. Carter's feet. She ...ves him, and he tells his story. He has murdered a man, Wesley Carter, ... won his wife's love and afterward ...d him. Mrs. Carter in pity for the ...'s sufferings lets him escape, though she knows he is her son's murderer, and tears down the notice for the reward. The characters are well drawn, and the ... is poignantly emotional. Mr. Skinner played the convict admirably, and Mrs. Skinner, formerly known as Maud Durbin, who returned to the stage for the occasion, was quietly effective. Messrs. Jarrett and Meech, as the sheriff and Carter, were also in the picture.

Marlyn Arbuckle delighted the audience with stories, while it was his lot to act as auctioneer of an autographed photograph of President Wilson, which the latter had sent for the occasion. The picture finally became the property of Charles J. Rich for the sum of $60.

Daniel Frohman made a brief address as president of the Actors' Fund, and introduced Francis Wilson as a pleasant surprise, who gave an animated little talk.

The chief musical feature was the appearance of Miss Geraldine Farrar, who sang several songs in a charming manner. She played her own accompaniments. There were also selections from "The Firefly" by the Emma Trentini company, in which Miss Nina Morgana was particularly effective. The Hawaiian singers and dancers from "The Bird of Paradise" also gave an attractive number, while members of the Aborn Opera Company sang the sextette from "Lucia" and an act from "The Chocolate Soldier" was contributed by the company now appearing in Strauss's operetta.

"The Tabloid Hamlet," in which Misses Gordon and Jolivet Maddern and Messrs. Abeles, Eric, Jarrett, Meech, McGinn, Gaul, Vaughn, Lorenz, Martin, Cowan, Harold Skinner and Wheeler appeared, provoked much merriment.

Among the vaudeville artists who appeared were Sam and Kitty Morton, Vincent Van Dyck, Phil Staats and Harry Thompson.

There was hearty applause for every one. The receipts amounted to over $5000.

April 27

AN extraordinary book—"An Allegory of King Lear," by Charles Creighton, M. D.—has recently been published in London. Mr. Charles Whibley has reviewed it. He begins with a whack at the Baconians, although he admits that argument is, of course, wasted upon them. "If the great Sir Francis himself rose from the dead and assured his champions that he was not the sole author of all European literature, from Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales' to Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' he would not be believed. And he is a churl indeed, who would attempt to demolish the followers of the ingenious Delia. Let them remain for ever an imposing monument of human folly!"

"King Lear" An Allegory!

It has generally been supposed that "King Lear" is a tragedy of filial ingratitude. Dr. Creighton knows better. He asks: "Why should Shakespeare be so much in earnest about that? It cannot have been his own daughters." This is delightful. Let us examine the gentleman's bumps. The "adequate motive" for "King Lear" is in the Reformation. King Lear is on the one hand Henry VIII., and on the other "the conscience of the nation, and its ancient superstitions." Goneril, it appears, is the "Papacy," Regan is the "Anglican hierarchy under the royal supremacy," and Cordelia is "the truth and plainness of humanism," who is courted by Burgundy, that is, by Erasmus thinly disguised, and by the warmer-hearted France, who stands for Montaigne. Mr. Whibley remarks: "When the Papacy and the Anglican hierarchy continue to turn the conscience of the nation out of house and home and to expose it to all the rigors of the storm it is not strange (is it?) that there is not a dry eye in the theatre."

Dr. Creighton goes further. Here is the key: The Earl of Kent, as the earl is Sir Thomas More, but disguised is the Poet Surrey. The Fool is John Skelton, as Goneril's steward is Cardinal Wolsey. Lear's knights "stopped at Canterbury" are the Articles of Religion. "As Shakespeare had very serious matters in hand in the tragedy of 'Lear,' it is pleasant to think that he allowed himself a little quiet fun with the knights." When Lear goes out into the howling storm, Dr. Creighton sees the ... superstition" ... reported ... John Skelton and the Earl of Surrey.

Mr. Whibley remarks at the end of his review that "the critic who prefers a controversy of ancient history before a high and human tragedy deserves to read nothing but title deeds and conundrums for the rest of his life."

Some Published Plays

The Herald has received from John W. Luce & Co., Boston, these plays published in an attractive form: "Hindle Wakes," by Stanley Houghton; "Mary Broome," by Allan Monkhouse; "Chains," by Elizabeth Baker; "Patriots," by Lennox Robinson; "The Drone," by Rutherford Mayne; "Esther Waters," by George Moore; and a second volume of August Strindberg's plays, "Comrades," "Pariah," "Facing Death" and "Easter."

Years ago when novels were comparatively few, there was a play-reading public in England and comedies and tragedies were published in huge collections and also in separate volumes. The playbook was to be found in the old-fashioned drawing room as in the lady's chamber. The habit of reading plays became less and less general as novels became more plentiful and cheaper. For many years in this country, with the exception of classic tragedies and comedies without which no gentleman's library was considered complete, plays were published almost solely by those who made a specialty of theatrical publications, and the public was chiefly made up of actors, professional and amateur, and ingenious young playwrights who wished to obtain ideas and often dialogue. The majority of the popular plays in the theatres were not printed.

And now when it seems as though a novel were published every half-hour, the number of plays published increases monthly, and we are credibly informed that the sale has seriously cut into the sale of novels; that many who formerly found pleasure only in romances now prefer the dialogue and action of the drama. The fact remains that a play which may appeal to a reader, often leaves an audience cold; and the play that on the stage may move and thrill, is sorry stuff when it is read.

"Patriots" was performed here by the Irish Players. It is a tragi-comedy, and the subject might have led Mr. George Moore to add some pages to his "Untilled Field." The return of Nugent, who had given up everything, sacrificed himself and family, for Ireland, for the great cause, and his bitter disappointment at the unsympathetic attitude of those about him, are tragic and yet there is comedy in the disillusionment. O'Mahoney drilled secretly 20 years ago for Ireland, now he makes bread for Ireland, and does not hesitate to call that progress. The caretaker of the hall had no objection to Nugent going about having meetings "and arousing the people, as he calls it"—it's a free country—"only mind me. Mr. Willie, to have been in prison isn't as respectable as it used to be." Willie stops two young men on their way to the Moving Pictures.

Willie—Wait a minute. Do you know a most interesting meeting will be held here tonight, when a speech will be made by James Nugent, the famous revolutionary?

Second Man—The what?

Willie—The rebel. The man who was shut up for 18 years by the English government for attempting to free the country.

First Man—What did you say his name was?

Willie—Nugent, James Nugent.

First Man—Never heard of him.

The two go to the Moving Pictures. And where are some of Nugent's old Dublin friends in the cause? Mr. O'Mahoney tells him: "You'll find Brennan—who spends all his time in public houses—gassing about his patriotism with every glass he takes; you'll find Regan sponging on his relations and never doing a stroke of work—those are all the old friends you'll find there." And Nugent, the last of the patriots, forgiven by his wife and crippled daughter, is ready to be clerk in a co-operative store.

"The Drone" has been played in this country, but not in Boston. It is good reading, this story of a self-deceiving, lazy inventor.

"Chains" is also good reading. It shows how hard it is to get out of a routine. Charles, tired of being a London clerk, with little chance of promotion, and subject to reductions in salary, thinks bravely of going to Australia with a friend. But there is his wife, a cheerful, contented soul, willing to do servants' work, taking in boarders, always ready to sing

> Count your blessings, count them one by one.
> Count your blessings, see what God has done.

His wife's family would look upon him as a scoundrel, if he should leave her to prepare a better home in Australia. As he has finally plucked up courage and determined to go, his wife tells him that she is with child. He tears up the map of Australia, picks up his silk hat and gloves and starts for the office.

Lily sings her favorite hymn and does not know that her Charles that night might have been on his way to the steamer. Then there's Maggie, who preferred her dull independence as a shop girl to a marriage merely to leave the shop ... bound for Australia? She denies the charge too violently. The characters are drawn with considerable skill.

Two Unconventional Women

"Hindle Wakes" and "Mary Broome" have at bottom the same motive. The plots have been described in The Herald. In "Hindle Wakes" the mill girl who went away for a week-end lark with the foolish son of the mill owner refuses "to be made respectable." She knew what she was doing. She is not in love with the young man and despises him because he is willing to abandon his betrothed at his father's command. "I don't see how marrying a blackguard is going to turn me into an honest woman." Nor is Fanny bothered about the sexual problem. She will not take money from her companion of a few days. "I'm a Lancashire lass, and so long as there's weaving sheds in Lancashire I shall earn enough brass to keep me going. I wouldn't live at home again after this, not anyhow. I'm going to be on my own in future. (To Christopher) You've no call to be afraid. I'm not going to disgrace you. But so long as I've to live my own life I don't see why I shouldn't choose what it's to be."

Mary Broome is a housemaid in a highly respectable family. One of the sons, Leonard, has an affair with her. The intrigue is discovered accidentally. The father insists on their marriage. Mary is not overpleased at the thought, for she is a sweet and sensible young woman who knows that the union is not a desirable one. Leonard's father, a petty, fussing, absurd tyrant, insists. She wishes a father for the child who is coming, and Leonard's mother sympathizes with her. The marriage is an unhappy one, but not through Mary's fault. She is infinitely superior to her flippantly ironical and selfish poseur of a husband. He goes on a fishing excursion when the child is ill, and does not return until after the funeral. "There are some things I hate. All that undertaking business. Black clothes and dark rooms and nodding plumes. Remember that. They're horrible to me." Mary can endure him no longer. She calmly announces her intention to go to Canada with George Truefit, a milkman, who has long loved her. Leonard's mother, not the least extraordinary person in this erratic group, tells her she is not wrong. This play is an uncommon one, though it is not easy to accept Leonard as a probable character. Harold Skimpole in comparison is a staid, regular, family man. The scene in which Leonard hints that his own mother may have had a "past" is not the most extravagant, but all the characters live, even before they are put on the stage, and there is brilliantly conceived dialogue. It is not easy to think of any actor now on our stage, who would do Leonard justice. Mr. Nat Goodwin would have been an ideal Leonard some years ago.

Concerning the other plays we may speak at another time.

"Salmagundi" and the Waltz

To the Editor of The Herald:

Will these so-called suggestive dances eventually be placed on an equal footing with the waltz? This question is prompted by the fact that the waltz was once attacked in the same half serious way that the Grizzly, Turkey Trot, Gaby Glide and Bunny Hug have been, only not so much so. Salmagundi was the cause of it all.

Salmagundi was a paper after the Spectator and Tatler variety, although in a more satirical vein. It first appeared in New York in 1807 and, like both papers previously mentioned, was short lived. Its promulgators were Washington Irving, his brother William and his friend and contemporary, James K. Paulding. These satirists, then in early manhood, started the venture as a sort of joke, but soon proved that they were the wit of New York. At least, they had no rivals, for New York was small and still in a state of devastation caused by the revolution.

The waltz was demoralizing. Salmagundi said so and viewed with alarm its introduction into the social life of the town:

> "Our fair surrender to their very arms,
> And in the insidious waltz will swim and twine,
> And whirl and languish tenderly, divine!
> O, how I hate that loving, hugging dance,
> That imp of Germany brought up in France."

And further on:

> "Let France its whim its sparkling wit supply,
> The easy grace that captivates the eye;
> But curse their waltz—their loose, lascivious arts
> That smooth our manners to corrupt our hearts!"

Salmagundi likewise deplored the alarming evidences of a decline in morals and manners found in the novel and play of that day. The novels were lewd, the stage folk catered to the gallery. It asked:

> "Where now those books, from which in days of yore
> Our mothers gained their literary store?"

and answered that they had given place

> "To novels of a new and rakish race."

and

> "To the lascivious rhapsodies of Moore."

The flimsy farce and comedy was

> "Garnished with vulgar cant and proverbs bald
> With puns ... and ... store
> Of smutty jokes to catch a ... roar."

Perhaps it is just as well that Salmagundi prematurely croaked else its moral sensibilities would have been sadly shocked by those lewd dances which are said to have occasioned the elimination of the inaugural ball. It surely would have been willing to overlook the dreamy waltz. And those "broiler" shows—yes, Salmagundi did well to die young.

HAROLD E. BESSOM.

Lynn, April 18.

Salmagundi, as our correspondent writes, was published in 1807. The waltz did not make its way to England until about 1812. In 1816 it was danced at Almack's, and the wives of foreign ambassadors, the Countess de Lieven, the Princess Esterhazy, Baron de Neumann and Lord Palmerston were the famous waltzers and the Czar Alexander danced the waltz at Almack's in his tight fitting uniform. Miss Mitford, shocked, wrote against the waltz in 1814 and Byron's savage attack, written in the fall of 1812, was published anonymously in the following spring. The poem was not well received and Byron asked a friend to contradict the rumor that he, Byron, was the author. The waltz went from Germany to Paris in 1795, but some, as Castil-Blaze, insisted that it had been for four centuries a French dance.—Ed.

A Few Notes

Mme. Lipkowksa and George Baklanoff, having sung in Thomas's "Hamlet" at Monte Carlo with great success, will sing in the same opera at the Paris Opera House this spring season. Miss Mary Garden will be heard and seen there as Monna Vanna and Salome. There is talk of the production of "Parsifal" next January.

Our own national anthem was revised some 60 years ago. In 1854, on Queen Victoria's birthday, every British band in the Crimea simultaneously played "God Save the Queen" before the allied troops at Varna. And such horrible cacophony resulted that the Duke of Cambridge took over Kneller Hall and established there the Military School of Music, at the same time issuing instructiona as to the performance of the national anthem which later on led to the promulgation of the official version, which is always played in B flat at a speed which occupies just 30 seconds for one verse.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Apropos of a new one-act play in London, a correspondent wrote: "It may interest you to know that the story of the one-act play, 'The Morning Post'—the incident of the lady who has 'enjoyed her evening' at a theatre which had been burnt down—once actually happened. It was in Vienna, when the opera house there was burnt to the ground. A husband, hearing of the rumor that the theatre was on fire, and who had been told by his wife that she was going to the performance, rushed off in a frenzy to the theatre. When, not having found her, and knowing of the great loss of life, he returned home in despair, and found her there, and she, ignorant of what had happened, greeted him with the remark, 'How I have enjoyed the performance!'"

Miss Grace Hazard at the Palace, London, gave Mr. Titterton an anxious moment. "Here is a quick-change turn, with song. The quick-change consists in removing the top layer of clothes. This went on until she appeared in the light blue tights and loose jacket by which you may know a sailor when you see him. Here I trembled, but luckily it was her last number. Then they asked for an encore. I took my hat to go, but stayed on observing that she was starting to reverse the process. Miss Hazard would be an agreeable turn if she would stop drawling."

To the Editor of The Herald:

The Van Amburg Song

It was a grievous disappointment to me the other day to have you stop ... when you were quoting the haunting lines about the circus manager. They brought vividly to mind an episode of my boyhood days, when, deeply smitten by a Van Amburg ... maiden, a vault-high-rie, a golden-... goddess, who rode her fiery steed bareback—I carried my crackel and ... heart on a hot and dusty pilgrimage to South Natick, behind a band wagon with a calliope attachment, both ... shoes full of feet. The goddess turned out to be a sawdust doll, a thing of paint and patches, whose beautiful hair was not her own. So that now, for many a year,

> —the charm is lost
> Of circus holidays'

I never take up my tobacco-stained copy of "Pendennis" without a ... sensation, and I often find a suspiciously damp spot on the page where we are told of Pen's farewell to the Fotheringay. My encyclopedia says that Arthur Pendennis is "a self-conceited, selfish young young fellow, of warm feelings and a large capacity for love." Coming across this illuminating passage when hunting for something else, I was reminded of the near-sighted student who complained that it was always his luck to take down from the bookshelf the "Gab to Gib" volume, instead of the ...

[illegible]" Capt C[illegible] ... Van A[illegible] ... about. You [illegible]

[illegible] burg [illegible]
[illegible] ks his h[ead] in the lion's mouth
And tells you all he knows

Like the "pink trip slip" jingle, these [illegible] kept repeating them[se]lves, until [m]emory gradually added.

[illegible] his head in the lion's mouth
[illegible] it there awhile
[illegible] takes it out again
[illegible] greets you with a smile

CHORUS:

[illegible] now goes round
[illegible] begins to play,
[illegible] monkey's cage
[illegible] better keep away
[illegible] the African Polar bear,
[illegible] called the Iceberg's daughter,
[illegible] three tubs of ice,
[illegible] water;
[illegible] in water up to her knees,
[illegible]
[illegible] all you please.
[illegible] care a darn.

This is after the manner of the summer [illegible] followers, like the moon, [illegible] on their last quarter.

CHORUS:

The elephant, etc.

[illegible] lobsters?

[illegible] brains as I may, I can recall [illegible] more, save that reference is [illegible] a-constrictor of remarkable [illegible] ties his tail up in a double [illegible] with wonderful facility. Some [illegible] ought to gather together and publish [a] low-priced anthology, so that old [illegible] like myself, to whom the grass[illegible] a burden, would be spared the [illegible] of an apoplectic seizure from [illegible] attempts to remember [illegible]-neglected classics. J. W.

[illegible] April 19.

Mr Atkinson's "Cinque" Rhythm

The gentleman who in The Herald of Sunday, April 20, declares that for 12 years he [has] searched unavailingly for any example of quintuple time besides his own [com]positions will, I am sure, be glad to [learn of] the existence of Tschaikowsky's [beautiful] "five time waltz," which he [has] failed to discover.

[W]ill you kindly inform him of this [illegible] short composition of the [illegible] composer, which I believe [has] been written before 1900, when [Mr.] Atkinson originated the "Cinque [illegible]" which he claims as his own. [illegible] tell him, also, through your [illegible] that quintuple time is con[sidered] "by no means unimportant [illegible] among the unusual measures [illegible] for separate notice" in the [illegible] and enlightening article [o]n "time" by W. S. Rockstro, Esq., in [Grove's] Dictionary of Music and Musi[cians]," first edition, published in 1884 [illegible] gives a delightful example of [this r]hythmic form in his "Variations [on a Hun]garian Air," op. 21, No. 2.

[The] earliest attempt of any import[ance is] probably an air to the words [illegible] sorte mi condauna" in the opera "[Ari]adne," by Adolfati, written in [illegible] and it is also met in some of the [nation]al airs of Spain, Greece, Germany, [illegible] in a note to No. 20 of his [illegible] states that in a certain [illegible] the lower Rhine, named [illegible], the airs of most of the [illegible] have a well marked rhythm of [illegible]. The quintuple rhythm also [appears] in a charming movement by [illegible] the trio, op. 64. Other instances [of] this rhythm are to be found in a [illegible] strings by Bischoff, in Chopin's [sonata in] C minor, op. 4, in Hiller's "[Rhy]thmische Studien," op. 52; in "[illegible] Glee," by W. Reeve (1796).

EVA A. BROWN.

[Win]chester, April 21.

From an Opera-Goer

To Editor of The Herald:

In common with many other subscribers to our opera I am wondering why [illegible] allowed some of our [illegible] to leave weeks before the [close] of the season and not replace them [with] equally good talent except spas[modic]ally.

[Hap]pily we had Mr. Zenatello, but no [other] tenor, however talented, could or [did] take all roles.

[To] be sure Mr Clement made a single appearance in "The Tales of Hoffman" [in] the last week and that was much appreciated.

But who supplied the place of Mr. Marcoux or Mr Polese? The same lack [wa]s painfully apparent in other parts.

Would it not be better to keep the highest grade of singers until the season closes, since the Metropolitan, from which I understand we are supposed to [d]raw, sends us usually second-rate art[ists]. The last few weeks of opera were [in] these respects unsatisfactory. F. R.

Our correspondent forgets that these excellent singers of the Metropolitan Opera House company visited us last [season]: Carl Burrian, once, Emmy Destinn, four times, Dinah Gilly, once; Otto [Goritz], twice Antonio Scotti, three times, Leo Slezak, once; Jacques Urlus, twice, Riccardo Martin, once; Lucretia Bori, five times; Frieda Hampel, three times Olive Fremstad, twice. Would "F. R." call these singers "second-rate"? We do not mention Caruso because he did not sing on a subscription night. The tenor Maenez was certainly [secon]d-rate. Concerning Mr. de Segurola [illegible] there might be discussion.—Ed.

What Prof. Dinger Thinks

[Prof.] H[illegible] thinks that we are subject [to] barbarism on the subject of the theatre, and it [is] due to this fact that the theatre is at on the average has remained in its crude state and can satisfy the public only through crude and barbaric effects.

We quote from his article in the Oxford and Cambridge Review.

"As a proof of this it is only necessary to compare the average standard of taste on the part of our educated public in the other arts. How subtle is this taste in music, painting and sculpture! What cultivated person would think of hanging up a crude calendar in his room or placing a cheap plaster of Paris figure on his desk! Who would have an organ-grinder play something of Beethoven or Brahms—or cares even to have some village musicians attempt it? No one!

"But how few who are able to look beyond mere stagecraft or the average routine comedy realize that their taste in the analogous arts is superior to their taste with respect to the crude pictures presented on the stage? Yet they look forward to a higher and finer art of the theatre, even though it may be in the far future.

"'We go to the theatre in order to become acquainted with the piece, even though it may not be adequately presented.' How frequently have I heard sentiments of this character expressed in relation to the theatre by those who would only be satisfied with the very highest and best which the concert room or picture galleries have to offer them.

"The education of the public in the art of music has shown great progress, but it has been almost entirely neglected as far as the art of the theatre is concerned. For the sake of 'entertainment' more or less agreeable perhaps, one often endures popular music from bad musicians, but for good and noble music we demand the highest accomplishments in that art. It is only in the theatre that the public will submit without a murmur to incompetent actors in the finest classic roles.

"We must learn to comprehend dramatic art through the medium of both the eye and the ear, and it should, therefore, be the aim of the drama to fascinate the eye and ear of the audience by means of the aesthetic charm and highest attainments of its art. This, however, is not in practice found to be the case, except in rare and sporadic instances.

"Dramatic art should awaken artistic effects in word, in emphasis, in gesture and in rhythm. Here, too, one can draw a comparison with music. In the concert room we have repeatedly the same masterpieces, and we not only endure the repetitions, but we demand them.

"In the drama, however, it is seldom that we care to see a piece twice. Or, if we do, the second occasion is generally enough to satisfy any further desire for repetition. Why? Because dramatic art gives us merely general and crude effects and mostly concerns itself with climaxes, the charm of which is exhausted once the interest is satisfied; or, in other words, as soon as the more sensational moments of strain are over.

"In seeing a piece a second time we already feel acquainted with it, and, consequently it infrequently bores us. How differently would a splendid, classic work of dramatic art affect us if it were possible for the representation, through finesse and aesthetic charm, to attract audiences again and again, who would not alone desire but who would demand its repetition! It is only then that we may speak of the art of the theatre in a higher sense.

"And the production of plays such as now flood the theatrical market—plays of a purely literary character—would assume another form and would thereby gain in largeness, distinction and artistic intent."

A Vision of the Coming Theatre

Mr. Gilbert Cannan has seen a vision of the new theatre and gives a description of it in his article on the drama, published in Poetry and Drama:

"But what of the English drama? The West End stage is given up almost entirely to American and French, and German, and Hungarian, and Italian plays, or to native productions trimmed and cut to fit the personality of this and that actor or actress. Only in Mr. Barker's theatres, and in the repertory theatres in the provinces, is the play allowed to exist for its own sake. In two productions at the Savoy Theatre a beginning has been made in the vitally important task of liberating Shakespeare from bad tradition. A Yiddish actor in the East End is producing plays by Tolstoi and Gorky as though they meant something to him. At Oxford and Cambridge the young men are beginning to unearth the buried treasures of our dramatic literature. Some of our finest and most courageous young writers are interested first and foremost in the dramatic form. There are many play-producing societies. The Horniman repertory company is to visit the Coronet again this early summer and to drive home the lesson which London [illegible] to [illegible] something [illegible]. The growth of [illegible] swifter than [illegible]. In a few years we [illegible] Anno mirabili, [illegible] will burst into flower, [illegible] with it new acting, new decor, new lighting, new criticism, and then the much-abused, the unjustly abused public will come back into the theatre. In the meantime it is unreasonable to expect those who are profiting or making their living out of the decay of the old theatre, or the interregnum, to be enthusiastic about, or even kindly disposed towards, those who insist that a drama that knows not poetry and is not poetically conceived is not drama."

As Mr. Walbrook says, this is not a new vision, but provincial cities in England will find it a reality long before London does: "Here there is still a vast body of popular faith in the old, but popular, idols. That is the pathos of the situation for the London playgoer."

April 28 1913

New York has been slow to appreciate the architects of Boston. Reading yesterday a copy of the "American Review a Whig Journal Devoted to Politics and Literature," for February, [184]7 we found in an article about E. P. Whipple's Essays the statement that the "New England mind" could not practically understand the nature and conditions of anything organic.

"And this is characteristic of New England generally, so it is especially characteristic of Boston, which is, indeed, the eye and tongue of New England. Hence, if, for example, they undertake to get up a peculiarly fine piece of architecture, their usual method is to bring together various things which they have found to be beautiful elsewhere, supposing, of course, that what is beautiful in one place must be so in all, and never dreaming that a composition of various beauties may result in the most exquisite ugliness. Such is their practical insensibility to the mutual relations, proportions and correspondencies of things in the province of art. And it is probably for a similar reason that the place is such a moral beehive, perpetually swarming with all sorts of reformers men who, taking up [s]ome one idea, or atom of an idea, and stripping it out of the relations which necessarily modify and circumscribe its operation, seem impatient to tear down the universe and reconstruct it after a pattern of their own."

Anecdote for the Day.

The following advertisement was recently published in a Farnham (Eng.) newspaper:

A young bachelor is in need of a lady who will accompany him to a dance. No reasonable offer refused. Particulars to "Pathos," etc

A Boston Bear Pit.

As the World Wags:

Your polygon's interesting contents have their own "order wild" and are not mere rag-bag like a "Notes and Queries" ("Quotes and Wearies"). Only for sympathy with the despair which has failed hitherto to find any answer, will you permit a perhaps inappropriate inquiry to be made of your oldest correspondents if they remember to have heard, from their father or grandfather, that there was in the earlier half of the last century a circular Arena, with a bear pit in the middle, for some sort of public exhibition, just off of the lower side of Charles street, near the corner of Beacon street?

DRYASDUST

Boston, April 25.

Fashion Notes.

We learn from the latest fashion notes received from London that the young man who wishes to be "correct" should wear pegtop trousers and light tan spats. The ends of the trousers of "lounge suits" will be turned up by the tailor, and neither Percy nor 'Arry will be able to turn them down. "It is possible to get even a pair of spats cut badly, and the unfortunate man who buys a pair soon regrets it; they do not fit his shoes, and so make the shoes appear to be even bigger than they are." Therefore if you have a game eye and an unsteady hand and are not able to cut your own spats, go to a bootmaker, not a tailor. "Bow ties" will be in fashion. We read minute directions concerning the tying of these cravats. Never look in the glass when you are at work. When the tying is accomplished, then look and "pull the tie about until it is somewhere near right." We do not approve the following advice. "Forget that you are tying a tie; think of the tie as a bootlace and your neck as the top of your boot." On the contrary, we applaud the swell in John Leech's picture. When asked how he achieved "such a miraculous tie," he answered: "I give my whole mind to it."

Nothing is said about the color of summer trousers, which reminds us that it was Mr. Justice Byles who remarked: "I always listen with little pleasure to the arguments of a counsel whose legs are encased in light gray trousers."

The True Version.

Some time ago we referred to that magnificent song, "Muldoon, the Solid Man." Various versions were sent to us by folklorists, professors of English literature, amateur [ent]omologists and retired sports. There were important differences. We stated that we [illegible]

[illegible]
"written [illegible]" was arranged [illegible]

I

I am a man of great [illegible]
[illegible] educated to a [illegible] degree
I [illegible] here [illegible] small [illegible] Do[illegible]
In the Dan[illegible] Webs[illegible]
In the fourteenth war[d] [illegible]
In a tenement house with [illegible] the Dan.
By perseverance I elevated
And went to the front like a [illegible] man.

CHORUS:

Go with me and I'll treat you [illegible]
I'll set you down and I'll [illegible]
As I walk the street each [illegible]
Says "There goes Muldoon. He's a solid man."

II

At any party or any raffle
I always go as an invited guest
As conspicuous as Genera[l] [illegible]
I wear a rosebud up[on] my [illegible]
I'm called upon to address the [illegible]
Without regard to clique or [illegible]
I show the constitution [illegible]
Because you know I'm a solid man.

Chorus (as before)

III.

I control the Tombs, I con[trol] [illegible] and
My constituents, they all [illegible]
To enjoy the summer's [illegible]
And the refreshing East [river] [illegible]
I'm known in Harlem, I'm [known in] Jersey,
I'm welcom'd hearty [illegible]
Wid my regalay on [St. Pa]trick's [day],
I march away like a solid man.

CHORUS.

For opposition or po[litic]s
Take my word I do[n't] [illegible]
As I walk the street ea[ch] [illegible]
Says: "There goes M[uldoon. He's] a solid man."

The Week-end Nuisance.

You hear praisers of the g[ood] old times saying that when they were [youn]g the "week-end nuisance" was not known. Yet over 150 years ago Mr Horace Walpole saw some of the swells of White's Club loafing at the gates of a house they had taken on R[ichmon]d Green for Saturdays and Sundays. Mr Walpole thought that some one should ask why they could not play whist in London on those days. "I cannot tell except that it is so established a fashion to go out of town at the end of the week that people do go, although it only be into another town."

The People's Choral Union Gives Its 16th Annual Spring Concert.

By E. F. Harkins.

The most Democratic chorus in the country, the People's Choral Union, performed "The Messiah" at its sixteenth spring concert in Symphony Hall last night, and a very creditable performance it was all around.

Here is an organization that literally reaches out into the highways and byways, inviting all who have a love of music in their hearts to come in and make themselves at home. A simple sight-reading test is required, one that any grammar school graduate ought to be able to pass; and the only other qualifications asked are sincerity and enthusiasm.

The result, up to date, is a chorus of over 400 voices, including young and old, people of different races and nationalities, but all united splendidly in the work of cultivating a taste for the best music. It is such an organization as Walter Besant must have heard about or dreamed about when he planned the great temple in London that was to embrace all good works on behalf of the plain people.

But besides learning all this excellent music, the Choral Union every season gives concerts to show what it is doing, and to please those who delight, as all music-lovers should, in performances of the famous cantatas and oratorios. Last night the chorus had the assistance of an orchestra of Symphony men and of Marie Stoddart, soprano; Marion May, contralto, Joseph Goudreault, tenor, and George H. Downing, bass.

Some of the singing of the soloists was excellent, indeed, and it was a rare pleasure to hear so choice an orchestral accompaniament. But, as usual, it was the singing of the chorus that gave the large audience the greatest joy, for these choral numbers in "The Messiah" are always thrilling, and on this occasion the singers gave evidence of thorough training. Moreover, they were conducted in spirited style by Frederick W. Wodell, whose success in the circumstances can hardly be too highly praised.

Herman A. Shedd, who is one of the instructors of the People's singing classes, played the organ accompaniaments. The officers of the union had abundant reason last night to be proud of their proteges.

"Miles Dixon," by Gilbert Cannan, Played Here for the First Time.

"CANDIDA" IS WELL GIVEN

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Miles Dixon," a play in two acts by Gilbert Cannan. Performed by Miss Horniman's company from Manchester, Eng.

Miles Dixon.....Milton Rosmer
Ellen Balsbrown.....Irene Rooke
John Balsbrown.....Howard Cochran
Jane Balsbrown.....L. Sabin Bennett
Jan Balsbrown.....Frank Darch

On a dark night Miles Dixon throws gravel against the chamber window of Ellen Balsbrown. He can run 100 miles in a day; he can jump a brawling stream; he talks with birds and beasts. An outcast, feared by all the respectable, he sleeps in ditches and hayricks. Hs has a winning tongue and he can curse. Little does he care for the things men set their hearts upon. He laughs at fame and money. Meeting Ellen he said strange things to her; he wooed her with phrases that Synge might have put into the mouth of the tramp in "The Shadow of the Glen." And Ellen gave herself to him, she knew not why, and forgot her oath to her cold, honest, prosaic husband.

On this night of nights Miles has tho longing for her, if only to see her and hear her voice. She talks to him from the window and bitterly does she reproach herself and him with his beguiling tongue. At last she nears him on the steps and falls into his arms. Her husband is below in the darkness. He will have his vengeance on Miles, but the outlaw curses him with such violent eloquence that he drops his stick and bids him go. Miles lights a match, stares into his face. The woman reviles him. Praying that God may blast the two of them, Miles vanishes. He will swim far out into the sea.

Twenty years go by. Ellen is a widow. Her husband had not mentioned the name of Miles, and that name was always in the mind of the man and the wife. He hated the boy Jan, because he was like Miles in face and spirit. And now Jan would leave his mother, to see the world, to have adventures, to become rich or famous, to marry, perhaps, a fair lady. The mother tells him that he is the apple of her eye, and gives him money. Miles Dixon is a tradition in the village. Tom asks his mother if there ever was such a man. And as they talk, an old pedler enters. Ellen recognizes Miles, worn, bent, crippled. As the boy talks of his going far away, the pedler tells him that the world is only a delusion; that if he once sets foot on the road, he can never turn back; that which is sought after is never found; that which is desired is as Dead Sea fruit. The boy Jan, sobered, seeing the pitable thing that was once his hero, leaves the former lovers alone. Each confesses unrest of soul since they parted. She gives him food, buys some gewgaws, and Miles leaves her.

The play is short, dramatic, highly imaginative. The dialogue has singular force and beauty, but the wild and fantastical beauty does not delay the action, nor is it a rhetorical excrescence. Miss Rooke in the first act played with exceeding passion and the chastened spirit of the woman in later years was finely portrayed. Mr. Rosmer was admirable as the Ishmaelite and as the broken-down pedlar who had learned the wisdom of the world. Mr. Darch gave full expression to the enthusiastic lad, full of dreams and hopes. The play and the performance made a deep impression.

A capital performance of George Bernard Shaw's "Candida" followed.

The Rev. James Mavor Morell...Ernest Bodkin
Prosperine Garnett.....Hilda Sims
The Rev Alexander Mill.....Frank Darch
Mr. Burgess.....Edward Landor
Candida.....Irene Rooke
Eugene Marchbanks.....Milton Rosmer

It was a pleasure to see this play again, though to many the lines were as household words. When it was first performed here, certain highly respectable husbands, who had honored women by leading them to the altar, giving them the comforts of home, adding dignity to their life by their own standing in the community, resented the ruthless exposure of the Rev. James Morell, and disliking the mirror held up to them, fumed impotently and called the play tiresome and untrue.

The play is a lesson for husbands, and also for mooning young sentimentalists who believe that because a woman may be conscious of her husband's selfishness and egoism, she will, therefore, rush into the arms of any poetical youth who "understands" her. This lesson is taught in Mr. Shaw's brilliantly satirical manner. It has been said that the characters in his plays are merely trumpets on which he plays amusing tunes. This is not true of Candida, one of the most charming and womanly of women in dramatic literature.

Miss Rooke and Mr. Rosmer showed their versatility in this double bill. The wild wife of Mr. Bannan's play loathing Miles and yet drawn toward him and the [illegible] far apart as the pol[illegible] was acted with such [illegible] authority, that there was no thought of an actress assuming a part. In each instance the woman was on the stage in flesh and blood. So, too, the outcast and the irritating, aesthetic, visionary Marchbanks were individualized by Mr. Rosmer. Mr. Landor's Burgess was an excellent portrayal of character, and Miss Sims, amusing as "Prossy" did not fall into exaggeration or try to hold the centre of the stage. The Morell of Mr. Bodkin was on the whole less convincing, though there was the appropriate clerical touch with the voice of the popular preacher.

There was a brilliant audience of good size.

Tonight Masefield's powerful and unusual play, "The Tragedy of Nan," will be performed.

PARK THEATRE—Mr. William Morris's company of English players in "The Blindness of Virtue," a play in four acts by Cosmo Hamilton. First performance in Boston.

The Rev. Harry Pemberton—....A Holmes-Gore
Helen Pemberton.....Florence le Clerq
Effie .....Dorothy Rundell
Cookie .....Polly Emery
Mrs. Lemmins.....Lole Emery
Mary Ann.....Madge Murray
The Hon. Archibald Graham.....Paul Hansell

Mr. Hamilton's play is a comedy of sentiment dealing with serious subject matter. It is a sermon directed against the folly of parents who leave their children in ignorance of sexual truths, but it is a sugar-coated sermon, for the climax of the play does not result in a catastrophe but permits of a happy ending after its purpose has been fulfilled.

The story of the play is, briefly, that of a country vicar and his wife, who have an innocent daughter of 17. They take into their house a young man of 22 who has been dismissed from Oxford and is to read law with the vicar. These parents are brought to realize, by a case in the village, that their daughter should be told the truth in regard to the functions of her body and the sexual relations—that ignorance is largely responsible for the downfall of young girls—and they resolve to tell her all.

The mother, however, procrastinates. Her modesty is such that she cannot bring herself to talk to her daughter on such a subject, and while she delays events take their course. The daughter is found in the young man's bedroom in his arms and in only a pink silk kimona and her night dress at 7 o'clock of a bright summer morning, and it is due but to the fact that she is in reality the very essence of purity and naivete, that her discovery in these damaging circumstances does not ring down the curtain on a tragedy instead of on a tender scene of maternal forgiveness, faith and understanding.

The subject matter of "The Blindness of Virtue" is not then entirely new. Indeed a play on this theme would perhaps have been more pertinent, in America at least, a decade or two ago. It is a topic which has been brought before the public very often of late by Mr. Edward Bok and other practical philanthropists. But it is after all a very important subject and one which perhaps cannot be too much insisted upon.

It is difficult to believe, however, that a girl could be at 17, even in England, as utterly unsophisticated as Effie Pemberton, or that there are many parents so ultra-modest or so prudish as the vicar's wife. These characters seem somewhat unreal, and consequently detract from the power of the play, and it cannot be denied that it would be more forceful as a moral lesson if it ended in a tragedy. However, even in its present palatable form, it does bring the question of the enlightenment of the young seriously before the public, and the character of Effie serves to point the moral, even if does not greatly adorn the tale.

If Mr. Hamilton's play merits other criticism than on the drawing of these two characters and the somewhat artificial development of the climax in the third act—the scene between Archie and the Vicar—it is on the score of sentiment. Saving Pinero and Shaw and a few of the other great wielders of epigrams it seems almost impossible for the English playwright to avoid the honeyed morass of sentimentality. To the American audience many of the scenes in this play seem very close to the ridiculous, and the closing tableau is almost more than we can bear. But it is a pleasant play for all that, and the audience of last evening manifested its appreciation and enjoyment.

The company appearing in Boston is a capable one although the cast is not entirely the same as the New York cast and Miss Polly Emery is the only member of the company who played in the original production at the Little Theatre, London, in January of last year. Miss Emery plays the part of the cook and with Mr. Holmes-Gore as the Vicar, deserves high praise.

Miss Rundell is successful as Effie and Miss Le Clerg, though not entirely convincing is hampered by an unsympathetic part. Mr. Hansell as Archie plays a difficult part with much skill although the emotional climax of the third act and several of the bursts of sentiment are beyood even his talents.

OLD FAVORITE AT B. F. KEITH'S

James Thornton Gets Ovation—Excellent Vaudeville Program.

W. H. H

A welcome such as is accorded few vaudeville performers was given James Thornton, dean of all monologue artists, when he stepped upon the stage at B. F. Keith's last night. Nor was he permitted to leave it again until he had responded to a most enthusiastic curtain call. It has been 14 years since Mr. Thornton, himself a Boston man, has appeared in this city, and in expressing his appreciation of the reception given him, Mr. Thornton referred to that fact as well as to the pleasure of being so cordially received in what he would ever call his home.

For fully 15 minutes Mr. Thornton kept his audience fairly convulsed with one of the cleverest, brightest monologues ever passed across the stage at B. F. Keith's. Then, in conclusion, he sang the chorus of just a few of his many tremendous song successes, some of which were scored years ago. There was "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon," "On the Benches in the Park," "I Loved Her as I Never Loved Before," and a host of others.

Another big hit was that scored by the Three Leightons in their little sketch "A One Night Stand in Minstrelsy," in which the late lamented Billy Casans played so prominent a part. The three introduced some delightful singing, but best of all was the dancing of one of the Leightons, the one playing the part of the bell hop. As usual, they wound up their sketch, or rather responded to an encore, with their imaginary baseball game.

Mazeppa, the educated Arabian horse, showed the possibilities of equine education by the many tricks he accomplished, all of which seemed to require the exercise of a human mind. Lulu McConnell and Grant Simpson in their one act comedy "The Right Girl" have their favorite sketch in which Dora Day, the country belle, and Josie Day, the hosiery drummer, cause all sorts of rouble for Henry Brown, member of the department store firm.

A brand new act, here at B F Keith's this week for the first time, was that of Du Callon, who stands at the dizzy height of a tottering ladder, balancing it merely by swaying his body slightly back and forth while he talks upon everything from the weather to the cubist's art and back again.

Ray Conlin gives an interesting exposition of ventriloquism and among the other acts upon the bill are the Two Georges, acrobatic comedians; P. O'Malley Jennings and Edna Dorman in "A Little Bit of English"; Manning, Moore and O'Rourke in songs and dances and the talking-motion pictures. It is a capital bill all the way through.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Wife," a drama in four acts by David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille.

John Rutherford.....John Craig
Robert Gray.....William P. Carleton
Jack Dexter.....Donald Meek
Maj. Homer G. Putnam.....Walter Walker
Matthew Culver.....Frederick Ormonde
Silas Truman.....Al Roberts
Mr. Randolph.....J. Morrill Morrisou
Helen Truman.....Mary Keener
Lucile Ferrant.....Laurett Brown
Mrs. D. Bellamy Ives.....Mabel Colcord
Kitty Ives.....Florence Shirley
Mrs. Armory.....Gladys Wilson
Agnes.....Margaret Fay

TREMONT THEATRE — Donizetti's "Lucia Di Lammermoor," opera (in English) in four acts. Mr. Max Fichandler conducted. The cast:

Lord Edgar.....Domenico Russo
Sir Henry Ashton.....Thomas Hardie
Sir Arthur Bucklaw.....Arthur Hawksley
Bide-the-Bent.....Joseph Parsons
Norman.....James Donnelly
Lucy Ashton.....Edith Helena
Alice.....Florence Coughlan

[illegible] credit

Mr. William J. Bryan is praised by some because he serves grape juice to his guests. He believes that wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; that they who tarry long at the wine and go to seek mixed wine have woe, sorrow, contentions, babbling and redness of eyes. The Rev. Frederick E. Heath is reported as thanking heaven that Mr. Bryan had the courage to serve grape juice. "That shows him to be a man of calibre." It is to be regretted that we are not told the exact calibre. Is it 38?

Because Mr. Bryan is a hardened drinker of grape juice, he thinks that his guests, ambassadors, "you uns there with the gewgaws on," and prominent American citizens, should also like grape juice. It is not given to all to drink it with impunity. To some, it gives the colly-wobbles, and thus disturbs statesmanlike composure and chastens playful conversation.

We should think better of Mr. Bryan if he had served water at the dinner; and none of your gaseous waters, but plain pump, reservoir, or windmill water. To serve grape juice is only to toy with the Demon and tempt the weak to quaff the real thing.

Anecdote for the Day

As the World Wags.

Apropos of Pisco. I used the Italian not Italio—as a liqueur, principally in pousse-cafe, until an associate, long since gathered to his fathers told me of its merits as a substitute for gin or Scotch whiskey. My informant showed me how he used it; and this yielded so delectable a brew that I used it that way ever afterwards; and my bachelor's quarters were popular during the night watches of winter. He rubbed a lump of sugar upon the rind of the whole lemon, extracting the oil of lemon with its delightful fragrance. Hot water was then used to dissolve the lump of sugar saturated with the oil of lemon; and the appropriate amount of Italia completed the brew; unless the taste of my guest called for nutmeg, in which case I grated a little on top of the hot toddy.

HAWSER TRUNNION

Barnstable, April 26.

A Harmonic Scheme

We are now told that the wife of the Spanish minister and Miss Boardman "of Red Cross fame" are influencing women in Washington, D. C., to wear evening gowns in harmony with their favorite jewels. Thus Mme. Riano, preferring opals in spite of the sinister traditions, dons opal gowns, and Miss Boardman, sporting diamonds and rubies, wears gowns of red and ruby velvet and chiffon.

It has been said that a man should choose some one article of dress as the centre and motive of a harmonious sartorial scheme. He should dress in accordance with his cravat or waistcoat or socks for the day. There was a man in Boston—he is no longer with us—who selected finger rings each day to go with a particular cravat or waistcoat.

But there is danger in "dressing up to" one's jewels. Witness the sad fate of the hero in Thackeray's "Great Hoggarty Diamond."

Mrs.? or Miss?

As the World Wags:

What do you think of the solecism, which seems to be spreading as the names of women are coming more extensively to the fore, of signing the titular "Mrs." before the name ("Misses" are not so apt to offend). It is quite as improper as though men were to place "Rev." or "Gen." before theirs. The title should follow, bracketed, and if Isabella Smith, wife of John Smith, wishes to give her "covered" name let her sign "Isabella Smith (Mrs. John Smith)." One marvels if it is perhaps through a hyper-delicacy that the fair sex scruples to expose their unprotected Christian designation!

LUCIEN B. HENDERSON.

Boston, April 27.

In correspondence, a woman writing to a stranger should certainly let him know whether she is wife or spinster. You receive a letter from Jane Abigail Montressor. She is entitled to the courtesy of a reply, even if you refuse to spend half a day in obtaining the information she craves. How are you to address her? Many women that write plays or novels or attacks on the iron-heeled oppressor, man, neglect to state whether they have entered into the yoke of bondage. What is the receiver to do? If he speaks of her erroneously as "Mrs. Jennijump" or "Miss Jennijump," she is offended in either case.

Perplexed Englishmen.

This reminds us that Englishmen not knowing how to deal with strong-minded women are searching after historical precedents.

The Duc de Broglie in 1760 was hothered by women followers of the camp. Turned out, they returned. At last he hit upon a scheme and described it in a letter to the Marechal de Belle Isle. "We are waging a continual war against the women who persist in following the army. Instead of inflicting corporal punishment as is done in some armies—a punishment which does not prevent them from returning—we blacken their faces with a mixture which, I am told, it will take them six months to rub out. If that is so, we shall certainly not see them again, for, though the treatment does not hurt them, they are afraid of it."

Perhaps, Napoleon remembered this letter. He wrote to Bernadotte: "All women not authorized to remain with the army have been ordered to leave within 24 hours. If they disobey the order I mean to have them arrested, daubed with black paint, and exhibited for two hours in the market place." Yet they outwitted him in one of his Italian campaigns, for some emptied barrels of provisions, and crossed the Col de Tenda in these receptacles."

In the Motor Car.

In the bishopric of Treves clergymen have been forbidden by an edict to own or ride in an automobile, for the use of one is declared inconsistent with the humility that should characterize the clergy.

Any owner of an automobile is haughty and arrogant for the first months. After a few tires have been punctured and bills for repairs come in and he finds that he is sharing his income with the chauffeur, he is humble enough. He confesses to you in private that he would like to get rid of the thing; "but

won't let me."

... a style among the Italians ... American knew how to loll in ... carriage. The proper deport... of a guest in an automobile is ... of the fine arts. He should not express childish joy, he should not stare at scurrying persons in the road or swear at them as though he were the owner, nor should he have an agonized expression as though he expected each moment to be his last.

"CLEOPATRA" GIVEN AT SYMPHONY HALL

Classic Drama Effectively Presented in Motion Pictures.

"Cleopatra," with Miss Helen Gardner, who starred as Becky Sharp in a motion picture production of "Vanity Fair" last winter in New York, in the title role, attracted a large audience to the first of a three-day series of motion picture productions of the classical dramas at Symphony Hall last night. The pictures were bright and clear, and the scenery oriental and realistic. Miss Gardner was particularly good in the scene with Mark Antony.

The feature of the evening was the performance of Miss Marion D. Jordan, a little girl of 16, who delighted every one with her playing on the flute. She received an ovation. Miss Jordan was highly commended for her playing by John Philip Sousa last month, and received as a gift a gold medal specially engraved by Carl Fischer in New York.

April 30 1913

TRAGEDY OF NAN AT PLYMOUTH

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE — "The Tragedy of Nan," a play in three acts by John Masefield.

Jenny Pargetter	Hilda Sims
Mrs. Pargetter	Isabel Beresford
Mr. Pargetter	Ernest Bodkin
Nan	Irene Rooke
[illegible]	Milton Rosmer
[illegible] Pearce	Leonard Mudie
[illegible] Pearce	Lionel Briggs
[illegible] Arker	James Wood
[illegible]	Doris Bateman, L. Sabin Bennet
[illegible] Drew	Cecil Brooking
[illegible] Dixon	Howard Cochran
[illegible]	Bert Drummond

This play was performed in Boston for the first time by Miss Horniman's Company at the Plymouth Theatre on March ... of last year. The performance was the only one given in Boston by the company, which was then on its way home from Canada. Miss Rooke, Mr. Rosmer and Mr. Brooking then acted the parts they played last night.

It is a strange, powerful, pitiless play. Nan, the daughter of a man who was ... accused of stealing a sheep and hanged for it lives in the house of her ... Her aunt is a diabolical shrew. Her uncle is turned against Nan, because he believes she broke the toby from which he had drunk cider for 30 years. Her girl cousin is silly and ... erous. Nan is sick at heart, but ... enters into her life. Dick Gurvil ... he and passion touches his tongue. Naturally hard and grasping, he is eloquent in amorous speech. Dick does not know Nan's history. She trys to tell ... of her disgrace, but guests come to the farmhouse and the aunt acquaints him with it. She adds that his father would ... him unless he weds her daughter Jenny. He turns toward Jenny and the betrothal is announced.

There is an old fiddler, Gaffer Pearce, ... mourned his wife for many years. The neighbors call him foolish, ... admit that he says strange and prophetic things. He tries to comfort Nan in her distress; he talks of the harvest moon and the high tide, and the tide will take some with it that ... night. Jenny brings in a pie made ... a sheep that died. It is for the ...; but Nan compels her to eat it and draws a fearful picture of her ...'s ending—paint on her checks, the hospital, and a pauper's grave. The ... falls in convulsions. Some one from the Home Office comes in and ... the name of Nan's father. That ... was hanged was a regrettable mistake, but here is money for Nan, £50 in gold. Dick again declares his love, ... Nan reads his soul as she had read that of Jenny, and that he may ... woo other girls and trample on ... she stabs him. The moon is ... the tide is high and calls for Nan.

The drama is a singular blend of the ... the poetic and the fantastical. The realism in one instance is akin to the grotesque. Only the intensity and ... authority of Miss Rooke prevented the scene in which Jenny is forced to eat the pie from becoming ludicrous if ... wholly absurd. But the realism of the opening scene and of much of the dialogue is the realism of Thomas Hardy. There is nothing too evidently contrived for effect. The action moves steadily and swiftly toward the killing of Dick, the fickle sensualist, greedy for kisses and money. Yet the scene of Dick's wooing ... as a lyrical quality ... of the ... in The ... of ... Western World ... if the realism of the dialogue is ... as in the terrific speech of Nan to Jenny, in the last speeches of Nan to her fiendish aunt, and in the ... and bitter words to Dick, the words put into the mouth of Gaffer Pearce are wildly pathetic and imaginative. Perhaps there is a little too much about the wife he lost in his youth, but the vision of the tide is superbly poetic. and at the end, where he chatters, while Nan has her last say to Dick, with murder in her mind, there is the thought of the old men gabbling outside the palace of Agamemnon while the bloody deed is doing.

The performance was superior to that of a year ago. Miss Rooke played with an emotional simplicity that was irresistible. Eloquent in gesture and facial play, she did not rant, she was not hysterical, and the rich beauty of her voice gave additional significance to the dramatist's directness and accent to the melodious and poetic thought. There were memorable moments in this performance of sustained power: as when she clung to Dick and craved his kisses; when she knelt at the fiddler's feet and envied the dead woman mourned for so many years; when she foresaw the miserable end of Jenny; the final scenes with the aunt and the shilly-shallying lover.

The aunt was played with relentless vigor by Miss Beresford and Mr Bodkin's Pargetter was finely composed. Mr. Rosmer was wholly admirable as Dick, and Mr. Mudie succeeded in a dangerous part, for this old fiddler played with less sincerity and ordinary sentimentalism would be a boresome person.

A singularly vivid performance of an uncommonly interesting and emotional play! And here is a drama in which "literary quality," so dreaded by many, adds to the tragedy of the action.

An audience of good size was enthusiastic. After the last act there was no mad rush for the street. Many remained seated, and there were repeated curtain calls.

"HAENSEL AND GRETEL" FOR THE CHILDREN

Opera Presented at the Tremont—Repeat It Friday.

TREMONT THEATRE — Humperdinck's "Haensel and Gretel" in English. Performed by the Aborn company. Mr. Fichandler conducted.

Peter	Louis D'Angelo
Gertrude	Florence Coughlan
Haensel	Gladys Chandler
Gretel	Ivy Scott
The Witch	Philip Fein
The Sandman	May Ward
The Dew Fairy	Viola Landers

Humperdinck's pretty opera was performed yesterday afternoon for the special pleasure of the children, and the performance will be repeated next Friday afternoon. They were present in large numbers. They enjoyed the pranks of Haensel and Gretel in their cottage; they shivered with apprehension when the children were lost in the woods, but they were consoled by the sight of the protecting angels. They shuddered at the sight of the fearsome witch and rejoiced in the punishment that was her due.

Miss Scott sang agreeably the music of Gretel, especially the first song in the forest, but she was a large child for her age. Miss Chandler was more successful as a singer than as an impersonator of a frolicsome youngster. Mr. d'Angelo has a good voice.

It is now stated that Mr. Dippel was requested to resign the directorship of the Chicago Grand Opera House because he offended "a society leader whose husband possesses enormous wealth and is a director of the opera company." The production of a new opera did not fall on the night she wished. "She expressed her indignation in furious language." Mr. Dippel, they say, answered back.

This story is about as good as any other. When Theodore Thomas left Cincinnati it was reported that he resigned his position because he would not beat time with a ham.

Directors of opera houses in any country must sigh for the days in Rome when only men controlled the theatres and no woman was allowed to sing on the stage. The male sopranos were silly and arrogant fellows. They made trouble enough by their exactions, vanity and pouting, but they were less dangerous to the director's peace of mind than any prima donna of high or low degree. This one is a favorite of the director, but the public will not have her. That one is admired by the women in the boxes, but the director knows that she is unmusical, peacock voiced and a terror to the conductor.

Then there are the women in the boxes! The most diplomatic director will offend a dozen out of every twenty each season. Mrs. Hystepper has a protegee, another Melba. Mrs. Golightly—who speaks French—insists that M. Grassoyer should sing at least thrice a week. Mrs. Schweinitzer does not wish to hear any Italian operas and dotes on Wagner. To Mrs. Celadon all operas except "Pelleas et Melisande" are "old hat." Poor Mr. Dippel! Mr. Gatti-Casazza has not wholly escaped. Even Mr ...

...

Concerning Malone.

... The Herald ... the ... "Malone at the Back of the Bar" ... New York ... Grove ... Cleveland ... As there has been dispute about the text, so there has been difference of opinion concerning the text of "Malone at the Back of the Bar." We are enabled through the courtesy of Mr. L. P. Goullaud of Braintree, formerly well known in Boston as a publisher of music, to give the text in its fragrant purity. The title page now before us reads: "Malone at the Back of the Bar: Popular Irish Song Written and Sung by Ed Harrigan." The publisher was E. H. Harding, 229 Bowery, New York, and he copyrighted the song in 1876. The choir will now sing

I.

I keep a saloon on the corner, my boys,
And, faith, I've a flourishing trade;
I've brought o'er my cousin, Nathaniel Doyle,
The money on whiskey I made.
I could sell to you now a nice Posse Caffey,
Or a Raino Victoria Segar
No slate, chalk or pencil is kept in the house,
When Malone's at the back of the bar!
Tra la la, Tra la la.
When Malone's at the back of the bar!

II.

I never was stood up for brandy or beer
My rule is to never give tick;
When a bum's at the store on a cold winter's morn,
It's meself that is making a "kick."
I set out a lunch on the table so neat,
Fat herrings preserved in a jar;
I'd cut off the hand of a "snoozer" or "vag."
That grabs when I'm back of the bar!
Tra la la, etc.

III.

The ... I keep here 'n my pocket so safe,
I light up my kerosene lamps;
At daylight I put my shutters so tight,
Then go in to count up my stamps.
I stay open all day on a Sunday so gay,
To the young girls I tra la la la
They say as they pass by my windows, so sweet,
Malone's at the back of the bar!
Tra la la, etc.

Purists may object to the split infinitive and question whether "brought" should not be "bought." We accept the song in bulk as Victor Hugo accepted Shakespeare.

Mr. Bellamy's Sunday.

As the World Wags:

The query concerning the 26 February, 26 Elizabeth, suggests the question whether in reckoning the date, allowance was made for the 11 days dropped from the calendar in the change from "old style" to "new" in 1752.

April 26, 1913. SHAWSHIA

"To Banyan."

An Oxonian asks the meaning of a verb occurring in a letter of Lady Lyttleton in 1839 mentioning a guest, Count Kolowrath: "He has been ill—and so he Banyanned upon lobster salad and chocolate cream, washed down by deluges of champagne." Can any one tell us the meaning and derivation of "banyan"?

By the way, what has become of the "maglet" question? We met a man yesterday who said that his Uncle Amos had one at the old farmhouse and kept it on a kitchen shelf.

Church Wardens Again.

As the World Wags:

Your North Reading correspondent in this morning's issue of The Herald, and your reply, touch a sympathetic chord, although I am not a user of tobacco—having only occasionally tried the church warden in the remote past, but they were common enough as part of the landlord's furnishings in most of the English inns 30 or 40 years ago. They and sometimes a "penny in the slot" tobacco box tempted the guest in the smoker to the sociability of a pipe with the company present, even although he was not in the habit of indulging. With some exceptions, the yard of clay was not used a second time. In the English Midlands the country entertainments such as rent dinners of the large estate and the harvest home festivals were well supplied with church wardens and tobacco, and at some of them cider was exceedingly plentiful and of the decidedly hard kind.

The valley of the Severn river, which nearly connected Broseley with its lower and fertile parts knew the Broseley straw weil, and what a fine piece of work it was with its shell-like bowl and delicate straw-like stem, and how the "habitual" delighted in it, and if he could save it long enough to color it, what a prize he had. Bah! I do not like the smell, but the artistic "straw" I can appreciate. Like Mr John Alger, I wonder where they are to be found.

Melrose. JAMES M PULLEY

There are curious, busy minds in England as in New England. In Notes and Queries of April 12 Mr. J. E. Smith asks for information about the origin of the "churchwarden pipe." "Where, and when, was it first so called and why? Had it always the curved stem?"

Anecdote for the Day.

"The gigantic chief, Tamatea, who was 6 feet 11 inches high, was before conversion much addicted to drunken...

... of total ... death."

"The Magic Rose," by Plays for Children Company, Is Attractive.

"The Magic Rose," a fairy tale for children by Susan Thayer Bowker, was performed for the Plymouth Theatre yesterday afternoon by the "Plays for Children Company" under the direction of Miss ... Barteaux. The play is written in verse, and there were musical settings by Clayton Thomas. The cast:

Queen of the Garden	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Sprite	[illegible]
Swordsman	[illegible]
Rose Queen	[illegible]
Firefly	[illegible]
Butterfly	[illegible]
Pumpkin	[illegible]
Squirrel	[illegible]
Jack-in-the-Box	[illegible]
Parrot	[illegible]
Dog	[illegible]
Cat	[illegible]

The butterfly ballet, under the direction of Isabel Florence, was danced by Frances Purcell, Miriam ..., Charlotte McGowan, Bessie ..., Flora Yeo. The rose ballet ... by Mrs. Lilla Viles Wyman, ... Flora Merrill, Theresa W..., ... thy Hayes and Marcelline Drake ... Park was the rosebud soloist.

Yesterday's performance marks the beginning of a movement to produce plays especially for children, in order according to a note in the program, "that the child in early life may become conversant with good drama, music and artistic dancing." There are to be other plays under the same management and for the same purpose.

"The Magic Rose" is a short play in one act, and tells simply the story of a fairy queen enthralled by a malicious sprite, so that no flower will grow in her garden and no lover come to woo her. The Prince, by the aid of a magic rose, resists the spell of the sprite, and releases the queen and her garden from enchantment. A jack-in-the-box, a parrot, a dog ..., a cat, a pumpkin, a firefly, flowers and butterflies give a pretty and amusing divertissement, with plenty of dancing and music.

The stage settings were attractive, the costumes beautiful or grotesque and the performance generally smooth. One. The hit of the afternoon was ... Robinson, whose ... dancing as Jack-in-the-box was of the professional quality. Frances Mc... ...'s solo dance as the Firefly was another of the personal successes. Miss Barteaux as the Queen and Grace von Brock in a beautiful snow-white costume were graceful figures, and had a number of tuneful songs and duets.

The music was under the direction of Master Raymond Pugh and the play was staged under the general direction of James Gilbert.

1913

IN RUSSIAN PLAY.

Toy Theatre Players Are Heartily Applauded.

Season at Tiny Playhouse Closes With "The Shepherd."

TOY THEATRE—"The Shepherd," a play in three acts by Olive Tilford Dargan. First time in Boston. The cast:

Adrian	Mr Burnham
Piotr	Mr N B[illegible]
Katerina	Mrs Breed
Vasil	Mr Tracy Putnam
Vera	Miss Reed
Alexander	Mr S[illegible]
Princess Sophia	Mrs Gale
Natasha	Miss B[illegible]
Diana	Miss P[illegible]
Gregorief	Mr C[illegible]
Manlef	Mr Carl P[illegible]
Col Orloff	Mr Kel[illegible]
Irtenieff	Mr G[illegible]
Zarkoff	Mr B[illegible]

With the presentation at the Toy Theatre last evening of "The Shepherd," and repeated performances tonight and Thursday, is marked the close of the regular season at the diminutive playhouse on Lime st. In the line of histrionic endeavor it is doubtful if anything more successful could have been chosen than this stirring tale of Russian oppression.

While "The Shepherd" reflects credit upon its author, Olive Tilford Dargan for its power to interest it also provides abundant opportunity for a display of talent on the part of those who were chosen to interpret its lines.

The play might be much more gloomy and even depressing were it not for the very rapid action that characterizes the piece. There ...

[illegible] when the [illegible] in a homely on [illegible] for long, and in another [illegible] the audience is aroused by the [illegible] dramatic tensity of the situation.

Particularly skillful was the creation of the Russian atmosphere. In the first place the setting shows careful preparation as well as close attention to detail. The one interior that of a peasant's home, was used throughout. Scenery that had been designed and constructed after the pattern of a Russian house was provided. The furnishings were made to represent fittingly the humble life of their owner.

"The Shepherd" deals with the unhappy lot of a peaceful but down-trodden community over whose spiritual destinies presides one Adrian Lavrov. In spite of the clamor for vengeance against their oppressors Adrian, "the shepherd," counsels submission and no violence. While Adrian, a man of noble birth, has given up his life to his people, he still has love for the Princess Sophia.

Princess Sophia's affection is equally strong. She is eager for their marriage, but Adrain would put her out of his life, although he adores her. He seeks to sacrifice himself for humanity. The home in which he lives is crushed by the rule of the Czar and one misfortune after another descends upon it. Hearts are broken, romances destroyed, innocent folk persecuted and slain, and all without a "happy ending." Still, "The Shepherd" is a well-constructed play and that it received a conscientious performance is readily granted.

Mrs Gale as Princess Sophia made a charming figure and handled her emotional scenes very effectively. Mr Burnham as Adrian acted with power and sympathy. Tracy Putnam as Vasil was very convincing, while others who displayed more than common merit were Mrs Breed as Katerina, Miss Bond as Vera and Mr Condit as Gregorief.

may 1 1913

Ex-Gov. Long, at a dinner of the Authors' Club, declared that many modern novels are "fiendishly indecent." He would prefer even the dulness of "the old-fashioned New England authors," and he called for its restoration.

Now, it is up to the members of the Authors' Club. The task should not be difficult.

A Present Help.

While we are talking about literary, or pseudo-literary subjects, let us consider for a moment the Everyman Encyclopaedia of which two volumes have been published (A to Bri-). We hailed the announcement of publication with great joy, especially when we read that the compilers would deal with subjects that continually occur in reading a newspaper or books. In due course of time, we said to ourselves, we shall know how trolley cars are propelled, and be able to tell the young Adolphus the formulas for the inclined plane, wedge and screw, the age of Ninon Lenclos, and the color of Cleopatra's hair. With the two volumes now before us we shall be able to answer correspondents on all subjects from "Aa," the name of several rivers, to "Bridge"—the construction which provides a continuous path or road over water, valleys, ravines, or above other roads; also a card game. How many know the length of that interesting animal, the Aard-Vark, and how many teeth it has? Are the leaves of the Brazil cabbage or Chou Caralbe fit to eat?

Superfluous Criticism.

The compilers also announced that they tried to exclude "everything unnecessary"; to state essential facts as briefly as is consistent with accuracy. Who edited the biographical sketch of Jane Austen?

"It was found that she was suffering from severe consumption, and her friends were grieved to hear that it was but a question of months till the end."

Her work, which is characterized as "fine," met the approval of "such critics as Sir Walter Scott, Lord Macaulay, Southey and Coleridge." There are quotations from Scott and Macauley, and note the end of the article: "And such unstinted praise from such men is an honor which falls to the lot of few authors, and when one thinks that her best work was done when she was a girl of 22, her greatness can best be appreciated."

From this example of Silly-Billy criticism, let us turn to an excellent example of Phillstinism. We are told that Baudelaire was leading such a riotous life at 20 that his guardians sent him away to India. This statement of fact is not exact. "Though his work has high artistic merit, yet his subjects and treatment reveal a taste for disagreeable, even loatheome matter and a rebellion against the accepted canons of morality and society. * * * His is the art of presenting passion and vice in glowing and brilliant colors, and clothing horrible and abominable ideas in exquisite language." The author—we suspect Mrs. Grundy—speaks of his "earlier poems, "Les Fleurs de Mal." For "le" read "du," and there were no later or latest poeme except a few insignificant pieces included with poems dropped from the first great volume and published under the general title "Les Epaves." There is not a word about his beautiful prose poems. And in the volume condemned by Mrs. Grundy there is little that is exciting or voluptuous. In fact a strong argument might be made in behalf of Baudelaire as a moralist.

On a Sunday.

As the World Wags:

Your correspondent Mr. Bellamy, if he will look backward a little further, will solve his difficulty about Blackstone's statement which he quotes very accurately, that the court sat and gave judgment on Sunday, the 26 February. 26 Elizabeth; whereae that day, as Mr. Bellamy truly says, was not Sunday.

Going back to Coke's original report of the case, we find that the judgment was given on 16 February, 26 Eliz., and that day, namely Feb. 16, 1583-4, old style, fell on Sunday. The blunder is Blackstone's or his printer's. CROCUS.

Boston, April 28.

A Question of Etiquette.

As the World Wags:

The question of etiquette in my family is at present quite a disturbing element, I might say. A young lady who was our guest at the beach last summer, was rescued from drowning by a courteous and well-seeming youth to whom she had not been formally (or formerly) presented. He snatched her from a very high sea on to the beach, where numerous friends aided in reviving her. The youth of heroism modestly retired from the scene of rescue without waiting for a word of thanks. The young lady met him a second time in bathing and utterly ignored his presence on the plea, upon inquiry, of not having been introduced. Would it have been considered a breach of etiquette to have spoken in thanks of introductory remarks to him under the circumstances? I am of the opinion that it was her duty to speak, but belonging to a conventional New England family the elder members see fit to disagree and suggest writing you for an answer in your column.

CARRIE PAINE.

Braintree, April 29.

We know little about etiquette and Mrs. Sherwood's invaluable treatise on the subject is mislaid. Our own manners are easy, and we are not fussy about introductions. If we had been the young lady, we should have thrown our arms about the neck of the gallant youth and exclaimed: "My hero! My preserver!" for we have read of such gratitude and seen it acted on the stage. Possibly the bathing suit of the young man entered into the niceties of the problem. However, we make bold to say that the young woman should certainly have thanked him and afterward recognized him, even if he is not fair to outward view, in the water, or on land. We advise the honorable members of your family to read Gilbert's poem, "Etiquette," showing the sad fate on an island of two shipwrecked men who had not been introduced to each other.

may 2 1913

"The School for Scandal" Given by English Players from Gaiety Manchester.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE — Sheridan's "The School for Scandal." Matinee performance by the English Players from the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester.

Lady Sneerwell	Violet Vorley
Snake	Howard Cochran
Joseph Surface	Leonard Mudie
Maria	L. Sabin Bennett
Mrs. Candour	Isabel Beresford
Crabtree	Lionel Briggs
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Frank Forbes-Robertson
Sir Peter Teazle	Ernest Bodkin
Rowley	Cecil Brooking
Lady Teazle	Christie Laws
Sir Oliver Surface	Percy Foster
Moses	Edward Landor
Charles Surface	Milton Rosmer
Careless	Frank Darch
Sir Harry Bumper	Howard Cochran

The production was admirable. Perforce it was unfortunate that the audience should have been so small. On rare occasions only is one privileged to witness such a decisive revival of a Sheridan play.

In the first instance, it was artistic in almost every detail. In several of the scenes there was a premeditated slamming of a massive door as the actors passed through it. Ostensibly it was intended thus to offset the necessary artificiality of stage settings. But the intention was patent and, in consequence, obtrusive. Again, Charlee, after the famous auction of the pictures and the toast following, shattered his glass on the table. Thus was the effect heightened in a manner too theatrical to be artistic. But, excepting these two injudicious interpolations, the performance never for a moment overleaped the bounds of artistic propriety.

In the second place, the production was significant in its departure from traditional methods. It was more than a picture of 18th century life in England, curious and picturesquet. It wae more than an illustrated catalogue of fashions, manners and house decorations. Lady Teazle was not conventionally vivacious and sophisticated; Sir Peter was not conventionally stupid and kind; Joseph was not conventionally ponderous nor Charles conventionally mercurial. In lieu of tableau and tapestry were substituted life and action. Types were transformed into individuals. Indeed so real was the presentation that the conventional form even of the comedy was not appreciable. Sir Peter, alone and soliloquizing on his martial status, was persuasive. Joseph, in fact, [illegible] the audience the [illegible] intrigue was able to cover the error of the dramatist. Nothing more natural on the stage could be imagined than the meeting of the slanderers at the house of Lady Sneerwell. How incessant were the prattle, the giggle, the eager interruptions! How admirably the actors responded to their cues! Again, in the scene of the discovery, how eloquent was their sense of pause. In all, this was a presentation of comedy in a manner artistic and realistic.

For once, the play was given in its entirety. The opening scene, frequently omitted, between Lady Sneerwell and Snake, served to usher both characters into more than usual prominence. The innovation was gratifying. Crabtree's account of how Letitia Piper lost her character was not curtailed through a perverted sense of prudery. The minuet of the second act, however, might be properly shortened by the omission of certain figures which are not altogether in keeping with the nature of the dance.

The production was carefully and adequately mounted. In general, there was a happy absence of massiveness in the settings. Yet were they in truth pretty, notably the one representing the library. In addition, the staging of the play reflected great credit on the director. The personages were nicely grouped and the interpolated action scarcely ever intruded upon the course of the action. The costumes were in taste, though there might have been greater profusion in their color.

The English Players are uniformly excellent. In consequence, the acting was consistently meritorious. It is gratifying not to be constrained to indulge the presentation of the smallest part in a large cast. The conversational method of delivery of the players in the present instance is readily convincing. Artistic "diction," if the word can be used thus to qualify the manner of speech of actors, is the beginning of success in the art of the stage.

Miss Laws presented a new Lady Teazle. From the outset she discarded any semblance of the sophistication usually attributed to the character. Indeed, here was a wholly unresourceful beauty with her head slightly turned by the allurements of fashionable life, not an intriguing woman of the world. Her exit after the fall of the ecreen was not a triumphant one, it was broken and bent. In all, the characterization was pleasingly novel. Sir Peter, but for a rather youthful makeup, would have been a brisk and not over resonant gentleman with a gloomy humor. Mr. Bodkin's use of the pathetic was exquisite. Joseph flavored his hypocrisy with unexaggerated unction. Nor was he sanctimonious as is his wont. He was a young man of fashion possessed of grace and charm. Mr. Rosmer's Charles was correspondingly reserved in his abandon. His spark of humor was delightful. Big-hearted, sweet tempered, his boisterousnese was never offensive. In addition, Mr. Rosmer possesses a rich cadence of speech, an asset sufficiently rare to be appreciated in the exceptional case.

The remainder of the cast was entirely pleasing.

CLOSES SEASON FOR SYMPHONY

may 3

By PHILIP HALE.

The 24th and last public rehearsal of the 32d season of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Dr. Muck conductor, took place yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 1, C minor	Brahms
Overture to "Rienzi"	Wagner
Prelude to "Tristan und Isolde"	Wagner
Prelude to "Parsifal"	Wagner

As was eminently proper, the orchestra was the only soloist. The number of persons who believe that a symphony concert is after all an excuse for the pompous introduction of a violinist, singer or pianist, is growing less and less. In an ideal symphony concert, a soloist is a disturbing element, unless he be an essential part of the general scheme, or demanded by the composer for a particular work, as M. d'Indy calls for a skilled pianist in his Symphony on a Mountain Air.

Before Brahms's symphony the second movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony wae played in memory of John Pierpont Morgan.

The feature of the concert was the superb performance of Brahms's symphony. The selections from Wagner's operas were no doubt in commemoration of the composer's centennary, for Wagner was born on May 22, 1813. It is a good thing to hear the overture to "Rienzi" occassionally, so that we may remember that Wagner in his carlier years could write hideously vulgar music In comparison with this overture, the overture to "La Muette de Portici" and "Zampa" are masterpieces. And how could Wagner, conscious of the fact that he had written "Rienzi," attack Meyerbeer so virulently?

This concert was a fitting close to a brilliant symphonic season. The orchestra, under Dr. Muck, has regained the precision, the homogeneity, the elasticity and the euphony that had in its best years been its distinguishing qualities.

When Dr. Muck came here in October, he said that it was not the first [illegible] of the conductor [illegible] institution to provide his audience with new works simply because they were new, and without regard to their inherent worth but he would steadily choose the best works, the best as he saw them, new or old, and he should inspire the audience with the desire to hear nothing but the best.

The list of works performed this season is an interesting one. Two symphonies were played here for the first time in Boston, symphonies by Borodin and Lendval; there were five new symphonic poems or fantasias; one orchestral concerto and two solo concertos. There were 10 new works in all. Lendval's symphony and Holbrooke's "Queen Mab" were performed for the first time in this country. Forty-seven composers were represented. The announcement that a movement from Beethoven's 7th Symphony would be performed in memory of Mr. Morgan came after the editor of the program-book had sent it to the press. There were, then, 102 compositions played instead of 101, and Beethoven led with 14 compositions instead of 13. Wagner came next with 9, Brahms and Mozart had 5 each; Liszt, Schubert, Strauss and Weber had 4 each, but three of Schubert's were songs, as were three of Strauss's. J. S. Bach, Berlioz, Dvorak, Schumann, each were thrice represented; Charpentier, Debussy, Mendelssohn, Sinding, Strube, twice each. Those represented once were C. P. E. Bach, Bischoff, Borodin, Bruch, Bruckner, Chabrier, Chadwick, Dukas, Glazounoff, Gluck, Goldmark, Holbrooke, Klughardt, Lendval, Loeffler, MacDowell, Mahler, Marcello, Mraczek, Pfitzner, Reger, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Saint-Saens, Sgambati, Smetana, Tschaikowsky, Vivaldi, Volkmann. Tschaikowsky was represented only by a concerto.

Some may have wished more novelties, but the familiar compositions were so played under Dr. Muck's direction that even the most hardened listener found new beauties in them, so illuminative and eloquent was the performance.

The soloists were Mmes. Culp, Gerhardt, Rappold, Teyte and Mr. Witherspoon, singers; Messrs. Godowski, Pauer, Proctor, Wilks and Miss Schnitzer, pianists; Messrs. Kreisler, Noack, Witek, Ysaye, violinists; Messrs. Urack and Warnke, 'cellists, and Mr. Marshall, organist. As a rule, the concerts without a soloist were the more uniformly interesting. Mmes. Culp and Gerhardt were heard with more pleasure in recitals, and those who heard Mr. Ysaye's indifferent playing could not believe that he was the great artist they had already applauded. Miss Teyte sang delightfully and Mr. Kreisler gave a memorable performance of Beethoven's concerto. The members of the orchestra who appeared as soloists maintained their high standard. As a whole, the list of soloists was not so distinguished as in previous years.

To speak in detail of the many excellent orchestral performances would take much space. If one should single out the inspired interpretation of Mahler's symphony, or that of the second or first symphony of Brahms, another might call attention to the performances of Haydn's symphonies, Lendval's symphony, more distinguished than the work itself; MacDowell's "Indian" suite, Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl"; while another might point to other works on the list.

And so, not forgetting the noteworthy achievement of Mr. Kreisler, the chief soloist was Dr. Muck, who played at will on an instrument that is again, thanks to him, magnificent.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away.

The Arboreal Fly Killer.

As the World Wags:

In the late sixties there stood two trees in front of a private boarding stable, known as Blaisdell's stable, I think, on Tyler street, between Kneeland and Harvard streets. In summer the sidewalk under at least one of the trees was covered with dead flies. Can you name the tree which had the power to kill every fly alighting upon it? As I remember, there was no disagreeable odor from the tree and it was ornamental.

The stable was next to a primary school and the children were interested to see the hundreds of dead flies.

If the species is not detrimental to health in any way, the planting of such trees might in a way help to solve the fly problem near barns in the country.

MRS. L. C. LORD.

East Bridgewater, April 29.

We have consulted "The Theatre of Insects" (1658), by Tho. Mouffet, doctor in physick, but the learned man says nothing about this tree. If you should bury the tail of a wolf in the barn, flies would not enter. Meanwhile, to quote the old minstrel gag, the great question is, where do flies go in the winter? They ought to go there in the summer.

For and Against.

What was the tree once seen in Boston that Mrs. Lord remembers as fatal to flies, as the upas is to animals, two-legged or four-legged, that come under its branches? Can any arborist inform us?

"Let us mention some of the "remedies against flybitings" proposed by our good old friend Dr. Tho. Mouffet. Crocodile broth chaseth away flies, as does the perfume of yellow arsenic, olibanum, perfume of vitriol. The seed of henbane, black hellebore, and the froth of quicksilver with barley flour beaten and kneaded and made into little morsels with butter or grease and smeared with a little honey kills flies. They will not enter a house in which the gall of a hare mingled with milk or boiled in water has been sprinkled. If a man hold in his hand the stone Heraclites, or the touchstone, although he were daubed all over with honey, yet will not the flies come at him. And why mention boar's grease melted with rosin, the red-topped toadstool known as the Fly's mushroom, origanum, henbane, basil royal, rose-stripe, bugloss? As Dr. Mouffet shrewdly remarked: "The fly also by his boldness and sauciness hath taught men how to provide remedies against them." Though not as sentimental over the insect as was Uncle Toby, the doctor wrote a chapter "Of the Use of Flyes" and thus began: "These little creatures so hateful to all men, are not yet to be contemned as being created of Almighty God for diverse and sundry uses. First of all, by these we are forewarned of the near approaches of foul weather and storms; secondly, they yeeld medicines for us when we are sick, and are food for divers other creatures, as well. Birds as Fishes. They shew and set forth the Omnipotency of God, and execute his justice; they improve the diligence and providential wisdoms of men." And on this text the doctor preached an improving sermon fore five pages concluding with this fine burst: "The last use of Flies (and that not to be contemned neither) appears to be this, that whereas none of them passe a Summer, yet some of them do not live out a short day, we should by them be put in minde of our own frailty, and of the uncertainty of this vanishing life, the which altough preserved with all the dainty food that can be got, with the softest raiment, and all the best wales and means that may for a short space, yet when it seems most to flourish, it on a sudden declines and scarce with the fly holds out an Autumn, much lesse a Winter; we are in Pindar's account, but Dalesmen i.e. of a dales continuance, and as the dream of a shadow."

In the Nineties.

As the World Wags:

Elderly baseball fans, like other elderlies, are apt to refer to the "good old days." Looking over some newspaper clippings I find under date of 1893 the following spirited description of a game actually printed in a Boston paper. Present day reports cannot beat it in respect to vocabulary, even if the cartoons do. Here follows the reporter's brilliant work:

"A player reached first base on a blazing bounder that played a merry tattoo on another's shins. A ball was rapped which a baseman thought was covered with halos. A soft rippler was rolled to the pitcher who nabbed his man. The ball was soared back in time to corral the runner. There was a meteoric catch and a laced ball. A pellet was shot to third, a batsman pushed a peachy two-bagger to left. The next one was a crispy single, then a beauty bright was smashed by a batsman. One team had a bunch of juicy hits and a player lambasted a blazer over a member's head. The other side then plunked a high hounder which was a blistering to kill his man at his bailiwick!"

If that reporter is still living he must have an office chair and reporters of his own. I wonder if he would recognize his handicraft in the foregoing?

Boston, April 30. G. W. B.

Obadiah and Bacon.

As the World Wags:

To recall two of the topics of discussion in your columns, I desire to call attention to the fact that Obadiah was not a favorite even in the old days. See the 11th chapter of the third book of "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy." As to bacon, you will find in the second chapter of Thackeray's "Virginians" that the hero is made to partake of bacon and eggs for supper in or about the year 1756.

GEORGE BEAVER.

South Boston.

P. S. I remember buying three mugglets at the St Louis fair but have since lost them. They had inscriptions of a bibulous nature on their sides. G. B.

The terrible excommunication read against Obadiah in the above-named chapter was not against him because he was thus named, but because he tied certain hard knots.

The sentence of Thackeray is as follows: "In sight of his ancestors' hall he had to go and ask for a dish of bacon and eggs at a country ale-house." Harry was then in England, not in Virginia. The question was this: When were bacon and eggs first commonly served as a breakfast dish in the United States, or in the American colonies?

Our correspondents have written about "Muglets," not "Myglets."—Ed.

To Banyan.

Apropos of the Oxonian's inquiry as to the meaning of the verb "to Banyan."

As the World Wags:

Falconer's Marine Dictionary (London, 1830) says:

'Banian Days—A cant term among sailors, denoting those days on which they have no flesh meat served out to them; it seems to be derived from the practice of a nation among the eastern Indians, called Banians, who never eat flesh."

Does not Lady Lyttleton mean, then, that Count Kolowrath dieted on the somewhat indigestible combination she mentions?

CONCORD.

April 30, 1913.

There is a reference in "Roderick Random" to the meagre days, "Banyan days," when sailors were not served meat, but we find no use of "banyan" or "banian" as a verb.

May 4/1913

THE musical season of 1912-13, which ended last night with the 24th concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra, was interesting, though it was not so brilliant as certain seasons in the past.

The return of Dr. Muck as conductor of the Symphony orchestra was welcomed by many, who while they acknowledged and admired the sincerity and enthusiasm of Mr. Fiedler, were yet conscious of the fact that the orchestra had lost in precision, proportion and euphony, qualities that had set it apart from other orchestras. Dr. Muck is a patient drill master, but, knowing exactly what effects he wishes, he wastes no time on non-essentials. Furthermore, he has exquisite taste, a fine musical spirit, poetic imagination, and the authority over the players that is not exerted through wild gesticulation. Today the orchestra is even on a higher plane than when he left it, having succeeded Mr. Gericke, who moulded it and first gave to it the distinguishing characteristics.

But the Herald spoke yesterday of the Symphony season, and it is not now necessary to repeat these remarks.

The Sunday Concerts An important feature of the season was the series of Sunday concerts given in Symphony Hall and at the Boston Opera House. Those in Symphony Hall gave many the opportunity of hearing celebrated singers, pianists, violinists in the afternoon at a reasonable price. No wonder that they were pecuniarily successful. It is a pleasure to add that the programs were of a high standard and there was no appeal to the lovers of "spectacular" or too deliberately "popular" music. These artists took part:

Oct. 20—Mme. Calve with Galileo Gasparri, her husband, tenor, and Emiliano Renaud, pianist.

Nov. 10—The Philharmonic Society of New York, Mr. Stransky conductor. Weber, overture to "Euryanthe"; Beethoven, Symphony No. 5; Strauss, Love Scene from "Feuersnot"; Brahms, Concerto for violin (Mischa Elman, violinist); Liszt, "Tasso."

Nov. 24—Mme. Schumann-Heink, with Edward Collins, pianist.

Dec. 1—Fritz Kreisler, violinist, with orchestra led by Mr. Urack.

Dec. 8—Mme. Sembrich.

Dec. 15—Mischa Elman.

Dec. 29—Olive Fremstad and Riccardo Martin (Mr. Martin's first appearance here in concert).

Jan. 5—Clara Butt and her husband, Kennerley Rumford, baritone; his first appearance here.

Jan. 12—Eugene Ysayo in recital.

Jan. 19—Elena Gerhardt, soprano; Vera Barstow, violinist (her first appearance here); Erich Wolff, composer and pianist.

Feb. 2—Clara Butt and Mr. Rumford.

Feb. 16—Maggie Teyte, soprano, and Edmond Clement, tenor.

Feb. 23—John McCormack, tenor, with Melville A. Clark, harpist, and Edwin Schneider, pianist.

March 2—Alessandro Bonci, tenor, and Mme. Rhadeska (Mrs. Milo Benedict) soprano.

March 9—Second Pension Fund Concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

March 16—Julia Culp, mezzo soprano, and Leopold Godowsky, pianist.

March 30—Mischa Elman.

April 6—"The Creation," performed by the Handel and Haydn Society; Mrs. Hudson-Alexander, Evan Williams and Frederic Martin, soloists.

The concerts at the Boston Opera House were not of uniform excellence. Some of the programs were unusually interesting, as those of the Russian and French concerts. There were a few distinguished solo singers and players. The concerts as a rule did not draw large audiences, and those at the Weingartner-Marcel concerts were pitiably small. This conductor, whose symphony concerts in European cities are crowded, felt the neglect, and undoubtedly it influenced him in his determination not to return next season.

The list of new orchestral and vocal works performed at the Boston Opera House concerts is given elsewhere in this review. Here is a list of the soloists:

Dec 1—Russian concert: music by Balakireff, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodin. Mmes. Claessens, Barnes, Gauthier, Mr. Marcoux. Mr. Caplet, conductor.

Dec. 8—French concert, music by Rameau, Debussy ("La Demoiselle Elue"), two Nocturnes, Children's Corner, two Ariettes, piano pieces. Mary Garden, Florence DeCoury, Messrs. Diaz, Lippman, Sampieri. George Copeland, pianist. Mr. Caplet, conductor.

Dec. 15—French concert: music by Chabrier, Saint-Saens, Berlioz. Eugene Ysaye played Vieuxtemps's concerto No. 4 and Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole. Conductors, Messrs. Britt and Dubois.

[illegible]

Jan. 29 [illegible] Respoli [illegible] Gay and M[illegible] Mr. Caplet, [illegible]

Jan. 5—French concert [illegible] Berlioz [illegible] Lalo, D[illegible] Ravel [illegible] Singers: M[illegible] Barnes, Gauthier, Messrs. Clement, [illegible] Horace Britt [illegible] Messrs. S[illegible] and Strony, pianists. Mr. Caplet, conductor.

Jan. 12—Orchestral music by Rossini, Zandonai, Alfano, Wolf-Ferrari. Songs by Pirani, DeKoven, Cowen, Brahms, Vezzano. Mme. Tetrazzini and Mr. Britt, soloists. Messrs. Caplet and Moranzoni, conductors.

Jan. 19—Orchestral music by Chabrier, Debussy, Ravel, Berlioz. Songs by Mozart, Strauss and Schubert (Edward Lankow, bass). Brahms, "Liebeslieder" (Mmes. Fisher, Gauthier, Messrs. Diaz, Sampieri, quartet, Messrs. Stra[illegible]ram and Strony, pianists). Hans Lett, violinist (Bruch's Scottish Fantasia). Mr. Caplet, conductor.

Jan. 26—Orchestral music by Verdi, Wagner, Catalani, Rossini. Fely Dereyne sang arias by Thomas and Charpentier. Sigismond Stojowski, pianist, played his Symphonische Rhapsodie with orchestra. Mr. Moranzoni conducted.

Feb. 9—Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony and "Egmont" overture; Debussy's "Apres midi d'un Faune." Songs by Schubert and Weingartner, with orchestra. Mme. Marcel-Weingartner, soprano. Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Feb. 16—Weber's "Oberon" overture; Weingartner's "Gefilde der Seligen" and Lustige Ouverture; prelude to "The Mastersingers." Aria by Goetz and songs with orchestra by Weingartner. Mme. Marcel-Weingartner, soprano. Mr. Weingartner conducted.

Feb. 23 Mme. Cavalieri, announced, did not sing. Mme. Carmen Melis, soprano, and Mr. Laffitte, tenor. Orchestral pieces by Franck ("Redemption"), d'Indy ("Le Camp de Wallenstein"). Excerpts from "Tosca," "La Boheme," "Aida." Arias by Catalani and Bizet. Miss Van Baerentsen, pianist, played Saint-Saens's Concerto in G minor. Messrs. Caplet, Moranzoni and Dubois conducted.

March 2—Saint-Saens's Symphony No. 3; Weber's overture to "Der Freischuetz." Jaroslav Kocian played D'Ambrosio's violin concerto and Saint-Saens's Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso. Evelyn Scotney sang an aria from "The Magic Flute." Mr. Caplet conducted.

March 16—Orchestral music by Wagner, Mozart (Serenade for strings) and Saint-Saens. Elizabeth Amsden, soprano (Arias by Wagner and Mozart). Rudolph Ganz played Tschaikowsky's Concerto No. 1. Mr. Caplet conducted.

March 30—Concert by Alice Nielsen, soprano; M. J. Dwyer, tenor, and E. Renaud, pianist. No orchestra.

First Performances in Boston The following orchestral works were performed in Boston for the first time.

At Boston Symphony concerts:

Borodin. Symphony No. 2, B minor; Dec. 14, 1912.

Chadwick: Symphonic Fantasia, "Aphrodite"; April 5, 1913.

Holbrooke: "Queen Mab" (Shakespeare) Poem No. 7 (first performance in America); Jan. 4, 1913.

Klughardt: 'Cello Concerto, op. 59 (Mr. Warnke, 'cellist); Dec. 21, 1912.

Lendvai: Symphony in D major, op. 10 (first performance in America); Feb. 15, 1913.

Mraczek: Symphonic Burleska (after W. Busch's "Max und Moritz"); March 15, 1913.

Reger: Concerto in the ancient style for orchestra; Dec. 14, 1912.

Strube: Two Symphonic Poems, "Narcissus and Echo," "Die Loreley" (first performance anywhere); Jan. 25, 1913.

Vivaldi: Concerto in G minor for violin, organ and string orchestra (Eugene Ysaye), March 8, 1913.

At Sunday concerts in the Boston Opera House:

Alfano: Suite Romantica; Jan. 12, 1913.

Balakireff: "Thamar," Symphonic Poem; Dec. 1, 1912.

Borodin. Marche Polovtsienne and Danses Polovtsiennes, Dec. 1, 1912.

Catalani: Prelude to Act III. of "Wally"; Jan. 26, 1913. Danza delle Ondine, from "Loreley"; Jan. 26, 1913.

Rameau: Overture to "Zais", Dec. 8, 1912. "Les Indes Galantes," Ballet airs; Dec. 8, 1912.

Ravel: "Pavane pour une Infante Defunte"; Jan. 5, 1913.

Stojowski: Symphonische Rhapsodie for piano (the composer) and orchestra; Jan. 26, 1913.

Weingartner: Lustige Ouverture; Feb. 16, 1913.

Zandonai: Serenata Medioevale, for 'cello (Mr. Britt) and small orchestra; Jan. 12, 1913.

At a Sunday afternoon concert at Symphony Hall, with Mr. Kreisler, Dec. 1, 1912.

Urack: Intermezzo for strings from the opera "Signor Formica."

Chamber Concerts The Kneisel Quartet gave four concerts: Nov. 5, Dec. 3 (E. Consolo, pianist), Jan 7 (Frieda Siemens, pianist), March 18 (R. Ganz, pianist). No new work. Mr. Lett was the new second violinist.

The Flonzaley Quartet gave three concerts: Dec. 12, Feb. 6, March 13. No new work.

The Hoffmann Quartet gave two concerts: Dec. 10 (Alice Eldridge, pianist), Feb. 13. No new work.

The Longy Club gave concerts on Dec. 17. Strauss, suite in B flat major for wind instruments (first time); Jan. 23, F. Schmitt, Lied and Scherzo for horn and wind instruments (first time), Weingartner, quintet for piano, clarinet, violin, viola, 'cello (first time); March 6, Debussy ballade, Villon, sung by Mme. Sundelius, Aubert; "Le Reve," from "La Foret Bleue," sung by Mme. Sundelius—both for the first time here.

The Witek Trio gave three concerts: Dec. 11, Jan. 22, Haydn, violin concerto in C major, with acc. of strings and piano (first time in America), Feb. 24.

It will be seen that few new works in chamber music were introduced. The Kneisels played music by Schubert, Gliere, Franck, Haydn, Strauss ('cello sonata), (Messrs. Willeke and Consolo), Beethoven, Brahms, Loeffler (quintet in F major), Schumann (piano quintet, Miss Siemens, pianist), Reger, Schumann (piano quartet, Rudolph Ganz, pianist). Features of these concerts were Loeffler's quintet and Gliere's Theme and Variations.

[illegible] They [illegible] T[illegible] Borchard [illegible]

The Hoffmann quartet [illegible] by Dohnanyi [illegible] pianist [illegible] Wolf, S[illegible]

The concerts of the Longy Club were interesting in [illegible] and performance. The list of new works performed is given elsewhere. The programmes included compositions by Mozart, Reinecke, Saint-Saens, Pierne, [illegible] Bernard, and songs by Debussy, Lalo, Aubert (Mme. Sundelius).

Choral Societies The Cecilia gave three concerts that should have drawn larger audiences. By larger, I mean paying audiences, for many free tickets were distributed. At the first concert, Dec. 19, Verdi's "Te Deum" was performed and Wolf-Ferrari's "Vita Nuova" was produced for the first time in this city. It is a singularly beautiful and original work. The wonder is that the composer of this mystical and emotional music is also the composer of the banal "Jewels of the Madonna" and the insignificant "Secret of Suzanne." The solo singers were Mrs. Hudson-Alexander and Earl Cartwright. The program of the second concert, Feb. 20, was of a miscellaneous nature, and included Moussorgsky's "Joshua" (first time here), and motets and part songs by Palestrina, Plueddemann, Vogt, Bantock, Mackenzie; also an old French noel, an old English part song, and Grainger's arrangement of an Irish tune. Mme. Szumowska played groups of piano pieces. At the third concert April 17, Palestrina's "Tenebrae factae sunt" was sung in memory of W. [illegible] Alger's [illegible] gar's "Music Makers" was performed here for the first time. It is a pretentious cantata, but not rich in ideas, theatrical instead of dramatic, musically weak except in certain quotations from the composer's earlier works, interesting chiefly by reason of the instrumentation. The program also included Coleridge-Taylor's "Death of Minnehaha," which should be left on the shelf. The solo singers were Miss Mildred Potter and Clifford Lott (his first appearance here). It is to be regretted that the general public has lost interest in the Cecilia and in choral works.

The Handel and Haydn has its own peculiar public, an oratorio public that welcomes the old and the well known. The concerts were as follows: Dec. 22, "The Messiah" (Miss Barrows, Miss Potter, Mr. Pagdin, Mr. Martin). Dec. 23, "The Messiah" (Mrs Calvert, Miss Potter, Mr. Rasely, Mr. Flint). Feb. 9, Chadwick's "Phoenix Expirans," Gounod's "Gallia," Rossini's "Stabat Mater"; also Schubert's song "Die Allmacht" (Mmes. Hudson-Alexander, Schumann-Heink, Adelaide Griggs, Paul Althouse, Frederic Martin). March 23, "Elijah" (Mrs. Williams, Miss Whitcomb, Mrs. Hunt, Mr. Pagdin, Mr. Cartwright—Elijah). April 6, "The Creation" (Mrs. Hudson-Alexander, Evan Williams, Frederic Martin).

The People's Choral Union gave two concerts. Jan. 26, miscellaneous program, including Bruch's "Cross of Fire" and Humiston's "Iphigenia" (first performance). Solo singers: Edna S. Dunham, soprano, and Horatio Connell, baritone. April 27, "The Messiah." Marie Stoddard, Marion May, Joseph Goudreault and George H. Downing.

The Apollo Club gave no public concert. The subscription nights were as follows: Nov. 12 (Florence Hinkle, soprano), Jan. 7 (Earl Cartwright, baritone), Feb. 18 (Irma Seydel, violinist), April 8, with Boston Festival orchestra.

Piano Recitals Baerentzen, Aline Van, a young pianist with unusual technic, who should study diligently the art of interpretation, Nov. 20. See also Sunday concerts at the Boston Opera House.

Belue, Robert J., a blind pianist, who has also had to contend with sickness, April 10.

Collins, Edward, played at Mme. Schumann-Heink's recital, Nov. 24.

Copeland, George. Recitals, Nov. 20, pieces by Bach, Mozart, Scarlatti, Liszt, Chopin, Debussy and new pieces by Enesco, Albeniz, Jongen, Dec. 10, pieces by Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Cyril Scott, Debussy, Chabrier, Jan. 21, pieces by Mattheson, Scarlatti, Mozart, Beethoven, Moussorgsky, Debussy, Albeniz, Grovlez. Also played in private concerts. See concerts at Boston Opera House. Mr. Copeland by his performance of Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata showed that he has breadth and depth as well as finesse.

Eldridge, Alice, a young pianist of promise, Nov. 26. See Hoffman quartet.

Glose, Adolphe, with Baron Berthald, Nov. 18.

Godowsky, Leopold, with Mme. Culp, March 16, played at a Symphony concert.

Hawthorne, Ernest, Jan. 23.

Lerner, Tina, Nov. 14, one of the chief recitals of the season. Schumann's sonata op. 11, and pieces by Mozart, Weber, Chopin, Strauss-Tausig, Liszt.

Miller, Seiden, singer and pianist, first appearance here Nov. 19, Dec. 17.

Paur, Max [illegible] here. A [illegible] an unusual [illegible]

[illegible] sed at a [illegible] concert [illegible] See [illegible]or, G[illegible] Nov. [illegible] Jan. 19. [illegible] Opera House [illegible] Played [illegible] Symphony concert [illegible]ud, Emiliano, with Mme. Calve [illegible]

Oct. 20. See Boston Opera House concerts.

Rider-Possart, Cornelia, Dec. 11. Her first recital here. Played with George Harris, Jr., tenor, March 13.

Ruhner, Dagmar de C. Played at Miss Lincoln's recital Nov. 14. First appearance hers. Pieces by Rimsky-Korsakoff, Rachmaninoff, Tschaikowsky, Brahms, Debussy, Ravel, C. Palmer.

Schelling, Ernest, Jan. 27. A brilliant concert and a remarkable performance of Liszt's sonata in B minor.

Schneider, Edwin. At John McCormack's concert, Feb. 23.

Schnitzer, Germaine, Jan. 11. A recital conspicuous for brilliance and force. Played at a Symphony concert.

Schroeder, Hedwig, with her father, Alwin Schroeder, 'cellist, Dec. 10.

Snow, Francis, March 11.

Stone, Thompson, with Miss Brandegee, violinist, March 6.

Szumowska, Mme. Lesson—Recital Dec. 14. Original and interesting remarks about playing music by Mendelssohn, Schumann and Chopin. See Cecilia concerts.

Thompson, Edith, Dec. 16, and with Miss Grosvenor, soprano, Feb. 20.

Thornton, Rosalis, Nov. 13.

Tibbs, Roy W., at Mr. Hayes's recital Nov. 19.

Singers in Recital

Berthald, Baron, Nov. 18.

Bonci A., March 2.

Bullard, Edith, with Miss Wood, April 3.

Butt, Clara, Jan. 5, Feb. 2, with her husband, Kennerley Rumford.

Calve, Mme., Oct. 20, with her husband, Galileo Gasparri, tenor, and Emiliano Reynaud, pianist.

Cheatham, Kitty. Her first appearance here, Jan. 18, March 27.

Clement, Edmond, Jan. 9. Also with Maggie Teyte, Feb. 16.

Culp, Julia. Her first appearance here Feb. 10. Songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms. Feb. 24, songs by Beethoven, Tschaikowsky, Liszt, Loewe, Jensen, H. Wolf. March 16 with L. Godowsky. Sang at a Symphony concert.

Denghausen, Alfred, Nov. 15. An unusually interesting program with unfamiliar old German songs and songs by Borodin, Balakireff and Moussorgsky.

Dercyne, Fely, Jan. 13, with George Proctor. (See Boston Opera House concerts.)

Devere-Sapio, Clementine, soprano. Her first recital here, Dec. 5.

Fisher, Florence, with Barbara Meyer, Feb. 18.

Fremstad, Olive, with Riccardo Martin, Dec. 29.

Fuller Sisters, the, April 5, 11, 14, 16.

Gallozzi, Thomas A., tenor. His first appearance, Oct. 10, with Clara Sexton and others.

Gerhardt, Elena, Jan. 19, with Vera Barstow, violinist, Feb. 27. Sang at a Symphony concert.

Goodrich, Helen, contralto. Her first recital in Boston, March 31. Unfamiliar songs by Krehl and Melartin.

Grosvenor, Charlotte, soprano, Feb. 20. With Edith Thompson, pianist.

Harris, George, Jr., March 13. With Mme. Rider-Possart.

Hayes, Roland W., tenor, Nov. 19.

Hunt, Helen A., mezzo contralto, Nov. 22. The program included unfamiliar songs by Hahn, Hue, Mathe, Carpenter.

Huston, Margaret, English soprano. Her first appearance March 19. A singer of indisputable talent handicapped by a cold.

Joslyn, Frederic, a young bass-baritone. First appearance, Jan. 16.

Lincoln, Kate, soprano, Nov. 14. A fresh and varied program. Miss Rubner, pianist.

Llewellyn, Louise, soprano, Oct. 25. Costume recital of folk songs of Brittany.

McCormack, John, tenor, Feb. 23.

Mayer, Barbara, with Miss F. Fisher Feb. 18.

Miller, Selden, singer and pianist. His first appearance here, Nov. 19. Dec. 3, 17.

Nordica, Mme. April 20.

Richardson, W. H., baritone, Nov. 19.

Schumann-Heink, Mme., Nov. 24. With Edward Collins, pianist.

Sembrich, Mme. Dec. 8.

Sexton, Clara, with T. A. Gallozzi, Oct. 10.

Teyte, Maggie, soprano, Jan. 31. With Edmond Clement, Feb. 16. Sang at a Symphony concert.

Townsend, Stephen, Jan. 23. Program of Schumann's songs in English.

Violin Recitals

Barstow, Vera. Her first appearance here with Miss Gerhardt, Jan. 19.

Brandegee, Hildegard. Her first recital here Feb. 25. With Thompson Stone, pianist, March 6.

Elman, Mischa. Dec. 15, March 30. Played at a Symphony concert.

Fletcher, Nina, Jan. 30. A performance of unusual merit.

Kreisler, Fritz. Dec. 1 with orchestra. Played at a Symphony concert.

Ysaye, Eugene. Jan. 12, Feb. 21, April 12. Remarkable recitals, as remarkable [illegible] the indifferent performance of this [illegible]eat master at a Symphony concert. See [Bos]ton Opera House concerts.

Zimbalist, E. March 17.

Miscellaneous Concerts

'Cello [illegible] H[illegible]ard White at Miss Martin's harp recital, Nov 25. Alvin Schroeder, with his daughter Hedwig, Dec 10. Paulo Gruppe, Feb. 19. Gutia Casini at Miss Goodrich's recital, March 31. Mr. Casini, a young Russian, played here for the first time and made a favorable impression by his rich tone, well developed technic, emotional nature and musical phrasing.

Harp recitals: Miss Edith Martin, Nov. 25; Melville A. Clark, at John McCormack's concert, Feb. 23.

Organ recital: E. E. Truette, Symphony Hall, April 8.

Chronological List of First Appearances

The following chronological list of first performances and first appearances may be of interest: (B. S. O., Boston Symphony orchestra; B. O. H., Boston Opera House; L. C., Longy Club; C., Cecilia Society.)

1912, Oct. 10, Thomas A. Gallozzi, tenor; Oct. 20, Mme. Calve; Galileo Gasparri, Mme. Calve's husband, tenor.

Nov. 14—Miss Dagmar de C. Rubner, pianist.
Nov. 19—Selden Miller, singer and pianist.
Nov. 20—Aline van Baerentzen, pianist.
Nov. 24—Edward Collins, pianist.
Nov. 30—Otto Urack, 'cellist, B. S. O.
Dec. 1—Balakireff, "Thamar" Symphonic Poem; Borodin, March Polovtsienne and Denses Polovtsienne, from "Prince Igor," certain excerpta from "Boris Godunoff," B. O. H.
Dec. 1—Urack, Intermezzo for strings from the opera "Signor Formica."
Dec. 5—First recital here of Clementine de Vere-Sapio, soprano.
Dec. 8—Rameau, Overture to "Zais" and Ballet airs from "Les Indes Galantes," Trio of Fates from "Hippolyte et Aricie," B. O. H.
Dec. 11—Cornelia Rider-Possart, pianist.
Dec. 14—Borodin, Symphony No. 2, B. S. O.
Dec. 14—Reger, Concerto in the ancient style, for orchestra, B. S. O.
Dec. 17—R. Strauss, Suite in B flat major for wind instruments, L. C.
Dec. 19—Wolf-Ferrari's "La Vita Nuova," C.
Dec. 21—Klughardt, Concerto for 'cello, B. S. O.
Jan. 4—Holbrooke, "Queen Mab" (first time in America), B. S. O.

1913—

Jan. 5—Kennerley Rumford, baritone.
Jan. 5—Florent Schmitt, Chansons a Quatre Voix (two pianos and vocal quartet); Ravel, Pavane pour un' Infante Defunte, B. O. H.
Jan. 12—Veracini, Sonata in A minor; Gemianini, Sonata in B minor; Vitali, Chaconne, all played by Mr. Ysaye.
Jan. 12—Alfano, Suite Romantice; Zandonai, Serenata Mediovale, for 'cello and orchestra, B. O. H.
Jan. 18—Kitty Cheatam, musical entertainer.
Jan. 19—Hans Lett, violinist, B. O. H.
Jan. 22—Haydn, Violin Concerto, C major, Witek Trio Club.
Jan. 23—Florent Schmitt, Lied and Scherzo, op. 54; Weingartner, Quintet for piano, clarinet and strings, L. C.
Jan. 25—Strube, two Symphonic Poems, "Narcissus and Echo" and "Die Loreley," B. S. O. (first performance).
Jan. 26—Humiston, "Iphigenia Before the Sacrifice at Aulis," for soprano, chorus and orchestra (first performance), People's Choral Union.
Jan. 26—Catalani, Prelude to Act III. of "Wally" and Danza delle Ondine, from "Loreley"; Stojowski, Symphonische Rhapsodie for piano (the composer, pianist) and orchestra, B. O. H.
Feb. 4—Carpenter, Violin Sonata in G major, Mr. and Mrs. Mannes.
Feb. 9—Weingartner, "Schaefers Sonntagslied," "Welke Rose" and "Deine Schoenheit," with orchestra; sung by Mme. Marcel, B. O. H.
Feb. 10—Julia Culp, mezzo soprano.
Feb. 15—Lendvai, Symphony in D major (first performance in America), B. S. O.
Feb. 15—Max Pauer, pianist, B. S. O.
Feb. 16—Weingartner, Lustige Ouverture; songs with orchestra, "Blick in den Strom," "Wiegenlied," "Nacht," sung by Mme. Marcel, B. O. H.
Feb. 20—Part songs by Bantock, Mackenzie and others, and Moussorgsky's "Joshua," C.
Feb. 25—Hildegard Brandegee, violinist.
March 5—Debussy, Ballade of Villon (Mme. Sundelina), L. C.
March 8—Vivaldi, Concerto in G minor for violin, B. S. O.
March 10—Max Pauer, pianist (first recital here).
March 15—Mraczek, Symphonic Burleske (after W. Busch's "Max and Moritz"), B. S. O.
March 19—Margaret Huston, soprano.
March 29—Norman Wilks, pianist, B. S. O.
March 31—Helen Goodrich, contralto, and Gutia Casini, 'cellist.
April 5—Chadwick, Symphonic Fantasie, "Aphrodite," B. S. O.
April 7—Te Ahm e Squeet (Bee Mayes), Indian songs and dances (first public appearance here).
April 10—Robert J. Belue, blind pianist.
April 17—Elgar, "The Music Makers," C.

Notes and Comment

There have been more brilliant seasons as far as visiting virtuosos are concerned. Mr. Ysaye is now apparently a man of recitals, rather than a player with orchestra, while Mr. Kreisler, admirable in recital, gave a wonderful performance of Beethoven's concerto at a Symphony concert. Between him and Mr. Ysaye comparisons were made, as there were between Mme. Culp and Miss Gerhardt. Mme. Culp has the richer, more emotional voice, and the finer art. Her management of breath is extraordinary. The interpretaion of each song is most carefully composed, while Miss Gerhardt is apparently the more spontaneous and sings with more dash. The two are excellent lieder singer, and both are to be enjoyed. They were on the whole more effective in recital than with the orchestra, while Miss Maggie Teyte was delightful wherever she was heard.

Mr. Max Pauer played very fast, faster than anyone until Miss Schnitzer galloped through Liszt's concerto with Dr. Muck and the orchestra neck and neck.

Miss Lerner's piano recital was one of the features of the season, and Mr. Copeland by his masterly interpretation of music by Beethoven and Mozart fully answered those who characterized him as only a specialist in Debussy. Young Mr. Casini, the 'cellist, gives promise of a brilliant future.

[illegible] Weingartner showed his a[illegible] as [a sy]mphonic conductor, but his wife was n[ot] vocally well disposed. Unfamiliar and interesting compositions by French and Russian composers were brought out at the Boston Opera House concerts, and the quality of the orchestra performancs has improved. The Herald spoke yesterday of the programs and performances of ths Boston Symphony orchestra.

Many of us regretted that there was not more modern chamber music. The Longy Club introduced unknown compositions by contemporaneous composers, but the Kneisels and the Flonzaleys were conservative. The character of the performances was high, and the progress of the Hoffmann quartet in the matter of interpretation should not pass unnoticed.

It is not necessary at the end of the season to review all the givers of recitals; to say that this one showed taste, and that one played mechanically, or sang unintelligently. This may be said, however: the quality of the programs, as a rule, was excellent. Compare these programs with those of 10 years ago and mark the improvement. Local singers especially have left the beaten track in their wish to present a variety and interesting program. They have also paid more attention to enunciation. Yet why do soms insist on singing in French and German, when they have little comprehension of the text and the pronunciation of it?

In Memoriam

In the course of the season William Foster Apthorp died at La Tour de Peilz, Switzerland. For many years he was active in the musical life of this city, and fought valiantly as a critic for that which is best in music and the drama.

Mme. Gertrude Franklin Salisbury died suddenly. Having been an accomplished singer, she gained even greater renown as a teacher, and her intelligence, taste and her fidelity to her pupils brought artistic results.

Heinrich Schuecker, harpist of the Boston Symphony orchestra since 1886, also died suddenly. As virtuoso and teacher he won renown, but his ability was still more strikingly displayed as an orchestral player.

Henry C. Brown, a distinguished cornet player and the leader of Brown's Brigade band, which in its day was famous throughout New England, died early in the season.

We are indebted to Mr. Thomas M. Carter for the following note about August Fries, who died at Bergen, Norway, March 26. He was born at Renaburg, Germany, August 23, 1821. His father, a school teacher and violinist, gave him his lessons until he was 14, when he went to Kiel. Having studied there for six years, he went to Norway. He and his brother Wulf, the 'cellist, came to New York in 1848, and the next year to Boston, with the Lombardy orchestra (the remnant of a disorganized opera company) as leader. Here he organized the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, while the brothers were members of the old National Theatre orchestra under John Holloway. August left Boston for Bergen in 1857 or '58, but returned about 1872 and remained five years, during which time he served one or more seasons as concertmaster of the Harvard Symphony orchestra. Then he went back to Bergen, where he remained until his death. He was never married. Among his many pupils in this city is Mr. Daniel Kuntz of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

Mr. Atkinson's "Cinque Waltz"

A mistake of the reporter and an oversight of mine in looking over the proofs led to its being stated in the interview which appeared in the Sunday Herald of April 20 that I had come to the conclusion that "no five-time rhythm existed before 1900." Such a statement is of course absurd, and I never made it. But all five-time rhythm is not what I have called "cinque" rhythm any more than all three time rhythm is waltz rhythm. Now cinque rhythm consists essentially in there being no note struck in the accompaniment on the third count of the bar. No five-time music which I have come across has this peculiarity, which is essential to the "cinque" dance and which gives the five time an unmistakable lilt and freedom. Five time thus becomes as flowing as the measure of a waltz, whereas the five-time pieces with which I am familiar—even the movement in Tchaikowski's fifth symphony—have always appeared to me to be somewhat labored and hard to follow in spite of their charm.

ROBERT W. ATKINSON.

Brookline.

May 5 1913

A hot May makes a fat church yard.
The more thunder in May, the less in August and September.
May showers bring milk and meal.
A dry May is followed by a wet June.
Cold May brings many things.
A snow storm in May
is worth a wagon-load of hay.

That Bear Pit.

As the World Wags:

To satisfy "Dryasdust's" inquiry, I well remember the Bear Pit where is now the Public Garden. It was a circle about 20 feet in diameter, sunk about 12 feet below the surface, lined with perpendicular planks, ths tops of which projectsd about two feet above the ground. There was an upright pole in the middle with steps nailed on which the bears climbed, and there were doors cut through ths planking into which they could go in bad weather. There were three or four black bears, very amusing to us boys with their antics. I think ths land was fenced, and was called the Botanical Garden, and it was also a mild attempt at a zoo. I remember there was some kind of a rare ram tethered on the grass, and soms tall cranes that walked about loose and had red topknots. We boys were standing near the ram one day, apparently out of his reach, when he charged us and butted one boy who had his back turned and sent him sprawling. The boy picked himself up very mad and said: "W—which of you did that?" I remember starting a pair of wild black ducks from a small pond there. Peeps and plover were frequently seen along the beach where is now Arlington street, and we used to fish for smelts off the Mill Dam road, now gorgeous lower Beacon street. We could play hockey or cricket anywhere on the Common. Baseball and football were not so popular. Hockey was splendid. J. M. C.

Brookline, April 29.

By Will and Testament.

Dick and Patsey, the cats that have inherited from Mrs. Harriet J. Ginty of Charlestown, are not the first of their race to be thus honored. Mme. Jeanne Felix Dupuis by her will, dated Paris, 1671, bequeathed her two cats to one Nicole Pigeon and 30 sous a month for the care of them. Mme. Dupuis was an excellent musician, a skilful player of lute and harp, and very rich. She ordered that the cats should have a meat soup twice a day, and each cat should have its own plate. There were minute directions for the making of the soup. Unfortunately for the cats, the will was so extravagant that it was declared null and void.

Drexilius in his "Avant-Coureur de l'Eternite" tells of a woman who bequeathed 500 ecus to a cat. The advocate Pierre Jean Grosley left 24 livres a year to provide for his two cats, and he was a very learned man, a witty, original, rather caustic writer. He dedicated one of his books to Mimi, the inseparable companion and the sole confidant of his labors. An English woman in 1828 left £5 a year to her beloved Tib. But it is not necessary to go so far back. Benjamin F. Dilley of Wilkesbarre, Pa., dying in 1906, bequeathed $40,000 to his cats Blackie and Pinkie, the income to be used in providing for them as long as they lived. Pinkie died early in 1908. Blackie, born in 1892, was chloroformed to end his sufferings on May 7, 1908. When he died he was the wealthiest cat in the world.

Money has been left to carp, horses, monkeys, and in May 1902, a rich woman of Lisbon, Portugal, named Silva, left her entire property to a cock, for she was a devout believer in the transmigration of souls, and imagined that the soul of her dead husband had entered the body of this fowl, named Pedro. Her relatives were about to dispute the will, when one of the natural heirs killed poor Pedro.

Why Not Sideways?

As the World Wags:

Now that the Borden girl, who disappeared and then reappeared with such a rich, condensed-creamy flavor, has been restored to the milk white embraces of the fondest of fathers; now that we have been thrilled and astonished by the information that the B. A. A. has less than $100 of bad debts, I feel free to propound a query which has been running in my mind as insistently as the "Punch, brothers, punch with care" verses scrambled through the head of Mark Twain. Query: In returning between the acts to the middle of a row of theatre seats, all of them occupied by nice people, should one enter exposing his front or his rear elevation to his row mates?

When I squeeze by with my Herculean shoulders, browned neck and motor-man's haircut exposed to the persons in the row, I am very likely to tread on more than the statutory number of toes. I have the most uninspiring part of my body in front of other persons. I butt into the sitters willy-nilly. I claw persons sitting in the row in front. I feel as mortified as one might in my stewedent days, when a waiter whom I had just graced with a ten cent tip, chided me because I rested momentarily, half sitting, on a vacant table. And I have made no mention of the embarrassment of begging pardon while the back is turned.

On the other hand, if I percolate through with my face to the foe, my breath is likely to cause comment, although ale is my only drink. Women who wear a white ribbon on the mind hurl silent curses at me. I seem to be doing the tango with the stout parties I pass. My knees impinge on others' knees. And worst of all, I disarrange coiffures, possibly very expensive coiffures of the innocent third parties in the row ahead.

If Mr. Herkimer Johnson has room under the heading of Etiquette for anything but chapters on the conventions of the bar-room towel, the proper elevation for the rail in front of first-class

[illegible] the advisability of using saw[illegible] [illegible] floors, possibly he has considered this cause of my worries.

PATRICK J. PEARL.

Brookline

But, why, Mr. Pearl, do you go out at all? Why do you not sit decently in your seat and enjoy the conversation of those behind you? Or if you must go out why not return sideways?

May 6 1913

'SWEETHEARTS' AT THE COLONIAL

By PHILIP HALE.

COLONIAL THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "Sweethearts," an operetta in two acts, book by Fred de Gresac and Harry B. Smith; lyrics by Robert B. Smith; music by Victor Herbert. Mr. Herbert conducted. The operetta was performed for the first time at Baltimore March 24, 1913.

Sylvia	Christie Macdonald
Lady Paula	Ethel Du Fre Houston
Mikel Mikeloviz	Tom. McNaughton
Franz	Thomas Conkey
Lieutenant Karl	Edwin Wilson
Hon. Percy Algernon Slingsby	Lionel Walsh
Petrus Van Tromp	Frank Belcher
Aristide Caniche	Robert O'Connor
Liane	Ruth Lincoln

Long before W. S. Gilbert was knighted, he wrote a pretty little comedy entitled "Sweethearts." The operetta produced last night has a far more complex plot, and the librettists, alas, are not Gilberts.

The playbill informed us that the story is founded on the adventures of Princess Jeanne, daughter of King Rene of Navarre. The time has been changed from the 16th to the 20th century and the "locale" to Bruges. It is not necessary to give the plot in full. Suffice it to say that the crown princess of Zitania is taken as a baby to Bruges, dropped in a tulip garden, and adopted by a laundry woman. The heir presumptive roaming incog falls in love with her and proposes marriage. Slingsby, Van Tromp and Caniche, having learned the secret of her birth, attempt to buy for various purposes the palace in Zitania. Mikeloviz, who took Sylvia as a baby to Bruges, returns to the town, passes himself off as the long absent husband of the laundry woman, and, wishing to take back to Zitania the princess, bears off Liane a coquettish milliner, for Sylvia has told him that this Liane is the adopted daughter. There is a minor love affair; there are plots and counterplots, all of a more or less humorous nature, but of course there is a happy ending.

It should be said at once that this operetta was greatly enjoyed by the large audience. A laborious analyst might say that this was due to Mr. Herbert's music, to the presence of Miss Macdonald, and to the painstaking efforts of Mr. McNaughton.

The story is one of many variations on a well-worn theme. It is told diffusely. The dialogue is not only long winded, but it is often pointless and the operetta would be much improved by cutting out large sections of talky-talk. It was probably intended at first that this operetta should be a romantic opera-comique. Had it been played throughout in this vein, and if the part of Mikeloviz had not been given to Mr. McNaughton, the audience would no doubt have enjoyed it less in spite of Mr. Herbert's music, which, as the operetta stands today, is superior to the libretto.

The music gained in effect by being conducted by the composer, who infused vitality into a few pages that are not inherently spirited, added emphasis to dashing marches and sonorous ensembles, and displayed his musical taste and sentiment in the interpretation of the more romantic members. All the music was heartily enjoyed by the audience. The "Angelus" scene is especially effective and is worthy of Mr. Herbert at his best. It is a scene that might be introduced in grand opera. The finale to the first act, on the other hand, while it is well constructed, lacks melodic charm and spontaneity. Among the lighter numbers, the duet "Cricket on the Hearth" is especially to be commended.

It was announced that Miss Macdonald was suffering severe pain from a sprained ankle. She disguised her suffering, although she could not dance, for she was winsome and smiling and sang clearly and sweetly in her unaffected unpretentious way. Miss Lincoln was an attractive milliner and Miss Houston acted Paula with considerable humor. Mr. Conkey bore himself manfully as the heir to the throne, and it must be remembered that the majority of princes in operetta are sad sights, enough to incite the most conservative subjects to revolt.

Mr. Walsh was amusing in a dry manner as Slingsby. The song, or rather accompanied recitation in which he eulogized his ready wit, was the feature of the operetta as far as the comedians were concerned. Was Mr. McNaughton funny? The audience thought he was and the laughter that greeted everything he said and did was of the hair-trigger order. Never argue with any-[illegible] [illegible] to a b[illegible] operetta [illegible]dian.

There are some [illegible] only mention the name [illegible] Wolf Hopper or Mr. Frank Daniels. Mr. McNaughton is an earnest laborer in the vineyard, and the wine of his humor intoxicates his many admirers. Mr. Belcher was as conscientious and resonant as ever, and Mr. O'Connor's caricature of a Frenchman evidently gave pleasure.

The chorus and orchestra were excellent, but the male members of the chorus were more at ease in the music than as courtiers in the Zitanian Palace.

Mr. Herbert, who, as conductor indulged in violent exercise throughout the evening, made the customary and expected speech, and praised everything and everybody connected with the operetta except himself; yet Mr. Herbert's music is the feature of the performance.

CASTLE SQUARE—"The Fourth Estate," a play in four acts, by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford.

Wheeler Brand	William P. Carleton
Michael Nolan	Donald Meek
Sylvester Nolan	Carney Christie
Donald Bertelmy	Frederick Ormonde
Edward Dupuy	Alfred Lunt
Ross McHenry	Al Roberts
Dexter Moore	Harry Morris
Elmer Downes	Ernest Lynds
Max Powell	George Ernst
Joe Dillon	J. Morrill Morrison
Durkin	Homer Snow
Pitcher	Harry Morris
Howard	Albert LeRoy
Jeff	Robert Capron
First Artist	George Hunt
Judith Bartelmy	Mary Keener
Mrs. Michael Nolan	Mabel Colcord
Phyllis Nolan	Madeleine King

W. H.

AQUATICS LEAD B. F. KEITH'S BILL

"Neptune's Garden or Living Statues" or "The Enchanted Pool" was given its first presentation upon any stage at B. F. Keith's Theatre, yesterday afternoon and last evening. There was not the slightest occasion for doubting the program's statement that it had never before been given a public hearing. It is unique and novel in many respects. Whether, however, this latest "Neptunian pantomime and aquatic spectacle," as the program puts it, is due for an extended run, either here or elsewhere, is a question. W. F. H.

The curtain goes up on Neptune's Garden with numerous living statues posed about a large sub-stage pool of water into which from time to time the statues, Rodo, the interloper, and others, dive from time to time with mighty splash, all to appear later dripping wet as they are hoisted up.

In the course of it all are introduced the Spanish dancers Carlo Casetta and Lillian Lestora in their new and weird "La Danse Dementia." They are really excellent in their dance. Miss Clara Sexton is the spirit of Amphitrite. She sang most acceptably. G. Molasso is director of pantomime, Josef Castillan, director of the living art studies, Sam Mahoney is aquatic director.

Although Neptune's Garden is featured as the big thing of the show, the act that really made the hit last night was that of Frank Fogarty, the Dublin minstrel, in his always popular and always different monologue and humorous stories. John and Mae Burke gave the audience much amusement from their sketch, "The Ragtime Soldier Man," in which John Burke demonstrates that he is a past master upon the piano. Fred Graham, Nellie Dent & Co., an English company, making their first American appearance at B. F. Keith's this week, have a laughable sketch, "The Packing Day." Clara Inge, a dainty singing comedienne, introduced several novelties in her act and recited most effectively James Whitcomb Riley's little creation about the small boy and the bear.

The Manon Opera Company, direct from Paris, rendered several operatic selections, and were thrice recalled. The three Hickey Brothers proved extremely good as acrobatic dancers, but their work was no better, although of somewhat different nature than that of the Caits Brothers, introducing Master Lew Caits, who is as clever as he is small. John Higgins, the world's champion jumper in an athletic sketch showing his proficiency at all sorts of jumping, with weights and without, and the talking moving pictures, now upon their 'steenth week at B. F. Keith's, complete the bill.

MINSTRELS AT THE BOSTON

T. R.

BOSTON THEATRE—George Evans's "Honey Boy" minstrels, in three parts. Part 1, the Honey Boys' Floral Bower (old time circle); part 2, "Seminary Days," a dancing skit; part 3, "De Golightly Guards' Reception," a farce, by Mr. Evans, and specialties by Mr. Evans [illegible] [illegible] w[illegible] Va[illegible] [illegible] Sam Lee, Ja[illegible] [illegible] and Max[illegible] Tommy Tyce, [illegible] Doherty, Joseph Gillespie, James [illegible] and Charles Hilliard. Edward V. Cupero conducted.

The entertainment of last evening was worthy of the best traditions of minstrelsy—an entertainment that warranted a much larger attendance. It is a pleasure to note that Mr. Evans has not wandered from the conventional lines, and there is the old time "circle." To be sure, we missed the "bones" and "the tambos," yet we had the comedians, and the tenors stepped forward reassuringly and sang their ballads splendidly with their right thumbs tucked away above the lower buttons of their waistcoats, after the manner we know so well.

There is an innovation in interlocutors (Mr. Comfort). Instead of the stiff and important middleman we have a plausible and magnetic gentleman who considers the broad expanse of the Boston Theatre stage none too small. Mr. Cupero, the musical director, must not be omitted from the list of comedians.

As to the sketches, they are "vehicular" in the extreme. "Seminary Days" offering an introduction of some "soft shoe" dancing after the manner of Frank E. McNish's "Silence and Fun." This is a splendid simulation of youthful pranks, and the dancing is enhancing in its rythm and grace.

"De Golightly Guards' Reception" is a farce that is as lively as it is funny, and is a splendid outlet for the talents of Mr. Evans.

Mr. Evans's monologue was the feature of the performance. Not only was his contribution timely, but he appeared as a burlesque commentator on that part of the show that preceded his act. The wonderful flexibility of his voice, the pertinence of his monologue and the art of a well schooled comedian contributed a splendid feature to the performance.

Another feature was the startling female impersonation of Charles Hilliard.

The choruses were repeatedly encored and the refrains were given with all the tricks of harmony that the minstrel lover applauds.

The numbers that pleased most were "When the Midnight Choo Choo Leaves for Alabam'," "That Old Girl of Mine," "When I Need You," "Down in Arkansaw" and "I Love to Hear an Irish Band Upon St. Patrick's Day."

BUFFALO JONES AT TREMONT THEATRE

Illustrated Lecture on Lassoing Wild Animals Much Enjoyed.

NATIONAL THEATRE

"The Third Degree," the play which first on the stage exposed some of the methods of a metropolitan police force to fasten guilt upon a suspected prisoner, was performed at the National Theatre yesterday, and the enthusiastic approval left no doubt of the interest awakened. The story is by Campbell McCulloch, and relates the efforts of a workingman to "get square" with his landlord for turning him and his family into the street by burning his building. The various witnesses who are introduced weave about the prisoner a chain of circumstantial evidence. Frank Mayne is given an opportunity to appear as the prisoner and his versatility is shown by his portrayal of the witnesses who appear against him. The support is strong throughout and the sketch is one of the most powerful that was ever presented in a vaudeville theatre. The bill has other strong

SOUTHERN PROGRAM AT THE TOY THEATRE

K. W.

Georgia and Kentucky Young Women Give Songs and Recitations.

An enjoyable entertainment took place at the Toy Theatre last evening, when the Misses Turner of Georgia sang unpublished negro songs of the old South and Miss Nancy Barbee of Kentucky was heard in southern dialect stories. The songs included "Songs of Altamana," "Nothin' But Love," "A Colored Baptism," Power songs, "De Mockin' Bird Done Fo' He Wing" and others, while among Miss Barbee's subjects were "Uncle Mose Praying for Rain," "Aunt Katura's Visit to the City" and "Brer Johnson Gittin' Religion."

The attainments of the Misses Turner in their chosen work are already well known in Boston. Thoroughly familiar with their subject, they are seeking to perpetuate the old-fashioned negro melodies, and these are presented by them without pretentiousness and with charm.

Miss Barbee's stories varied the evening delightfully. Evidently a keen observer, she has a refreshing sense of humor and none of the whimsicalities of negro speech and character have escaped her vigilance. She told her stories with unstudied simplicity and constant flashes of quaint wit.

A large audience was warm in its expression of appreciation and both the Misses Turner and Miss Barbee added to the program.

[illegible] the grim[illegible] ad[illegible] [illegible] Weehawken." M[illegible] [illegible] that the [illegible] [illegible] only through the new [illegible] from the French. After all, "[illegible] [illegible]sy" and "[illegible]ssantly" [illegible] terms, and, like all [illegible] [illegible]s, awaken suspicion in the [illegible] the "old playgoer." Why should every modern theatre, even a [illegible] theatre, be provided with a gelotometer—a gelotometer, the instrument which Walter Savage Landor says would have been defined by Dr. Johnson as "a diatonic instrument whereby the [illegible] of laughter may be measured." This instrument might hang as an ornament on the back wall of a theatre or on the railing of the orchestra's pit and be consulted after each act by managers and critics. The success of the performance might then be accurately determined by a graduated scale. If the comedy turns out to be "a perfect scream," to quote the chaste language of the press agent, the gelotometer [illegible] burst, in which case the theatre [illegible] be crowded during the [illegible]. We [illegible] attention of the Drama League to [illegible] valuable aid in the preparation of its bulletins, for though the laughter of the people may not be the voice of the Lord, still less that of the Drama League, nevertheless it should not wholly be ignored.

Buckley's Serenaders.

Some days ago "D. F. J." called for reminiscences of Buckley's Serenaders. We have received the following letter: As the World Wags:

The Morris Brothers had been [illegible] time established in Boston when the Buckleys located here permanently before the conclusion of the civil war and after. The latter came to occupy a hall in the building at the corner of Summer street and Chauncy street, once Chauncy place, planned by Postmaster Capen for the use of the general postoffice. For awhile the mail was distributed thence, but there was so much opposition to this then up-town locality that Mr. Capen was compelled to go back to the narrow old postoffice quarters in the Merchants' Exchange building on State street opposite Change avenue. This was, of course, before the present large Federal building was erected.

The Buckleys had made visits to Boston before, and had been popular in the place for amusements in the rear of the Boston Music Hall, which was known at different times under the names of Bumstead Hall, the Little Tremont Theatre and Jane English's Theatre.

They were, therefore, welcomed when they settled in this city to be rivals of the Morris Brothers. I think that their performances were a little quieter and more refined than those of the earlier organization and less of the stuffed club variety. G. Swayne Buckley was certainly an artistic performer in his way and his "Sallie Come Up" song and dance was a black diamond of the first water. His imitation of a street musician playing on various instruments at the same time was a clever effort, far exceeding his original pattern.

Bishop Buckley was the easiest and apparently the most effortless of Ethiopian comedians. As an endman he was wrapped in a royal robe of humor. He was happy and put others for a time being in the same desirable condition.

Fred Buckley was of a different type. He had ever a melancholy air as he played a solo on the violin. No burnt cork ever sullied the paleness of his face, and he never sang or danced within my recollection. He had been an infant musical phenomenon, and perhaps that took all the gayety out of his constitution. Strangely enough, and may be not so oddly after all, since many of us seek our opposites in matrimony, he was wedded to Fanny Brown, a lively, pretty soubrette, who used to sing in an old-time extravaganza at the Boston Museum about the "Island of Japan."

One of the performers at Buckley's, who was a favorite, went by the name of Pettingill, if I remember correctly. After the destruction of the rebel cruiser off the coast of Cherbourg by Winslow, this minstrel used to ask vocally "How are you Alabama?" and accompanied this query with several steps expressive of joyful derision. He was a success, but dissatisfied with his calling, so he told me. He had a soul above remaining a Jim Crow, but whether his aspirations were ever realized I know not.

Heigho! Old Summer street with its overarching trees! It once contained the homes of Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, and other notables. Mr. Harris—his initials escape me—kept at one time a fashionable boarding house on the opposite corner from where Buckley's was later on. He had three daughters, Adeline, Emmeline and Caroline. The last mentioned became the wife of George L. Randidge, who gave to the poor children of Boston their free summer steamboat excursions. BAIZE

Dorchester, May 2.

The Censor Sleeps

[illegible] Wo[illegible] W[illegible]:

I understand t[illegible] [illegible] t[illegible] p[illegible] t[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] productions [illegible] [illegible] in The Sunday Herald of April 27, and was entitled "Nude Descending the Stairs." How such a production passed the censor puzzles me. Consider for one moment the terrible effect upon the morals of our Boston children of such an exposure!

I beg you to tell me at once if these things are to remain in Boston long, because, if so, I shall at once see that my dear friend the mayor has them properly draped. A. A. MERRILL.
Wellesley.

Synthetic Dog Food.

Prof. Abderhalden has kept a dog in Berlin alive on food produced synthetically. The fat was administered in the form of glycerine and sebacic acid, and the necessary carbohydrates in the form of sugar. He gave another dog a mixture of acids, but the dog over-ate and grew too fat. These dogs are abnormal. Any self-respecting Carlo, Rover, or Tray would prefer to gnaw a bone under the veranda or the barn.

Anecdote for the Day.

Mr. T. A. Stack of Purley, Eng., has [illegible] children. Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty had 36, and 25 of them were boys. A Parisian advocate of the 16th century had 45 children by one wife, and there was a French baker who had at seven births in the space of seven years.

Season Has an Auspicious Start—Program Much Enjoyed.

The program follows:

Entrance of the Guests into the Wartburg (Tannhauser)....Wagner
Overture, "Jubilee"....Weber
Waltz, "Legends from the Vienna Woods"....Strauss
Selection, "Madama Butterfly"....Puccini
Overture, "Der Freischutz"....Weber
Suite, "L'Arlesienne"....Bizet
a. Prelude.
b. Adagietto.
Wotan's Farewell and Magic-Fire Scene (Die Walkure)....Wagner
Rhapsody, "Espana"....Chabrier
Overture, "The Merry Wives of Windsor"....Nicolai
Evening Song....Schumann
Selection from "The Mikado"....Sullivan
March, "Stars and Stripes"....Sousa

May 7 1913

To sit in the chimney corner and smoke a pipe, looking tranquilly backward upon all the troubles and trials and tribulations, the losses, the disappointments, the doubtings and fearings that make up the bitterness of life—to look back upon these as things of the past, matters of history already uninteresting to the present generation, is a boon I do mightily desire.

A Rich Mail.

The postman brought a rich mail yesterday morning. We are again invited to win the first prize—$200,000 in gold—offered by that philanthropic institution, the Danish Colonial Money Lottery, and all we have to do is to send $6.50, a ridiculously small sum, for a whole ticket, "provided with the arms of the government." The circulars are still mailed to Americans from German cities, not from Copenhagen. By the way, why was a favorite ring and kissing game of children in the sixties called Copenhagen? The dictionaries do not tell us.

We are also invited to call on Mme. ——, a clairvoyant, fresh from India. "The Veiled Prophetess born with a Double Veil," which are of more worth to soothsayers than one caul. This revealer of the future, who holds the key to success, does not read palms or tea leaves. She is a "Trans-Mejim." She works while she sleeps; "locked in that mysterious sleep, when the soul shakes off its mortal shackles," she wanders into "the labyrinths of space and time, and meets there the skeletons of the past, the realities of your future, and returns to this potential sphere to warn and advise you." She will teach you through her double veil to attract, control and change the thoughts, intentions, actions of character of any one you desire, Mrs. Pankhurst, the King of Montenegro, the Governor of California, or Mr. Johnson the pitcher, though thousands of miles away. And all this for one dollar, one plunker, one cold bone! Verily this is a little world of great wonders!

From Louisville, Ky., comes a letter urging us to buy a brand of whiskey that "captivates guests, radiates hospitality, cements friendship and honors the occasion." It has deep amber beauty; it is a "neighborly nectar." It is also the "Beau Brummel of the Buffet, in sooth, good sir, a gentleman's drink." The distilling company probably does not know that we do not look upon the cup, but dash down the poisonous bowl. Give us deep draughts of cold water from a tin dipper; or a lemon and lime at the corner apothecary's, and once or twice a week, when low in the mind, a glass of foaming cream of tartar and water gives strength and courage.

"The Greatest Living."

Is not Mr. Alfred Noyes tired of being hailed in print, at receptions and at dinners, "the greatest living poet"? The eulogies are surpassed only by that of Artemus Ward [illegible] William Shakespeare "Not one of these common poits, like that young Idyit who writes verses to our daughter, about the Roses as growses, and the Breezes as blowses—but a Boss Poit." And we are informed Mr. Noyes is the greatest living poet because he is the only man that makes a living by writing poetry and has money in the bank. We knew a man once in New York who made a handsome income by writing verses in praise of a certain soap. We met him "out in society." He was sitting at a table with Red Leary, the burglar—a most courteous and interesting gentleman—the editor of shipping news for the New York Herald and the most celebrated inspector of police that New York has known. This soap poet was mild mannered, modest, without an impressive make-up. He said little and that was in prose. We still remember some of his verses in the back part of the magazines, as we remember verses in praise of Plymouth Rock Pants written by a Boston bard, who also gained large sums by mounting Pegasus. Can any one of those swinging thick incense under the nostrils of our English visitor recite a verse, a line from his inspired works?

Funeral Honors.

The Lincoln (Ill.) Semi-Weekly Star recently published a touching tribute to a business man. "The extent of the respect shown by so many attending the funeral was merely a faint expression of the good-will entertained for the dead, for beneath the exterior which did not always show to good advantage, there beat a warm heart, while a courteous and accommodating spirit more than overbalanced the imperfections."

The Case of Mr. Green.

This is nothing in comparison with an obituary article published in the Leavenworth Times some years ago. Mr. Henry Green, familiarly known as "the crazy Englishman," killed himself. It was whispered that "he came of gentle blood." "Possessed of a memory so extensive in its grasp with the scope of a hundred abstruse subjects, he fascinated all who came near him when he chose to exert himself in the art of pleasing; and then in the short space of a few hours, he would transform himself from the polished gentleman, the travelled scholar and the man of science and letters, into a wild and reckless devotee of sin and debauchery." In Leavenworth he indulged in pleasing jests. Perhaps the greatest effort of his life was a public rehearsal of his funeral. Lying in a coffin with a bottle of whiskey by his side, he was placed in a hearse, and, followed by mourning carriages, was driven through the principal streets, being "too much under the influence of liquor to realize the sacrilegious piece of mockery in which he had been engaged." Mr. Green, who had made himself popular by his amiable custom of never examining a bill presented but paying immediately, at last took poison. "In a weak and unguarded moment with the fibres of his being all but unstrung by the influence of deep potations, he prepared the fatal dose which was the cause of unveiling to Henry Green mysteries of the silent land."

A Correction.

As the World Wags:

In my reminiscences of the Buckleys, I meant to have said Allston Hall instead of Bumstead Hall. The latter was under the old Boston Music Hall. BAIZE.
Dorchester, May 6.

May 8, 1913
5

NAPIER LOTHIAN IS GIVEN BENEFIT AT THE COLONIAL

Veteran Orchestra Leader Again Assumes the Baton.

Members of the theatrical fraternity from all parts of New England and from New York city assembled in the Colonial Theatre last evening to attend the testimonial benefit given to Napier Lothian, who for 40 consecutive years was leader of the Boston Theatre orchestra, and who celebrated his 77th birthday anniversary yesterday. Following the overture, which was played under the direction of William McKinley, Mr. Lothian himself took the baton in hand and conducted the overture "Raymond," besides directing the orchestra in accompanying several of the vaudeville selections.

In addition to the large attendance in the orchestra and in the balconies were three box parties, headed by Miss Lotta Crabtree, Henry Clay Barnabee and Michael Dillon. The performers were Miss Evelyn Scotney, who sang her favorite Scotch melodies; Joe Daniels, Michael Dwyer, Miss Lucy Daly, Howard White, Walter Kelley, Raymond Findlay and Miss Lottie Burke, John T. McNary and the Meistersingers.

8 May 1913

"THE CHILD"

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Child," a play in three acts by Elizabeth A. McFadden. Produced by Harrison G. Fiske.

Calvin West....George Probert
Stephen Lander....Frank Currier
Nathan Culver....Roy O. Porter
Bates....Henry Hull
Mary West....Emily Stevens
Barbara Kent....Paula Montez
Meta Culver....Maude Durand

This play was produced at Greenwall's Theatre, Fort Worth, Tex., on Dec. 18, 1912. The part of the wife was then taken by Miss Margaret Anglin and the ex-convict husband was played by William Howard.

Saint-Saens once wrote that when a woman orchestrates a composition she is more boisterous than any man would be, for thus she thinks to show that a woman can be virile in art. He did not write this brutally, but in polished French, and with a gallant smile.

Miss McFadden's play, "The Child," might be classed by reason of its melodramatic interest with "Convict 999" and "The Queen of the Secret Seven."

The curtain rises on a room in a tenement on the riverfront, Cincinnati. 'Tis a wild night. The wind howls and the river is rising; Calvin West, an ex-convict, is engaged in the manufacture of spurious coin. A reckless youth, he had served in jail because his father, a cold, stern man, would not overlook a trifling matter of $500. Calvin took what was not his by forgery, or theft—it matters not—because he and his Mary were wretchedly poor. While he was in prison Mary scrubbed floors and often went hungry. In this wretched tenement, while the wind howls and the river rises, she suffers remorse, but Calvin, desperate, swears, and declares that crooks are the only generous people, the only ones worth knowing.

In an adjoining room Barbara Kent is dying, as they think. She has a little baby. Now Calvin's father had left his dwelling house, broad acres and securities to Calvin's child. Thus he proved himself a coarse humorist, for Calvin had told him that he and Mary would never have one. It occurs to Calvin that it would be a capital idea to take Barbara's baby, go to the old homestead and there live a virtuous life. The river is now up to the second story, and off the couple go in a skiff with the baby. Barbara is not dead. She comes on the stage and shrieks.

Four months later the Wests are happy on the farm. Calvin hopes the baby will die, for then the property will be his. Mary loves the baby as though it were her own. Mr. Lander enters and tells a story of his efforts in Cincinnati to find Barbara's child, for Barbara did not die and lo, she is Mr. Lander's daughter who ran away from home, nor from what we saw of Mr. Lander was she to be blamed. Her husband died, and the shock of that wild night in Cincinnati half-crazed her, but she comes in and recognizes Mary as the woman in the tenement and accuses her of stealing her baby. Calvin and Mary do some tall lying. The plot thickens. Calvin receives a letter from a crook in Louisville, which Meta, a comic housekeeper, reads first. Fearing blackmail, knowing that Lander has hired sleuths, he proposes to poison the baby. He pours the fatal powder in a cup of infant's food and goes up stairs. He comes down, but not an assassin. The baby had curled about his neck and he swears to Mary that he would go to hell—here the playwright shows dramatic virility—rather than harm the little darling.

Two happy years go by. The blackmailer has disappeared like the boy Xury in "Robinson Crusoe." Calvin is respected. He has been proposed as chairman of the school board. He, too, now loves the child. The inexorable Lander enters with a real detective, one Bates, who at once puts Mary and Calvin through the third degree. Barbara, at his request, describes that wild night in Cincinnati when the wind howled and the river rose till it crawled to her bed like a long black snake. Mary makes a full confession. Barbara rushes up stairs to her baby, but the child calls for Mary and Calvin and will not be quieted.

The husband and wife can be sent to prison for kidnapping, obtaining money under false pretences, and perjury. Stephen Lander meditates. He finally remarks that there is some one upstairs who is the best judge. Whether Mary and Calvin and Barbara and Lander all live together happily with the judicial child is a subject for academic discussion. The audience is not informed.

This melodrama was played with the utmost sincerity. Miss Stevens excited the sympathy of the audience by her girlish appearance, her absence of affectation, and her simple and effective delivery of the lines, agonizing and sentimental. Mr. Probert as the hardened, sneering counterfeiter played in good old-fashioned melodramatic fashion, and in later scenes showed the refining influence exerted by the baby. The others made the most of their parts.

There was a friendly audience that laughed incongruously during the first act and applauded vigorously after the second and third acts.

O'er all there hung a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
A sense of mystery [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].
And said, as plain as [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
The place is haunted.

That Haunted House.

Whatever the decision of the court may be concerning questions of rent and personal damages, it is to be hoped that the house itself in the Back Bay will be declared haunted, without the possibility of appeal from the decision. There should be some romance, some mystery in the Back Bay, which is now prosaic, drab. That there are haunted houses is a well-established fact. There is a house ghost on every old plantation in Virginia. A faithful negro long dead rubs the floors in the early morning or a sweet-faced old lady enters with a candle in her hand the bed chamber of a guest and tucks the sheet and blanket about him with maternal care, or a chair will rock with an unseen occupant. We have been in haunted houses. There was one in New York, famous before it was reconstructed. At night the staircase would groan under trampling feet; there would be the sound of a body thrown violently and landing with a crash; and in a bedroom, stertorous breathing would cause the mortal of flesh and blood to quake and his hair would stand on end. We know a house near Boston, in which no strange sound is heard, no strange sight is seen, but there is a room in which no one sleeps peacefully. The silence is sinister, appalling. The room is charged with evil suggestion, horrid thoughts. The appearance of a conventionally pale and sheeted figure would give relief.

It matters not how trivial the spirits may be in this Back Bay house. They may throw broomstocks at each other or make unearthly noises in the coal cellar. It may be that they disapprove the scheme of decoration or do not find the furniture chaste. This, too, is immaterial. If the house is proved to be haunted beyond doubt and peradventure, the citizens should rejoice. Romance will enter into their lives; they will rise above gross and commercial things; and there will be one more summer attraction for visitors.

There is a guide book to the haunted homes of England. It is full of grisly tales. The United States is less fortunate.

Belated Recognition.

A tablet in memory of Dr. Samuel P. Langley has been unveiled in Washington, D. C., and Langley medals have been presented. Dr. Langley's last years were not so honored. He was classed with Icarus and Darius Green. His theories were scouted; his demonstrations, ruined by a series of accidents, were ridiculed. Yet he was the inventor of the first flying machine that was heavier than air. Some of us saw him in Boston in 1905 and 1906. He was then older than his years, broken in spirit, reticent. He did not complain of the injustice of the world, he had little to say about anything. And now he has his tablet, a tardy recognition.

The women of Marblehead are hardly to be blamed for wishing their chief of police to wear a uniform. Mr. Williams insists on sporting a brown derby hat. It is said that he wears it "conspicuously and persistently." We do not understand this phrase. A derby hat in itself is not conspicuous; it is sadly common and conventional; therefore Mayor Hurley of Salem chose a plug, stovepipe, silker, cylinder, which is to him as the white plume was to Henry of Navarre. "Persistently?" Does this mean that the chief of police wears his derby at table, in the parlor, and even as a nightcap? Women dearly like a uniform. We remember a pension in Berlin frequented by Americans. A German lieutenant entered into an agreement with the landlady who promised to secure for him an American bride blessed in this world's goods, pork, oil, coal, breweries, or railroad shares. In his uniform he was a splendid sight, although it was rumored that he wore corsets. The women, old and young, throbbed and glowed when he took his seat and combed his mustache while the soup was served. One day he appeared at dinner in civilian's dress. The charm was broken. Yet he was essentially the same man, good-natured, honest, brave, impecunious, with the adjectives of praise "kolossal" and "pyramidal" always in his mouth. Would Marblehead's chief of police be more diligent in duty if he wore a distinctive and official dress? Is a derby hat inherently unauthoritative?

"Apatite."

Congressmen discussing the tariff bill are not to be counted dull-witted and ignorant because they did not know the nature of "apatite." How many readers of The Herald can define the word offhand? The smaller dictionaries shed no light. We read that "apatite" is a native crystallized phosphate of lime, varying in color from white to green, blue, violet, brown; transparent, translucent, or opaque. The New English Dictionary also informs us that one Werner in 1786 coined the word, a modified form of the Greek "apate," meaning

[illegible] the diversion [illegible] the funeral—with the [illegible] Not having read all this [illegible] of Congress are not to blame [illegible] should say with the Edinburgh [illegible] "It is much better to talk of [illegible] of him than of apathy," and, [illegible] that the mineral is deceitful, [illegible] that the importation of the thing should be taxed, and taxed heavily.

May 9 1913

A Melbourne motor car knocked a man over the other day. A crowd gathered around and made hostile comments. The chauffeur turned towards them and remarked: "That's always the way—abusing a bloke because he happens to hit somebody, and never giving him any credit for the people he misses."

Foreign News.

Apropos of Melbourne and motor cars, let us note the fact that a bill has recently been brought into the Parliament of Victoria to suppress joy rides—"clandestine and fleeting pleasures"—which the minister said were responsible for the majority of the motor casualties in Melbourne. And the minister gave this definition of a joy ride: "It is an American phrase for taking a car away without the owner's permission and running about, at an excessive speed with one or two ladies."

A Parisian journal remarks that most queens today could earn their living if subjects proved unappreciative. The Queen of the Belgians took a medical degree at Leipsic, and, as a maiden, assisted her father Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, in his practice as an oculist. She is also an excellent motor driver and can repair her car. Queen Carmen Sylva could live comfortably as an author, though her income, of course, would not equal that of Mr. Noyes, "the greatest living poet." Carmen Sylva could teach languages, and she is expert in shorthand and the use of the typewriting machine. The Queen of Norway can trim a hat, paint a picture and bind a book. The German Empress and the Queen of Holland are miniaturists. And so in old times there were monarchs not dependent on royal income. One in Lydia prided himself on being an expert catcher of moles. Another Asian potentate made the best lanterns in his kingdom, and another was a rat catcher surpassed Hunold Singut, the pied piper.

Those who are interested in operatic statistics and wondering what the exact deficit of the Boston Opera House was last season should remember that the Prussian ministry of the interior sets aside yearly for the three royal theatres in Berlin about $625,000, and this sum is made up to about $737,500 out of the Privy Purse. Yet there is an annual deficit of over $75,000 which the Emperor makes good.

The Higher Drama.

Circulars were sent out in Boston asking for subscriptions to the Shakespearian festival at the Shubert Theatre. One was returned to Mr. Smith with this comment written opposite the repertoire of the first week: "Your prices are to (sic) high for these chestnuts."

Two Questions.

As the World Wags:

Where did punch originate, and who brewed the first one?

Whence came the Toby?

As to the last question, it was not very many years ago when one of our direct old purveyors of cheer, located not far from the Postoffice, had a small array of Tobies in active use. I have lately missed them without being conscious of it. Looking at the three jolly brown Tobies I have in my own dining room made me think of it; and I shall [illegible] ask Billy, the next time I see him, why the little old gentlemen have gone out of use. The Toby and the [illegible] warden must have been boon companions, and it seems to me that I have seen a picture somewhere in which they were depicted, but I am reaching [illegible] at which true art is sometimes [illegible] by a cubist imagination.

Anyway let us talk about the origin of punch and of Tobies. It is a cheerful subject not involving politics, suffrage, or the terrible wrongs which are [illegible] inflicted on the blessed people.

Medford, May 4. H. J. L.

The origin of the word "punch" is [illegible] Fryer, who travelled in [illegible] (1672-81), said it was the [illegible] word "paunch," five, from the [illegible] The word was in English [illegible] as early as 1632. In 1698 [illegible] "At Nerule is made the best Arack at Nepa de Goa, with which the [illegible] on the Coast make that enervating liquor called 'paunch' (which is [illegible] for five) from Five Ingredients." Concerning the derivation see a long note in the New English Dictionary. [illegible] 17th century the "u" [illegible] as in "pull, put." "Who [illegible] a bowl" is a question to be [illegible] with "a ah, the first oyster?"

[illegible] of [illegible], the familiar form of [illegible] Some say that the jug or [illegible] the form of a well-nourished old man wearing the long, full-skirted coat and three cornered hat of the 18th century [illegible] common in that century; but the earliest quotation in the dictionary [illegible] quoted is from "Barnaby Rudge" [illegible] The jug was also called "Toby

[illegible] boxes in [illegible]

We read [illegible] that [illegible] and [illegible] were sold [illegible] collectors. One has over 400 [illegible] of them with marks upon [illegible] impressions are [illegible] A few have the maker's name in full, more abbreviate it, others have initials only. Two bowls are inscribed 168[illegible] and one 1697. These bear the Christian names of a pipe-making family, Legge, who were in business long before tobacco was introduced into England.

Anecdote for the Day.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, an American lady, feels so strongly upon the wrongs of the suffragettes that she is reducing her stay in England to the barest minimum. O si sic omnes!—Pall Mall Gazette.

At One Gulp.

Natives of southern France swallowed three or four living snails as a cure for chronic indigestion. The snail must not be chewed, for it would then leave a bitter taste; it must be swallowed with a gulp. Syrup obtained from living snails cures whooping cough, angina and bronchial affections. The following recipe should be cut out by believers in simple, natural remedies:

Take two or three dozen white snails, remove the shells and the end of the spine; pound the flesh well, mix several spoonfuls of sugar, let the whole macerate for several hours and drain the syrup thus obtained.

May 10 1913

Not enough has been made of the duel on Boston Common a few days ago. Fists were clenched for the sake of a fair woman. It was no sudden, vulgar scrap, no rough-and-tumble encounter. There were seconds, we hear there was a timekeeper, presumably with a stop-watch. Was there a judicious bottle-holder? There was an admiring ring of spectators. Even the police were so impressed by the chivalric sight that they did not interfere until after several rounds, and then they performed their office courteously. Thus did romance enter into the routine of city life.

Centuries ago there was a meadow just out of the Paris of the period. It was named the Pre-aux-Clercs, for there the professors and the students of the University took their pleasure. This meadow became the approved meeting place of duellists, hot-blooded gallants, easily jealous, absurdly sensitive in matters of honor, ready with rapier and dagger. This meadow was glorified in novels and on the operatic stage. Why should not Boston Common be the ground for settling all disputes, political, theological, economic, artistic, family contentions, affairs of love? Fists need not be the only weapons. There are fencing schools in town, and the art is a noble one, teaching skill, grace, patience, courage. We do not advise a duel to the death, even though the dispute were concerning the New York & New Haven railroad. The use of pistols should be strictly prohibited. Henry Thomas Buckle argued that the invention of gunpowder has been eminently serviceable to the interests of peace, but pistols make an unpleasant noise and a spectator might be winged. If the disputants are not handy with their fists, or if there is great disparity in height, reach, physical strength, the rapier is the thing. Masks and pads should of course be worn and the referee should decide by counting hits, palpable hits. The ground reserved for duello, derring-do, knightly devoir should be near the band stand. A slow waltz would add to the enjoyment. This glorification of the Common would draw visitors, stimulate business in Tremont street shops and add to the attractiveness of Boston as a sumer resort.

Temperance Drinks.

Contributors to the New York Times are discussing the question whether chocolate as a beverage is harmful. Not one of them has stated the fact that travellers long ago told strange stories of the use to which cocoa was put by South American natives and described it as "loathsome, poisonous and a violent inflamer of the passions. Mr. Spectator warned readers against "chocolate, romances and such inflamers." Mr. Pepys spelled the word "jocolatte," went to a coffee house to drink it and liked it. But why was the drink thought in bygone years an aphrodisiac? Mme. de Pompadour drank it freely, and in the Harleian Miscellany it is observed that "if Rachel had known chocolate she would not have purchased mandrakes for Jacob." In Congreve's "Way of the World" two dishes of chocolate and a glass of cinnamon water are ordered by a coachman for three gentlewomen outside the chocolate house. Cinnamon water was a mixture of sugar, spirit, powdered cinnamon and hot water. Dean Swift drank large quantities of it for his dyspepsia, but he was always sending chocolate from London to Stella in Ireland. There is a [illegible]

[illegible] The [illegible] who [illegible] to taste it; he [illegible] made ready [illegible] half and [illegible] so well that he [illegible] up the [illegible] expecting when [illegible] have had a part, had no share in the laughter. The Spanish chocolate has long been famous, and it was made so thick that a spoon could stand in it. For many years it was a disputed point whether chocolate broke a fast, but Escobar decided that no liquid did this. A small cup, "una jicara," a Mexican word for the cocoa nuts, with toasted bread or biscuit, and a glass of water should be drunk afterward to neutralize the bilious propensities.

In Salutation.

It is said that Parisians are endeavoring to put the conventional phrase "How do you do?" as a salutation, out of fashion. There is talk of a French form of the Latin "Salve." We do not think the conventional phrase inspired. Men and women like to talk about their health, especially if they enjoy poor health." When you ask "How are you?" there should be an accompanying look of intense personal interest. "How well you are looking" pleases the most liverish. And what in English could well be substituted? "Ah there!" is too familiar. "Well, old Top!" would not soothe the ears of bald-headed Orestes Auger, Esq., or put Mrs. Golightly in a pleasant frame of mind. Julius Caesar, Brutus, Cassius and the rest of them in Mr. Faversham's revival of Shakespeare's tragedy, raised the right hand with the palm toward the one saluted. This is impressive and saves words. Shaking hands is often a disagreeable ceremony. There are the clammy hands that suggest cerements and mould. There is the bore that milks your hand on the sidewalk and will not let you go.

O Tempora! O Mores!

As the World Wags.

Here is a motto for the young woman who bestrides "the narrow world like a Colossus" in great yellow boots.

> Her feet beneath her petticoat
> Like little mice stole in and out.

Boston, May 8. DRYASDUST.

May 11 1913

By PHILIP HALE.

Is M. Anatole France growing senile? Some Frenchmen reading his romance about the French Revolution shake their heads, but the attitude of the French towards M. France of the later works depends largely on whether they are Dreyfusards, for M. France will never be forgiven by the more passionate, who still insist that Dreyfus was a spy.

Certainly a little comedy by M. France, "La Comedie de Celui Qui Epousa une Femme Muette," will not increase his reputation. Played at the Cafe Voltaire in March, 1912, the Porte Saint Martin in May and at the Renaissance in November of the same year, it has just been published. Leonard, a judge, is the husband of Catherine, who is dumb. Pretty as she is, she disconcerts the amorous Leonard, who thinks he has to do with an idol, an automaton, a magic doll, some machine fabricated by a sorcerer rather than a creature of the good Lord. A friend who is a lawyer recommends to him one Simon Colline, who can cure his wife. Colline restores her speech, and she turns out to be a chatterer. One of the really amusing scenes of this two-act play is where Leonard is trying to read the papers in the case of Mlle. de la Grandiere that he may make a decree. Catherine's chatter, while she keeps saying that she would not disturb him for the whole world, is entertaining. Colline with all his skill cannot render Catherine speechless, but a powder makes Leonard deaf and when he sees Catherine voluble he has a beautiful expression, and twirling his thumbs says to the company "This is delicious. I cannot understand a word." At last she bites her husband; he becomes mad; the two bite the others on the stage and they all sing and dance furiously till Leonard steps forward to say: "Ladies and gentlemen, excuse the author's faults."

The comedy is written in old century manner, as Catulle Mendes wrote his grim little tragedy, "La Femme de Tabarin," the plot of which is like that of "Pagliacci."

Some Personal Remarks

Mr. Bernard Shaw, invited to a Shakespeare festival, wrote as follows: "I wish you many happy returns of Shakespeare's birthday. But it is clear to me that when a man is not for an age, but for all time, he cannot decently be allowed to go on with his birthdays. There should be a statute of limitations. The thing has been going on now for over 350 years. How many more birthdays does he want?"

A dramatic critic in an English province recently described a play "as one of the cleverest we have ever [illegible] here. It is full of tr[illegible]"

[illegible] the [illegible] outside [illegible] Warsaw [illegible] wished to mark [illegible] of Paderewski's [illegible] but the high [illegible] here, as well as the army, [illegible] the [illegible] as [illegible] childish."

When Pratella appeared in the Costanza Theatre, Rome, to conduct a Futurist overture, the orchestra was bombarded with apples, potatoes and oranges. Several instruments were smashed. Then there was hand-to-hand fighting. It is pleasant to note such interest in artistic matters.

Suzanne Despres will take the part of Hamlet at the Theatre Antoine, Paris, next season. It is said that she will be the fourth French actress to play the part. We believe the first was Mme. Judith, who first appeared as Hamlet at Lyons in 18[illegible]. Then there was Sarah Bernhardt. Who was the third?

Puccini went to London expressly to see the revival of "The Light That Failed," with Mr. Forbes-Robertson in the part of the blind artist. He thinks of turning the play into an opera. Talking with Mr. Forbes-Robertson he said that he had five new operas to he produced soon. Mr. Faversham will play Iago to Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Othello this month.

Wolf-Ferrari is completing a new and light opera, based on Moliere's "L'Amour Medecin."

Charles Frohman has Mr. Barrie's new play, "The Legend of Lemnra," a new play by Haddon Chambers, a new comedy by William Gillette, and Somerset Maugham is at work on a play for him. He told a reporter of the Daily Telegraph in London that playwriting in Europe is suffering from a plague of words. Many European playwrights are writing only to please the ears of their audiences. The eye is now the chief organ to appeal to in the theatre. America is to a great extent surpassing Europe in writing plays that act better than they read. Of recent times Europe has been writing plays that read better than they act, plays that do not have to be seen on the stage to be understood. Successful playwriting in Europe, with a few exceptions, is at a standstill, because European playwrights mistake language for literature. The stage wants only that literature which is life, never the literature which is merely words, no matter how interesting in themselves. This plague of words is the paralysis of playwriting. People go to the theatre to see first and to hear afterward. Actions always speak louder than words, even on the stage."

Mme. Ciolkowska, a member of the English colony in Paris, says in Le Revue Critique that the Shaw cult in that city is pure "snobisme." She says that Shaw has coarseness, a lack of human sympathy and an ingenuity that is almost devilish. In her mind he is nearer Brieux and Mirabeau and Paul Adam than Voltaire, Sterne, Swift and Sheridan. She concludes that it is more useful for the French to study his essays than his plays.

The following notice is in every artist's dressing room in the Coliseum, London: "The management regrets the necessity of having to point out that damn and other imprecations and profane language are prohibited. As the expression of this language requires no particular talent, and the elimination is, therefore, no restraint upon the display of artistic merit, while many of the public strongly object to it artistes will no doubt assist the management in stamping out a growing abuse."

Operagoing in Chicago is not an unmixed pleasure, if we may believe a story told by the Chicago Tribune. Miss Bodtzke, sitting in the first gallery, pinned her green felt turban under her chair. While she and Mr. Maxeiner listened entranced to "Die Walkuere," rats [illegible] a rat ate the bird on Miss Bodtzke's hat. The glass eyes were plucked out, the breast was torn, the feathers had been chewed.

The first performance of "Parsifal" in Europe outside of Bayreuth took place at Zurich last month.

The Mendelssohn prize fund of Germany instituted in 1874, will reward next October, with $375 to each, a composer and a performer.

Max Reinhardt purposes to give performances of Goethe's "Faust" in Berlin with music by Richard Strauss.

Mascagni's "Parisina," text of d'Annunzio, is completed except in the instrumentation of a portion of the opera. Pietro Raggi has written music to Vitale-Bugiani's libretto on the same subject. Does any one remember Donizetti's opera (1833) founded on Byron's poem? The subject has been treated operatically by Giribaldi, Montevideo, 1878; Keurvis, Antwerp, 1888, and Sterndale Bennett wrote an overture "Parisina" in 1834.

In 1812 a buffo opera by Rossini, "L'occasione fa il Ladro," was produced at Venice. It was performed recently in Turin.

Bologna will celebrate not only Verdi's centenary but Wagner's, and will perform the latter's [illegible]

[illegible] festival at Bre[illegible].

G. P. Centanni, who once lived in New York, is endeavoring to [illegible] Pinero that the latter's "Schoolmistress" would make a good musical comedy. He is also trying to arrange with Miss Marie Tempest for a season in Paris. "I consider her even greater than Rejane, because she is more natural." He says there is a depression in the Parisian theatrical business, chiefly because of the unwholesome nature of many plays; also on account of the uncomfortable seats, the curious subscription system, and the various fees demanded besides the governmental tax of 10 per cent. on the ticket.

Galsworthy's "Strife" has been produced as "Kampf" at Vienna with great success.

Miss Marie Studholme, who has long been absent from the London stage, appeared a few days ago at the Coliseum in Grattan's sketch "Her Ladyship."

News from England

"Bought and Paid For" reached its 50th performance in London on April 25. The success of "The Yellow Jacket" is so great that it will run through the London season. Seats are engaged four weeks in advance. Max Reinhardt will produce "The Yellow Jacket" at the Deutsches Theatre, Berlin, at the beginning of the fall season. How this play was unappreciated by the public of Boston!

St. John Ervine's new play, "James Clegg," produced at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, last month, is a curious piece. James, the husband of Jane, is weak and a spendthrift. At last he embezzles a check, and the patient wife would forgive him this, but he confesses that he stole to take his "girl" to America. Rather than give up his money, he risks arrest for his debts. "Let his wife meet his debts from the legacy left her by his aunt." And she does. Disillusioned, she tells him to go to his fancy. "It would be like committing a sin to stay with me tonight." James answers: "You're a finer woman than she is; but she's my sort; you're not. It's as if I went to the church to find you and found some one else." To which the calm Jane replies: "Why should I want you to stay? There isn't any sense in living with a man if he isn't loyal."

Rudyard Kipling's one-act play, "The Harbour Watch," produced in London, April 22, is for the most part conventional and old-fashioned. There is the gallant sailor lad, who outstays his leave to be near his dying m-m-muther. Our old friend the wicked money-lender turns up and unless he can marry the sailor's sweetheart threatens to have the boy arrested for desertion. There is the hearty old salt who stands by the lovers. But there is a marine in whom the audience recognizes the touch of Mulvaney's creator.

"Thompson," a three-act piece, produced at the Royalty, London, the same afternoon with Mr. Kipling's play, was begun by the late St. John Hankin and completed by George Calderon. Helen mourns her lover, Thompson, who is reported to have been eaten by a shark. He—Thompson, not the shark—turns up and is betrothed to an American girl. Helen then falls in love with one Gerald, who shot a lion that escaped from a menagerie.

The main idea of a three-act farce, "The Chaperon," by Jocelyn Brandon and Frederic Arthur (Strand Theatre, London, April 26), is not a bad one. The Restaurant Royal is patronized by men who invite other men's wives to luncheon or dinner. There is then a chance that a wife may be recognized and compromised. The proprietor adds to his staff a smooth and presentable person called the Chaperon, who, when required, impersonates the lady's husband. He is instructed not to take part in the conversation, and his propinquity is unobjectionable to the other two. He orders the dinner and thus swells the receipts of the proprietor. But one night the Chaperon is sick from overfeeding and mixing wines, and the proprietor is at his wit's end, for a distinguished member of Parliament will bring with him a young actress. A bachelor, Hilary Chester, offers to take the part of the Chaperon, and at dinner is shockingly affectionate toward the actress. Then the member's wife arrives and is introduced to her husband's friends, "Mr. and Mrs. Jones." She likes them and invites them to her country house. Hence all sorts of complications, for Hilary is engaged to a charming young woman and the actress to a swell. The last two acts are said to be laboriously contrived, and there is a finish that leaves the difficulties unsettled. The audience, however, roared at the member of Parliament and "howled with delight" when servants were seen conveying blankets into an adjacent room for "Mr. and Mrs. Jones." Cyril Keightley played gayly the part of Hilary.

When "Strife" was revived in London May 3, Mr. Galsworthy was asked what happened ultimately to his characters. "I know not in the least what happened; it is a point as much wrapped in mystery for me as for others. It is the intimate relation of fact and feeling that makes the creation of one's brain live vividly before one, and with the severance of feeling from fact, when there is no longer need to guide the destiny of these creatures, there is no more to be known." The part of Jan was unfilled when one day Mr. Douglas was approached by an alert lad who said he had tramped from Liverpool and wanted work. "Can you play the concertina?" "No, but I can play the penny whistle." The boy was taken to the theatre, where he quickly learned what was required, and now he is happy on a pound a week.

The Indian Art, Dramatic and Friendly Society will produce in London an Indian play, "Ratnavali; or a Necklace," on May 15, 22 and 29. The play is described as a romantic comedy, with several Indian songs, based upon events which took place in Ceylon at the end of the 11th century, and its authorship is attributed to King Sri Harsha Deva, who reigned in Kashmere from A. D. 1113 to A. D. 1125. The "Ratnavali," in short, may be taken as one of the connecting links between the old and new schools of Indian drama, indicating a wider deviation from manners purely Hindu, greater refinement, and more luxurious indulgence, through which Hindu poetry passed from elevation to extravagance.

Arthur Bourchier at the opening of the Stratford Shakespeare Festival defined the present theatrical taste as the renaissance of the music hall. "The majority of the public do not take the drama seriously, because they come to the theatre tired out by the stress of modern conditions of work, looking for rest and recreation, and not for study."

Mme. Pavlova has been appearing in "Les Preludes," a ballet based on Liszt's familiar symphonic poem. The Daily Telegraph waxed dithyrambic: "At first the stage is dark and the scene suggests something of the famous line, 'Eternite, neant, passe, sombres abimes.' Then, in full light, you see a strange modern decoration, in which the green and violet depths of rock and forest glow with red and yellow. Dark-shrouded figures cross the stage first, menacing gloom. In the light you see women lying at rest. Some have white hair, some head-dresses of gay color, all alike wear filmy robes of Greek fashion. Such, too, Mlle. Pavlova wears with vivid notes of green and gold. It is M. Novikoff who plays the spirit of man, who must wake from dread, be consoled by the voice of nature, and find in her strength to endure and do. The dances show Mlle. Pavlova in her finest mood. She has given us no subtler, no more appealing expression of the hopes and yearning which lie too deep for tears or joy. If it is the highest achievement of dancing to conjure up those etats d'ame, which words avail nothing to describe and no words can compel, this is dancing at its greatest. The poignant emotion of it, the rare subtlety of the thought which inspires it, make it a piece of mysticism of singular power. But of such art there is no description. You may remember music, you may quote poetry. The highest art in any kind will not pass into the terms of another."

"A Hind Let Loose," by C. E. Montague (Cosmopolis Theatre, London, April 22), is a comedy of journalism and is described as wildly extravagant. Possibilities in the profession are exaggerated or caricatured. One man writes Tory leading articles for one paper and Radical ones for another. He is found out and discharged, but re-engaged at a larger salary by both editors and engaged by a third and independent local journal. A criticism of a picture gallery is printed, with a change of names, as a criticism of a concert. The play is said to have charming turns of speech, delightfully fantastical thought and brilliant sarcasm, but it had not been properly memorized and was not intelligently acted.

"Elen," the curious romantic drama by Villers de l'Isle Adam, was performed for the first time in London at the Cosmopolis Theatre, April 17. The play was published in 1865, but it was not performed until February, 1895 (Theatre Libre, Paris), with music by Auguste Chapuis, after the death of the author. French critics at the time said that the performance would not enhance the glory of the writer. The drama was not for the theatre either in form or language. "We have students singing in the cabaret, the fierce and bloody jealousy of an amorous women, an eloquent though not novel dialogue between the ideal and material pleasures; a violent death by poison, a burial by torchlight and sound of organ dirges, etc., etc." The Parisian performance was said to be a poor one. In London the critics did not know what to make of the piece, but one of them said: "'Elen' is not dramatic, or at least was not made so by those who, with more or less success, now strove to interpret it." One half of the performers did not know their lines. "The mot d'ordre last night was, we understand, 'diction and not gesture,' another argument in favor of the reading, for, with the printed page in front, the actor becomes reader and prompter in one."

A contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette asks plaintively, "What is a revue?" Neither this word nor "review" in the theatrical sense is in the New English Dictionary. [illegible] contributor [illegible] present stock-in-trade of a revue producer appears to be as follows: Take Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Thomas Lipton, and Mr. George Edwardes, place them in a French cabaret or a Persian garden, mix them well together, with jokes from Chicago and music from New York, spice the production with abbreviated dresses, and introduce the chorus into the auditorium with limelight effects." There are several American revues in London; and there is talk of an importation from Paris. "Why not an English revue, with English artists, English music, the chorus restricted to the stage, and a 'book' that is not characterized by utter inanity? * * * The revue of the future must be drawn from types, instead of depending upon personalities who are already played to death." The French understand by "revue" a piece of unconnected scenes in which the author brings before the audience all the leading events of the year past: revolutions, wars, new inventions, fashions, artistic and literary events, crimes, public misfortunes, etc. Even the most abstract things are personified. "The characteristic elements are lightness, gaiety, dash, wit (if possible) and some couplets of a more or less ribald nature." This is the definition of Mr. Arthur Pougin.

Music Notes

Von Waltershausen's opera, "Oberst Chabert," founded on Balzac's short story, "Col. Chabert," was produced at Covent Garden April 24. It is said that the first act is frankly unmusical. The audience is told how Chabert escaped death, and had sought to regain communication with his wife and friends. Not till the act closes with refusal of the wife, now married to Ferraud, to recognize the colonel, does the situation invite musical treatment. There is a love scene between the wife and Ferraud, and a quintet toward the close rather hinders the action. The most impressive musical moment in the opera is the soliloquy of Chabert when he realizes that he must renounce his rights and his life. There is room for emotional expression when the wife explains how she came to marry Ferraud, and when she learns that Chabert shot himself for her sake. The composer is accused of "mental confusion," nor has he learned how to make dialogue interesting. "The form becomes hardly opera at all, but rather drama with incidental music, and too often of a kind which could be easily dispensed with. For music which is not emotional is inclined to become a hindrance. Influences of Strauss and Puccini are evident. This, however, hardly matters in a young writer's work; it is more important to feel a gift for writing music effective on the stage. For the most part the composer has succeeded in this respect. The next thing is to strive for more aesthetic charm of idea.

The opening of the opera season recalls the days when foreign singers appearing on our own stage had to run the risk of a hostile reception. On Feb. 5, 1703, a woman named Ann Barwick was arrested for creating a disturbance at Drury Lane Theatre during a performance given by Italian artists. She had been in the employment of Katherine Tofts, a leading soprano of those days, who wrote to the manager of the theatre, expressing her surprise

> that Ann Barwick, who was lately my Servant, had committed a Rudeness at the Play-house, by throwing of Oranges, and hissing when Mrs. l'Epine, the Italian Gentlewoman, sung. I hope no one can think it was in the least with my Privity, as I assure you it was not. I abhor such Practices, and I hope that you will cause her to be prosecuted, that she may be punished as she deserves.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

The New York Evening Post says: "Poor Richard Strauss! Arnold Schonberg has made his shrewd cacophonies seem like ice cream in comparison with his own assafœtida, and now comes a Parisian, Erik Satie, with a set of three pieces which make Strauss's Domestic Symphony (which is supposed to depict a day in the composer's life) seem quite commonplace and unaudacious. Satie's pieces are entitled 'Veritables Preludes flasques (pour un chien).' In the first the dog is supposed to get a scolding. In the second he is left alone in the house. In the third he gambols. The audience made the pianist repeat each of the preludes and poor Debussy, whose own new preludes were afterwards played, fell flat after this exhibit of up-to-date musical methods." Erik Satie is not wholly unknown in Boston. His "Gymnopedies" orchestrated by Debussy was played here at a concert of the Orchestral Club Jan. 4, 1905.

A new operetta, "Das Farmermaedchen," music by Georg Jarno, treats an American subject. The librettist, Okonkowsky, introduces farmers, cowboys, real estate speculators. The heroine, Dolly, is sent to Chicago under the care of Cowboy Jack. Book and music were praised in Berlin.

The Geneva correspondent of a London journal writes: "There was an unrehearsed comedy during the performance of the 'Chocolate Soldier' at Boudry, near Neuchatel, yesterday. When the curtain went up for the fourth act the actors were astonished to find that the audience had departed. The play up to this point had been received with so much enthusiasm that the company were puzzled, until it was discovered that owing to a printer's blunder on the program, it had been announced that the play was a comedy in 'three acts.' The audience had accepted the announcement as correct." When Mr. Paulo Gruppe, 'cellist, first played in Boston, the audience left before he had played the allotted pieces. The movements of one piece were taken as separate compositions, and the hearers were thus misled in counting.

Swells at "Hamlet"

Mr. Keble Howard's latest "London Dialogues" are concerning Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet at Drury Lane. This dialogue was heard in the stalls:

Attendant—The curtain is up, madam.

Lady Suddenswell—That's a good job. We shan't have to wait. Have you got the tickets, Emilina?

Emilina—Yes, mommer.

Attendant—I thought, perhaps, you might like to wait until the interval, madam.

Lady Suddenswell—Wait till the interval? Why?

Attendant—It's the Ghost Scene, madam. The theatre is very dark.

Lady Suddenswell—Then they've no right to have it so dark! I shall make a complaint about it! When people have paid their money——!

Attendant—Oh, I can easily find the seats, madam, if you wish. I have an electric torch. I only thought that, being a very quiet scene—Mr. Forbes-Robertson doesn't like people coming in during this scene.

Lady Suddenswell—Indeed? That's very interesting! Perhaps he doesn't like people coming in at all! Upon my word, I don't know what these actors are coming to nowadays! Any one would think they were doing the public a favor to act at all! Lead the way, my girl, and look sharp about it! Come along, Emilina! Don't fall over your skirt.

Emilina—No, mommer.

Attendant—This way, madam, if you please.

Lady Suddenswell—What row is this?

Attendant—Row E, madam. Your seats are 14 and 15—just past this gentleman.

Lady Suddenswell—Are you sure this is row E? It looks to me like row F.

Attendant—This is quite correct, madam. Would you like a program?

Lady Suddenswell—Yes, of course.

Attendant—Sixpence, please.

Lady Suddenswell—What? Oh, what a nuisance! They have no business to charge for programs when one has paid eleven-and-six for one's seat! I call it disgraceful! I shall certainly make a complaint about it! Have you got my purse, Emilina?

Emilina—No, mommer.

Lady Suddenswell—Then where is it? I must have left it in the cloakroom! What a nuisance! And all over this wretched sixpence! And the place as dark as pitch!

Attendant—If you have the cloakroom ticket, madam, I can get you your purse.

The unhappy pit—Sit down, please! Give us a chance!

Lady Suddenswell—Here! Take the wretched program. I'll do without one.

Later.

Lady Suddenswell—Can you tell me whether the coffee is fit to drink in this theatre?

Old gentleman—No, madam, I cannot. I came here to pay homage to the greatest living English romantic actor—not to chatter or to guzzle coffee.

Lady Suddenswell—Don't look about you, Emilina. Such common people!

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But from the disordered chamber of my brain had not, alas! departed, and would not be driven away, the white and ghastly spectrum of the teeth. Not a speck on their surface, not a shade on their enamel, not an indenture in their edges, but what that brief period of her smile had sufficed to brand in upon my memory. I saw them now even more unequivocally than I beheld them then. The teeth! the teeth! they were here, and there and everywhere, and visibly and palpably before me; long, narrow and excessively white, with the pale lips writhing about them. * * * In the multiplied objects of the external world I had no thoughts but for the teeth. For these I longed with a frenzied desire.

In Convention.

It is pleasant to read about dentists in convention. You learn that you have been brushing your teeth the wrong way, and if you continue you will be a sufferer from Riggs's disease. The powder or paste that was aromatic and agreeable to the tongue is a destroyer of teeth and gums. You should do this and not that, and surely spend two hours a day in amateur dental operations. There were hardy New Englanders, men of thought and deeds, whose

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[illegible]eth remained sound and white until the end, yet those men knew not the toothbrush. Even in our own degenerate days there are some, thrice fortunate, who apparently are not in need of brush, powder or dentist. They are simple and working men and women.

The Despair of Dentists.

There were lucky persons in the old days, as Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, who had one whole bone throughout his gum instead of teeth in his upper jaw, and so had Euryphaeus, the Cyrenian, Euryptolemus, King of the Cypriots, and in the time of Melancthon a noble virgin at the court of Ernestus, duke of Lunenburg, and the Duke said she was of great gravity and virtue. Less blessed was Driptine, the daughter of King Mithridates by Laodice his Queen, for she had a double row, and though this is a phenomenon in nature, Realdus Columbus in his "De re Anatomica" (1559) assures us that his boy Phoebus had a triple row. And what is to be said of Nicholaus Sojerus, a Belgian, a person of great integrity and prudence, who had a set of teeth of such an unusual property that if they were struck with a sort of Indian wood, they would emit sparks of fire as though they were so many flints?

Learned Leeches.

The ancients declared that dried figs, boiled honey, dates, all glutinous substances and those that set the teeth on edge or are cold and putrid are injurious. They advised the cleansing after supper, and Rhases recommended a dentifrice of hartshorn, tamarisk seeds, [illegible]erus, spikenard, salt of gem, to be pulverized. Paulus Argineta gives this prescription: How to remove the teeth without pain. Apply flour with the juice of spurge, and above it an ivy leaf, and leave it for an hour. They will spontaneously break in pieces. Nor were learned leeches in a hurry to pull teeth. Caelius Aurelianus, Scribonius Largus, Galen and others disapproved of extraction, but allowed the filing down of teeth when they were diseased or projecting like a moss covered ledge at low tide.

Strong-Eyed.

And eyes were stronger in the heroic days. We are indebted to our fellow-laborer in the vineyard, "J. S. S.," for the following quotation from Claudius Aelianus. "There was in Sicilia a certaine man indued with such sharpnesse, quicknesse, and clearnesse of sight (if reporte may challenge credite) that hee could see from Lilybaeum to Carthage with such perfection and constancy that his eies coulde not be deceived, and that he tooke true and just account of all ships and vessels which went under sayle from Carthage, overskipping not so much as one in the universall number." The distance was at least 135 miles. This story is undoubtedly true, for Pliny the Elder and Valerius Maximus also swear to it. The man's name was Strabo. Philippus Camerarius (1537-1624) tells of one Lopez, a Spaniard at Gibraltar who could from a high mountain look across the water to the African shore—three or four hours' sail in a calm sea—and discern all that was doing in the far distant haven or upon the land near it so that the men at Gibraltar [illegible] avoid the fiendish designs of African pirates. Camerarius adds: "This was told me by a person of great honor and dignity who there received it from [illegible] in the presence of others; and [illegible] other things he said of him that [illegible] eyebrows had hair upon them of an extraordinary length."

Seeing in the Dark.

There have been men that could see in the dark. Suetonius describing Tiberius, the Emperor, mentions "a paire of verie great gogle eyes in his head, such as (whereat a man would marvaile) could see even by night and in the darke, but that was only for a little while and when they opened first after sleepe, for in the ende they waxed [illegible]." Others that could see in the dark were the two learned Scaligers, [illegible] Sabellicus, Cardanus, the [illegible] Julianus, who for 70 years never [illegible] a candle but read books in the [illegible] darkness of the night. As[illegible] the philosopher J[illegible], Mich[illegible] a young man of Padua, who [illegible] down elegant verses by the light [illegible] from his own eyes. The list [illegible]. And what is to be said of the [illegible] eyes of Tamerlane, Martin [illegible]r, Olo, the Norwegian, who put [illegible] foes to flight by the "brandishes of [illegible]," Theodore Beza, Attila, Maximus the Sophist, Edward the First of England, or the one-eyed servant of the Duke of Braganza who with that [illegible] made any fall on come to [illegible] one dead? The eyes of [illegible] Borgia were so fiery that his [illegible] were not able to look upon [illegible] "though when he was disporting himself among the ladies, with an admirable change he could convert his [illegible] looks into those of softness."

[illegible], what a wonderful world this is! [illegible] Mr Edison or the Emperor William could not have made it.

SOTHERN AT THE SHUBERT

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," played by the Sothern-Marlowe company

Don Pedro	Frederick Lewis
Don John	Sidney Mather
Claudio	Walter Connolly
Benedick	Mr. Sothern
Leonato	J. Sayre Crawley
Antonio	William Harris
Balthazar	Maurice Robinson
Borachio	John S. O'Brien
Conrade	M[illegible]ano Tilden
Dogberry	Lark Taylor
Verges	Malcolm Bradley
Friar Francis	Frank Bertrand
Hero	Helen Singer
Beatrice	Miss Marlowe
Margaret	Lenore Chippendale
Ursula	Millicent McLaughlin

Mr. Sothern's Benedick has lightness, grace and spirit. His jesting is not laborious and he gives significance to some lines that are not brilliant in themselves and to others that require a glossary and notes in explanation. The combat of wit between Benedick and Beatrice has long been eulogized by commentators. Sparkling is the favorite adjective of praise, yet were the play unsigned or attributed to one of the lesser dramatists, would any one, except possibly the enthusiastic Swinburne, who found little that was ordinary or tedious even in the comedies and tragedies of the faintest light in the Elizabethan heaven, revel in the lines of the sharp-tongued Beatrice and the epigrammatic misogynist?

Is not in fact the dramatist's Beatrice an uncommonly unpleasant young woman, whose tongue is barbed, a fresh minx, a nagger before marriage? The two are mated by trickery. What happiness is in store for them? Katharina in "The Taming of the Shrew" is a much more desirable mate. She needed a tamer and found one. Before the final curtain falls she is a devoted wife, too fond, foolish in her slavish obedience. Would Beatrice ever change? And is she truly clever? She is flippant, she talks at random, expecting a laugh from those who fear her pertness.

If Mr. Sothern gave character to Benedick and showed admirably the serious side of his character, as when he challenges Claudio, so Miss Marlowe succeeded in making Beatrice womanly and sympathetic, and not so much by her reading of the lines as by convincing the hearer that the bark of Beatrice was worse than her bite; that she railed at men by reason of her high spirits, and was willing to be wooed. Her laughter was contagious, so that many laughed who if they had been required to extract the meaning of this or that line from the book would have been at a loss to answer the question, "But why do you laugh?" The voice and accent of Miss Marlowe gave beauty to the text. She was arch, but not deliberately coquettish.

In the first church scene when she incites Benedick to avenge. Hero, she suddenly played in the tragic manner and assumed what Artemus Ward once described as "a playacting voice," and thus was she out of character. She could have been quietly intense without screaming and thus have been more effective.

The supporting company is for the most part respectable. Mr. Harris was conspicuous in the small part of Antonio, which he deftly individualized without undue effort. Mr. Lewis was not too melodramatic a villain and Mr. Connolly was an excellent Claudio; but Miss Singer was miscast as Hero and did not suggest the youthful, modest girl. In the wedding scene she showed no emotion. Mr. Taylor's Dogberry was wholly inadequate, without dignity—and Dogberry is a solemn ass—without unction.

It is strange that Mr. Sothern allows some of the business that is introduced. Certain traps for the spectator's laughter may be traditional, but they should be discarded. What reason is there for representing Borachio as intoxicated? And by the way Mr. O'Brien recited Borachio's confession with genuine force. The foolish business of Verges with the purse, and that of Dogberry with the wine cup should be cut out. Nor do we like to see Benedick kicking the flowers. All this perhaps makes Shakespeare popular, but it is sorry work.

The scenery was suitable and the stage management well ordered. There was a large and enthusiastic audience. The comedy will be repeated this evening and on Wednesday "Twelfth Night" will be performed.

BOSTON THEATRE—Denman Thompson's "The Old Homestead." Almost original cast, with E. L. Snader, Denman Thompson's chosen successor, as Joshua Whitcomb. The cast:

Joshua Whitcomb	Edward L. Snader
Cy Prime	Walter F. Kelly
Happy Jack	Fred Clare
Frank Hopkins	Will Raymond
Eb Ganzey	Percy Watson
John Patterson	E. F. Cochran
Aunt Matilda	Mrs. Maggie Breyer
Rickety Ann	Miss Minnie Stanil
Henry Hopkins	Gus Kammerlee
Judge Patterson	Joseph J. Daly
Francis Fogarty	Charles Logodsby
Reuben Whitcomb	William Brandt
Seth Perkins	[illegible]

IRISH ACTOR MAKES HIT AT B. F. KEITH'S

Owen McGiveney Makes Startling Changes in Protean Act—Good Bill.

Owen M'Giveney, eminent Irish actor, scored the hit of the bill at B. F. Keith's, last night, in his first American presentation of his latest protean success Bill Sykes, a dramatic episode from Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist." Mr. M'Giveney, alone and unassisted played no less than five different characters and the rapidity with which he made complete changes of costume to meet the requirements of the role he was impersonating was amazing.

Upon the other side it has been asserted by critics that Mr M'Giveney makes his changes faster than any other protean performer upon the stage. None in last night's audience would question that assertion for a moment. After the curtain fell upon his act, following 20 minutes of the most strenuous sort of work, Mr. M'Giveney was called before the curtain no less than three times and finally, in a few words, thanked his audience for its friendliness, its sympathy and its enthusiasm. "Your strict attention to what I have done is the greatest compliment you can pay to me," declared Mr. M'Giveney as he finally bowed himself off. It is a wonderful act wonderfully costumed and staged.

Neptune's Garden of Living Statues, evidently installed at B. F. Keith's for a long run, entered the second week of their Boston engagement. Next to Owen McGiveney in the matter of popularity and applause comes Leo Carrillo, the rapid fire monologue artist and teller of tales being especially good in Chinese dialect, during which he portrays a scene in a 'Frisco court room while some petty Chinese case is being tried. Carrillo is defendant, plaintiff and interpreter.

Alexander & Scott, as the "mulled" pair, had the entire audience guessing as to whether they were really both of them fellows or whether the one so stunningly attired was a woman. Opinion was about evenly divided until Mr. Alexander ripped off his wig of ladies' store hair and revealed features and outlines masculine in the extreme.

Walter Leroy and Emily Lytton in "Hogan of the Hansom," a George M Cohan creation, kept the audience in an uproar and have an extremely amusing sketch. Nestor & Bergman in "On Account of the Subway" presented a bit of New York life by no means untrue to nature. The Beau Brummell trio of singers, Frank Parish, an extremely clever clog dancer, and the talking motion pictures complete this week's bill.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Shakespeare's "The Comedy of Errors," in three acts. The principals of the cast:

The Duke of Ephesus	J. Morrill Morrison
Aegeon	Frederick Ormonde
Antipholus of Syracuse	John Craig
Antipholus of Ephesus	William P. Carleton
	Al Roberts
Dromio of Syracuse	Donald Meek
Dromio of Ephesus	Miss Mary Keefer
Adriana	

MAJESTIC THEATRE—"Louisiana Lou," musical comedy in two acts. Book by Addison Burkhart and Frederick Donaghey. Music by Ben M. Jerome. Orchestra directed by C. H. Kerr.

Lansing Bright	Abbot Adams
The Duke De Lune	Walter Wills
Gladys Konkarney	Lucie Carter
Della Fa[illegible]	Eleanor Henry
Jack Konkarney	Alfred Deery
Nixon Holme	Burrell Barbaretto
	Neil McNeil
Roderick Konkarney	Kathryn Miley
Jennie Wimp	Anna McNabb
Louisiana Lou	Harry First
Jacob Lidoffski	William Johns
Levinski	Olive Ward
Anita	Bessie Skeer
Marie	

It professes to be a summer show. To some extent it satisfies the requirements. The music is not tuneful, yet it is not too boisterous. The dialogue is not so sparkling as the sultriness of the season will require, yet it is sufficient to recount the fortunes of Jacob Lidoffski and his adopted daughter.

There is evidence of a conscientious effort on the part of the producers to supply the requirements of musical comedy. Thus the costumes are immaculately fresh, the motions of the chorus diversified, if not entirely graceful. For the rest, the stage appointments and settings are sufficient for their purpose. It matters not that they are cubical et hings of the scenes they are presumed to represent.

Jacob Lidoffski, turned philanthropist, has adopted a foundling. He seeks to establish her well and succeeds. Why we should be required to accept Shrove Tuesday as the time and carnival festivities as the settings for these altruistic acts is not [illegible] apparent. However, [illegible]

[illegible]

MISS McDANNEL SEEN AT THE TOY THEATRE

Clever Entertainment for Children Is Presented.

Miss Henrietta McDannel, the clever impersonator of children, who is pleasantly remembered for her performance as Peter in John Craig's production of "The End of the Bridge," gave an attractive entertainment at the Toy Theatre yesterday afternoon.

The stage was set as a nursery and Miss McDannel, who appeared alternately as girl and boy, sang recited and mimed songs, jingles, stories and rhymes for children. Among the girl's selections were pieces by W. H. N[illegible]ger, Laura Richards, Florence Lincoln, Oliver Herford and Clayton J[illegible], while those for the boy included among the authors James Whitcomb Riley, Frances A. M. Bird and Ethel Crowninshield. The Misses Bertha Whitmore and Selma Pelonsky assisted Miss McDannel with piano accompaniments.

The London Times and a few other London journals spell Scutari with a "k." The problem of Scutari is thus intensified, as Baghdad is a more romantic city than Bagdad.

The Daily Chronicle thinks that this is a good joke: "The two girls had evidently met by accident and the news was given that Tom Scott was engaged to Emma Davis. 'She's only 18 and he's 35; just about double her age' said the newsgiver with deadly accusation 'Yes,' said the other girl cheerfully 'but only now.'" And yet it was of the Portuguese that a sea captain said "A frivolous people, easily amused."

We sometimes hear the expression "It's your shout," or "he shouted and the barkeeper filled them up again," but only last week did we learn that this came from Australia and the glorious days of the gold fields. At first we did not credit the report, but in Kingsley's capital novel, "Geoffrey Hamlyn" (1859) there's the phrase: "I shouted for him and he for me." A more serious view was taken by Mr. Hogan in his "Irish in Australia": "To shout means to insist on everybody present, friends and strangers alike, drinking at the shouter's expense, and as no one will allow himself to be outdone in this reckless sort of hospitality, each one shouts in succession with too frequently deplorable consequences. The wonder is that grown men, clothed and apparently in their right mind, indulge in the idiotic habit of treating in bar-room, restaurant or club. The truly temperate man neither treats nor allows himself to be treated. He drinks to quench his thirst, or because he is low in his [illegible] or because he wishes a drink, and is quickly satisfied. He does not insist that some who have had enough or should not drink at all should join him, and he does not accept an invitation when he knows that to do so would not benefit him and that the genial shouter cannot afford to be wildly generous.

That Arboreal Flykiller.

As the World Wags:

I have been waiting to see if some one would not reply to the inquiry of Mrs. L. C. Lord as to the trees on Tyler street which were fatal to flies.

From 1856 to 1869 I lived on Vernon street, now Willard street, off Leverett, in the old West end. It was then a quiet place, closed at the lower end, and had a row of linden trees in the edge of the sidewalk on each side. In summer the foliage of these trees was full of buzzing flies, and by afternoon the sidewalk beneath would be thickly strewn with their dead bodies. It was one of the first duties of housewife or maid in the morning to sweep these flies into the street, and in dry weather the gutter would often show a long dark strip of their bodies. We used few screens and rarely saw a fly in the house.

I am not now sure whether they were English or American lindens, but I think they were American. There was one ash tree in the line, put there in place of a linden which had died, and the absence of flies in or under it was very noticeable.

C. W. P.

Boston, May 10.

The books do not mention the linden as a fly killer, but the broth of the leaves seethed in water cures "the naughty ulcers and blisters of the mouths of young children." This has been known for four or five centuries. Bees have housed in swarms in these trees; but we find no allusion to the linden as a fly killer.

A Merry Conceit.

Here, however, is a remedy against fleas within reach of the humblest. It is taken from "Naturall and Artificial Conclusions," by Thomas Hill (1650).

"A very easie and merry [illegible] to keep off fleas from your [illegible]

[illegible] that you first learn the [illegible] well where your right foot [illegible] and take [illegible] of that earth, [illegible] will by no means breed, either in your House or Chamber, where any of the same earth is thrown or scattered

A Clerical Chestnut.

As the World Wags

Apropos the Shakesperian chestnuts. There is a minister in one of the smaller Massachusetts cities whose eccentricities are a constant source of joy to the people of that place. Meeting him one Easter afternoon, I asked: "Did you have a good meeting this morning?" He replied: "We could have crowded more into the church." "On what topic did you preach?" "Oh," said he, in a bored manner. "The same old chestnut, the Resurrection." R. S.

Boston, May 9.

Unreasonable Prejudice.

As the World Wags.

We learn from a correspondent in Washington, D. C., that Ollie James is fascinated by the sight of a red cravat. Passing along the Peacock Hill end of the Common the other day I saw a young man clad in shepherd plaid who wore a red tie that recalled a song of Lydia Thompson's:

He wore a red necktie,
His complexion was fair,
Down through the middle
He parts his blond hair;
He skips through the street
Like a thing made of air,
Sweet-scented, handsome young man.

J. D. K.

Boston, May 9.

It all depends on the shade of red. There is an unreasonable prejudice against red cravats, which are far preferable to those of lavender or pink, and often give distinction to an otherwise plain person. Was there this confusion of tenses in Lydia's song as she sang it?

"E. S. M." and the Cubists.

"E. S. M.," whose name is known in many other cities than Boston, wrote this letter to the Salem Evening News:

"With the keen discernment of Americans it is astounding that no one has penetrated the significance of the exhibition at Copley Hall of the Futurists and Cubists. It is plainly a conspiracy of French artists to convey to this country in graphic lines and colors what they consider the condition of civilization and culture as it exists here. Without specifying the artists one may see at a glance that these cryptic symbols in colors are ridiculous travesties on various weaknesses of our social and political life. Keeping these absurdities in mind one can recognize depicted the political frenzy of a ward meeting; the atrocious attitude of California regarding the Japanese is vividly shown in another daub. Our social manners are admirably hit off in a number of canvases. Let one hold the following list in his hands, anti-vaccination, anti-vivisection, I. W. W. and other abnormalities and he can easily interpret the meaning of these hypertrophied abortions."

May 14 1913

Let us begin the day with a cheerful thought. Here is a dinner bill of fare that is described as "absolutely rational from the standpoint of nutrition." It was prepared by 16 head cooks from the principal hotels and restaurants in Budapest and the nutritive qualities were investigated and approved by Prof. Hofrat Dr. Bokai:

Chicken soup, jellied crawfish, champagne, leg of lamb, young duck, asparagus, souffle of bananas from the Canary Isles, Cheshire cheese, strawberries ice-cold, black coffee.

Truly a light and inexpensive dinner for the most delicate stomach! The only dishes we miss are gulasca, paprika-haehndl and paprika-laemmernes. And this dinner should be eaten to the delirious strains of a Hungarian Rhapsody with especially brilliant work on the czimbal.

A French Boyle Roche.

Mr. Henri Bataille, the playwright, recently read an "invocation" honoring Mr. Pierre Loti. Mr. Alfred Capus, who for some time has not been on good terms with his colleague, wrote disagreeably in the Figaro about Mr. Bataille's use of metaphor, and gave the invoker this nasty dig: "Can this be the new style, or has Mr. Bataille, as I incline to believe, simply sought to collect, in as small volume as possible, all the turns of phrase that young writers ought henceforward to avoid?"

Let us see for ourselves. Here are three quotations from the invocation:

"The weary heart has broken its mooringa and taken flight into the joyous spaces of a far horizon."

"You have been the thunderbolt that laid the Acropolis low, but you have also been the Acropolis that rises like the carcass of a lion amid the ruins of the ages."

"It has been yours to imbue words with the eternal silences, and the lightnings of heaven charge them with the thrill of a thirsty heart panting for eternity."

Jargon.

This reminds us that Sir A. Quiller Couch as a professor of English literature, has lectured at Cambridge (Eng.) on Jargon. He defined it as pr se that [illegible] Jargon is [illegible] thing as [illegible] use for those afflicted to the for[illegible] are excellent persons who do not write for the newspapers and would not talk of "adverse climatic conditions," use the words "environ age," "recrudesce," "adumbrate" or the phrase, "it gives furiously to think." The lecturer defined jargon as bred by caution out of laziness. Governing boards, committees, business firms delight in jargon, which is becoming the language of Parliament. Thus the minister in the House of Commons says: "The answer to the question is in the negative," when he means "no." Jargon is seldom accurate. A clery will write: "In the case of John Jenkins, deceased, the coffin provided was of the usual character and in accordance with specification as per Messrs. So-and-So's tender." Sir A. Quiller Couch comments: "John Jenkins never had more than one case, and that was the coffin. The clerk said he had two, a coffin in a case." The votary of jargon delight in circumlocution and prefera vague, woolly abstract nouns to concrete ones. Whenever the words "case, instance, character, nature, condition, persuasion, degree," come into the mind of a writer he should take thought. A "jargoneer" would thus paraphrase the famous saying of Sancho Panza: "Among the beneficial qualities of sleep, the human consciousness from the contemplation of immediate circumstances may, perhaps, be accounted not the least remarkable." Then there is the trick of elegant variation dear to writers about sports: "Hayward and C. B. Fry now faced the howling, which apparently had no terror for the Surrey crack. The old Oxonian, however, took some time in settling to work."

In Good Company.

One of the most discouraging books is "The King's English," by H. W. Fowler and F. G. Fowler. Open it at random and you will find that authors whom you have respected committed grievous faults. On page 66 there are shocking examples from Scott, Jowett, Macaulay, Bagehot, Emerson, Mallock, Burke, Gladstone, Balfour, Lord Roseberry, Thackeray, Borrow, R. G. White—would that he were alive to take up the cudgel!—Dr. Johnson Morley, Prescott, Huxley, Swift, L. Stephen, Ruskin, Meredith, Richardson, J. R. Green—not one of them escapes, and the quotations from the editorial page of the London Times outnumber even those from Dickens. Study the chapters on defining and non-defining relatives, gerund or fused participle, shall and will, and your head will swim. Here is a sentence that should in bold type on a card be given to every laborer on a comic weekly: "Some of the more obvious devices of humorous writers, being fatally easy to imitate, tend to outlive their natural term, and to become a part of the injudicious novice's stock-in-trade." George Eliot and Dickens are named as gross offenders. Among the worn-out phrases of humorous tendency quoted by the Fowlers are "tell it not in Gath," "sleeping the sleep of the just," "gallant sons of Mars," "looking for all the world like—," "too funny for words." This book may do more harm than good. Many studying it will become self-conscious, timid, stiff. If a man has anything to say, let him say it in a simple, direct way, without fear of sinning in every sentence. The first duty that a writer owes the public is to be clear.

May 15 1913

We read yesterday that a young man "well known in banking circles" (formula 14) and a member of "an aristocratic family" (formula 17) in a small town an hour away has gone into the chorus. (Formula 23—"a member of several exclusive clubs"—was for some reason omitted in the story.) Now a chorus according to Blount's "Glossographia: or a Dictionary Interpreting the Hard Words of Whatsoever Language Now Used in Our Refined English Tongue" (5th ed. 1681) is "a Company of Singers or Dancers, a 'Quire.'" Today the word in common speech refers to men and women who sing, dance and perform evolutions together in comic opera or musical comedy.

The American stage is sadly in need of aristocratic youths in the chorus. The young women have for several years excited the admiration of visiting foreigners and are applauded when they invade London. They are vivacious or languid, restless or dreamy at the will of the librettist who might say with the person in Massenger's play: "A noble chorus to my wretched story." They sing in their own peculiar way; they dance, glide, writhe, wriggle. They wear expensive gowns or are artistically undraped without any unpleasant exhibition of self-consciousness. Hard working girls, wholly admirable in their devotion to duty as they understand it! We welcome them, the newcomers and the dear familiar faces that have smiled on audiences since the days of Mr. Rice's "Corsair."

The Poor Males.

The male wing of the chorus is composed of no doubt estimable persons, conscientious in their work, but they have not an aristocratic bearing when called upon to portray English and howling swells, European officers of rank, dancers at an Astorbilt ball, revellers at the Court of Sciatica. They do not wear good clothes jauntily. Like Mr. Cheggs they are bashful before ladies, or they pay a delicate compliment by winking the left eye. They are uneasy or too easy. A close observer often detects the need of the razor. Singing, they display imperfect dentistry or crowns of gold. They are at their worst in dress suits and dickers. Do you remember the double sextet in "Florodora"? What a contrast between the women—some of them made lucrative marriages—and the men!

Younger Sons.

In England the chorus is full of younger sons, who dislike the routine of the bar, the church, the counting room. This one wishing to go into the army, was disappointed; that one squandered a legacy in promoting the welfare of the stage. In days gone by they would have sailed perilous seas and their names would grace the index to Hakluyt. They are clean-looking chaps, lithe, paunchless, with hair pleasingly combed. Their clothes are a part of them. They have an air. The entrance of a live duke would neither embarrass nor offend them, for the London chorus and the English aristocracy have long been on familiar terms and acquaintance often ends with the peal of wedding bells.

Our Unemployed.

Why should not the unemployed sons of untitled Americans in a similar manner raise the standard of the stage? "Well-known in Banking Circles," applies to the errand boy, who sometimes receives a larger salary than the clerk who through family influence has gained admittance to the office. Success at the bar is a plant of slow growth. There are unpleasant episodes in the life of a physician, even though he be a specialist in diseases of the spleen. Tennis and polo pall and the pitcher's box is no place for a sensitive man. An attractive face, a trim figure, graceful dancing and a fair voice will make their way in musical comedy, even though young Ritterspoon or Hollingshouse may not rival Meredith's egoist in the matter of leg. Nor will the young American aristocrat feel lonely. Are not the ranks of the chorus girls recruited from prominent and "exclusive" families? If not, the press agent is a false chronicler. We all know that the oldest families of Judea are largely represented.

Another Remedy Against Flies.

In the "Letters from an American Farmer" by Crevecoeur, first published in 1782, the author tells how he rid his New York farmhouse of flies. He allowed hornets to have their nest on the ceiling of his parlor. To please them, he left a hole open in a window pane. Appreciative of kindness, they caught flies. "They were constantly busy in catching them, even on the eyelids of my children. It is surprising how quickly they smear them with a sort of glue, lest they might escape and when thus prepared, they carry them to their nests as food for their young ones. * * * By their assistance, I am but little troubled with flies. All my family are so accustomed to their strong buzzing, that no one takes any notice of them, and though they are fierce and vindictive, yet kindness and hospitality have made them useful and harmless."

A Higher Flavor.

As the World Wags:

America is supposed to affect grandiloquent nomenclature. Why has not the dignified title so common in London "Mansions" caught on more extensively with us? How much higher flavor there is in "Arlington Mansions," "Berkeley Mansions," and so on, than in "The Arlington," "The Berkeley" or such and such a hotel. DRYAS DUST.

Boston, May 12.

In the United States a "Mansion house" was one of the greater houses in a village street. In New England it was usually square with dormer windows. The word as used by our correspondent is given to large apartment houses, which began to be built in London about 1860. The Daily Chronicle in 1901 published this instructive note: "The inhabitants of Cornwall Mansions, finding that the word is now applied to less than ultra-select blocks of residences, have petitioned the Kensington council to change the name to Cornwall-place."

Is there anything uglier and shabbier than the "villa" in the outskirts of London?

SHUBERT THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," played by the Sothern-Marlowe company. The cast:

Orsino	Frederick Lewis
Sebastian	Walter Connolly
Antonio	William Harris
A sea captain	Sidney Mather
Curio	William Adams
Valentine	P. J. Kelly
Sir Toby Belch	Lark Taylor
Sir Andrew Aguecheek	Malcolm Bradley
Malvolio	Mr. Sothern
Fabian	John S. O'Brien
Feste	J. Sayre Crawley
A priest	Frank Bertrand
Olivia	Lenore Chippendale
Viola	Miss Marlowe
Maria	Millicent McLaughlin

"Merchant of Venice" Produced by Company at the Shubert Theatre.

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" played by the Sothern-Marlowe company.

The Duke of Venice	William Harris
Prince of Morocco	J. Sayre Crawley
Prince of Arragon	John S. O'Brien
Antonio	Sidney Mather
Bassanio	Frederick Lewis
Salanio	P. J. Kelly
Salarino	Milano Tilden
Gratiano	Lark Taylor
Lorenzo	Walter Connolly
Shylock	Mr. Sothern
Tubal	Frank Bertrand
Launcelot Gobbo	James P. Hagan
Old Gobbo	Malcolm Bradley
Portia	Julia Marlowe
Nerissa	Miss Helen Sedgwick
Jessica	Miss Millicent McLaughlin

Mr. Sothern's version of this comedy evidently pleased many last night, yet there were some who were grieved by the too evident attempt to popularize the play. It has been said that the test of a fine production of "The Merchant of Venice" lies as much in the delivery of the enchanting lyrical passages as in the delineation of the characters of Portia and of Shylock. In these days a musical reading of Shakespeare's poetic flights is rare, and the first question asked about a performance of "The Merchant of Venice" is concerning the impersonation of the Jew.

Mr. Sothern's Shylock is not unknown here. He has changed some of the business since we last saw him, as in the return to the house after Jessica's flight. Now there is no repeated and angry knocking. There is no despairing gesture. Shylock stands quietly, and the confirmation of his suspicion is expressed only by the changing face. The scene is now more effective, and its introduction—not hinted at by the dramatist, but favored by certain actors, among them Irving—is the more easily forgiven.

The best that Mr. Walbrook could say of Mr. Forbes Robertson who played Shylock in London for the first time May 5th was that his performance was "sound and interesting," the elocution noble and there was not a trace of playing to the gallery. Mr. Sothern emphasized the malignity of Shylock in a melodramatic rather than a tragic manner, and over-emphasized the paternal tyranny. It is true that Jessica called their house a hell, but she was a light woman and would not have brooked any restraint. Mr. Sothern's impersonation was in many ways picturesque. It was often merely theatrical. The part is not one in which he excels. He is first of all an accomplished and graceful comedian.

Miss Marlowe read her lines so that the mere sound of her voice was delightful, but in the conversation with Nerissa there was a disquieting insincerity not found in her Beatrice earlier in the week.

Among the others, Mr. Lewis was conspicuous, and the performance of Mr Mather was in the right vein. Mr Crawley gave character to the Prince of Morocco, but why should the Prince of Arragon be played as though he were a comic fop in operetta? The presence of gondolas and a male quartet did not console us for the low key in which the performance as a whole was pitched. Launcelot Gobbo and old Gobbo suggested a revision of Shakespeare's play by Mr. George M. Cohen for "the tired business man."

The play tonight will be "Romeo and Juliet."

Part of the delight of crowd or individual is always that somebody will be angry, somebody take the sport for gloomy earnest.

Spiders in the Back Bay.

"The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in Kings' palaces." Why should not the spider be welcomed in the palaces of the untitled aristocracy of the Back Bay? There is no dwelling house, "mansion," "residence," however sumptuously furnished, "with foundations of Rock Island granite and finished throughout with Honduras mahogany," so "exclusive" that spiders and even cockroaches do not share in the domestic scenes.

And there is so much folklore about spiders! There are so many superstitions concerning them! There are so many moral lessons to be drawn from them for the benefit of bright-eyed children; the young Augustus with his questioning mind; little Henrietta with the blue sash! But let us not today consider the educational advantages that should make the presence of spiders welcome to denizens of the Back Bay and shame them for their complaints and lamentations. Let us look at the spider in a practical way, as a comfort to anxious housekeepers in these days of absurdly high priced food. The most "exclusive" circle is often the most thrifty.

A Table Delicacy.

In C. F. Pohl's life of Joseph Haydn—vol. 1. p. 315—we find this footnote:

Filz was a favorite composer and cel[illegible] of the Mannheim orchestra. It is reported that his death was induced—he died in 1768—by reason of his immoderate enjoyment of spiders, which he declared tasted like strawberries."

Gabriel Peignot of Dijon, writing about the gastronomic tastes of certain celebrated persons, mentions Jerome Le Français de Lalande, the famous astronomer (1732-1807). The good Gabriel disliked to blow his horn in approbation of this star gazer's peculiar appetite, but remarked that the most depraved tastes have as much right to be mentioned as the most refined. It should be known, then, that M. de Lalande pursued spiders, caught them delicately, and in spite of the wiggling of their legs carried them to his mouth, sucked them, relished them and swallowed them with a delicious sensuality.

In the Alexandria of the philosophers there was a wonderfully beautiful woman, more beautiful than Thais, and because she had fed always on spiders from her childhood the great Alexander was warned against her. Albertus Magnus saw a maid at Collen, who at three years of age would search about the walls of the house, hunting for spiders, "which she would not only eat, but delighted in that feeding, and yet continued in good habit of body." Ulrich Zwingli relates of Conrad, bishop of Constance, that at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper he drank off a spider that had fallen into the cup of wine while he was busied in the consecration of the elements, yet did he not receive the least hurt or damage thereby. Dr. Thomas Mouffet tells of the physician Ph[illegible]aerus, a passionate eater of spiders, also of a noble English lady that did often eat them without any hurt at all, and the learned Dr. Mouffet adds that spiders are very good for one's health. But their use in medicine and their application of music see the old writers. This is a vague direction, but it will

encourage industry and acuteness in Bates Hall.)

For the Gout.

Yet we will not be churlishly selfish. Consult our old friend Mouffet's "Theatre of Insects," book II., chapter 18, pp. 1072-1073, and learn how the spider is to be prepared for curing a quotidian and quatern, the earache, the albugo of the eye, a most hurtful disease, suffocation of the mothers, swelling and pain of the spleen, felons, etc., etc.

And as many of our friends, even those of humble income, are afflicted with the gout we quote at length, and call attention to Mouffet's brave English: "Also that Knotty Whip of God, and [illegible]k of all Physicians, the Gowt, which learned men say can be cured by no remedy, finds help and cure by a Spider [illegible]yd on, if it be taken at that time when neither Sun nor Moon shine, and the [illegible]nder legs be pulled off, and put into a [illegible]r Skin and bound to the pained foot, [illegible] be left on it for some time. Also [illegible] the most part we finde those people [illegible] free from the Gowt of hands or [illegible] (which few Medicaments can doe) [illegible] houses the Spiders breed much, [illegible] doth beautifie them with her Tapestry and hangings. Oh the rare miracle [illegible] Nature! O the wonderfull vertue of a [illegible] contemptible Creature! O most [illegible] men, if they knew many of [illegible] how to make use of a thing ready [illegible] them so much good!"

Information Wanted.

We read yesterday that a father flogged his son severely for playing [illegible]. We all know what the phrase means, and many of us knew it in boyhood to our cost. There were sometimes [illegible] thrashings. But what is the origin of the phrase, which is recorded as an Americanism, equivalent to the English, "play the Charley-wag," "mouch," [illegible]g? Mr. Farmer, who knowing little or nothing about the colloquial [illegible]h in America makes strange blunders, notes that New England boys say [illegible]ook Jack." We never heard this phrase in western Massachusetts, Vermont or southern New Hampshire.

Theatrical Note.

Coiffures are to be high again.

Fashion Note.

The Millennium Guild, composed of [illegible]d vegetarians who will meet at Chestnut Hill tomorrow, expects to [illegible] the use of leather in shoes at an early date. What will the members wear for boots? Baudoin in his treatise "De Solea Veterum," argues that [illegible]d did not leave man to go barefoot, but [illegible]n he gave him the skins of beasts [illegible]he himself with, the feet were a [illegible] of the body for which that provision was made. He adds that after [illegible]m skins, rushes, broom, paper, flax, [illegible] wood, iron, silver and gold were [illegible]. We have seen men and women wearing cloth shoes and they were a [illegible]ght, a sloppy sight. Leather or prunella? White satin with high heels may [illegible] coquettish. In our youth one winter [illegible]e wore a pair of corduroy boots. They [illegible] supposed to be warm and healthful, but they had no red tops, and the [illegible] boys made our life a burden. [illegible] corduroy boots came from Boston. Does any one remember them? [illegible] no noble dame, proud of her foot, [illegible] glass slippers. 'Twas an absurd translation of Perrault's tale that [illegible] slippers of glass to Cinderella.

May 17 1913

"ROMEO" AT THE SHUBERT

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE: Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." Performed by the Sothern-Marlowe Company.

Chorus	William Harris
Escalus	Milano Tilden
Paris	Walter Connolly
Montague	Malcolm Bradley
Capulet	J. Sayre Crawley
Romeo	Mr Sothern
Mercutio	Frederick Lewis
Benvolio	Lark Taylor
Tybalt	Sidney Mather
Friar Laurence	Frank Bertrand
An Apothecary	Malcolm Bradley
Lady Montague	Millicent McLaughlin
Lady Capulet	Lenore Chippendale
Juliet	Miss Marlowe
Nurse	Ina Goldsmith

An enthusiastic audience welcomed the production of the romantic and immortal tragedy. The familiar lines were fresh to those who renewed their youth and sighed with Romeo. The vows of the lovers recalled to many their own vows when a garden wall was a trifling obstacle and a balcony not inaccessible.

It has been said of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" that it is one long love duet. This is only half true of the tragedy itself, for Mercutio, Tybalt, the Friar, the Nurse, while incidental figures in comparison with the unfortunate two, whose duet beginning at Capulet's house ends only in the tomb, have distinct individuality. The orchestra last night played selections from the opera, and some looking at the stage, supplied Gounod's music in their minds. Not while Mercutio told of Queen Mab, for here the speech needs no music, but in the balcony scene, in the scene of banishment, in the Friar's cell, in Juliet's chamber, and above all when the sleeping potion was administered, it was impossible to drive away the memory of scenes sung by Jean de Reszke, Plancon, Melba or Emma Eames. On the other hand when Duse played in "Cavalleria Rusticana" there was no thought of Mascagni, and ever since the opera has seemed only a coarse version of the play.

Certain French critics have said that "Rigoletto" is more effective in the telling of the story than Hugo's play on which it was based. Boito's condensation of "Othello" for Verdi's music is admirable. Is the libretto to which Gounod set music comparable with the tragedy? No, for the minor characters, with the exception of the Friar, are only conventional figures that might serve for any opera. The Nurse is as insignificant as in the customary acting versions of the tragedy. The Apothecary disappears. Mercutio has little opportunity to display his fancy. Capulet has his song, but the sentence "We have a trifling, foolish banquet towards" is worth the whole of it.

It is not necessary at this late day to review the performance of Mr. Sothern or of Miss Marlowe. The two have often been seen here as the lovers and often applauded. Last night the balcony scene was played with a fervor that was impassioned and Juliet was not sophisticated but girlish in the revelation of her consuming love. Mr. Lewis was a Mercutio of tripping speech and Mr. Mather a fiery Tybalt. M. Harris spoke the opening chorus with good accent and good discretion.

The play this afternoon will be "Much Ado About Nothing." "Hamlet" will be played tonight.

Apropos of the Fletcher will case, the following paragraph from a recent issue of the Daily Chronicle, London, is peculiarly interesting. It was published without reference to the tragedy in Boston, the will, or the two wills. The writer was evidently ignorant of the palmist's later years and fate. This paragraph is one of several relating to witchcraft in England:

A trial for witchcraft and sorcery occurred in England in 1881. This was the trial of the Fletchers, who were famous clairvoyants, crystal gazers and mesmerists, and gave seances to which the whole fashionable world flocked. They induced a Mrs. Hart Davis to give them jewelry and lace to the value of £10,000, and when proceedings were taken against them, fled to America. The husband managed to escape arrest, but Mrs. Fletcher was brought back to England, indicted under the old statute of witchcraft and sorcery, and sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment with hard labor.

Daily Etiquette.

Although Dr. W. C. Rucker of Washington, D. C., declares that the tests and examination of currency, washed and unwashed bills, showed them to be singularly free from germs, it will not be considered the thing this summer for women with any pretensions to a high social position to hold a bill between the lips or teeth while adjusting a glove, reading a letter, or examining a parcel in a street car. Now it makes no difference whether the bill be a bone, a fiver, or even 1 or 10 dollars in gold.

The Tooth-brush [illegible]

A[illegible]

[illegible] y cl[illegible] [illegible]-out button to the [illegible] [illegible] m[illegible] [illegible]n British army [illegible] years ago, and was the last chapter in [illegible] his[illegible] of the [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] office order permitting officers to make a clean 'sweep,' if they will, of what Mr. Frank Richardson, the great authority on such matters, has described in burning words as "a mi[illegible]e-haunted tangle of noxious and inedible weeds."

The British army-face has suffered many things at the hands of government. In the beginning of last century mustaches were conceded only to officers of the light cavalry but whiskers of the vaudeville Irishman sort that covered the jaw and throat but did not encroach on cheeks or chin were all that the "mud crushers" were allowed.

Officers and men returned from the arctic Crimea with a full suit of hair, but this fashion persisted for only 10 years, being cut down in the seventies to the type classified by Mr. Richardson as "book markers" or "let-us-prays." These were the days of the "Captain with his Whiskers." General Kelly-Kenny was the last officer in active service to wear side-ornaments.

Still more extreme is the case of the naval officer in Great Britain. He has the choice of wearing mustache and Van Dyke beard, or of going altogether shorn. The American naval lieutenant and admiral with a mustache are still a puzzle to spectators at levees and in drawing rooms. W. L. S.

Boston, May 15.

The Scholiast.

Did not Charles Reade in his delightful little story, "The Box Tunnel," describe many years ago a mustache of the toothbrush variety as one to which soup would cling as dew to a shrub? And if we are not mistaken he made other remarks about the upper lip bristles.

An Original Poem.

The Herald has received the following poem, not by Mr. Alfred Noyes, but nevertheless in the interest of Peace.

POST IMPRESSIONS.

Shingles and slats,
Shingles and slats.
Tell us your thoughts,
We've shingles to match.

Ladies with mustard pots
Haggard and gray,
Cotton wool demons
In gardens so gay.

Shingles and slats, etc.

Arms that are misfits,
Heads on awry,
Legs of a giraffe,
Feet of a fly.

Shingles and slats, etc.

It might be a stair,
And a lady so fair.
Would you be shocked
If I said she's a bear?

Shingles and slats, etc.

Shiver your timbers,
Vibrate your sighs,
Nightmares of cubists,
Impressionists' jags.

Shingles and slats,
Shingles and slats.
Tell us your thoughts,
We've shingles to match.

Boston, May 15. A. ST. J.

May 18 1913

SHUBERT THEATRE—Shakespeare's "Hamlet." The principals of the cast:

Claudius	J. Sayre Crawley
Hamlet	Mr. Sothern
Polonius	Malcolm Bradley
Laertes	Sidney Mather
Horatio	Frederick Lewis
First Player	Frank Bertrand
First Gravedigger	Frederick Kaufman
Ghost of Hamlet's Father	William Harris
Gertrude	Miss Lenore Chippendale
Ophelia	Miss Marlowe

Lords, soldiers, messengers and other attendants.

There was a fair-sized but a splendidly enthusiastic audience—an audience that remained and demanded the appearance of Mr. Sothern after the final curtain, notwithstanding the very late hour. The performance was in many respects exquisite and there were continued evidences of individual artistic treatment.

Mr. Sothern's conception of the Dane is not new to Bostonians, yet his interpretation of last evening bore evidences of a more mature and more rounded versatility than his earlier performances. He took his opening pitch softly and there was a brilliantly developed crescendo of emotion that found vent in the dynamic contrasts of stirring climaxes.

Mr. Sothern's is not alone a brooding, a dreamy Hamlet. There is evidence of virility and the logic of a healthy mind. His was the purpose of a bitter avenger, and the conception was sustained.

In his speech to the players he showed himself for once during the evening in his lighter moments. The subsequent unfolding of the 'play within the play' was an outlet for his exquisite artistry, and his repose and facial play are a worthy remembrance.

Miss Marlowe was magnetic and sweetly sympathetic as the wistful Ophelia. Her unbalanced moments afte[illegible]

[illegible] 'bitter [illegible] z [illegible]

[illegible] He [illegible] s [illegible] than [illegible] prefer the latter [illegible] ely continuing in his [illegible] himself [illegible] as a[illegible] [illegible]ed pest.

The remaining roles were all properly sustained, and the play was appropriately mounted

WILL Miss A[illegible]e N[illegible] don gr[illegible] to [illegible] ma[illegible] only to [illegible] a[illegible]' This is a susp[illegible] agents are expected [illegible] the [illegible] She began to [illegible] in the [illegible] of St. Patrick's Cathedral K[illegible] as an amateur took the part of [illegible] in that town. She was [illegible] jamin R. Nentwig, [illegible] of the cathedral when [illegible] old. A boy was b[illegible] was unhappy and after two [illegible] wife left him and went to [illegible] Mr. Nentwig died on A[illegible] dates given in [illegible] are often [illegible] stated that Miss Nielsen [illegible] appearance at the Tivoli [illegible]cisco, in 189[illegible], in "The Mikado" [illegible] say she first [illegible]d as Yum Yum [illegible] Oakland, and then [illegible] company; that she took [illegible] of Lucia when she was 17 [illegible] the latter [illegible] [illegible]ried when she was 11 [illegible] be too inquisitive.

Miss Nielsen in Operetta

It is [illegible] [illegible] operetta [illegible] in Boston as a [illegible]ber [illegible] April 27, 18[illegible], at the [illegible] and then took the [illegible] "Robin Hood." On [illegible] part of [illegible] "[illegible] Wedding." [illegible] produced at the Boston [illegible] 1[illegible]97. On March [illegible] Boston Theatre [illegible] and produced "[illegible]"

Her first appearance [illegible] opera was as [illegible] May 6, 1[illegible] as [illegible] San Carlo company.

For [illegible] "The Fortune Teller" [illegible] was att[illegible] her to study [illegible] Before she went [illegible] was Ida V[illegible] made her de[illegible] Naples, as Ma[illegible] sang at Covent Garden [illegible] con't London [illegible] London as a concert [illegible] 1[illegible].

It was a[illegible] Nielsen would [illegible] take the [illegible] by Victor Herbert [illegible] for whom [illegible] She stated that [illegible] company [illegible] Mr. [illegible] pe[illegible] ures on vo[illegible] "Don Pasquale" [illegible] first if I am not mistaken [illegible] New Haven [illegible] New [illegible].

There was an attempt to persuade [illegible] return to operetta that year, for in December Mr. Russell accused the Shuberts of trying to "drive Miss Nielsen back into comic opera." It [illegible] wonder that this attempt was made for [illegible] popularity in light opera was great and her talent indisputable.

Now it is said that she will appear in a new opera by Wolf-Ferrari, [illegible] on Barrie's "Little Minister." Whether the subject is a good one for operatic treatment is not now a question for discussion. Those who protest against the character of many modern librettos will surely have no cause for alarm. Even in "The Secret of Suzanne" the heroine is a shameless smoker of cigarettes.

Much has been written in [illegible] deservedly of Miss Nielsen the accomplished singer. The dithyramb of Mr. Montgomery Phister has probably not been surpassed by any [illegible] her many admirers. It was published in a Cincinnati journal in March 18[illegible]8. We [illegible] sure that Miss Nielsen herself would smile, were she to read it now, for she has a sense of humor. The beginning of the article is especially noteworthy:

"When the Janus-faced god of music looks down upon the votaries and enthusiasts who cluster kneeling at the foot of his throne, approving smiles must suffuse both of his countenances as his Argus gaze is turned upon that gifted little woman, Alice Nielsen, determined in ambition, prolific in talent, unflagging in zeal and triumphant in most of her undertakings.

"Art has had her votaries in all ages. She always has and always will demand sacrifices, but for the pouring of libations of individual energy, the wine of the blood, the tears of [illegible] cation, the sorrows of privations, the agonies of exhausted b[illegible] and [illegible] tragedys of a [illegible] fl[illegible] [illegible] generally t[illegible] for ex[illegible] [illegible] the[illegible] self [illegible]

[illegible] Nielsen [illegible]

Shakespearian Festival

[illegible] the stage [illegible] and [illegible] at the Shubert [illegible] Shakespeare [illegible] take with [illegible] of [illegible]. The cut, the introduction of [illegible] music with a view to the [illegible] of the comedies and [illegible] at the [illegible] welcomes the productions, which [illegible] are made in good faith.

And yet it is to be regretted that Shakespeare's works are thus played during a stated time and not distributed through the season. A music festival is a musical gorge, and towns in which these festivals are maintained hear little other music in the course of the year.

It is also to be regretted that the productions at the Shubert do not incite more discussion. When Marcel Schwob's version of "Hamlet" was played in Paris, with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt as the Prince, two Parisian journalists fought a duel to settle the question whether Hamlet was fat or whether the descriptive line was a gag for the benefit of the first player of the part. When Mr. Forbes-Robertson brought out "The Merchant of Venice" early this month in London, this question was debated: Should Portia in the trial scene wear a black or red robe? And here is Mr. William Poel inquiring into the character of the King in "Hamlet." His articles were published in the Pall Mall Gazette this month; complaining that on the stage the part of Claudius is curtailed almost beyond recognition; that the King appears as an ostensible villain put into the play with the obvious purpose of exciting Hamlet's wrath and derision, and this rendering is a burlesque of Shakespeare's intention; for while Claudius is to the Prince a loathsome scoundrel, to the rest of the court he is a man respected and obeyed, a ruler of power and persuasion and charm of manner; an astute reasoner, a man born in the purple, a statesman rather than a soldier, welcomed in the lady's chamber, delighting in the festive board.

Martin Harvey and Shakespeare

Mr. Martin Harvey, reviving "The Taming of the Shrew" in London, attempted a combination of the Elizabethan method with the modern sense of decoration. "We do not want to treat it as if we did not know any better. I mean that we do not want to treat it in the strict Elizabethan way because the Elizabethan method was not a stationary method any more than the Greek method or the method of the present day. These methods are always developing, so that it is no part of my object to give a performance of strictly Elizabethan lines, because such a performance, I may venture to say, would be interesting only to the antiquarian.

"The footlights will be done away with and a structure will be built over the orchestra, with flights of steps at each side leading down to a lower stage, on which is to be placed a seat for Christopher Sly, for whose entertainment the play is being given. I am keeping Sly seated there—almost as one of the audience—all through the play, and not letting him drift out of it after it has started.

"The play proper will take place in one scene, with such changes as would be possible by using the conveniences of, shall we say, a hall in a lord's house or a pavilion in his park. In this pavilion the play is performed by the troupe of strolling players who offer their services for the benefit of Sly.

"The players have to suggest locality by any simple means at their disposal. By drawing, for example, the curtains which they would find in the hall, they suggest another room; by altering the furniture another house; by using such screens as they might find, they suggest a street; by the aid of the trelliswork about the park they give a suggestion of being out of doors, and so on.

"By such simple means alone will locality be suggested, and only suggested, at any time. There is to be no attempt at realistic scenery at all. This method has the advantage of concentrating the entire attention upon the play itself, and not upon the decoration, and also of letting the action pass rapidly, one scene following another without any loss of time. There will be only one interval, in the middle of the play, at the point where Petruchio carries Katharine off, and before he arrives at his own house."

The period chosen was the 15th century, and the music was of the period. It would be interesting to know just what music of the 15th century was played.

Of a Personal Nature

When Mr. Henschel's Requiem was recently produced in London for the first time the program bore this note "It is the offspring of personal sorrow and bereavement, being dedicated to the memory of Dr. Henschel's first wife, nee Lillian Bailey, a singer of great artistic gifts who is remembered in England with [illegible] affection and [illegible] [illegible] the lat[illegible]

[illegible] Albert [illegible] a [illegible] but at annoying one [illegible] "Frowing reluctance to move quickly," and [illegible] the [illegible] and gesture. Even [illegible] 'Old Kent-Road' has lost its "rollick." "Of course he always gave us those boring sentimental songs of his full of false pathos delivered in a high-falutin recitative, but we had so much of the true heroic coster stuff * * * Oh, Albert! Albert! bestir yourself! There is nobody yet can compare with you in your own line. Give us more costers, and let them dance those wonderful jigs as they danced them in ancient days!"

Mr. Forbes-Robertson before he appeared for the first time in London as Shylock (May 5) was asked by a reporter "to what phases of the Jew's character he was chiefly addressing himself." He answered: "To announce what I am going to do with the part is to draw attention to what might not have been done by other actors, and to tell you what I am not going to do with it is to run the risk of suggesting that the things done ought not to have been done. I think I might hint that my sympathy is to a large extent with Shylock. According to modern ideas, it must seem very barbaric to force a Jew to become a Christian, and I hope I shall not be incorrect if I do not represent Shylock as a fierce 'villain of the piece.' But after all, it is a fantastic comedy, the whole thing, so that the points usually raised as to the precise inner qualities of the Jew do not very seriously matter." The fact that Miss Gertrude Elliott as Portia wore a black robe instead of the customary red one in the trial scene excited comment, but Miss Elliott was costumed accurately.

On May 24 Mme. Melba will celebrate the 25th anniversary of her first appearance at Covent Garden. She then took the part of Lucia. A London journal states that her first engagements were in Australia "where she gave four concerts a week for the sum of $100 a week. Later she sang in grand opera in Paris at the outset of her career, and received $1000 a month." (The writer ignores the fact that her first appearance in opera was at the Monnaie, Brussels, as Gilda, Oct. 12, 1887. She did not sing at the Paris Opera until May, 1889.) It is said that she now receives $2500 for each appearance in grand opera, and will net $200,000 for a tour of five months in America, beginning in August; that since she first sang in London, she has earned considerably over $2,500,000; she has travelled over a million miles, and entertainments given by her for charity have produced nearly $500,000.

Miss Helen Henschel has been singing in London and her program, largely made up of French songs, included traditional negro songs; among them "I Doan Want t' Stay Hyeah no Longah," "De 'Count-book ob Gawd," and "Joshua Fit de Batle ob Jericho." She accompanied herself.

The Pall Mall Gazette found that in Ernest Schelling's performance of Chopin's "Barcarolle" there was a good deal of inaccuracy. "The lack of control was, in some measure, doubtless due to the attempt to realize an impulsive and vigorous interpretation." Mr. Schelling, an excellent pianist in many ways, believes in a robust Chopin.

Miss Guiomar Novaes, a young Brazilian pianist, trained in Paris, who played in London last year gave a recital there on May 6 and was most warmly praised. "She has a fresh color for every mood, and one of the most interesting things was to study the differences between her forte passages. The immature pianist treats forte marks alike long after he has learned to color piano passages individually, just as the immature writer for the orchestra does. Miss Novaes colored every forte according to the context."

The London critics are comparing Miss Gertrude Keppel as Bruennhilde in "Goetterdaemmerung" to Mme. Ternina.

Aptommas, the harpist, died at Ottawa at the age of 84. He has often played in Boston. Has any one ever heard his cantata based on Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"?

Mr. Filson Young makes this suggestion to Messrs. Wood and Ronald, orchestra conductors in London: "Anyone who has experience in the development of the musical sense in young children must be aware how difficult it is to find the kind of music publicly performed which they can both understand and enjoy. My suggestion is for a short series of children's concerts with orchestra. I particularly don't mean concerts of highly sophisticated children's music such as grown-up people would enjoy, but really simple music which children themselves can grasp and understand. A very interesting program could be made up, for example, from Handel, Mozart, Haydn, and Humperdinck. Not a very large orchestra would be necessary, but it should contain brass and wood-wind, as part of the thrill of orchestral music for young children is seeing the different instruments and identifying their sound. I predict that a little series of such concerts, properly made known, held in the afternoons, and lasting not more than an hour, would be thoroughly successful and might become an established feature of London life."

In Theatre and Opera House

[illegible] Alfvén's new opera "The Dead [illegible]" is [illegible] four [illegible]. Jesus restores the [illegible] of a young Greek woman. Her eyes fall on a handsome Roman whom she supposes to be her husband, whereas her lawful spouse is a sorry sight and in no way answers her ideal. In her desperation she stares at the setting sun and, becoming blind again, finds peace. Had the librettist read Synge's "Well of the Saints" or Clemenceau's cynical play that was made into an opera not long ago?

Mrs. Arthur Niklsch has composed the music for a burlesque opera entitled "Daniel in the Lions' Den."

Charpentier's "Julien," a sequel to "Louise," is rehearsing at the Paris Opera Comique and will probably be produced before the end of this month. A Paris correspondent writes that Charpentier is extremely nervous about the work, fearing lest it be not so great a success as "Louise."

"13 Simon Street," by Anthony Wharton (Vaudeville, London, May 1), is a new thriller—"all gasp and gurgle." An absconding bank clerk finds his way to an East End hovel, where two ruffians, in comparison with whom Bill Sykes is a white cravatted philanthropist, recognize him and are after the swag. A woman who threw him over for drunkenness succeeds in getting him to climb down the water pipe. He rescues her in turn. But what was she doing in this den?

Dublin will have a repertory theatre for high class plays, as "Strife" and "The Silver Box," which, on account of large casts and heavy staging, will not be performed by touring companies. The managers do not intend to interfere in any way with the work of the Abbey Theatre Company. The opening play will be Davidson's translation of Coppee's "For the Crown." Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalen" will be produced later. There will be a Russian week and an Ibsen week.

Charles McEvoy's comedy, "The Situation at Newbury," brought out in the repertory season at the Grand Theatre, Croyden, is described as "one of those fantastical things which are quite worth writing and equally worth seeing, but which are so obviously independent of the ordinary ways of men and women that they can have but little attraction for the average playgoer; and consequently they are apt to find their way to the stage of our repertory theatres." Perrin believes that women should be fully independent. He is deeply in love with his wife and jealous of his friend George Yonge, a lady-killer. In order to rid himself of his jealousy he invites Yonge to spend a fortnight at his house while he goes away to conduct an election campaign. Mrs. Perrin kisses Yonge, and, horrified lest she be tempted to do it again, telegraphs for her husband. He discovers what has happened. Forgetting his theories, he thinks of thrashing Yonge, but he is convinced in the end that his wife is a faithful soul. Mr. Walbrook, praising the dialogue of the play, fears that the plain man seeing the play will set down the husband an ass. "As a normal man, jealous of his wife, he behaved like an ass in inviting George to spend a fortnight with her and leaving them virtually alone together. On the other hand, as a transcendentalist he surely became an ass when he wanted to punch George's head; for, if a woman is to have 'full independence,' then has she not a perfect right to kiss, or let herself be kissed by whom she pleases; and was it not a gross impertinence toward his wife for Mr. Perrin to become pugilistic on such a provocation?"

Mr. Charles Dawbarn writes to the Pall Mall Gazette from Paris: "The Parisian public has not taken as kindly to 'The Great Divide' (which has appeared in French dress at the Theatre des Arts) as the public of America. Yet it is an interesting play. There is an ingenious development of the theory that the Rockies divide character as well as territory. On the western slopes human nature is passionate and intrepid, with an almost pagan enjoyment of life; on the eastern, other forces prevail; hyper-civilization, Puritanism, atavic virtues and defects. These considerations which appeal to the Anglo-Saxons leave the French cold, especially through a translation. The situations for some cause, either inherent or because of the medium, are devoid of the necessary sharpness. Foreign successes rarely succeed in Paris. This arises from jealousy and from the fact that French technique is superior to any in the world. The form is always there, even if the matter is absent. This and good acting account for the dominance of the French theatre. At its worst, it is never quite as bad as crude English or American drama."

In the Gallery

Here is another of Mr. Keble Howard's London dialogues overheard at Drury Lane when Mr. Forbes-Robertson was playing Hamlet. It was heard in the gallery.

Mrs. Briggs—Jer like it?

Mrs. Turner—Oh, yes, I likes it. Mikes any one think a bit, yer know.

Mrs. Briggs—Yus. Thet's the wust o' these sad sort o' plys. Still, jest fer a chinge—

Mrs. Turner—T[illegible] [illegible] got [illegible] with me, [illegible] dreams I [illegible] b'lieve!

Mrs. Briggs—An' me. On[illegible] afore last I dreamed [illegible] chasin' me rand ver k[illegible] ver chopper!

Mrs. Turner—My ole man [illegible] afore nah. No blinkin' dream [illegible] it, an' so I tell yer!

Mrs. Briggs—Well, let's 'ope [illegible] won't come true, but it's [illegible] they'll do when they get a drop o' [illegible] in 'em' . . . It's cheese, Ah [illegible], mikes yer dream. Ah kin [illegible] wive pore ole 'Amlit!

Mrs. Turner—An' me. Rum w[illegible] 'ad o' carryin' on, though. Look at yer [illegible] 'e torked ter that there 'Feelia! N[illegible] gentlemunly, sy wot yew my!

Mrs. Briggs—'E wuz orf 'is dot, yer know.

Mrs. Turner—Barmy?

Mrs. Briggs—'Corse! Seein' that there ghost sent 'im barmy! Didn't yew know that? My sister told me. She's been a cleaner at the Lane for 17 year. The[illegible] ain't much as she dunno abaht——

Mrs. Turner—'Ush! . . . Oo' . . . Ain't thet luvly! . . .

At an Old Minstrel Show

We have before us an old program of Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge. It is not dated. The Rules of the House are at the head of the bill. "Persons are requested not to beat time with their feet, as it is unpleasant to the audience and interrupts the performance. Front and centre seats for Ladies and Gentlemen accompanying them. Gentlemen are requested to take off their hats during performance hours. Whistling is positively forbidden in the hall. Owing to the peculiar arrangement of the program, no repetition of the pieces can be given."

After the grand introductory overture by the full band and "Crowned with the Tempest" sung by the company, Johnny Pell sang "Gal in Blue"; F. Wilmarth, "Seeing Nelly Home"; Lon Morris, "Jealousy, the Green Eyed Monster"; Billy Morris, "Whack, Row de dow"; R. Fredericks, "Evangeline"; Lon Morris, "The Pleasures of a City Life" (words by Dibden, music by T. Comer). Then came the Nightingale Polka, with piccolo and flageolet performed by Lothian, Endres and orchestra.

Part second began with a polka militaire. Messrs. Carroll, Queen, Pell and Morris Bros., and included "The Prima Donna," Japanese Tommy, "Secretary Chase's Financial Scheme' or Stocks Up and Stocks Down." Morris Brothers, "Sally Come Up, Sally Come Down," R. M. Carroll; "The Raw Recruits" Messrs. Pell, Morris Bros. and Japanese Tommy; double clog hornpipe, Carroll and Queen; "Gently Sighs the Breeze," Wilmarth and Fredericks.

The play of the third part was thus introduced: "The whole to conclude with the most successful and truly Laughable Piece ever presented to the citizens of this city—received nightly with Roars of Laughter and Shouts of applause." This piece was entitled "New Year Balls!"

"The peculiarly New York custom of keeping open house on the New Year holiday, suggested the idea of constructing this admirable Burletta, and affords an excellent opportunity for the display of the versatile talent of this Celebrated Troupe.

Peter Day, half simpleton..........Lon Morris
Adolphus Highflyer, an exquisite..........Johnny Pell
Mr. Hall, an India Rubber Merchant..........Billy Morris
Sam, a boot-black..........Japanese Tommy
Mr. Pianewell, a carpenter..........J. C. Trowbridge
Augustus Trueman, a mechanic..........N. Lothian
Lucinda Day, a flirt..........R. M. Carroll
Mrs. Day, a widow..........E. W. Prescott

"During this piece will be introduced the new and gorgeous skating scene on Jamaica pond, painted expressly for this piece, terminating with a grand skating match, in which Peter will exhibit his superiority in that graceful amusement."

The performance began at 7:40. Tickets 25 cents; reserved seats 50 cents; children under 10 years, 15 cents. The performances on Saturday afternoon began at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Lothian, who was in those days actor, violinist and conductor, has many interesting stories to tell about those old minstrel days.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Multum in Parvo

Apropos of the many inquiries for the words of old-time songs. I wonder how many of your readers remember when popular ballads were sold on the streets of Boston for a penny each, in the same manner as souvenir cards are now sold. I remember seeing these ballads strung up on the fence of the Old Granary burying ground, and elsewhere, more than 50 years ago. Many of these songs were sung by the Morris Brothers' minstrels. I recall the following song made up from the titles of the then popular ballads. It may not be complete, but I think you will agree with me that there is enough of it:

As you walk through the town, on a fine summer day
The subject of my song you will meet, I dare say,
On the fences and railings, wherever you may go.

You will see [illegible] many ballads all [illegible] ... new,
The titles so read you may stop for [illegible]
And some are so odd they will cause you to smile
I tested them down, as I read them along
And I've put them all together to make up my song.

There was bonnie Annie Laurie, Going Out on a Spree,
And Old Uncle Snow, In a Cottage by the Sea.
Jesse Lisle and Zouave Johnny, Riding in a Railroad Keer,
Let Me Kiss Him for His Mother, He's a Gay Young Gambolier.
They Think of Me at Home? I'll Be Free and Easy Still,
Give Me Back My Old Commander With the Sword of Bunker Hill.
If Your Foot is Pretty, Show It. At Lanigan's Ball.
And Why Did She Leave Him? On the Raging Canawl.
Rock Me to Sleep, Mother, Going Round the Horn
Not Myself at All, I'm A Bachelor Forlorn.
Mother, Is the Battle Over? What Are the Men About?
How Are You Horace Greeley? Does Your Mother Know You're Out?

C. F. A.

Roxbury

A Dreaded Class

The ouvreuse in the Paris theatres has long been considered by visitors as a daughter of the horse leech crying "Give." Even conservative Parisians have at times rebelled. The ouvreuse is obliged to pay several francs daily for the privilege of wearing the apron, and she pays a sum as caution money. The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph writes that at the Theatre Francais the contract of 1861 is still in force. "According to it, they must deposit in the hands of the cashier a sum of £80 as guarantee, the reimbursement of which neither they nor their relatives, however close, can claim under any circumstances whatsoever. At the most, the administration can at its discretion empower such ouvreuses as retire before the expiration of their 20 years of service to withdraw £4 for each year of service yet to run. Thus an ouvreuse who retires after 15 years may, not must, recive back £20. Interest at the rate of 3 per cent is paid on the £80 deposit, both during the years of service and after retirement, compulsory at the age of 65."

The profits average only about $20 a month, yet the position at the Theatre Francais is eagerly desired. At the last vacancy there were about 40 candidates. Arthur Pougin in his "Dictionnaire du Theatre" defines the ouvreuse as a mammiferous animal of the female sex appointed to guard the boxes in French theatres, and created expressly for the despair of the two sexes. He inveighs bitterly against the greed of the ouvreuse, who would gladly demand of a man to take off his waistcoat and of a woman to hand over her corset, that she might collect additional fees.

At Astruc's new Theatre des Champs Elysees the ouvreuses have been replaced by lackeys in knee breeches. They are said to be more decorative and less importunate.

Wagner and Nikisch

Mr. Robin H. Legge contributes to the Daily Telegraph (London) an entertaining article about Wagner and Nikisch, apropos of the latter's conducting the "Ring" last month in London. It seems that Nikisch first spoke with Wagner when the composer visited Vienna in 1872. Nikisch was then spokesman of a deputation which included Motti and Paur, appointed to greet Wagner. In Vienna Nikisch played in Wagner's performance of the Ninth Symphony. For three months Nikisch was tentatively engaged as chorus master at the Leipsic Opera House when the rehearsals of the 'Ring' were progressing.

"Rather curiously, the first work in operatic form that Arthur Nikisch conducted at Leipsic was anything but Wagnerian, for it was none other than the operetta, 'Jeanne, Jeannette, Jeanneton,' performances of which were given in the delightful Old Theatre, where we used to hear such things as Dittersdorf's 'Doktor und Apotheker.' It may serve as an example to ambitious young English conductors who [illegible] to start their careers by directing [illegible] that even Nikisch was not too proud to earn his experience by conducting operetta. I have heard of one or two to whom this may be a valuable word of advice! Nikisch met with so emphatic a success on this occasion that quickly yet another work was given to him, he mind you, being only [illegible] then in the Town Opera. [illegible]'s 'Blitz' was his second opera, and the orchestra was the Buchner [illegible] a band composed, I think, of the picked players from the three bands of the infantry regiments stationed in Leipsic. Again the success was overwhelming, so that the authorities began to see what manner of man this was whom Dessoff had sent to them. The day of real trial arrived very soon after these experiences, when Neumann was to take a well-earned holiday and went off to Salzburg, having made full preparations for the carrying out of his own programs in his absence.

In this program was 'Tannhaeuser' that Arthur Nikisch marked down as [illegible] Success also was on [illegible] ... settled in his mind to report [illegible] team reached him from old Angelo Foerster in Leipsic, which was to this effect: 'Our orchestra declines to play under this young man, Nikisch. What shall we do?' Neumann telegraphed an answer too long to quote here, but it was roughly to the effect that the orchestra was to attend the rehearsal and play the overture under Nikisch, and if they were not satisfied then with his ability, he, Neumann, would return direct to Leipsic. The result was that Nikisch's success was so great and so emphatic as, says Neumann, to reflect credit on the players, after the overture the scene was a remarkable one, for the players rose as one man and cheered the young chorusmaster in the heartiest and stormiest fashion.

"'With this performance of 'Tannhaeuser' Arthur Nikisch leapt at once into the ranks of the foremost conductors of Europe.' Thus spake Neumann, and he knew."

London and the Repertory Theatre

Now that the Manchester Repertory Theatre company is here, and there is talk of a repertory theatre in Boston, Mr. Frederick Wheeler's explanation of why there is no theatre of this kind in London is of interest:

In London we have no repertory theatre. This is one of our many anomalies.

We have a great population of citizens, we have a great population of visitors, we have great wealth. We have groups of dramatists, critics and playgoers who desire a repertory theatre. We have experimental societies, we have active experimentalists, we have the artists, the organizers and the experts, we have the material and the opportunity—yet the repertory theatre movement, born in our city, has not yet provided us with even one repertory theatre.

Experiments there have been. The best remembered are the three years of the Vedrenne-Barker management at the Court Theatre and the 17 weeks of Mr. Frohman's repertory enterprise at the Duke of York's Theatre.

In 1904 the first of these experiments was made. Mr. Granville Barker, who had produced several plays for the Stage Society, and who was a member of its council, was asked by Mr. J. H. Leigh, the proprietor of the Court Theatre, to superintend the production of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." This he undertook to do on condition that Mr. J. E. Vedrenne, who was then manager of the theatre, would combine with him in giving six matinee performances of Bernard Shaw's "Candida." These performances were given in the spring of the year with considerable success, and the result was a permanent alliance between the two men which has had lasting results on the modern theatre movement. The Vedrenne-Barker series of plays was inaugurated in October of the same year with Gilbert Murray's translation of "The Hippolytus of Euripides." This play had already been produced in the previous summer by the New Century Theatre with Miss Edyth Olive as Phaedra, Mr. Ben Webster as Hippolytus, Mr. Alfred Brydone as Theseus, and Mr. Granville Barker as the Henchman, and had made a profound and lasting impression.

The Court Theatre management then began the first serious attempt in London to establish a theatre which should pay its own way and yet make a principle of frequent changes of program. It was a halfway house to a repertory theatre. As Mr. Barker said at the close of his three years' work: "We have opposed to the long-run system the short-run system. It has many disadvantages, perhaps, but it keeps the plays fresh, and, from a business point of view, it is perfectly justifiable, as you will see when I report to you the total number of performances of some of our plays. 'You Never Can Tell' attained to 149, 'John Bull's Other Island' to 121, 'Man and Superman' to 176. Well, though these records might be just as good and far more satisfactory in a repertory theatre, I think we may claim that the plays are more alive now both from a business and an artistic point of view than they would have been had they simply been run callously to the fullest limits of their popularity."

Much can be said in favor of the long run system. Most theatres in a great city must of necessity rely for their success on producing as few plays as possible for as long a time as possible. But there are many plays, manifestly unlikely to run 100 or 200 consecutive nights, which yet are capable of giving pleasure to a considerable public. Such plays hitherto had only been given by one of the producing societies which preceded the institution of the Court Theatre management. Financed by subscription these enterprises, such as the Independent Theatre Society, the New Century Theatre, the Elizabethan Stage Society, the Incorporated Stage Society and others were in reality endowed managements for strictly limited audiences. They did interesting and valuable work, but they could not get into touch with the greater public. This could only be possible by means of a theatre permanently open to which all had the right of access. This was the significance of the Vedrenne-Barker management [illegible] the repertory theatre [illegible] ... subsequently opened for the [illegible].

The introduction of Bernard Shaw to the London public as a dramatist is one of its greatest achievements; the performances of Gilbert Murray's translations of Euripides; and the introduction to the London stage of new English dramatists were the outstanding features of the Vedrenne-Barker management.

Other dramatists whose works were given for a limited number of performances include St. John Hankin, Maurice Hewlett, Frederick Fenn, John Masefield, Elizabeth Robins, Ibsen, Hauptmann and Maeterlinck.

May 19, 1913

A newspaper recently published a letter written by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in which he said: "I was asked the other day whether I made the word 'anaesthetic,' which I certainly did." It is a pity that Dr. Murray and his merry men in compiling the New English (Oxford) Dictionary did not know this. They quote from an article by Sir J. Simpson published in 1847 and this is the earliest date of the word they found in English literature. If we are not mistaken the first case of an anaesthetic operation under ether was in 1846.

Strong on Plurals.

Boston may well be proud of her mayor. Addressing the National Congress of Mothers he used without hesitation or stammering the plural "curricula," preferring the stately word of the ancient Romans to any foolish Anglicization. And, if pressed, the mayor no doubt would have described the word as Ciceronian, meaning a chariot race, running in the circus, a race course, or, figuratively, a career, course, while Tacitus applied it to a chariot or light car, Plautus to quick motion and Curtius to a wagon.

We speak of this because there are public men who are confused when they come to this or that plural. Hippopotamus, rhinoceros and index bother some, and we once heard a southwestern statesman speak of "them molasseses."

Wanton Destruction.

And while we are discussing educational matters, let us protest against the proposal to destroy old school books because they are full of germs.

> Time-honored tomes!
> The same my sire scanned before,
> The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,
> The same his sire from college bore.

It was a poet of this city that wrote the lines, in his praise of old wine, old books, old friends.

> Old Homer blind,
> Old Horace, rake Anacreon, by
> Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie.

Would that we now possessed the earlier books, those that vexed us in the little old red schoolhouse, and later in the intermediate and grammar schools. There was the spelling book with the picture of some one holding an ingenuous youth with a queer cap by the hand and pointing theatrically to the temple of Fame on a high hill. Where is the old geography—was it Morse's? not the one by Jedediah but by Sidney E. Morse. Behind its boards placed upright on the desk we read "Mad Mike the Death Shot," "Snaky Snodgrass," "Silverheels the Delaware," "Sixteen String Jack." "The Mysteries of the Court of London." From the geography we learned that the French were a polite and gallant people, fond of light wines and manufacturers of silks. The picture illustrative of the article "Russia" shows a sleigh pursued by wolves. Where are the old readers? One of them contained extracts we have not seen since. "Give her to me," said one. "I'll take her," said the captain. "You, Mr. Renwick, counsel moderation." "And is this your scanty store? And a half of this do you offer to a stranger? Then never saw I hospitality before."

Later came the "Readers and Speakers" with "The Seminole's Defiance"—"Blaze with Your Serried Columns;" "I Give My Soldier Boy a Blade;" "The Atrocious Crime of Being a Young Man;" "Has the Gentleman Done!" "Here I Come Creeping," and the inevitable speech of Spartacus.

In the Dust Bin.

They are all gone, with the "Life of Alexander Selkirk" (green boards and grotesque woodcuts), the hieroglyphic Mother Goose, the English edition of "The Boy's Own Book," "Dick and His Friend Fidus," "Tim the Scissors Grinder." And with them are Anthon's Virgil, forbidden by the teachers, and other classics edited by the voluminous and Johnsonian professor at Columbia. Would that they were now on the shelf before us, with Capt. Mayne Reid's "Rifle Rangers" and "White Chief"! Who would not give away his set of Kipling or Stevenson to make room for them, though the old books were thumbed, foxed, dogseared, broken backed?

Bishop Doane.

The late Bishop Doane was for many years a picturesque figure in the streets of Albany, as he walked in knickerbockers, followed by a bulldog. He was a man of grave deportment, iron [illegible] ... estab[illegible] ... aine. [illegible] ... interesting the [illegible] ... as in his [illegible] ... from the [illegible] ... Aristocratic in [illegible] ... ratic in manner, yet he was [illegible] ous of the dignity pertaining to his office. He liked to be addressed as "The Bishop of Albany," and [illegible] registered the title in preference to his name. For many years he was a power in the city as in the church and was fearless in the expression of opinion for the making of righteousness.

Rural Quiet.

In the first issue of the London Times for tuppence was the following advertisement printed on the first page:

VILLAGE SCANDAL.—If there is a VILLAGE in ENGLAND where ONE may SPEND the AUTUMN of ONE'S DAYS in peace and quiet, FREE from SCANDALOUS GOSSIP of NEIGHBOURS, the advertiser would be glad to hear of it.—W. G., The Times Office, E. C.

Nearly 100 years ago William Hazlitt wrote an essay on the "Character of the Country People." It was written with his usual gusto, and the flavor was bitter. "If a stranger comes to live among country people, they have a bad opinion of him at first; and all he can do to overcome their dislike only confirms them in it." This advertisement in the Times might have been written by Hazlitt himself after a quart or two of boiled tea.

"Vex Not the Poet."

There has been some talk here of late concerning the poet as a money-gainer, and it has been boldly stated that the poet who is the highest paid is therefore the "greatest." Robert Bridges in 1880 wrote a letter to the income tax authorities which was published in London only a few days ago. In it he states that he receives only a slight royalty, "I have got a good deal of reputation—university honors, and so forth—but that is because I never wrote for money."

CONCERT IN WAGNER HONOR

The Federation of German Societies of Boston honored the memory of Richard Wagner, in Jordan Hall yesterday afternoon, with a centenary concert. A program of Wagnerian music was given by a male chorus of nearly 200 voices and by 55 Boston Symphony musicians under the direction of Gustav Strube.

The concert began at 3 o'clock. A striking stage setting was presented. This was furnished by Joseph [illegible] the artistic director of the Boston Opera House. Two addresses, one in German by Mr Urban and the other in English by Prof. Louis C. Elson, together with a prologue written by Paul W[illegible]mann and read by Prof Paul Gr[illegible], were features of the program. Miss Joseph Knight sang a soprano solo.

The program of the afternoon, Prof. Elson said, was all the more fitting for the occasion because it very splendidly by consecutive arrangement depicted the artistic growth of the great genius, going from his "Meistersinger" to "Tannhauser," which more fully revealed Wagner's radical ideas.

The address in German by Mr. U[illegible] told of the great composer's [illegible] from an artistic standpoint.

The musical numbers were: "Meistersinger," by the orchestra. "[illegible]" by the chorus and orchestra, "Lohengrin Vorspiel," by the orchestra, soprano solo by Miss Knight, Pilgrim chorus, "Tannhauser," by the chorus, Matrosen chorus, "Der Fliegende Hollander," by the chorus, and "Tannhauser," by the orchestra.

May 20 1913

"W Micawber Green" of Greenfield asks where he can find a rollicking ditty known to him only as "Tom [illegible]sey's Song."

"Tom was a gay young Irishman, a fellow-student and classmate of mine not so many years ago, whose clear tenor voice was always in great demand at beer nights, birthday punches and other merry occasions. At these times, long before it was necessary to tap the keg, or to scrape the bottom of the bowl, as the case might be, Tom was sure to be led out to the centre of the room and made to sing his three songs. These were 'A Fine Old Irish Gentleman,' 'O'Dooley's First Five O'Clock Tea' and (always last) his piece set to a lively, happy-go-lucky tune which will not [illegible]. It appears that Mr [illegible] to teach the whole of the song to friends, but it [illegible]

"Putting on Airs."

... indebted to Mrs. ... M ... Brookline, "An Old M..." of Dorchester, and "G. F. D." ... Byfield for answers to the ... of Mr. J. Burns, with reference ... song, "Putting on Airs." Un... ly the three do not agree in the text of the first verse. G. ... writes:

... your correspondent, Mr. J. Burns, ... much interested in your revival ... minstrel songs, and I agree with ... regard to Eph Horn that his ... never been seen. Here is the ... of the song he asks for— ... on Airs."

... white folks, your attention,
... wish to sing a song,
... if you'll only listen,
... ill not detain you long.
... ever like to interfere
With other folks' affairs
... my opinion is just now
... at some folks put on airs

... Eph Horn used to sing it, the ... parts were the spoken passages ... inted before the last line of the ... verses."

"Playing Hookey," Etc.

... World Wags:

... I was a boy in Chelsea in the ... ties, we use to say, "Hook Jack," ... re that in Eastport, Me., we used ... "Sky Jack." I would like to ... f any other region had "Sky Jack." ... t names do you know for what ... ians call "Antiques and Hor- ..." That being so evidently a par- ... n the name "Ancients and Honor- ..." it seems to me it must be en- ... local. I have seen the name ... humpian Serenaders" in print. ... tport at the aforesaid time we ... them "Jack Dinahs," or some- ... of that sort. In Chelsea they ... "Noddles Island Bumbleheeists ... umney Marsh Macaroons." Are ... ny distinctive New York names? ... delphia on the first of January ... ve seen them as "New Year's ... rs." QUINCY KILBY.

... on, May 16.

... Northampton and in neighboring ... of Hampshire county in the ... "Antiques and Horribles" ... d in a Fourth of July procession. ... thumpians" or "Callithumpians"— ... the latter spelling is preferred— ... name assumed at various times ... s of rowdies, especially in Bal- ... The name was also given to ... and there were sometimes women ... them, who, yelling and pounding ... n pans, blowing horns, made New ... s eve hideous. The word itself is ... d to be founded on that of the ... Calliope and the verb "to thump." ... llithumpians also celebrated un- ... r weddings, but of them, of the ... ari and riding the skimmington ... ay speak tomorrow.

Variants.

... Corey remembers the first verse ... ows:

... white folks, listen unto me, for I'm
... ing to sing,
... upon a subject now I think the very
thing
... not want to mix at all in anyone's
... ffairs,
... y opinion is just now that some folks
... ut on airs.

CHORUS:

... no use talking, no use talking, 'tis so
everywhere,
... us folks of fashion do, you've got to
put on airs.

... "Old Music Printer," does not ... mber any prolegomenon. ... as he recollects, plunged, like ... r, "in medias res:"

The politicians first of all,
... n election day will stand,
And everyone who passes by,
... ll shake them by the hand;
... t when he gets a good fat job,
... that is all he cares;
... h, ain't he some pumpkins then,
And don't he put on airs.

... rve how persons hear and remem- ... et innocent men have been hanged ... ilty men have escaped on im- ... contradictory or faulty evidence ... n good faith.

... LE SQUARE THEATRE—"Get ... ick Wallingford," a comedy by ... M. Cohan.

... Lamb	Carney Christie
...	H. Morgan Snow
... Dempsey	Frederick Ormonde
... asper	Mary Keener
... attles	George Ernst
... rkins	Robert Capron
... ither	J. Monte Crane
... eera	Laurett Browne
... Dempsey	Fay Stone
... dy" Dempsey	Mabel Colcord
... Welles	J. Morrill Morrison
... Welles	Florence Shirley
... Daw (Blackie)	Donald Meek
...	George Hunt
... Wallingford	William P. Carleton
... nneth B. Lampton	Alfred Lunt
... Battles	Harvey Clark
... tt	Al Roberts
... nahue, a Pinkerton detective	Hubert Pierce

B. F. KEITH'S

... eek's bill at B. F. Keith's Thea- ... es several novelties in addition ... une's Garden of living statues, ... its third week, with another ... least to follow, so great has ... upon the program that failed to ... receive enthusiastic ... at last night's performance. One of the early hits of the evening was scored by Mlle. Martha and sisters in a novelty entitled "While the Boys Are Away." This sketch introduces Mlle. Martha in a number of difficult trapeze acts and rope climbing feats rarely attempted upon any stage, and never before by a woman performer.

Another novelty is provided by the Three Stanleys, who have a unique specialty in which one of the trio displays marked skill in feats upon the spring board. Lew Brice and Lillian Gonne in "Kids Is Kids" received the same cordial greeting that always awaits their appearance at B. F. Keith's. Mr. Brice in the course of the sketch does a number of imitations, one of the best being that of Bert Williams in the latter's latest song success, entitled "That's Harmony."

Julia Nash and her company of three presented last night "Her First Case," a farce comedy, dealing with a taxicab-street car accident in which Elizabeth Knox, the victim, intends "signing off" for $25 only to be prevented by Parthenia Page, the victim's counsel, who eventually succeeds in securing several hundred dollars for alleged damages of the variety and extent so often claimed against public service corporations in general.

Julius Tannen, "The Chatterbox," is carrying this time a brand new monologue in which he touches upon a variety of subjects, ranging all the way from religion to styles in women's dresses. Mr. Tannen is always different from the usual monologue performer. Direct from Honolulu comes Toots Paka—by no mean as diminutive a young woman as her name might indicate—and her Hawaiian native singers, who give several vocal selections, two or three mandolin numbers, the act concluding with Miss Paka's famous "Hula Hula Dance," quite unlike the numerous foreign dances that have hitherto been imported into this country.

Neptune's Garden concludes the program while the opening number is provided by the talking motion pictures.

At the close of its Boston engagement at B. F. Keith's Theatre, "Neptune's Garden of Living Statues" will go to Philadelphia, where it will remain for the rest of the summer. Last week many managers came to see it and were so impressed that it has been booked for the next two years.

FRENCH FARCE AT TREMONT

"The Gentleman from No. 19,"

By PHILIP HALE.

TREMONT THEATRE—First performance in Boston of "The Gentleman from No. 19," a farce in three acts, an adaptation by Mark E. Swan of a piece by Keroul and Barre.

The Earl of Broughton	Charles Brown
Joseph	Tom Graves
Benjamin	Richie Ling
Leontine	Dorothea Sadlier
Picavent	Robert Payton Gibbs
Jacquinet	Henry Stockbridge
Dubois	E. D. Coe
Chaumet	Walter Jones
Marguerite	Nannette Comstock
Lieut. Chabonnet	Stephen Gillis
Valerie	Florine Arnold
Dr. Brodard	Henry Bergman
Amelie	Millicent Evans
Pepin	Raymond Smith

Chaumet, the landlord of a hotel, is hypnotized by any glittering object. Travelling, he stopped at an inn, and was compelled by the light on a door knob to enter a chamber that was not his. A bride therein, alone, screamed, but before her husband could come to her, Chaumet escaped, leaving in his own room, No. 19, a suitcase containing toilet articles, a pair of trousers, a deck of cards, slippers, and a photograph of Jacquinet, a village attorney, who forced it on Chaumet as he was taking the train.

The husband of the insulted bride turns out to be Dr. Brodard, a hypnotist, and Bodard is Chaumet's best friend. He has promised to spend a fortnight of his honeymoon at Chaumet's hotel. The two arrive, with poor Chaumet's suit case. The bride recognizes the intruder. Brodard, thirsty for revenge, suspects Jacquinet, but, discovering that Chaumet is a hypnotic subject, learns from him the truth. The complications that arise are many, especially as the Earl of Broughton, disguised as a waiter, is making love to Chaumet's wife—Perfide Albion!—Jacquinet is enamored of Valerie, and Picavent is wildly jealous of Leontine, his wife, but a maid in the hotel. Add to the list Dubois, deaf, but a fearless player on the slide trombone.

This farce is of the kind that once made the fortune of the Palais Royal. It is unnecessary to add that it abounds in "gros sel." The characters are distinctly unmoral in their views and experiences, and some of the situations are of the kind that provoke a sly snicker rather than a hearty laugh. Yet there is no real harm in the farce, although it was alluringly announced as "startling." The characters are so extravagant that they move in a world only known to the stage and their ac... them ... to be taken seriously. What ... Hunt said in defence of the plays by Congreve, Wycherley and Vanbrugh might be said of this farce.

And the farce, especially the first act, is very amusing; funny in itself and by reason of the performance. The hypnotizing of Chaumet is a fall from the jocose level, and the result that brings down the curtain is too readily anticipated.

A farce of this sort should be played at a high rate of speed, and the company organized by the Shuberts set a fast pace from the start. All contribute to the success, and there is really no bright, particular star. Mr. Jones has the leading part and he plays it with unflagging spirit. Mr. Bergman gives decided character to the hypnotic doctor. And as Mr. Brown plays in the true farcial vein, with a seriousness that is irresistible—thus the opening scene with Benjamin is one of the best in the piece so the trombone solo of Mr. Coe is long to be remembered, also the wild desire of Jacquinet to show his bravery. Miss Comstock was an attractive Marguerite, Miss Evans a sufficiently insulted bride, Miss Sadlier a piquant maid.

This farce was brought out at White Plains on April 28.

May 21 1913

An English peeress, shocked out of aristocratic composure by the modern "scandalous travesties on dancing," says that the Boston was the beginner of the evil.

Now the Boston known to the older generation in the late Sixties and Seventies was a highly decorous dance, a waltz "moderato." It became the fashion in France about 1874, though it was danced in some Parisian private ball rooms as early as 1867. M. Desrat gives a description of it in his "Dictionnaire de la Danse" published in 1895. He says in conclusion: "Far from being regularly prescribed as our waltzes are, this dance demands a great variety of movements. To advance, go backward, turn now to the right and now to the left are the distinguishing characteristics of an excellent 'bostonneur.' The Americans have special music for their Boston; this music is usually in slow waltz time. With us it is the fashion to 'bostonner' all the dances, polka, polka-mazurka, waltz; some dancers have even held the music in contempt so that they even have 'bostonne' the quadrille."

And long ago M. Louis d'Egville, discussing the waltz, had this to say: "Some of the American variations on the waltz a trois temps are agreeable and effective, but 'Hop-waltz,' 'Slow waltz' and 'Lurch' are abominations."

"The Finest."

As the World Wags:

The origin of police nicknames is an interesting study. In the Fifties a Boston policeman was called a "geevus" ("g" hard, as in "get"), but I never could learn the origin. Then came a change. About 40 years ago a groceryman on Boylston street, near the present Young Men's Christian Union building, kept missing goods from his store, to his great annoyance. He notified the police, but to no effect. He then employed a private watchman, and the latter, hearing one night a noise in the store, flashed up a light and found a policeman with a cheese nicely wrapped to take home. Of course the matter leaked out, the officer was dealt with, and the small boy dubbed the police "cheesers." The name stuck for years and was a sore point. The policeman didn't mind being called a "bobby," a "peeler," a "copper" or "cop" or a "geevus"—but a "cheeser"—that stung. I can seem now to hear the small boy crying: "Cheese it; the cop!" i. e., "Run, the policeman is coming." But who knows the origin of "geevus"?

Boston, May 20. C. W. P.

"Cheese it!" was in thieves' slang long before the policeman's adventure in Boylston street. The phrase with definition is in the "Lexicon Balatronicum," published in 1811. It has been in colloquial use in England ever since. It was common in western Massachusetts in the sixties. We have heard the word "geevus" pronounced with a soft "g," no doubt erroneously.

Dr. Holmes Anticipated.

As the World Wags:

The allusion in one of your recent articles to the claim made by the witty Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes as to the coinage of the word "anesthaesia," reminds me of another parallelism of his as to orthodoxy and heterodoxy, neatly paraphrased in the U. S. Gazette, July 2, 1791, long before the genial poet was born. The poem in the Gazette ran as follows:

ORTHODOXY.

If you & I Should disagree,
'Tis plain as any case can be,
Your faith is wholly out of joint,
You're Heterodox in every point.
But if, as I do, you believe,
And pin your faith upon my sleeve,
Whether in Church affairs, or State,
You're Orthodox, Sans all debate.

Boston, May 20. PELEG PRIAM.

As the World Wags:

Can any one verify the report that Tattershall Castle in England was sold to an American who would transport it brick by brick to America? It is between the Cathedral city of Lincoln and the town of Boston on the Witham river. Its reported removal is of interest for it is the earliest and finest example of brick work in the 14th century. Its fireplaces are reproduced in the new Parliament buildings at Westminster. It was the seat of the fourth Earl of Lincoln, and here assembled the Puritans John Cotton, John Winthrop and Roger Williams for conference. A. P.

Boston, May 20.

Crawford's Beethoven.

As the World Wags:

Why do the ruling powers at Symphony Hall object to the restoration of Crawford's fine statue of Beethoven to its wonted place among the makers of music? It was fortunate of course that the late Charles Perkins, the giver, left it to the Handel and Haydn Society with the condition that it should only remain upon the platform of the Music Hall while it continued to be used for its original purpose. There is full liberty now to emplace it elsewhere and the spirit of the gift would undoubtedly best be fulfilled should it resume its old position—instead of one of the few fine statues in Boston remaining in the comparative obscurity of the lobby of the Conservatory of Music. It is known that persons whose associations with musical enjoyment extend far back of the delights of Symphony Hall would be so glad to see this link with other days before their eyes that they would gladly defray the cost of its removal. As he stood with his back at the fireplace, as it were, of the glowing keybank of the great organ, the Maestro was a singularly appropriate guest among his interpreters. It can not be that the present men are jealous of the existence of earlier orchestras, or is it perchance that they feel that some of the modern "cantrips" are a little unworthy of the presence of the Representative of the Immortals?

Boston. DRYASDUST.

PERCY LEVEEN GIVES CONCERT

Percy Leveen, violinist, assisted by Mme. Marie Sundelius, soprano, and Mme. Clara Tippett, pianist, gave a concert last evening in Steinert Hall. The program: P. W.

Saint-Saens, Concerto, B minor; Cui, Orientale; D'Ambrosio, Serenade; C. B. Roepper, Adagietto, Serenade Etrangere; Wieniawski, Russian Airs, Mr. Leveen. Carpenter, "Les Silhouettes"; Brewer, "The Fairy Piper"; Fox, "I Wander Thru the Stilly Night"; Mrs. Beach, "My Sweetheart"; Petterson-Berger, "May," "Fairy Titania"; Grieg, "Out In the World," Mme. Sundelius.

Mr. Leveen, a Somerville boy, is a pupil of Timothee Adamowski. He is at present studying with Emmanuel Ondracek. His tone is robust and agreeable in quality. He shows the result of fine training and his technical proficiency is well developed. Last evening he played with musicianly phrasing, poise and authority.

The songs sung by Mme. Sundelius were unconventionally chosen. This singer's golden voice and admirable artistic attainments are well known in Boston. Mme. Tippett was a sympathetic accompanist.

May 22 1913

The Herald spoke yesterday about the resignation of Mr. Julius Akroyd, violinist, from the Boston Symphony orchestra, and paid him a deserved tribute, but the statement that he was "the only one of the original members of the orchestra who has been with it continuously" was erroneous. Mr. Daniel Kuntz, violinist, still with the orchestra, has played with it from the first. Mr. Fox, flute, and Mr. Schumann, horn, also original members, resigned their positions at the close of the season of 1911-1912.

The Tooth-Brush Mustache.

As the World Wags:

The characteristic "Boston mustache" could not have "originated in British army circles 10 years ago," as your correspondent, "W. L. S.," stated, for the simple reason that its common use in Boston dates from not later than 1890.

Boston, May 19. R. C. T.

High Sounding Names.

As the World Wags:

In The Herald of May 15, Mr. Dryasdust, a distant connection of mine on my father's side, asks: "Why has not the dignified title so common in London, 'Mansions,' caught on more extensively with us?"

This question, under the heading, "A Higher Flavor," especially appealed to me, and I have been daily looking for

[illegible] to start up and explain [illegible] was it [illegible] Dean Howells who once said [illegible] ever would like to live in an apartment house with a name? To say [illegible] were living on the top floor of "Marguerite" smacks of being stuck-up, [illegible] middle floor of "Maud" sounds rather commonplace, as does the annex of the "Inverness"—such an out-in-the-world sound to it. In fact many apartment houses have names that sound [illegible] dignified and unhomelike.

The old custom at Oberammergau of [illegible] all the houses after those who took part in the Passion Play may well [illegible] the nerves; for those arriving late [illegible] inquiring for rooms are told that St. John or St. Peter is full, "but you might get a side room in Mary, or St. Paul," or whatever the name of the house with rooms to let may be.

Please, Mr. Dryasdust, do not encourage the addition of a higher flavor to what now exists. Although there certainly is flavor in the word "Mansion," the taste will remain practically the same, and the landlord might be tempted to raise the rent.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

Boston, May 19.

Mr. Fisher's Misbehavior.

Mr. Fisher, pitching in Chicago, was vexed by the decisions of the umpire, Mr. O'Loughlin and at last he stooped over [illegible] his hands on his knees and [illegible] wildly when Mr. O'Loughlin [illegible] ball with the count two and two. We do not defend Mr. Fisher's action, for we think with Baudelaire that laughter betrays a coarse, if not [illegible], nature. Mr. O'Loughlin, having probably read Baudelaire's essay, or being acquainted with the treatises on [illegible] by Sully and Bergson, "waved [illegible] the bench."

But Mr. Fisher's form of adverse comment might have been more reprehensible. He might, by putting his thumb to [illegible] nose and spreading out his fingers, have showed his contempt by performing the operation known as "taking a [illegible]," "taking a grinder," or "working the coffee mill." This would have been [illegible] more offensive behavior and ruinous to the dignity of the occasion.

Mycerinus.

Mr. B. S. Walker of Macon, Ga., who took bichloride of mercury by mistake, though told that he must die in a short time, keeps open house. Mycerinus, son of Cheops, reigned over Egypt, and to him there came an oracle to the effect that he was to live but six years longer. He therefore, turned night into day, that he might live 12 years, and revelled with his people

> And ever when the sun went down,
> A hundred lamps beam'd in the tranquil gloom,
> From tree to tree all through the twinkling grove,
> [illegible] the tumult of the feast—
> [illegible]'d guests and golden goblets foam'd with wine
> [illegible] the deep-burnish'd foliage overhead
> Splinter'd the silver arrows of the moon.

Fatal Pride.

Ada Dunscombe died from slow starvation and her brother was found suffering from lack of food in a "mysterious" house in Yonkers. The house was called mysterious by the neighbors because for years the blinds were closed and no light was seen through a window. When the police and the coroner entered they found a library of expensive books and no food. The Dunscombes had formerly been well-to-do. They lost their fortune and, sensitive, did not wish to let anybody know about their poverty-stricken condition.

Here again is a story of real life that has been treated by novelists. The theme is the pride of decayed gentlewomen, who will not borrow and would die rather than beg. There is the grim tale "Behind the Shade," by Mr. Arthur Morrison, but it is no grimmer than the tragedies that excite attention hardly for a day in the city, but in villages pass into tradition.

Anecdote for the Day.

King Alfonso, visiting Paris, though a hearty eater, did not care for entrees, sauces and all the "Frenchified fuss." His favorite dishes were beefsteak and chicken, with plenty of bread. And when he last dined at the Spanish embassy in Vienna he asked that a crusty loaf and a large jug of water be set near his plate. "In Berlin, Paris and London," he said, "I had frequently to go short of the two things I like best at my meals—bread and water."

Many years ago Thomas Walker, who wrote with rare understanding about aristology, or the art of dining, recommended as a centrepiece a basket of bread, white and brown, "with a silver fork on each side, so that the guests could help themselves, which would be perfectly easy with a party not exceeding eight, which limit I understand in all I say."

May 23 1913

"MACBETH" AT THE SHUBERT

SHUBERT THEATRE [illegible]

[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible] Kelly
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible] Mather
[illegible]	[illegible] Lewis
[illegible]	William Adams
R[illegible]	Walter Connolly
M[illegible]	Arthur Norton
A[illegible]	Frank Bertrand
F[illegible]ance	Eleanor Fralick
A[illegible]tor	Frank Bertrand
A sergeant	John S. O'Brien
A porter	James P. Hagan
Murderers	William Adams and Leslie Palmer
Gentlewoman	Helen Singer
Lady Macbeth	Miss Marlowe
First Witch	Miss Lenore Chippendale
Second Witch	Malcolm Bradley
Third Witch	Millicent McLaughlin

Apparitions. P. J. Kelly, Eleanor Fralick and Lillian Lipyeat

Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe were first seen in their admirable production of "Macbeth" at the Shubert Theatre in November, 1910. There was then much curiosity as to their impersonations. Last evening a very large audience was again interested and warm in its expressions of appreciation.

Mr. Sothern chooses to play Macbeth as a neurotic villain, given to hysteria, the victim of superstition. He is irresolute, introspective. Nerved by his wife's persistent courage to commit the murder, the deed unmans him. He is at once vision haunted, barely able to conceal his guilt, a terrified babbler before his frightened guests. One crime accomplished, others come more easily, although remorse was instant and obsessing. Some may prefer a Macbeth more in accordance with Charlotte Cushman's saying, "Macbeth is the great-grandfather of all the Bowery ruffians," a stalwart soldier, frightened only by the ghost. But Mr. Sothern's conception is eloquent in its own fashion, powerfully drawn and played with the skill of the accomplished actor.

Lady Macbeth as played by Miss Marlowe was first of all a devoted wife. She was tender, solicitous, demonstrative in her affection. A heroic, passionate woman, no obstacles were insurmountable when they impeded the prospective greatness of her man. The one deed done, however, she foresaw no others, and shuddered at her husband's later plans, even while she wept with him or strove to hearten him. There was restless ambition perceptible in her reading of the letter. Her meeting with her husband was charming, she welcomed Duncan graciously. Her sleepwalking scene did not thrill; but there was the picture of a strong-willed woman utterly undone.

The work of the supporting company was, as a whole, especially fine. Mr. Lewis was an excellent Macduff and Mr. Mather a commanding Banquo. The witches were effective, and Mr. O'Brien gave the sergeant's speech with soldierly robustness.

The play was admirably mounted and the settings were both striking and impressive.

The late Capt. De Friez was one of the whalers that made Nantucket famous the world over. The glory is departed, yet the tradition of pluck and daring will outlive the child born yesterday. The Capt. Ahab of Herman Melville's vividly realistic and wildly fantastical story may yet be taken as a historically legendary character as Sinbad or Achilles, and the white whale Moby Dick may yet be classed with the monstrous kraken. In "Moby Dick" the adventurous dreamer Melville gave a lifelike picture of scenes in New Bedford, where now a statue stands in honor of the whaler. One of the best descriptions of Nantucket in the 18th century is found in Hector St. John De Crevecoeur's "Letters from an American Farmer," published in 1782, and recently republished in Everyman's Library. Speaking of the peculiar customs of the islanders of his day, the author said that inebriation was unknown and music, cards and dancing were held in detestation, but the women indulged in a singular practice. "They have adopted these many years the Asiatic custom of taking a dose of opium every morning, and so deeply rooted is it that they would be at a loss how to live without this indulgence; they would rather be deprived of any necessary than forego their favorite luxury. This is much more prevailing among the women than the men, few of the latter having caught the contagion, though the sheriff, whom I may call the first person in the island, who is an eminent physician besides, and whom I had the pleasure of being well acquainted with, has for many years submitted to this custom. He takes three grains of it every day after breakfast, without the effects of which, he often told me, he was not able to transact any business."

Tandem.

As the World Wags.

Your suggestion in The Herald of this morning as to the method by which Mr. Fisher might have expressed his indignation recalls an old story of a clergyman in the Church of England who remonstrated with a parishioner for driving tandem. The parishioner expressed his astonishment. What difference did it make whether he put his horses side by side or one in advance of the other? The clergyman admitted that theoretically there should be no difference, but [illegible] he would [illegible] though he [illegible] were [illegible] "Now [illegible]" [illegible] continued the [illegible] hands side by [illegible] thus, no harm is done [illegible] place them tandem, [illegible] it gives [illegible] [illegible]"

H. [illegible] H.

Boston, May 21.

And why "tandem"? How many can tell "off the bat" why this Latin word is applied to "a two-wheeled vehicle drawn by two horses (or other beasts of draught) harnessed one before the other, or to a pair of carriage horses harnessed one before the other? Other school boys than Macaulay's remember well the word as occurring in the first sentence of Cicero's first oration against Catiline—who was no doubt a much-abused person in his day—and some say that the celebrated orations were merely rhetorical exercises, for Cicero, or "old Ciss" as Artemus Ward called him, did not dare to deliver them before the Senate. The use of "tandem" in English is apparently a wretched pun—"at length." So say deep thinkers concerning etymology. They say that the use in English was first at the universities. Disraeli's Duke of St. James found sufficient time for his boat, his tandem and his toilette.

Two Questions.

"J. W. H.," of Centre Tuftonboro, N. H. asks, who wrote the old song respecting Brian O'Linn?

> "Brian O'Linn he bought him an old grey mare,
> Her legs were long, her sides were bare;
> Her bones went a rocking within her skin,
> So larrup the devil,' says Brian O'Linn.

We remember vaguely a verse beginning "Brian O'Linn had no breeches to wear."

The other question propounded by "J. W. H." is as follows:

Between 1870 and 1880, I used to hear the following pathetic and noble poem:

> "From the crack of the rifle and the baying of the hound,
> Takes the poor panting bondman his flight,
> He cowers by day in the cold damp ground,
> And onward he speeds through the night.
>
> Shine on, Northern Star,
> Thou art beautiful and bright,
> To the slave in his journey afar
> As he speeds from his home
> In the darkness of night,
> Guided on by the bright Freedom Star

Who was the author of these truly noble lines? Where can the entire poem be found?"

For "W. Micawber Green."

If Mr. "W. Micawber Green" will give us his full address, we will forward to him the words of "Tom Hasting's Song," which have been kindly sent to us by Dr. A. M. Tupper of Rockport. Dr. Tupper writes: "I never knew Mr. Halsey, but I learned many years ago the song, which is best appreciated when sung—well—." The text is too long to be published in this column. We are indebted to "C. F. A." of Roxbury for a shorter version of the song. "I quote from memory, not having heard it or seen it for a half-century." We are also indebted to "W. S. C." of Pawtucket, R. I.

May 20 1913

Through the courtesy of "D. B." we have at last seen a book that not only should be in every gentleman's library, it should be every boy's own book; it should be on the night stand for consolation during the watches; it should take the place of stale magazines in the dentist's waiting room and be substituted for dismally comic weeklies in the barber shop. It is a book for Christmas, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving and any Ember day.

The title of this treasure in two volumes, the second edition of which was published at London in 1722, is "The Universal Library; or, Compleat Summary of Science." From the preface we infer that the compiler was H. Curzon. What a preface! The author begins: "As the Egg of Orimandes was said to contain all the Felicities of the World, and the Roman Pantheon enclosed the almost innumerable Deities of the Ancients; So within the Structure of This Work, like Homer's Iliads in a Nut-shell, have you Enclosed the Learning, Arts and Artifices of the Microcosm." Is this vain boasting?

"Of Geography."

Turn for instance to the section "Of Geography."

"The best Metheglin is made at Marzow in Poland and the best Mum comes from Brunswick in Germany." Here is no reference to a branch of champagne. Mum was a kind of beer originally brewed in Brunswick. Was it named after the brewer, Christian Mumme? Deep thinkers disagree in the matter of derivation.

Amber proceeds only from a mountain of the North sea covered with water. "It is the Juice of a Stone, which groweth like a Coral in the Mountain before mentioned, and in the Month of September This Liquor is by Violence of the Sea rent from the Rock, and, swimming on the Ocean, is cast into the Havens of Prussia and the Neighboring Countries."

Note the acute characterization of European nations. "The Frenchman loves a Witty, though [illegible] Woman, [illegible] a [illegible], the [illegible] woman [illegible]."

"The Germans a[illegible] [illegible]tion, and much [illegible]."

"Of Physick."

If you would know whether a dog that bit a man be mad, "take a Piece of Bread, smear it with the Filth of the Wound, if a House-dog refuse to eat or smell to the Bread, the Dog was Mad." And the Dutch approved this remedy. They applied to the bitten place a raw herring salted for three days' space and renew daily. "But if that hath been neglected and the Party begins to hate and fear the Water (which is one of the first symptoms of that Kind of Distraction) then they get him on Shipboard, strip him and tye him to the End of the Sail-Yard, and lifting him high, plunge him down headlong into the Sea [illegible] let him remain a little while under Water and so a 2d and 3d time, and then let him down, and place him on a smooth Place with his Back upward [illegible] Head declining, or hanging as it were, over something that so he may cast out all the Water received into his stomach; and thence forward he will grow perfectly well."

"Of Cookery and Dyet."

"Hard Eggs descend slowly and nourish but grosly. Fryed Eggs are unwholesome, engendering most Ill Humours, and hurting the Stomach.

Of Onions Serapion saith, if one eat thereof, and drink corrupt water after, it shall not hurt him, for they are subtile, Piercing and Scowring, open strongly, and are hot in the third degree."

"We wish there were room for these recipes: To make a Spanish Ollio [illegible] Carbinado Hens, to Souce an Eel, to Roast a Rabbit with Oysters. Following this last recipe, you take 'half a point' of oysters. How many is a 'point'?

"Nuts when they are dry engender Choler and Headache, hurt the Eyes and cause Stoppage of Breath, but if New they are most wholesome.

"Pears are Watrish, breed Ill Humours and Chollick, yet fatten very much, as by Hogs feeding thereon will soon be perceived."

In volume one (page 567) there is a list of "Great Drunkards among the Ancients," including Diotemus, an Athenian "called the Tunnel, for that he would drink Wine poured thro' a Tunnel without taking breath," and Bonosus, a favorite of the Emperor Aurelianus, "of whom it was said, He was not born to draw in Breath but Beer."

From the Treasure House

It will be remembered that whoever takes the part of Rafaele in "The Jewels of the Madonna" appears with a huge mole on his face, for this is considered an irresistible mark of beauty in southern Italy. In volume 2 we read "The custom of nourishing Hair upon the Moles of the Face is the Perpetuation of a very ancient Practice, and tho' now innocently used, may have a superstitious original."

The compiler thought little of palmistry. "This art however honored with many Ancient and some Honorable Professors (amongst whom Caesar is said to be one), yet now is grown so unworthy as to be only practised by Gypsies and Vagabond People, the better sort, thro' an understanding of its Vanity and Profane Use, having wholly deserted it, and left it with its Errors, Evils and Superstitions, to silly old Women and Beggars."

Ah, what a treasure house is this "Library of Learning." No wonder that H. Curzon wrote in his preface about the "excellent and uncommon collections in Science," embellished "with so many historical and diverting passages, which may be Acceptable and Useful to Ladies as well as Gentlemen, and introduce them into Universal Knowledge. Youth may be thereby endued with Learning and Gentlemanlike Qualities for their Advancement or Conversation."

To "A. B. C." and Others.

The programs of the Pop concerts of each week are published in The Sunday Herald during the season.

May 25 1913

'AS YOU LIKE IT' AT THE SHUBERT

SHUBERT THEATRE—Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

The Banished Duke	Leslie Palmer
Frederick	J. Sayre Crawley
Amiens	Maurice [illegible]
Jaques	[illegible]
Le Beau	[illegible]
Charles	Walter Connolly
Oliver	Sidney Mather
Jaques	P. J. Kelly
Orlando	Frederick Lewis
Adam	William Harris
Dennis	[illegible]
Touchstone	[illegible]
Sir Oliver Martext	[illegible]
Co[illegible]	[illegible]
S[illegible]	[illegible]
William	[illegible]
Rosalind	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Audrey	[illegible]

Miss Marlowe's Rosalind is a charming, varied impersonation. Her voice, her magnetic personality, weave their wonted spell in this character, her clear, mellow tones give to every word its true value. Her reading shows imagination, a vivid intelligence, humorous perception. This Rosalind is a girl of many moods. She is tender, elusive, buoyant, the soul of grace, grave and gay in turn. She is an aristocrat in the forest as at court, only in her reception of the duke's dismissal, and she wears her man's dress gracefully without swaggering. Her teasing of Orlando is deftly done, with a bewitching touch of roguishness.

Mr. Sothern's Jaques is a melancholy philosopher, who takes himself seriously. He is mordant and sententious, yet not without a saving dash of humor. His art in elocution is excellently displayed in his spontaneous reading of "The Seven Ages of Man."

The company yesterday afternoon was uneven in the quality of its support. Mr. Palmer, recently a valued member of the Castle Square company, played the banished Duke with dignity, and Mr. Sayre Crawley was effective as his brother. Mr. Lewis was a properly impassioned Orlando. Miss Singer, however, was a mature Celia, and Mr O'Brien an indifferent Touchstone.

The settings were picturesque and of unusual beauty. An enthusiastic audience filled the theatre in every part.

THE HERALD publishes today "J. W's" reminiscences of old songs and negro minstrels that sang them.

Can any one of our readers tell us in what hall the Virginia Minstrels sang when they were in Boston? A little pamphlet of 15 pages entitled "Songs of the Virginia Minstrels: A Correct Edition of the Celebrated Songs of the Virginia Minstrels Originally Composed and Sung by them at their Concerts" was published in 1843 by Charles H. Keith, 67 Court street, Boston. The songs given, but without the airs, are 'Twill Nebber do to Give it up so, Mr. Brown, Old Dan Tucker, Gwine ober de Mountain, Boatman's Dance, My Old Aunt Sally, The Fine Old Colored Gentleman, O, Lawd Gals, Gib us a Chaw Terbakkur, Miss Lucy Long, and Miss Lucy Long's Answer.

To the Editor of The Herald:

"J. W." on Old Minstrels

Regarding the old-time popular ballads sold 50 years ago on the streets of Boston for a penny each, and strung along the fence of the Granary burying ground in the days of the Paddock elms and the half-hourly horse cars running to the jumping-off place, has every one forgotten Horace Partridge, who kept the toy store on Hanover street, and who printed these ballads by the thousands on a press in his own printing office? He came directly in contact with the "bards sublime," who, under the influence of the divine afflatus, "knew how to build the lofty rhyme," with an inspiration somewhat intensified by early and late calls at a fried potato joint on Howard street, where the beer was drawn directly from the wood by the proprietor, who also acted as chief cook and bottle-washer in his leisure moments. Howard street—what memories it stirs!—a street, some envious New Yorker has it, as far removed from civilization as the Bowery is from Bombay, or is it Broadway? For the sake of disseminating a taste for the classic in verse, "Uncle Horace" did not disdain to serve customers himself, and I have bought many a ballad of him, selected from among the endless variety displayed on the sidewalk in front of his store window. That was in war time, not rag time, and the triangular building, with the bird store in the basement and the fire engine at the end, was still standing in "old" Scollay's square. Living at the time not far from the Revere House, the route to Morris Brothers' was past Higgins's Oyster House, by Copeland's and Ben Wright's, past the Museum, down School street, by the little old Parker House, with the Harvard College annex in the basement; around the corner of Washington street as far as Spring lane, and there we were! Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge were then in their prime; and so, too, were Eph Horn, Carroll and Queen, Japanese Tommy and all the others, including Mr. Lothian, who, by the way, is in his prime up to this day. Shall I ever forget with what wide-eyed admiration I once gazed at Billy Morris when, out of the cast, he sat directly in front of me, taking in the show at his own theatre! It is true that I chiefly saw his back and the ends of his sweeping mustache, but that sufficed. Later on, at other resorts, I more particularly noted his diamonds. He, too, was a gem of the first water, as well as the late Mike Kelly, king of the ball tossers, past present and to come. No one, I think, has ever pointed out the likeness between these two men. They were both inexpressible, bubbling over with merriment, nimble-witted and unusual public favorites. I say this although well aware that there were times when they "jarred" even their most ardent admirers. I recall sitting on the first base bleachers at the South End grounds one afternoon in early spring, when for some reason the fans were seriously disgruntled with the ten-thousand-dollar beauty, and jeered him as he passed by after making a costly muff in right field. With that perfectly impudent, devil-may-care air of his he deliberately looked the bleacherites over, and then, waving his hand in derision, said mockingly: "Never mind, boys; I'm eating strawberry shortcake at your expense!" As a player, his brains seemed to be in every part of his body, so that thought and action with him seemed simultaneous. Nothing aggravated him so much as slowness, and I imagine that he regarded most of us as so many ice wagons.

I remember seeing "The Raw Recruits" at Morris Bros., and also "the new and gorgeous scene on Jamaica Pond, terminating with a grand skating match," wherein Japanese Tommy covered himself with glory. It was here that I saw a most "realistic" ghost, a white, transparent figure projected upon the stage by the use of mirrors. This ghost had such an unearthly attraction for me that I spent all my pocket money, and more, too, for the sake of seeing it over and over again, which everybody must admit was "going some" for a boy. This was in the days of paper collars, with dogs' heads and other devices printed in colors in the corners. The heat of the theatre, together with my own strong emotion, caused my collars to melt with sad, though humorous, results, owing to some poisonous substance in the pulp from which they were made. I have already mentioned the stage-setting at Morris Bros.' of "Gilson's Beanery by Moonlight," and I further recall a stump speech made by a plug-hatted darkey, who in the midst of his oration tried to give added emphasis by bringing his fat cotton umbrella forcibly down upon the table in front of him; but, missing the mark, he turned a somersault, landing on his feet facing the audience, and then completed his speech as if nothing had happened. A friend of the family from a distant city, a portly and dignified lawyer of the old school, who had been put in my charge to entertain, was so hilarious over the performance that he delayed his departure for 24 hours to recuperate, and also to hear the speech once more with me. He said that he enjoyed it better the second time than he did the first, which, judging from his actions, I was inclined to believe. It must be borne in mind that this was during the civil war, when everybody was overwrought and hysterical, and I often think that Morris Bros., Pell and Trowbridge and their talented company deserve special thanks for what they did to relieve the tension. After all the tributes which have been paid to them, here is yet one tribute more.

"Among your mightier offerings here are mine!" J. W.

Boston, May 19.

E. E. Rice and Boston Harbor

A manager recently announced that he was arranging for a dramatic version of Longfellow's "Evangeline" for the purpose—we quote the press agent's Corinthian language—of "elevating Edna Goodrich to the stellar heights." This announcement leads Mr. Edward E. Rice to rise and remark that he will revive his own "Evangeline."

In connection with Mr. Rice's announcement we publish the following letter:

To the Editor of The Herald:

On reading "As the World Wags" Thursday morning, May 15, the paragraph mentioning Rice's name made me think it might interest some to know that the music of Edward E. Rice's first operetta in Boston, "Evangeline," was written by him while he was advertising agent in my husband's office—the Cunard Company, 99 State street. James Alexander was the general manager in Boston, having been appointed to that position by Sir Edward Cunard to see what could be done with the port of Boston, as at that time no Cunarder could sail from Boston with a sufficient cargo to pay. The vessels had to go to New York, and Sir Edward realized something ought to be done and could be done, if the right man was at the head with full power. The Boston board of trade report of 1881 shows what Alexander did in a few years for the port of Boston, building the first grain elevator in East Boston, now standing, in connection with the Albany railroad, and also sowing the first seeds of the harbor development which the city of Boston has been planning without much result. * * * A few far-sighted men were with him, but the short-sighted men, who work only for the day and their own interest, obliged him to give up the one great achievement of his life. It broke his heart and finally caused his death, after it had taken all the means he had at his command to further the great enterprise.

Soon after Mr. Alexander came to Boston he engaged as advertising agent Edward E. Rice, who was most talented for his artistic productions of the Cunarders sailing full, of people on the boat and around the piers wishing the friends godspeed. The coloring was remarkable and my husband then told me that he realized that Rice had the making of something better than an advertising agent for the Cunard line. Rice knew that Mr. Alexander always encouraged him and one day he approached him with the score of "Evangeline," telling him he had written it with a friend and he thought it would go if only he had the backing for a production. Rice and his friend played the music to my husband in his private office, where he had a piano, for he was extremely fond of music, and my husband was so pleased with it that he told Rice to go ahead; he would help him put it on. And so "Evangeline" saw the light in a Scotchman's private office. My husband parted reluctantly with Rice, who had been a very valuable help to him.

This is remarkable: Edward E. Rice, the man who mounted plays in the most gorgeous manner, who made money so fast and in such abundance that he became careless of it, never forgot how friendly Alexander had been to him. * * *

The "Evangeline" march was dedicated to James Alexander, Esq., and my husband appreciated the only way then that Rice could show his gratitude.

All that is said about Boston harbor today had been said by James Alexander, but it then fell on poor soil, and after all these years, as the late president of the Chamber of Commerce wrote me last year, they are simply going on the lines traced by my husband in 1881.

MRS. E. ALEXANDER-MARIUS.

Mrs. Alexander-Marius also writes concerning the extreme kindness of Mr. Rice toward her after the death of her husband in Australia in 1885; and how Mr. Rice, visiting Sydney, where Mr. Alexander is buried, visited the grave to see that it was cared for. She feels that the exposition of this beautiful phase of Mr. Rice's character might be of interest. "I know that few people realize he had it."

To the Editor of The Herald:

Congregational Singing

Singing by the whole congregation at church is a Protestant custom of great importance. The learned attribute such singing to the early church; but the evidence is slender.

The famous letter of Pliny to Trajan (X, 96, 7) simply reports that the Christians met "carmenque Christo quasi deo dicere secum invicem," which may mean that the Christians used responses. He does not mention singing, and congregational singing was, perhaps, out of the question, because dangerous; it would have betrayed the illegal assembly, which Pliny tells us met "stato die ante lucem."

Real church singing was not possible until the 4th century, when the church was legalised. Ambrose, at Milan, took advantage of this liberty about 386, as St. Augustine tells us in his Confessions (IX, 15). But full congregational singing would have been difficult: how could a whole congregation know the words, or the tune?

The Ambrose precedent of 386, was discouraged by Rome, where Gregory established a service in which the congregation took but the smallest part. The monasteries did not leave anything to the lay congregation, not so much as saying Amen. The very structure of the church buildings illustrates this condition.

During the middle ages the people sang, but not in church. The Catholic churches of today practically exclude congregational singing.

Congregational singing was introduced in 1524, by Luther, at Wittenberg. He found the words as well as the tunes. His first assistant in the tunes was J. Walther. The effect was extraordinary. In 1526 Basle introduced congregational singing, Zurich in 1528? Calvin followed, in 1539, at Strasburg, at Geneva in 1542.

When did congregational singing start in England? In or about 1539 Miles Coverdale published a translation of the early German hymns with the tunes. But one copy remains, indicating, perhaps, how thoroughly the book was used, if but in private. Congregational singing was not possible in England until 1558, when Queen Mary died.

Had there been congregational singing in the early church, the fact would have been mentioned. But read the definition of "chorus" by St. Augustine and Isidore. They describe what Gregory called his schola cantorum, a band of trained singers. It is equally remarkable that Luther's stroke of genius is not generally recognized, and that a history of congregational singing is yet to be undertaken.

Boston. C. W. E.

The Case of Mlle. Villany

The Paris correspondent of the Era wrote May 8: "The excitement in theatrical circles this week has been the appearance of Mlle. Villany in one of our police courts to answer to the charge of having danced before a large audience 'mit nothings on,' as they say in the Fatherland. The little court was filled with journalists and members of the profession, and we all strained our necks to catch a glimpse of the fair defendant, who is small of stature and was becomingly dressed in a simple but well-made tailored costume. M. Granie, the public prosecutor, in a humorous speech, told us that Mlle. Adoree Villany asked to be tried, not by M. Hugot, the magistrate, but by M. Rodin, the well-known sculptor, and the sworn friend of all good-looking ladies. 'I have,' the young lady had said, 'faith in the artistic taste of M. Rodin, who is much more competent to give a fair judgment in a matter of art. This, certainly, was flattering to the great sculptor, but unkind to the gentleman on the bench, who rubbed his nose once or twice in astonishment when Mlle Villany developed her theories on art, theories that are rather startling. She explained to us that in dancing the rhythm of the soul communicates itself to the body, which thus becomes an instrument of expression quite as potent as the face. The full value of the dance, she argued, is lost if the body is concealed. According to her, no artist can properly express grief if she has any clothes on. Alas! we live in a prosaic age, when the post of public prosecutor is entrusted, not to a sculptor, but to a man of the law. And so it happened that the fair artiste had to answer the charge of showing herself in public 'tout a fait deshabille.' Mlle. Villany, however, protested to the word 'public.' It was a private affair, she said, for the audience was limited by invitation. 'No, my dear,' replied the prosecutor, 'the thing was public, and no mistake. You hired the hall of the Comedie-Royale to give a performance exclusively reserved for artists. This may have been your intention, but it seems that hundreds of people who could not claim to be artists, and who did not feel at all interested in choregraphic art, received prospectuses mentioning your ultra-modern dance; and for the modest sum of five francs the police commissary bought a ticket and witnessed the performance.' The police commissary then came forward and stated what he saw, or rather, he referred to the clothes he did not see. There were no witnesses for the defence, but the fair defendant produced two letters, one by a painter, the other by a young sculptor, who, in the name of art, protested against the lady being molested. Unfortunately, there was a post-scriptum in one which rather spoiled the effect. 'It is a pity,' said the writer, 'that the lady is rather thin!' At this Mlle Villany burst out laughing, and called out: 'He is a painter, and although he styles himself an artist, he knows nothing about art!' Concluding his humorous speech, the public prosecutor said: 'Mlle Villany wanted that great sculptor, M. Rodin, to preside over this tribunal! The law unfortunately does not allow this. You, M. le President, must, therefore, try her as a magistrate, but as indulgently as if you were a competent artist'! A fine of 200 francs (£8) was imposed, and the lady left the court with no visible stain on her unblemished character."

To the Editor of The Herald:

Shakespeare in Boston

It was suggested in last Sunday's Herald that Boston playgoers had few opportunities to see Shakespeare's plays and that when his plays were given here there was usually a surfeit, followed by a long famine. Evidently the fact that John Craig and his players devote three or four weeks to Shakespeare each season was forgotten. The recent performances of "The Comedy of Errors," with Mr. Platt's special scenery, proved to many of our theatre-goers that there is a stock company in Boston acting classic plays in a manner that commends itself to all classes of playgoers. When Mr. Craig brings out "Julius Caesar" an opportunity will be given to see a play dear to the heart of every school boy. E. S.

Boston, May 23.

Notes at Random

At the Opera-Comique the rehearsals of Gustave Charpentier's new opera, "Julien," are in full swing, and M. Jusseaume, the well known scene painter, is putting the finishing touches to the beautiful scenery ordered by M. Carre. The work is in two parts and seven tableaux. When the curtain rises we are in the Villa Medicis in Rome, the villa owned by the French government, where the pupils who won golden medals at the Conservatoire and the Fine Arts Academy are housed and fed for a period of three years to complete their studies. Then follow the visions of the "poetes elus" and of the "poetes maudits," and the first part winds up with "Le Temple de la Beaute." The first tableau of the second part is laid in Hungary, where, by the way, M. Charpentier resided for many years. Next comes the scene representing "A Corner of Brittany," at the seashore, with its menhirs and calvaries; and the work winds up with a view of Montmartre with its Moulin-Rouge and tutti quanti.—The Era.

Everybody knows Edmond Rostand. Maurice Rostand, the son, is less known. But Maurice is ambitious, and, having completed a play called "Septentrion," he was anxious to have it produced at Mme. Bernhardt's theatre. Sarah said she would be happy to mount it, but our national Sarah often changes her mind, and after a while declared that she preferred not to produce it. Whereupon the author decided to do so himself. In the coming month, therefore, "Septentrion" will see the footlights in a house specially hired by the dramatic society of which M. Rostand is the president. From all I hear "Septentrion" is a psychological study of a youth who has many friends. One day all these friends disappear, whereupon Septentrion "dances," not for joy but

[illegible] Fail a line when [illegible] friend has [illegible] M. Maurel will impersonate his [illegible].—The Era.

[illegible] week [illegible] nearer to completion the Saint-Saens festival, which is to take place in London in June in commemoration of the eminent musician's [illegible] years of public musical life. The two novelties to be produced at the concert in Queen's Hall on June 2 are, first, the [illegible] to an unfinished comic opera written when Saint-Saens was 19; this has never yet been played, and even the [illegible] parts are only now being written [illegible] in Paris. It is a bright, spirited little work, brilliantly scored. Secondly, a [illegible] for small orchestra, which is new at least to London. Saint-Saens himself will play Mozart's Concerto in B flat, a work in which he made his debut as pianist in 1846, the Scherzo from his own second concerto, and the Finale from his fifth—these two bracketed; and his "Africa" Fantasia, which he has played before in London. The third symphony, that in C minor, in which the organ plays so prominent a part, is also included in the program, which, as we have previously announced, will be conducted by Mr. Thomas Beecham.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Old-time criticisms are apt to make [illegible] reading. What was thought of Mozart's "Magic Flute"—which has [illegible] revived in London by the Carl Rosa company—100 years ago? "The [illegible] is," wrote one English critic, "Mozart's operas have only been performed in Italy since five years, although they were all composed these [illegible] years past. 'Die Zauberflote,' it will [illegible] recollected, raised great expectations in this country when it was first announced, but on its representation all amateurs were greatly disappointed, [illegible] in this opera, as well as in many other of Mozart's pieces, the voice is [illegible] shackled to the identical accompanying instrument, whereas the [illegible] masters permit the singer to [illegible] the sublime regions of vocal [illegible]." The same enlightened critic [illegible] Mozart with doing "everything [illegible] orchestra."—Daily Telegraph.

It is a touching tribute to the fidelity of Paris to its institutions that it still [illegible] excited over the doings of the [illegible] de Moliere, over the privileges of its members, over their automobiles [illegible] their pet dogs. In very dull weather the question of their remuneration is revived. We are asked to sympathize [illegible] the wretches who are struggling [illegible] on £000 a year, without counting [illegible] provincial tours. Hard-hearted and [illegible] artistic people persist in regarding [illegible] share of the proceeds as sufficient. [illegible] then they have never been leading [illegible] and actresses. One charming [illegible] comedienne declared—did she not?—that [illegible] could just dress on £3000 a year. You [illegible] hardly expect a poor little bourgeoise, whose husband earns three [illegible] francs a year, really to feel [illegible] rable over the pittance of the so- [illegible].—Pall Mall Gazette.

So far it has been an accepted truism [illegible] no man can add a cubit to his [illegible] by taking thought. "Willard," [illegible] comes to the Hippodrome, is evidently a living contradiction of that [illegible]. He, it is officially stated, is [illegible] to increase his height at will by [illegible] inches "without the dislocation or [illegible] ration of joints and without moving heels or toes from the floor." It [illegible] while studying the Bertillon system [illegible] the idea occurred to him that if [illegible] could increase his height, so as [illegible] confuse the measurements taken, the [illegible] would constitute a sufficient novelty [illegible] to appeal to the public. [illegible] criminals the ability to effect this [illegible] hardly be of distinct advantage to the ordinary man the benefit [illegible] obvious. What his tailor would [illegible] to say to such an achievement is [illegible] interesting matter for speculation.—Daily Telegraph.

[illegible] Caplet will conduct performances of "Pelleas et Melisande" and "Louise" at Covent Garden.

Music Hall and Theatre

Mr. H. M. Walbrook recently discussed in the Pall Mall Gazette the question of "Music Hall and Theatre."

"Without wishing to recall the tempest [illegible] raged so furiously over Sir Arthur Pinero's declaration in the Pall Mall Gazette in favor of smoking in theatres, I may, perhaps, be allowed to make a brief rejoinder to his very courteous reply to my argument that the introduction of smoking into the regular playhouse would be a capitulation to [illegible] and would degrade the theatre. In reply to this Sir Arthur Pinero [illegible]:

"It is generally accepted that the tone of the music hall entertainment has within the past few years vastly improved. This improvement coincides exactly with the patronage of the music hall by the ladies who do not object to sitting in an auditorium where smoking is allowed. If, therefore, the tone of the music hall has been raised under these conditions, how can it be maintained that, under the same conditions, the tone of the theatre would be degraded?"

In the first place, may I say, with all [illegible], this begs a rather large [illegible]. Has the tone of our music [illegible] so vastly [illegible] years? The [illegible] are undoubtedly [illegible] comfortable [illegible] of the 'sketch,' too has [illegible] artists and some of our [illegible] actresses contributing to these programs. But, taken as a whole, is the average music hall entertainment of today a very much more refined thing than it was, say, 25 years ago?

I can remember the songs of Bessie Bellwood. They were not always very refined. But was the performance of Mlle. Gaby Deslys at the Palace lately much more refined? I can recall certain comic characterizations of popular comedians, now no more, which were scarcely calculated to appeal to the fastidious listener, but is the humor of the "lion comiques" of the present day always so very delicate? In my younger days there was a popular music-hall violinist who used to be called "The Paganini of the Halls," and who used to make noises that were perfectly appalling to ears that had listened to Wilhelmj or Sarasate, not to mention Joachim; and, lo and behold, a few nights ago I heard in a music hall a fiddler who displayed just as brave a disdain of tone and intonation as that "Paganini" of the "eighties" used to exhibit, and yet whose efforts were received with transports of applause as enthusiastic as those of 25 years ago.

Even at its best, however, can a music hall program be compared with that now being offered to London at the Kingsway in such a play as "The Great Adventure," and such acting as is to be seen in it, or at the Little Theatre in "Cap and Bells," or at the Royalty in "Milestones," or at Drury Lane any evening? Surely, that is the question. And, if it be admitted that none of these theatres require to add "smoking allowed" to its present attractions, is not the deduction obvious that a good play and good acting are the first necessities of a theatre, and that when they are forthcoming playgoers will be very glad to dispense with their pipes and cigars while watching them? A writer in the Referee summed the whole dispute up admirably yesterday in a witticism of H. J. Byron: "A play is like a cigar. If it is a bad one, it won't draw. If it is a good one, everybody will be wanting a box." That is surely a last word. And how, of all men, the author of a play of such beauty, and commanding such concentrated and enthralled interest, as "Iris," to say nothing of such other works as "The Benfit of the Doubt," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" and "Tis House in Order," can have made the astonishing proposal of the 17th inst. will always remain one of the most puzzling things in the recollection of living playgoers.

A New View of Falstaff

Some may remember the paradox of Dr. Maginn: that Falstaff was at heart more melancholy than Jaques. Mr. W. L. George, in the British Review, argues that Falstaff was the gigantic ancestor of Englishmen.

Falstaff, says Mr. George, is not entirely the Englishman of today; he is largely the boisterous, Latinized Englishman of the pre-reformation period; he is almost the typical Roman Catholic, who preserved through his sinful life a consciousness that faith would save him.

But the human sides of Falstaff are wholly English; his love of meat and drink, his sleepiness, his gout, his coarseness (which was free from depravity), all these live today in the average Englishman of the well-to-do classes, that Englishman who dislikes the motor car, but keeps a hunter he is too fat to ride; who prefers suet pudding to any hotel bavaroise, and who, despite his gout (inherited from Falstaff), is still a judge of port.

That Englishman is not quite Falstaff, for he has lost his gayety; he does not dance round the maypole of Merrie England; he is oppressed by cares and expenditures; he fears democracy and no longer respects aristocracy; the old banqueting hall in which Falstaff rioted is tumbling about his ears.

Yet he contains the Falstaffian elements and preciously preserves them. He is no poet, but he still enshrines within him, to burst out from among his sons, the rich lyrical verse which, Mr. Chesterton truly says, belongs primarily to the English race. The poetry which runs through Falstaff is still within us, and his philosophy radiates from our midst.

The broad tolerances of England, her taste for liberty and ease, her occasional bluster and her boundless conceit, all these are Falstaffian traits, and would be eternal if admixture of Celtic blood did not slowly modify them.

Falstaff contains all that is gross in England and much that is fine; his cowardice, his craft, his capacity for flattery are qualifying factors, for they are not English, any more than they are Chinese; they are human, common.

But the outer Falstaff is English, and the lawless root of him is yet more English, for there is not a race in the world who hates the law more than the English race. Thus the inner, adventurous Falstaff is the Englishman who conquered every sea and planted his flag among the savages; he is, perhaps, the Englishman who went out to those savages with the Bible in his hand; he is [illegible] the [illegible] was [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] gay, well and [illegible] who is a wonderful [illegible] so [illegible] full of common [illegible] and was never crushed by [illegible] no more was the English [illegible] like him, too vain and [illegible] too materially bounded by its [illegible] ate desires. It is not, therefore, too wild to claim him as the gigantic ancestor and kindly inspiration of the priests, merchants and soldiers who have conquered and held fields where never floated the lilies of the French or the castles of the Portuguese. Too dull to be beaten and too big to be moved, Falstaff was the Englishman.

May 26 1913

"I never read of a hermit but in imagination I kiss his feet; never of a monastery but I could fall on my knees and kiss the pavement."—Johnson (Samuel, not Herkomer).

"There is much to be said by the hermit or monk in defence of his life of thought and prayer."—Mr. Emerson.

"There was an hermit that had renounced the world, but not perfectly, for he had some what [illegible] to [illegible] himself. When S Anthony sent [illegible] the market to buy flesh, [illegible] as he was coming and brought the flesh the dogs assailed him, and all to tare him, and took the flesh from him; and when he came to S. Anthony he told him what was happed to him; and then said S. Anthony to him: 'Thus as the hounds have done to thee, so do the devils to monks that keep money and have some proper to themselves.'"—J de Voragine.

"The Magnificent Estate of—"

We read with pleasure of the beautifying and ornamentation of the vast estates of our untitled aristocracy; pleasure domes, chateaux, villas, mansions, summer cottages, bungalows with 26 bathrooms provided with porcelain tubs and real silver fixtures.

And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree,
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

We like to read of grounds laid out by cunning landscape gardeners, grounds with pagodas, pergolas and belvederes: with rosaria or rosaries with tennis courts and croquet lawns with ponds natural and artificial, clear or stocked, with pavilions, parapets spurting or quiescent fountains, with orchards and deer parks, a paradise with a banqueting house set over a cave or cellar, that wines may cool below, with wall fruit and hounds baying or of stone.

There's statues gracing this noble place in,
All heathen goddesses so fair—
Bold Neptune, Plutarch and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air.

We read, admire and are not envious; nor did we smile when we were informed that a householder in Marlborough street has laid out an Italian garden in his back yard.

A Crying Lack.

Yet the glorious work is in every instance incomplete, although the estate may accommodate pageants with elephants, camels and other admirable beasts, pageants depicting the development of civilization and taking five hours and a half to pass the porte-cochere. No one of these estates boasts of a genuine hermit—yet in Italy there are at least 990 hermits, well authenticated, guaranteed.

In England there were professional hermits, and they flourished until about 1810. Archibald, Duke of Hamilton, advertised for one, and it was stipulated that he should have his beard shaved only once a year, and then only partially. Mark Powyss, Squire of Murcham, bargained with a hermit for a service of seven years. The annual salary was £50 and provisions, books and other comforts were thrown in. The hermit agreed to refrain from cutting his hair, beard and nails and not to leave the grounds. A man accepted the position but resigned at the end of [illegible] years. In John Wilson's time, the editor of the Monthly Review had played hermit to Lord Hill's father for 14 years. He sat in a cave with an hourglass, emblem of mortality, in his right hand. His beard once belonged to a venerable goat. There he sat from sunrise to sunset with orders to refuse alms from visitors, but to behave like Giordano Bruno. And on Jan. 10, 1810, the Courier advertised as follows: "A young man who, wishing to retire from the world and live as a hermit in some convenient spot in England, is willing to engage with any nobleman or gentleman who may be desirous of having one. The young man gave his address, but no one wanted a hermit and soon afterwards this Mr. S. Lawrence advertised for a place "in a pious family where the Gospel is preached, to wait at table and milk a cow." A versatile fellow, for your true hermit is never useful in conventional or garden ways.

Or a Hermitess.

His life may be dangerous, for Mr. Samuel Matthews of Dulwich, commonly called the "Wild Man of the Woods," who before he went into a cave had a general address and sported two watches, was foully murdered in December, 1802, and one J[illegible], an American [illegible], was [illegible] tried [illegible]

[illegible] a hermitess [illegible] life [illegible] the age of 27 [illegible] near the [illegible] grape [illegible] water. A traveller [illegible] found [illegible] sound [illegible] chiefly on berries, [illegible] roots, reading her Bible and [illegible].

Why should not [illegible] disciples, make an excellent hermit? The [illegible] would be [illegible] liberal, for the cost of [illegible] would be inconsiderable [illegible].

Nor need this cell be supplied with steam heat or sanitary plumbing.

Anecdote for the Day.

In the Year of our Lord [illegible] Orford in Suffolk, there was [illegible] taken in the perfect Shape of a Man, [illegible] kept by Bartolomew de Glanville [illegible] the Castle of Orford above [illegible] at length, not [illegible] he stole to the Sea [illegible] after [illegible] never spake [illegible] any Meat that was [illegible] especially raw Fish, which [illegible] juice, [illegible] never [illegible] Admiration.

Back Bay Spiders.

As the World Wags:

Starve the spider? Save the fly! Starve the rat? No [illegible] small mark of good [illegible] condition of [illegible] great honor. Let the [illegible] look out for [illegible] and they will [illegible] to get [illegible]

New York, May 22.

May 27 1913

MISS MARLOWE AS KATHERINE

By PHILIP HALE.

SHUBERT THEATRE: "The Taming of the Shrew," a comedy by Shakespeare. Played by the Sothern-Marlowe Company.

Baptista	[illegible]
Vincentio	[illegible]
Lucentio	[illegible]
Petruchio	[illegible]
Hortensio	John S. [illegible]
Gremio	[illegible]
Tranio	[illegible]
Biondello	[illegible]
A pedant	P. J. [illegible]
Tailor	[illegible]
Haberdasher	[illegible]
Grumio, servant to Petruchio	[illegible]
Katherine, the Shrew	[illegible]
Bianca	Miss [illegible]
Widow	Miss Lenore [illegible]
Curtis, a servant to Petruchio	Miss Ina G[illegible]

The playbill announced "The Taming of the Shrew" as a farce by William Shakespeare, and it was played as a roaring farce, with clowning [illegible] and ground tumbling. An audience that filled the theatre was greatly pleased. It guffawed when Gremio was knocked down, and the servants in Petruchio's house crawled on the floor in terror. There was original business, as the descent of Kate in search of food while Petruchio pretends to snore [illegible] the [illegible].

We hope some day to see the comedy as Shakespeare wrote it with the Induction" and Christopher Sly in his glory, drinking his wine [illegible] and enjoying the play as acted in his presence on the stage. The comedy with the induction was revived by Mr. Martin Harvey a fortnight ago at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, London, and the whole performance did not last over two hours and a half. This revival, to quote the Daily Telegraph, "showed [illegible] been thought all these years a [illegible] obsolete farce, with a bit of false sentiment on a background of brutality, in its true light as a delicious fantasy as full of wit and intelligence and [illegible] as anything that could be written in the 20th century."

Last night there was the old idea of a farce with Mr Sothern cracking his whip in the house of Baptista and in his own house, roaring and bellowing, laughing his false laugh, and even while Kate has been subdued giving little evidence of the gentleman that Petruchio was. Some of us remember Edwin Booth in the part, one of the best of his repertory. There was spirit, there was authority, there was fantasy [illegible] in that performance, but grace [illegible] elegance were not lacking, and there was the fine flavor of true comedy. Mr. Sothern's animal spirits were [illegible] but his conception of the [illegible] was frankly farcical. Or does he reason that there might be another interpretation, one that might not please [illegible] one that might not be so [illegible] "popularization" of [illegible]

Katherine is [illegible] lows's best roles, [illegible] necessary to [illegible] ration [illegible] Miss [illegible]

... Miss Sothern ... that would ... were simply those ... scold. The daughter of ... Minola did not give vent to her ... tion and fury merely by making ... Miss Marlowe was more effec... when tamed. In these troublesom... , when women are demanding their ... hts" with the aid of flame and ... , an actress shows courage who ... eloquent in the speech beginning: "... fie! Unknit that threatening un... brow." Miss Marlowe recited the ... with womanly conviction, nor did ... stammer when she recited the ... se, "true obedience," although she ... ht have thought that groans would ... from the superwomen in the audi...

... Harris was an affable and courte... Baptista; Mr. Taylor and Mr. Lewis ... ed in the vein of comedy not farce; Mr. Kelly as the disguised Vincentio ... impossible, and the servants, no ... t carefully instructed, were as any ... k about artists."

... play tonight will be "The Mer... t of Venice."

CLEVER ACROBATS ARE AT B. F. KEITH'S

Good All-Around Bill Also Includes Sketch by Ade and Other Features.

The biggest hit upon an all-around e...ent bill at B. F. Keith's this week was scored yesterday by the ...n Bracks, direct from a six months' ...tional run at the New York Hip...rome. As acrobats, tumblers and f...t balancing experts they are easily t... best ever presented at B. F. Keith's ... at last night's performance, round after round of applause greeted their a... The Seven Bracks are strikingly c...med in tight-fitting white jerseys w... effective black trimming, making t...r sketch the more pleasing.

Another sketch that found instant favor with the Monday night regulars was "A Question of Poly," presented ...y by Butler Haviland and Alice T...rnton, Mr. Haviland playing the p...t of the insurance agent who chances h...t the Utopian Country Club with M...s Thornton as one of the club's ent...siastic horsewomen. The sketch it... s... amounts to little, but it affords ...le opportunity for a lot of the ...htest kind of dialogue between Mr. Haviland and nis partner.

...lton Pollock & Co. present a pleas... brand new little play entitled "...peaking to Father." It is exactly ... funny as its name would imply and ... a typical George Ade creation from t... opening line to the closing one. M...t... Pollock is Septimus Pickering, t... pickle manufacturer, whose daugh-t...r Caroline, taken by Miss Dorothy ...e, is in love with the fresh and ...ther verdant college youth. Other ...or parts round out the sketch. The ... is laid in Septimus Pickering's ...e, with the time the immediate ...nt.

...ptnue's Garden of Living Statues ...red upon its fourth consecutive ...k yesterday and will be continued t... week and next so great has been ... interest in this latest of all aquatic ...ns. After next week this Boston ...uced sketch will be taken upon a ... road trip, with all of the time ...tually booked already. Another of ... regular features is the Edison k...tophone or the talking motion ...res, the second film in use this ... that entitled "After College ...s" being the film, technically, that ... been shown in connection with the ...ing-movies.

The rest of the bill is made up of ... Torleys, trick cyclists; Marion ...rson, a dainty prima donna who ...e sang with the Follies; Mayo & ...an in songs and a novel specialty, ... Van Hovan, billed as the "crazy ...ician," an appelation that he fully ...kes good.

...DRE MAQUARRE DIRECTS POP CONCERT

...st evening Andre Maquarre made ... first appearance of the season, suc...ing Mr. Urach as conductor of the ... concerts in Symphony Hall. A fa...te in past seasons, he was warmly ...lcomed by a large audience. The ...gram, well arranged and pleasantly ...ried, included pieces by Marschner, ...me, Delibes, Puccini, Berlioz, Lalo, ...quarre and others, while it was ... excellent example of Mr. Ma...rre's skill as a program maker. ...rdier's meditation on a theme by J. ... Bach was effectively performed. ...ral attractive extra numbers were ...en and Mr. Maquarre conducted ...ughout the evening with spirit and ...e.

...is evening will be First Corps Ca...' night and the program will in...e selections by Chapelier, Auber, ...hielli and Tschaikowsky.

"The Fires of Fate" Has Its First Performance in Boston—Clever Work.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE First performance in Boston "The Fires of Fate," a modern morality play in four acts by Arthur Conan Doyle. Produced at the Lyric Theatre, London, June 15, 1909. Produced in America at the Illinois Theatre, Chicago, Dec. 6, 1909.

Col. Cyril Egerton	William P. Carleton
James Roden	Frederic Ormonde
The Rev. Samuel Roden	Hubert Pierce
Capt. Jack Archer	Mr. Craig
A Dervish spy	Donald Meek
Mr. Thomas Belmont	George Ernst
Mr. Cecil Brown	Robert Capron
Mr. Headingly	Al Roberts
M. Octave Fardet	Henry V. Hud
Rudkin	Alfred Lunt
Abdullah	J. Morrill Morison
Atla Wad Ibrahim	Raymond Greenleaf
Abdurrahman	William Williams
Mrs. Belmont	Miss Laurett Browne
Miss Adams	Miss Mabel Colcord
Miss Sadie Adams	Miss Florence Shirley

Sir Arthur has called his play a "modern morality play;" but it is more than that, for it is a cleverly constructed melodrama as well. Seldom does a play which traverses a melodramatic part arrive at a moral end, but the union here is so close that the abstract moral pronouncements seem to rise quite naturally from the plot. As the plot is highly thrilling, it serves excellently to impress the moral upon us; but what a trite little moral it is! For it is simply this: that we must always hold our faith in a higher power, and never waver when the way seems dark; we must always believe. "The path of pain and sorrow," says the Rev. Samuel Roden, "is the whetstone of our souls."

The story of the play concerns Col. Cyril Egerton of the Bengal Lancers, who, upon feeling what seems to him but a slight ailment, calls at a physician's. The physician tells him that he can hardly hope for more than one year of life. The disease is one from which only a violent shock will free him. Naturally enough, Egerton contemplates suicide as preferable to a lingering death, but the minister coaxes him into taking another trial at life.

The physician, his brother, the clergyman, and a party of tourists are about to set out on a pleasure trip to Egypt, and Egerton accepts the doctor's invitation to accompany them. We next see them while their ship is moored on the Nile. Tomorrow they are to go ashore and are to ascend the Pulpit rock at Abousir. Meantime, Egerton meets an old friend—Capt. Archer of the Egyptian camel corps—to whom he confides a fear (held secret from the others in the party) that the Dervish people will waylay them. Archer promises Egerton that if the party is attacked he has but to signal him for aid.

Arrived at the rock the next day, Egerton's fears prove to be well grounded, for the Dervians surround them and, since Archer's men are nowhere to be seen, the entire party is captured, Egerton being left as dead. But he lives, and, seeing his friend's army in the distance, he waves the signal. In the last of the play's four acts, Archer's army routs the captors, and the doctor discovers that Egerton is cured.

"The Fires of Fate" holds the attention. It is an interesting tale cleverly told; nor did it suffer in the hands of Mr. Craig's company yesterday. Mr. Carleton's Col. Egerton was always restrained, and Mr. Ormonde a natural performance as the physician. Mr. Craig acted the breezy archer with a swing, and Mr. Meeks was a graphic spy. Miss Shirley revealed more than a little talent for emotional acting, while Mr. Pierce made the most of a none too plausible role. Mention is also due Mr. Morison, Mr. Lunt, Mr. Hull, Miss Browne and others in the cast. The scenery for the fourth act was highly impressive.

"J. W. H." asked, not long ago: "Who wrote the old song respecting Brian O'Linn?" Several persons have kindly forwarded verses of the song, and "E. P." of Newburyport says that the verse published here on May 23 was probably quoted incorrectly, "as in its present metre it is unsingable to the air which properly belongs to the ingenuous Brian's performances." "E. P." quotes verses relating to Brian's coat and watch; asks for a verse about his breeches and adds "he must have had a hat, and perhaps a pipe." T. O'Lynn of Lynn gives the verses about the coat and watch, also about the hero, his wife and mother falling into the river, and concludes: "This probably ended his exploits unless he swam out." "W. B. C." of Jamaica Plain gives several verses, among them the one requested by "E. P.":

Brian O'Linn had no breeches to wear
So he bought him a sheep skin and made him a pair.
The skinny side out and the woolly side in,
"I'm fixed for cold weather," said Brian O'Linn.

"H. R. W." of Boston sends verses about the watch and the breaking of the bridge. He heard them in his boyhood days in Connecticut.

There are variants of each verse, probably due to the fact that the quotations are from memory.

"J. W. H.'s" one question: "Who wrote the old song?" has not yet been answered.

By Way of Preluude.

Mrs Sophia F. H. Brown of Dorchester writes that the old song quoted by "C. F. A." of Roxbury in The Sunday Herald of May 18 was entitled "Tony Pastor's Combination," and came out in sheet music form to the old tune of "The Captain with His Whiskers." She has added lines as she remembers them and her letter will be forwarded to "C. F. A."

Interesting letters concerning Eph Horn, his song "Putting on Airs," and his lecture on woman's rights have been written by Mr. Augustine H. Read of Boston and Jay Burns of Braintree. The letters are too long for this column, and will be published in The Herald of next Sunday.

With Teeth.

Fanny Axlor was born in New York a few days ago. She weighed 10 pounds and had several teeth. "Dr. A. A. Levy believes it is the first such case on record." "First such case" is good. And Mrs. S. E. D. Currier of Roxbury says that she saw some years ago in Roxbury a baby who was born with a tooth.

How superficially history is taught in schools and colleges! How the essentials are slighted or ignored!

M. Curius was born into the world with teeth, and thereupon was surnamed Dentatus. So also was Cn. Papyrius Carbo, and the two were great men. Then there was Richard III. of England, who, according to tradition, was low of stature, crook-backed, hook-shouldered, splay-footed, goggle-eyed, his face small and round, his complexion swarthy, and his left arm withered from birth. Born, says Truffel, a monster in nature, with all his teeth, hair on his head and nails on his fingers and toes.

King Henry VI., sitting in a room in the Tower, reminded Gloster of his physical formation.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world.

These injudicious remarks irritated Gloster so that he not only stabbed the monarch but indulged himself in a soliloquy:

And the women cried,
"O Jesu, bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.

Little Fanny should not be disturbed by any thought of Gloster, his disposition and his fate. Let her accept Nature's gift as an auspicious omen, as a promise that she will never need a porcelain upper or lower set.

The Two Doxies.

As the World Wags:

What does Peleg Priam mean by speaking of Dr. Holmes mean by a "parallelism of his as to orthodoxy and heterodoxy?" Did Dr. Holmes claim, or has anybody else claimed for him, that he was the author of the oft-repeated mot as to the difference between orthodoxy and heterodoxy? That mot is an old-time one, having been a household phrase long before Dr. Holmes was born. It is given in John Adams's diary under date of Nov. 30, 1778, being there credited to Benjamin Franklin, as follows: "Orthodoxy is my doxy and heterodoxy is your doxy. Definitions. Franklin." The mot is also given by Joseph Priestley in his continuation of the autobiographic memoirs of his father, Dr. Joseph Priestley, being there attributed to Bishop Warburton, as follows: " 'I have heard frequent use,' said the late Lord Sandwich, in a debate on the test laws, 'of the words orthodoxy and heterodoxy, but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean.' 'Orthodoxy, my lord,' said Warburton in a whisper, 'orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is another man's doxy.' "

INCONSTANT READER.

An Aristocratic Pun.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of "tandem" reminds me of the noble lord who, on driving his tandem, was asked the names of his horses. He replied: "The leader's name is Xerxes, and the shaft horse is named Artaxerxes." Perhaps this is too trivial for your learned correspondent; still, it is rather classical. J. M. C.

Brookline.

Anecdote for the Day.

We have received the card of a Bostonian who announces himself as "press writer, reformer, composer, researcher, playwright, poet, novelist, artisan." He has worked at 25 trades, arts and professions. For versatility the Admirable Crichton was not in it. Why are these gifts hid?

May 28 1913

The Herald received a letter in defence of Bay State road back yards, charged with being breeding places for spiders. Inasmuch as the letter was unsigned it went into the waste basket.

The Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis is reported as saying that the American jaw has shortened in the last 200 years. Yet envious foreigners accuse Americans of having too much slack-jaw.

Apropos of grape juice in Washington, D. C., and the trial at Marquette, Mich., it may be said that Sir Arthur Walsh and Lord Charles Beresford drink water, just plain, cold water; King George, the ... of ... the Duchess of ... and ... dames are fond of ..., and ... beer is the thing at ... in London. As we have said before, grape juice often provokes the collywobbles. Cider is a dangerous drink, although Miss Dinah in the song called for a little more. It induces melancholy, as Robert Burton said years ago. It is a cold and windy drink and for that cause to be neglected. Hard cider leads the gentlest to take an axe to wife and infant brood, and King John of England died of drinking new cider and eating peaches. Iced beer is not to be endured; that is when the ice is in the glass. Mr. Charles Astor Bristed insisted that champagne in summer should be diluted with iced water in the proportion of one-half or two-thirds. "Therefore," said he, "when you give a dinner in hot weather, put a bottle of champagne (or at least a pint bottle) and a saucer of ice by every gentleman. (It is taken for granted that every man has a carafe of water.)" We spoke not long ago of King Alfonso complaining because at dinners in his honor there was an insufficiency of bread and water. Mr. Bristed suffered in like manner in 1848. "How ridiculous that at large dinners bread and water, the two first necessaries of life should often be the hardest things to get! Your servants should be instructed to put two pieces of bread into each napkin, and carafes of water to each guest are indispensable to a well-regulated dinner of any size."

Hornies and Callithumpians.

As the World Wags:

As a contributor to the list of nicknames applied to the police of various places, I am moved to offer my remembrance of that applied in my youthful days to members of the force in the provincial city of St. John, N. B., which was "Hornies." The origin or reason of the term I never knew; but the cry "There's a horney," was quite as effective as "Cheese it, there's a cop." This latter phrase was imported into our town, as far as our immediate boyish circle was concerned, by a cousin, who, in the stirring "Sixties" used to come from Boston to visit us.

Another term mentioned in your columns, that of "Callithumpians" applied in by-gone days to the paraders in grotesque costumes, was familiar to us in St. John. We also used the word, "Polymorphians," which would appear to have a more classic derivation as well as a more euphonious sound.

SHAFTER STREET.

Possible Derivations.

First, a word about "hornie" or "horney." It has long been a slang term for a constable in Dublin and other towns of Ireland. "Hornie" in Scotland, Ireland, and some English provinces, was a name for the devil.

O thou! whatever title suits thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie.

This term for a constable goes back, in England, as far as the beginning of the 19th century.

As we have said before "Cheese it!" is a very old English phrase and not inseparably associated with Boston, Mass.

But why "cop" or "copper" for policeman? Is it from the verb "cop," to seize, catch? Wise men think so. Some derive this verb from the Latin "capio"; others from the Gypsy "kap" or "cop" to take, or from the Scottish "kep." There are some who derive it from the Hebrew "cop," a hand, or palm. "Low class Jews employ the term and understand it to refer to the act of snatching."

Noisy Rebukes.

And why should "Polymorphians" be a more "classic" term than "Callithumpians"? The latter is compounded of the Muse's name "Calliope" and the verb to thump. Commenting on a letter written to The Herald by Mr. Quincy Kilby, we referred to "charavari" and "riding the skimmington." "Charivari" is a serenade of rough music with kettles, pans, tea-trays and the like used, first of all in France, in mockery of incongruous or unpopular marriages, and of unpopular persons. The origin of the word is unknown. In the first half of the 18th century the celebrated Mr. Bayle spake of a charivari or mock music given to a woman that was married again immediately after the death of her husband. (See the article "Bouchin" in Bayle's Dictionary where he cites judicial opinions in favor and against this expression of popular opinion.) Gabriel Pignot of Dijon wrote a "Moral, Civil, Political and Literary History of Charivari from Its Origin About the Fourth Century," and signed the name "Dr. Calybariat." This entertaining book of 326 pages was published at Paris in 1833.

In Mockery.

The Skimmington ride was a ceremony practised on unpopular persons. Effigies of a man and woman were carried through the village accompanied by beating of tin kettles and other hideous noises. Sometimes certain articles of wearing apparel were thus displayed. As a final flourish the effigies were burned. This serenade was also organized in

[illegible] Hardy's [illegible] and in E. I. [illegible] "The F[illegible] Love with His [illegible] Let's go old Holcroft [illegible] a Skimeton [illegible] know what folks think [illegible]

By Way of Encouragement.

As the World Wags:

[illegible] I came across this, by Dr [illegible], on romantic literature:

"I think there never was a time when there was . . . better promise" and then [illegible] to encourage older writers: "[illegible] one must know it. My experience is that when a man is 50 [illegible] will improve until he is 60 [illegible] he feels that im[illegible] right on until he [illegible] when he is 20 he thinks [illegible] will know more when [illegible] not sure." I offer this [illegible] of the testimony of the [illegible] G. W. B.

[illegible], May 23.

May 29 1913

[illegible] at my bed's head
An hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well;
And yet alas, for all this I
Have little mind that I must die.

Too Late.

A few minutes after we had sent the [illegible] of yesterday's column upstairs, we [illegible] Notes and Queries of May 17 [illegible] remarks about the skimmington, or [illegible], ride. It appears that the mu[illegible] this ceremony consisted of cleav[illegible], tambourines, kits, crouds, [illegible] trums, serpents and ram's horns. [illegible] who are inclined to be suspicious [illegible] the humstrum with the bazoo, [illegible] the former is real, not fictitious; it [illegible] made of a mopstick, a blad[illegible] some pack thread and played on [illegible] violin. Sometimes a tin can was [illegible] instead of a bladder. The horrid, [illegible] ring instrument known to Ameri[illegible] boys as a devil's fiddle is a form of [illegible]. The kit is a small fiddle. It [illegible] by dancing masters, as readers [illegible] "Bleak House" will remember. A [illegible], or crowd, was originally a Celtic [illegible] of the viol class, having in [illegible] three, then six, strings, four of [illegible] were played with a bow, and two [illegible] twitching with the fingers. In Eng[illegible] dialect a modern fiddle is some[illegible] times called a croud, crowd, or crowth.

Dirt Cheap.

As the World Wags:

A man who has three dollars has of[illegible] me that sum for the following [illegible]. I write to you because I do not know Mr Alfred Noyes's address. Would you accept the offer? Here is the poem:

Early Summer.

(Dedicated to Col. T. Roosevelt.)

Out on the porch,
[illegible] inking nothing but ice-water——
[illegible] is a monotonous,
[illegible] me the fly-swatter

WILLIAM DE WAMPUM.

[illegible] bridge, May 26.

Miscellaneous Misinformation.

The third and fourth volumes of the [illegible] Encyclopaedia have been re[illegible] ed. Hastily looking at the pages we [illegible] that the peduncles of brocoli are [illegible] and the inflorescence is used as [illegible] table vegetable, but we also learn [illegible] Charles Farrar Browne wrote "Ar[illegible] Ward Amongst the Fenians," [illegible] he did not write. We are in[illegible] ed that the Caligus rapax preys [illegible] a trout, but we are also told that [illegible] the celebrated paintings by [illegible] ander Cabanel is "The Death of [illegible]." Many of us have seen Caba[illegible] 'Birth of Venus,' but where, pray, [illegible] the death scene hang, and how [illegible] when did Venus die? She is re[illegible] ted to have survived the inexcusa[illegible] conduct of Tannhaeuser In Heine's [illegible] when the knight returned from [illegible] to the Venusberg at midnight, the excellent Venus jumped out of bed, [illegible] into the kitchen, served him with soup and bread, washed his weary feet, smiled sweetly as she combed his matted hair, and most touching atten[illegible] tion of all, listened patiently to the ac[illegible] count of his pilgrimage.

Anecdote for the Day.

De[illegible] ing a recent wedding in a provin[illegible] town, a local newspaper mentioned [illegible] prior to the arrival of the bridal [illegible] the organist played (among other [illegible] positions) an appropriate berceuse." [illegible] would have thought "premature" [illegible] "appropriate."—Daily Tele[illegible] (London).

A Great Man.

M. Edouard Lockroy's "Souvenirs of Victor Hugo" has been published and [illegible] are now convinced that Hugo was [illegible] in many ways. He was in the [illegible] of eating shellfish with the shell [illegible] oranges with their skin. After sit[illegible] ing at table and busy for three hours [illegible] would return after a rest of 40 min[illegible] utes and offer his guests sirops and [illegible] pastry in the stuffy dining room with [illegible] burners blazing. An exile on [illegible] island of Guernsey, he arose at 6, [illegible] black coffee and swallowed three [illegible] eggs for breakfast, after he had [illegible] cold water over [illegible]. He [illegible] drank liquors and [illegible] tobacco as the abomination of desola[illegible] tion.

[illegible] Bergerat anticipated M. Lock[illegible] roy for in his souvenirs, published last year, he describes a dinner at Hugo's. He tells how the poet ate like a stone mason and preferred rare roasts in the English fashion to any other meat. At the end of the dinner he took no coffee, but swallowed a little glass of rum. Before going to bed he mixed a glass of grog after his own recipe: Sugar till its syrup filled a huge glass three-quarters full, he then poured claret, squeezed out the juice of an orange and crowned the whole with rum. Then he sipped the mixture.

Thus Hugo gave evidence in support of Galton's theory: "Most notabilities have been great eaters and excellent digesters, on literally the same prin[illegible] ciple that the furnace which can raise more steam than is usual for one of its size must burn more freely and well than is common."

M. Lockroy tells us that Hugo in his look-out over the sea worked from early morning till noon. He wore a red dress[illegible] ing gown and stood at his writing desk. He rode daily in a carriage for two hours and then composed his verse, and this was his life for 17 years or more. During his latter years he read nothing from fear that he would not have time to say all that he wished to say, and his love of travelling ceased. One day in Switzerland the great general Moltke wished to make his acquaintance. The manager of the hotel acted as ambas[illegible] sador. Hugo after thinking it over said quietly "Non, monsieur, jamais."

That Barrel

"A. W. S." asks the origin of the phrase, "the pork barrel," which has been frequently used of late in connec[illegible] tion with the $5,000,000 appropriation bill for harbors and inland waterways, and when was the phrase first used. Can any one answer his questions?

The term "barrel" as applied to a rich man's readiness to spend money for political purposes came into general use about 1876.

May 30 1913

Learned counsel should not forget the judicial opinion handed down by the Hon. John Lawrence Sullivan, states[illegible] man, orator, athlete, farmer, and critic of life in all its branches and ramifica[illegible] tions. A man is not drunk when he can lie on the ground without holding on to the grass.

Parallelism vs. Plagiarism.

Mr. Peleg Priam recently spoke of Dr. Holmes being anticipated in his defini[illegible] tion of orthodoxy and heterodoxy. For this he was taken to task by a corres[illegible] pondent, "Inconstant Reader," who shuddered at the thought that Dr. Holmes should be accused of plagia[illegible] rism. Mr. Priam did not accuse Dr. Holmes of stealing another man's thoughts. And now Mr. Priam speaks for himself.

As the World Wags:

Some wise man way back said: "All great minds think alike." In science, literature and art, we find men of genius hitting upon the same discov[illegible] eries and uttering the same truths. Sol[illegible] omon the wise, said: "There is nothing new under the sun," and wisdom may seem "borrowed," which, haply, is only a hitting of the same bullseye of thought.

Parallelism is an exact term in such instances, and can properly be used, in apposition to, and in condonation of, plagiarism.

Apropos of parallelism is an inscrip[illegible] tion recently found by a professor of Iowa State University in a museum in Constantinople inscribed on an ancient stone by the King of Chaldea 3800 B. C.

We have fallen upon evil times,
And the world has waxed very old and wicked.
Politics are very corrupt.
Children are no longer respectful to their parents.

Boston, May 27. PELEG PRIAM.

Did Solomon ever say: "There is nothing new under the sun!" or to quote literally: "There is no new thing under the sun?" This speech is attrib[illegible] uted to the Preacher, the son of David, King in Jerusalem. But "Ecclesiastes" or "Koheleth" is post-exilic in date. "The author assumes the name of Solo[illegible] mon as Browning speaks of the Abt Vogler, or 'Fra Lippo Lippi.' "

A Correction

As the World Wags:

In order that the record may be kept straight, please allow me to make a correction in what I said in my com[illegible] munication in The Herald of May 27. In that communication I stated that the "doxy" mot as attributed to Bishop William Warburton is given in Joseph Priestley's continuation of the memoirs of his father, Dr. Joseph Priestley, and it is that statement that I wish to cor[illegible] rect, the mot in question not being in that continuation by Joseph Priestley of the memoirs of his father. Some editions of the memoirs of Dr. Priestley by himself and his son are supplemented by six articles (in the form of Appen[illegible] dixes) upon him by other writers. The first five of those six Appendixes were [illegible] in a [illegible] Appendix [illegible] question is to be f[illegible] . . . The footnote containing [illegible] page [illegible] in the se[illegible] volume of the Northumberland edition (Pa[illegible]) [illegible] the first volume of the London edition (19[illegible]). John Bartlett's "Familiar Quo[illegible] tations" (page 8[illegible]) credits the [illegible] to ("p [illegible]) which I suspect is an error for "p. 37[illegible]" INCONSTANT READER

In War Time.

As the World Wags:

Reading the "Brian O'Lynn" article in The Herald of May 27, reminded me of the first time I ever heard the song. It was during the Civil War at the battle of Kingston, N. C. We were ordered across a bridge which the rebels had tried to burn. It was so shaky, the word was given to break step, and as the bridge wobbled under us, one of our company—he is still living in Brewster at the age of 91—sang the verse:

Brian O'Lynn, his wife and his wife's mother
All went over a bridge together
The bridge broke down and they all went in,
"We're going to my lodgings," said Brian O'Lynn.

It raised such a laugh among the boys that they begged for more, and he commenced about Brian and his famous breeches. That little article carried me back 51 years, when youth saw the humorous in the face of death.

West Harwich, May 28.

FRANCIS M. TRIPP.

Shameful Ignorance.

As the World Wags:

A few weeks ago the British Weekly, in an article by one of its regular staff, asserted that a test question for pro[illegible] ficiency in English literature is: "Who were Horatio Peltirogus and Jane Dibabs?" Can you or any of your read[illegible] ers give the correct answer? W. B. A.

Boston, May 27.

Kinnikinic.

"J. B. M." asks: "Is Kiliickinnick a peculiar kind of tobacco, or merely the name of a certain brand, a trade[illegible] name?"

The true spelling is Kinnikinic. The word is Algonquin and literally means "Mixture." The first meaning is, "a mixture used by North American Indians as a substitute for tobacco, or for mixing with it; the commonest in[illegible] gredients are dried sumach leaves and the inner bark of dogwood or willow." The word was afterwards applied to any of the various plants used for this. The earliest quotation referring to the mixture in the New English Dictionary is dated 1799.

There is a full description of "Kin[illegible] nikinik" in "The City of the Saints" by Richard F. Burton, one of the most en[illegible] tertaining books written by that in[illegible] trepid traveller, curious and audacious anthropologist, and voluminous author. Burton visited Salt Lake City in 1860.

According to Burton the Indians had no stimulant. The fact is a strong proof of his autochthonic origin. "It is indeed incredible that man having once learned should ever forget the means of getting drunk. Instead of the social cup the Indian smoked. As tobacco does not grow throughout the conti[illegible] nent he invented Kinnikinik. The Indian word has many meanings. By the hunters and settlers it is applied to a mixture of half and half, or two thirds tobacco and one of red willow bark; others use it for a mixture of tobacco, sumach leaves and willow rind; others like Burton ('Life in the Far West,' p. 116) for the cortex of the willow only. This tree grows abundantly in copses near the streams and water courses. For smoking the twigs are cut when the leaves begin to redden. Some tribes, like the Sioux, remove the outer and use only the highly colored inner bark; others again, like the Shoshones, em[illegible] ploy the external as well as the inter[illegible] nal cuticle. It is scraped down the twig in curling ringlets, without, how[illegible] ever, stripping it off; the stick is then planted in the ground before the fire, and when sufficiently parched, the ma[illegible] terial is bruised, comminuted, and made ready for use. The taste is pleasant and aromatic, but the effect is that of the puerile rattan, rather than the manly tobacco. The Indian, be it observed, smokes like all savages, by inhaling the fumes into the lungs, and returning them through the nostrils; he finds pure tobacco, therefore, too strong and pungent." More anon.

May 31 1913

There are ways of defeating a woman's will when she has passed the age of 40, and they are described in books which deal either with an imaginary world of fiction or with a remote and unattainable past. No living man has dealt with the art, nor can wizards show you an example of it.

Our Greatest Poet.

Mr. Alfred Noyes, "the greatest living poet," has declared, as one sitting on a tripod and delivering the oracle to the accompaniment of a thunder storm or an eclipse, that Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson is the greatest liv[illegible] ing American poet. We were therefore surprised yesterday: Not because we read that Mr. Robinson when inter[illegible] [illegible] brown [illegible] eye[illegible] glass. A poet [illegible] she[illegible] today [illegible] a Byronic collar, [illegible] defiantly in the [illegible]. The poet no longer has a spe[illegible] make-[illegible]. He may be taken for a [illegible], a gr[illegible] a retired bar keeper

But Mr. Robinson did not rise to the occasion. Mr. Noyes in clarion tones had proclaimed him the greatest liv[illegible] ing American poet And all that Mr. Robinson could say to the reporter was this: "The poetry of Alfred Noyes is very good." "Very" through abuse has lost its intensive force.

Anecdote for the Day.

Prince Poutiakine was considerate of his health. If it was cold out-of-doors he had fires built on his grounds before he walked abroad. His waistcoats were made in two pieces buttoned together at the sides, so that he could take them off or put additional ones on without removing his coat. His umbrella was nearly two feet wide. It came down below his waist and was pierced with little windows. In hot weather he feared mad dogs, so that he wore boots coated with tin. In his shirt front were sponges soaked with vinegar that he might not smell unpleasant odors.

A Last Puff.

We spoke yesterday of Kinnikinic in answer to the inquiry of "J. B. M.," and quoted from Sir Richard F Bur[illegible] ton's "City of the Saints" a description of the mixture approved by the North American Indians. Readers with good memories can say with Burton 'The taste is pleasant and aromatic but the effect is that of the puerile rattan rather than the manly tobacco."

Rattan! Yes, we smoked it in boyhood days and it was wretched stuff Its bite was fiercer to the tongue than any to[illegible] bacco loudly advertised as n[illegible] rd[illegible] ous. Sweet fern was preferable. A few days ago a celebrated paint[illegible] that he made and smoked [illegible] t-f[illegible] cigarettes last summer in the [illegible] of reviving pleasant memories. When he was a boy in Salem, there was [illegible] who manufactured sweet-fern cigars with a real tobacco wrapper. These ci[illegible] gars were sold at a cent a piece. And what did boys not smoke? As Burton says in the Terminal Essay to "The Thousand Nights and a Night," "smoking without tobacco is easy and smoking may have originated spontaneously in the old world. Some think Japanese tobacco an indigenous growth. The Bushmen and other wild tribes of Southern Africa threw their D[illegible] on the fire and sat round it inhaling the intoxicating fumes." The North Ameri[illegible] can Indian was catholic in his taste, smoking rosebark, the cuticle of a cornus, the lobelia, the l[illegible] vac[illegible] cinum. Some would not smoke while wearing their moccasins, some would not smoke outside the wigwam [illegible] would not smoke within it. And so there are palefaces whose wives com[illegible] pel them to smoke in the kitchen or on the veranda, even when snow lies deep. Among these Indians the pipe was a sacred instrument. The first puff [illegible] heavenward, the second earthwards; the third and fourth over the right and left shoulders, "probably in propitiation of ghosts, who are being smoked for in proxy; others, before the process of in[illegible] haling, touch the ground with the heel of the pipe bowl, and turn the stem up[illegible] wards and averted."

The "Kcliikinic" in the tobacco-shops is merely a name, as Lone Jack, Fruits and Flowers, so well known to youths who rolled their cigarettes in the early seventies.

Mr. Bryan and Radishes.

We like to think of Mr. William J. Bryan as secretary of state sauntering in the public market and with a large basket swinging from his left arm. This is a truly Democratic administration So in the heroic days Judge Forbes, or Lawyer Delano, or the Rev. Zachary Eddy, would go home in Northampton with an old-fashioned codfish wrapped with brown paper about the middle. But we deplore Mr. Bryan's passion for radishes. "You know," said the sec[illegible] tary, "I'm just crazy about white rad[illegible] ishes. No other kind will do. It is true that Galen recommended the eat[illegible] ing of radishes before dinner, but only as a laxative. Dioscorides said that the radish is emetic, diuretic, a cleanser of the spleen, beneficial in cynanche and alexipharmic taken internally or applied externally. It may also be that it is an antidote to poisonous substances and venomous animals, a remedy against poisoning by henbane and mushroom, in obstructions of the liver and in jaun[illegible] dice. At the end of the 16th century radishes were eaten raw or boiled in broth, and in the 17th as a sauce with meats. Wild radishes reveal witches, especially in Germany. With honey the radish restores hair in baldness. But what says Bruerinus? "Roots, the wealth of some countries, and sole food, are windy and bad, or troublesome to the head, as onions, garlic, scallions, turnips, carrots, radishes, parsnips."

June. 1923

LITTLE or nothing has been said about the death of Theresa in the newspapers, and yet the once famous singer has been [illegible] a fortnight. Once her songs were [illegible] hummed, whistled by all sorts and [illegible]tions of men and women in Paris. [illegible] remembers today "The Bearded [illegible]," "The Bear-Keeper" with the [illegible] an refrain—Herve wrote it—"My [illegible] tickles me" and "There is nothing [illegible]d to a Sapper."

[illegible] you consult the "Dictionnaire des [illegible]lens Francais" you will find that [illegible] Therese Valadon was born in a [illegible]h village in 1837. She began as a [illegible]e and then became known as a [illegible] of sentimental songs in a cafe-[illegible]rt. One day it occurred to her to [illegible]que the sentimentalism of these [illegible] and she was famous. Her dic[illegible] was admirable, and as she grew [illegible] she gained in authority. From the [illegible]zar she gained entrance into aristo[illegible] parlors of the Second Empire. [illegible]aring in spectacular pieces or oper[illegible] at the Gaiete, Chatelet, Menus Plaisirs and other playhouses, she in[illegible]olated her songs. In 1850 and in a [illegible]g part she was paid only three fran[illegible] a performance. In 1862, at the [illegible]rado, she gained 200 francs a month. I[illegible]864 at the Alcazar she was paid 233 f[illegible]s a night and in 1865 her salary was fi[illegible]d at 72,000 francs a year. In 1893 she [illegible]d farewell to the public and went to [illegible]er farm at Neufchatel, in the Sarthe. H[illegible] memoirs were published in 1865 and they were attributed to Wolff and Blum. T[illegible]e are the unimpassioned facts, and it should be noted that another volume of [illegible]oirs by Henry Morel appeared in [illegible] the year in which she became a [illegible]ber of the Society of Authors and [illegible]posers.

Legends and Facts

Much has been written about Theresa. Probably the most virulent attack penned against her was by Barbey d'Aurevilly, who priding himself on his courtly manners, was ever ready to jest cruelly concerning a w[illegible]an's age and physical misfortunes. A[illegible] one that wishes to read this sav[illegible] article will find it in Barbey d'Au[illegible]y's "Vieilles Actrices."

[illegible]asanter reading is Paul Mahalin's [illegible] in "Les Jolies Actrices de Paris" [illegible]). He visited her at her villa near [illegible]. He described the drawing [illegible] at length, but could not make up [illegible]s mind whether it were in Japanese, [illegible]h, Hindu or Chinese fashion. He [illegible]erved, however, a full-length por[illegible] of the singer in concert costume [illegible] a photograph of Gounod dedicated [illegible]m "to the Great Theresa." She [illegible] rolling cigarettes and studying her [illegible] in "Cendrillon" to be played at [illegible] Chatelet.

[illegible] longer was she the tall, thin, hip[illegible] girl with arms twisted in si[illegible]ian [illegible]er, flat chested, bones sticking [illegible]gh the skin, with the neck and [illegible]lders of which Norlac said. "I am [illegible] surprised that she puts salt in her [illegible], for she is certainly provided with [illegible]ellars." (The French, as we were [illegible]med by the old geographies, are a[illegible]urteous and gallant race.) No l[illegible]er the woman caricatured by Andre G[illegible] she was then fat with a double c[illegible] squarely set on a thick neck. "Her [illegible]es were bright and eloquent, but v[illegible]d at times as by autumnal melan[illegible]." Her physiognomy was changed a[illegible] she sang only of wholesome things [illegible]n a wholesome manner. She said [illegible]r Mahalin that she was not gay [illegible]ature, although she was fond of [illegible]ment. "On the stage I am at [illegible]nly in songs containing a senti[illegible] that stirs the heart; love of father [illegible]ther, of children, the flag and [illegible]ountry. If I began by singing [illegible] and silly things it was because [illegible]ublic refused to hear songs of [illegible]rness, emotion and force which [illegible] my character. It is easy to ex[illegible] this, for I was reared in the [illegible]ois manner."

[illegible] the legend was that Theresa [illegible]rl danced and sang on tables of t[illegible]fe des Monsquetaires, and "fal[illegible]grand jeu" for 40 sous under the [illegible] of a spectacled old woman, [illegible] "Maman Valadon." As a matter [illegible], she lived in Paris in the house [illegible] Cogniard, director of the Porte [illegible] Martin dwelt. He saw the child [illegible]y dancing in the court to the [illegible] of a hand organ and offered her [illegible]ion, so that later she could go [illegible]e ballet. She went with her [illegible] to the theatre. There was a [illegible]ular piece, and waiting in the [illegible]r, she heard a gruff voice say: [illegible] the lizards and toads to try on [illegible]ces." Frightened, she ran away [illegible]ver shone in the ballet. This [illegible] was a disciplinarian, constantly [illegible]g to her the Golden Rule. If [illegible] the cheek of a schoolmate, he [illegible] in the same place. He taught [illegible]e generous, and, remaining to [illegible]h one of the people, she gave [illegible] to the poor and to the church.

[illegible]p About Theresa

Some years ago a volume compiled by Octave Pradels but attributed to Paulus, the music hall singer, was pub[illegible] [illegible] information about the celebrities of [illegible] concert halls. Thus we are [illegible] that Theresa was first known [illegible] singing a sentimental ditty, [illegible]'s "Fleur des Alpes," at the Eldor[illegible]. This appears to have been in 1[illegible] and she was receiving 200 francs a month. The manager on Christmas eve gave a supper at which Goubert of the Alcazar happened to be, and Theresa in high spirits sang the ditty with a rich Alsatian accent. He was delighted and offered her 300 francs a month if she would join his forces and burlesque her songs. This she did and was at once famous. She then emphasized her lines by waving her scrawny arms. The manager of the Eldorado sued her for breach of contract and obtained 5000 francs. Her position was at last assured. They then called her the "Patti de la Chope" (the Patti of beer glasses), and the Rigolboche of the song. When Paulus and she 20 years later sang together she was fat, but she still swung her arms like the sails of a windmill and stirred hearts by her patriotic and dramatic songs. She added Richepin's "La Glu," Deroulede's "Le Bon Gite," Jouy's "La Terre" to her repertoire. She sang songs by Darcier, singer, actor and pupil of Delsarte.

Eugene Hugot tells us in his "Histoire du Theatre du Palais Royal" that when Theresa's Memoirs were published, a vaudeville "Memoirs de Reseda" by Wolff, Rochefort and Blum was played at the Palais Royal (March, 1865). In this piece the most piquant incidents in the life of Theresa were amusingly treated.

Some of the critics, as the venal Florentino, could not appreciate Theresa, but Gounod said of her: "No one phrases so well as she, and no one has a better vocal method except possibly Mme. Viardot." The great actor, Got, teaching at the Conservatory, said one day to his pupils: "If you wish to learn pronunciation and phrasing go to the Alcazar and hear Theresa." Veuillot admired her talent and noted the enthusiasm she provoked, but the serious editor of the Univers, disdaining the music halls, added: "Where, pray, will this talent find its fitting place?"

Georges Duval wrote about her in 1874 when she was in "La Famille Trouillat" at the Renaissance. He described her as a living antithesis, a scenic paradox, worthy of study. "The public is never deceived and its infatuations have their explanation. Theresa had a large head, a big mouth and she was brusque in gesture. The spectator anticipated a coarse and violent voice; but her voice was that of a violoncello. It went directly to the soul without thought of the path it followed.

She figures of course in Frederic Lollee's "Fete Imperiale." He tells of Khalil-Bey visiting Paris, and his delight in her songs. At a party given by him to ladies of the court, the singers of the opera were heard with dull ears, but Theresa aroused enthusiasm, and the visitor wished to recompense her. He sent two diamonds, valued at 10,000 or 12,000 francs. And she had sung only four songs. Theresa knew little about jewels, so she returned them with her thanks and said to the messenger. Tell him that I do not bother myself to sing for less than 500 francs a night. Khalil-Bey rejoiced at the return of the diamonds and sent two bank notes of 1000 francs, begging her to pardon him for his mistake.

In the volume by Paulus to which we have referred, there are caricatures of Theresa by Gill, an excellent photograph of her and the text and tune of her song. "The Keeper of Bears." This song might be sung in any genteel boarding seminary for young ladies.

It is recorded somewhere that Theresa was married to Donval, the director of a theatre.

By One Who Knew Her Not

"Paulus, La Goulue, the glories depart. And now Theresa is dead at the ripe age of 76. One has to go back 40 years to the period of her greatest triumphs.

"She was a precursor of Yvette Guilbert, but in a different vein. She was more popular, if less artistic. She roused her hearers to a pitch of enthusiasm by her haunting songs. Every one sang them, every one whistled them. Forgetful diners at the Cafe Anglais or the Maison Doree hummed them between the soup and the fish. The 'gods' roared them in the concert halls.

"She had a strong voice, and her recitative was wonderfully telling. As to the songs, they were vigorously expressed, and possessed the rough good humor that characterizes the people's wit. But she could be pathetic at times, and then tears flowed in the top gallery and noses were discreetly blown in the stalls. It is true that she was criticised by the superior persons of the day; but Theresa could afford to smile. She had won the way to the warm heart of the populace, and she cared nought for the diatribes of long-haired judges of good form.

"Whilst retaining her place in the program, she directed a music hall, the Alcazar. Then, later, she attempted operetta at the Gaiete, the Varietes, Chatelet and Menus Plaisirs. When age came she gave up the stage, and her 'genre' seemed to disappear. The public tired of her as it tired of Paulus, who, in the days of Boulanger, sang 'Pere la Victoire' with an amazing success. Every night the cafe-concert in the Champs Elysees vibrated with political excitement engendered by the song.

"Theresa died at a small village in the Sarthe, and her tired eyes, which had known the glitter of Parisian soirees, looked out upon the fields and orchards. They loved her well in this little community of Neufchatel-en-Saosnois, for she was good to the poor and suffering. Like many a retired entertainer, she had a ready sympathy for the public that adored her years ago."

THERESA.

"Putting on Airs"

Some time ago Mr. Jay Burns of Braintree asked for the first verse of a song, "Putting on Airs," sung by Eph Horn. The Herald published the answers of several correspondents in the department entitled "As the World Wags."

Mr. Burns now writes as follows:

To the Editor of The Herald:

I feel very grateful to your correspondents Mrs. Corey and "G. F. D." for furnishing the words, as they remembered them, of the first verse of the song "Putting on Airs." Therefore, I now submit my version which I think correct and oftenest used.

Now white folks Ise a song to sing to you
it is quite new.
I've hit upon a subject now and think that
it will do;
I never want to mix at all in anyone's af-
fairs,
But my opinion am just now that some
folks put on airs.

Although at variance the lines of each version appear very familiar and I feel satisfied they are each correct and why? Because Eph Horn himself was a "variant," never confining himself to lines or text. He was an extraordinary extemporaneous humorist and genuine jester.

The first time I saw him was at Roxbury about 60 years ago as a clown in Joe Pentland's one-ring circus, and he was certainly the "whole thing." The tent was pitched in an open lot upon Highland street, just around the corner from Eliot Square, about 400 feet up. This ground has been covered with brick buildings for many years.

He was advertised as "The Great Original and Only Ethiopian Clown in the World." Tony Pastor was advertised as "the Great English Singing Clown."

Now while writing I will ask if any one can quote the recitation given every night by Edwin Bowers, middleman of Morris Brothers Minstrels. It was something about a Mr. Knott and Mr. Schott into a quarrel got where Knott was shot but Schott was not, etc.

Braintree, May 23. JAY BURNS.

Eph Horn and His Deeds

Mr. Burns and many others will be interested in the following letter from Augustine H. Read, Esq., counsellor-at-law:

To the Editor of The Herald.

As a number of your readers have been trying to give you the correct version of the old song "Putting on Airs" as sung by Eph Horn of the old Morris Brothers Minstrels, and as they do not all seem to remember the words of the same, I inclose you herewith the correct song and words taken from Eph Horn's own songster, which was published by Robert M. DeWitt, 13 Frankfort street, New York, in the 60's, and which I bought when a boy, before he became a member of the Morris Brothers' Minstrels.

Eph Horn was born in Philadelphia, was familiarly known as Uncle Eph, and for many years he was a subject of Prof. Rogers in his lectures on mesmerism. In 1842 he joined the old Virginia Serenaders, one of the first minstrel organizations, and took the part of "Brudder Bones." He travelled to California, and returning became a member of Wood's Minstrels. In Philadelphia during 1861 he was with Bryant Brothers' Minstrels, and then subsequently again with Wood's Minstrels, and then to Boston with the Morris Brothers' Minstrels.

His best sketch, and one that never failed to bring down the house, was his lecture on "Woman's Rights." He would appear dressed in a black alpaca dress with shawl over his shoulders, an enorous black poke bonnet and a big cotton umbrella, with which he would bang the table and deliver the following speech, which would seem to be prophetic of the present English militant "suffragette."

AUGUSTINE H. READ.

Boston, May 23.

As Horn Sang It.

Now white folks listen, will you, oh, dis darkey's gwine to sing,
I've hit upon a subject now I tink will be de ting,
I neber like to mix at all wid any one's affairs,
But my opinion am just now, 'bout folks what puts on airs.

Spoken—Yes, Sam, its real fun to me to walk 'long Broadway and see fellers 'bout 4 o'clock in de aternoon, a strut-tin' 'ong as if dey owned half de street, and I know dein same fellers owes der wash bill, but its de fashion, and its

Chorus.

No use talkin, no use talkin,
It's so ebery whars,
To do as folks ob fashion,
You've got to put on airs.

De politician, fust ob all, on 'lection day will stand,
And ebery man dat passes by, he'll shake him by de hand,
But when he gets a good fat job, for dat am all he cares,
He tinks himself pumkins den, oh, don't he put on airs.

Spoken—Yes, Sam, dats true, too. I know many a man I've voted for, and habe got my friends to vote for him, too, and he would ebery time h[illegible] met me, be sure and hab plenty oh time to stand and talk to me, treat me, and all dat, but just as soon as he got 'lected, and I'd meet 'em in the street, dey'd pretend dey didn't know me, it's a fact, and I tell you its

Chorus.

No use talkin, etc.

When a gal gets 'bout sixteen, she gins to think she's some,
A feller what sports a big moustache she kinder likes to come,
Two hours 'fore de looking-glass to meet him she prepares,
And when she gets her fixin's on, oh, don't she put on airs.

[illegible] oker—[illegible]at's [illegible] he [illegible] [illegible] all [illegible] [illegible] dat butter woulda't melt in dere [illegible] when [illegible] to [illegible] don't sass der mudder and run der [illegible] fodder in debt fer eber so many [illegible] ses, bonnets, and odder nick nax, [illegible] den you know its

Chorus.

No use talking, etc.

[illegible] too, when he's about [illegible]elf-grown, [illegible] he's "nary red."
[illegible] lots ob hair around his mouf, but [illegible] upon his head,
[illegible] patronizes tailor shops, gets trust for all he wears,
[illegible] when he goes amongst de gals, oh, don't he put on airs.

[illegible]ken—Well, I guess he does; 'bout four o'clock in the arternoon you'll see him struttin' up on de fashionable side ob Broadway, a swingin' a cane, at last he meets a young lady. "Aw Miss Clemintinaw, how do you do, aw; what delightful weather we aw having, how charming you do look this afternoon aw. Aw you going to attend Mrs. Grimsley's party? Well, I aw, will meet you there aw. Aw revoir." And he goes on, but de lamb Sam, its

Chorus.

No use talking, etc.

Dar's de great Atlantic cable, sometime ago 'twas laid,
[illegible] Uncle Sam and Jonny Bull dey thought dere fortunes made,
[illegible]ehow or odder, I don't know, but folks dat held de shares,
[illegible]in to kinder tink de ting was some, and puttin' on some airs.

[illegible]oken—Yes, I met a man last week what had some shares in de 'lantic [illegible]ble stock, and he tole me dat he wouldn't sell what he had, if he could git free times as much for 'em as he had paid, and my goodness gracious; how he did blow 'bout 'em, but Sam, its jest as I say, its

Chorus.

No use talking, etc.

[illegible] true we Yankees go ahead in all we undertake,
[illegible]'s Ten Broek, and great Rarey, too, [illegible] British horses break,
[illegible]'s Morphy next, a chessman, he his laurels proudly wears,
[illegible] Jenny Bull can't come to tea, and needn't put on airs.

[illegible]okey—No, Sam, Jonny Bull can't put [illegible] no more airs, case we've taken all [illegible] out ob him we commenced [illegible] as he was been so kind to [illegible] our troubles wid de Souf, in [illegible] he reb'ls hab any more [illegible] cannons, powder and [illegible] de reb'ls could pay for, we'll [illegible] present ob New Jersey, or [illegible] Island and take in exchange [illegible] and as we've made a friend [illegible] I guess we can whip him [illegible] arter we whip him, dat [illegible] him from puttin' on airs, [illegible]

Chorus.

[illegible] talking, etc.

[illegible] the lecture on "Woman's [illegible] as delivered by Mr Horn:

On Woman's Rights

Ladies and Gentlemen; I pear befor you dis evening [illegible] to 'lucidate a subjec' that has long been dis[illegible] by a good many ob de white [illegible] neber knew anything at all [illegible] and always did.

[illegible] dat I delude to am de sub[illegible] ob woman' rights. Preblous to my [illegible] in' I want you to understand one [illegible] I don't want to hear no coughin', [illegible] ob de feet, kase if you tink [illegible] I'se a gwine to stand here and waste [illegible] breff for nothin' now your [illegible] mistokened. I shall com[illegible] from de 3rd page ob de fourff of [illegible] twenty lebenth werse.

I tell you now beforehand I'se a [illegible] right into dis subjec' like a hun[illegible] nigger into a bowl ob clam soup, by [illegible] askin' you dese stoundin' ques[illegible] Who am woman? Whar did [illegible] cum from? Who does she belong [illegible] An which way am she gwoine to" [illegible] good many common taters, and [illegible] common taters they are too at [illegible] tried to make out dat de fust woe [illegible] brought on de human race by Eve [illegible] to coax Adam to climb de apple [illegible] and steal de apple.

Now I contend dat dat fack was no [illegible] ting. Now if dem common taters [illegible] looked a little more into Massa An[illegible] Jackson Davis' book wot dey cal [illegible] Harmonicus, or eben read Mas[illegible] Horace Greeley's fugitih slabe bill, [illegible] would hab found dat it was Adam [illegible] coaxed Eve to climb de tree and [illegible] de apple when 'long cum two M. [illegible] nabbed Eve, and Adam turned [illegible] evidence agi'n de poor gal.

[illegible] de sixteenth place twenty-fifthly, [illegible] she cum from? Now did you [illegible] such a question in all you [illegible] It's enuff to know dat she [illegible] and I don't tink it makes a diff [illegible] whar she cum from.

[illegible] seventeenth eighty-sixthly, Who [illegible] she belong to? Now when a man [illegible] woman gits married and de ain't [illegible] dem got anyting. Now who [illegible] the legs belong to?

[illegible] belong to? Why she [illegible] case when dey git [illegible] ain't de law 'spressly specifies

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[illegible] songs [illegible] [illegible] herself and [illegible] [illegible] sold [illegible] she [illegible] don't [illegible] away?" [illegible] the name of the dear Lam [illegible] to git [illegible] away if she [illegible] to herself. Pro-pri-ou-a-[illegible] which means in de Latin quota[illegible] sir-ree, dars no two ways [illegible]

[illegible] nodes ting—de woman ain't a-[illegible] to do any more work for you. [illegible] gwine to invent a ma[illegible] to make three thousand shirts a [illegible] wid anoder machine to rock de [illegible] at any collision on de part [illegible] on de oder side. How is [illegible] gwine to make bread, bolonian pud[illegible] sau-sugers and oder kinds ob [illegible] Why dey am gwine to use [illegible] dem cholera-ginrines what de [illegible] board of de steamer Hendrixem. [illegible] from de frozen regions ob de [illegible] polar regions ob de frozen seas [illegible] meltin' breezes ob de tropeix, my [illegible] shall cry aloud in defence ob woman's rights, and all will cry aloud, [illegible] Smiff, go in and I'll hold yer [illegible] and go in too

Yes, I'll run and fight, and gouge and bite
And tumble in de mud
Till all de ground for miles around
Am kivered wid my blood.
And when a [illegible] I've lost my strength,
I [illegible]
And [illegible] myself and ketch my breff,
And [illegible] go it ag'in

Some Personal Notes

The rush to hear Caruso in Covent Garden reminds the Daily Telegraph that when he sang at the Paris Opera gala performance in 1908 the receipts amounted to about $26,000. As much as $50 was then paid at a late hour for a stall.

Mr. Granville Bantock finding a decline in the competitive spirit among Welsh choirs, warns the Welsh that unless they wake up, they will be left behind. "In Wales a factor which perhaps has some influence in limiting the number of competing choirs at festivals is the practice of giving one large money prize—£100—for the chief choral event. I believe it would be more satisfactory to split up the amount and offer smaller prizes of, say £40, £30, £20 and £10."

Mr. Holy, harpist of the Imperial Opera House and the Philharmonic Orchestra of Vienna, has been engaged as first harpist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He is considered the leading orchestral harpist in Europe. A second will be engaged for next season in Boston.

London critics regret that Mr. Busoni will retire from the concert stage to devote himself exclusively to composition. Having heard some of Mr. Busoni's orchestral and stage music in Boston, we share in this regret.

Mlle Mistinguett, a charming Parisian actress, has lately posed for the cinematograph, and a few days ago a woman in a provincial town saw a film in which Mlle. Mistinguett figured and recognized (or thought she recognized) her as her own long-lost daughter. She ascertained who had posed for the film, came to Paris and called on Mlle. Mistinguett. On being shown into the actress's presence she exclaimed "My daughter," much to the surprise of the actress, and she became indignant when Mlle Mistinguett, whose mother is still living, denied the relationship. The provincial woman remains convinced that the actress is her daughter, and has even applied to the judicial authorities to claim a share of Mlle. Mistinguett's professional earnings.—Daily Telegraph, London.

The prize of $1000 recently offered by the state of West Virginia for an official state song has been awarded to Bandmaster Innes, director of the band which bears his name. The work is to have its first public presentation at the semi centennial celebration at Wheeling on June 20.

A Ballet by Debussy

Debussy has composed the music for a new ballet. The scenario by Nijinsky is as follows: "In a park at dusk, a lawn tennis ball has been lost. Two girls and a young man are looking for it. Great electric lamps shed a fantastic light. The three young people play childish games: they hide from and seek each other; they quarrel for nothing, and kiss and make it up. But the charm of childish games is broken when another ball is thrown into the garden by some unseen mischievous hand. The startled young people run off into the darkness of the trees."

The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, London, wrote on May 16 that the only real poetry of motion to be found in lawn tennis is given us by a really good game, whether we play it or look on.

"The two girls in white in 'Jeux,' showing us attitudes like those of the ballet in 'L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune' are peculiarly out of tune with their subject —when we remember that they are supposed to have been just playing tennis. M. Nijinsky in flannels—but flannels with the trousers buttoned by about a dozen buttons round the ankles, because a dancer cannot dance in loose trousers—and leaping on to the stage with a tennis racket in his hand, which he soon throws behind a bush, struck one as slightly comic. Nimble M. Nijinsky we have no doubt, would play lawn tennis in championship form if he [illegible] to. But the point is that in the [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] town [illegible] [illegible] dan[illegible] [illegible] quarre's [illegible] them [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] ballet ought to [illegible] Pr[illegible] [illegible] res-midi d'un Faune [illegible]

Mr. Claude Debussy's music is not [illegible] great importance [illegible] so far as [illegible] it has all his [illegible] of dem[illegible] flexible texture, and what one may [illegible] orchestration."

Music During the Waits

The question whether theatres should have an orchestra, except in cases where music is essential, is now discussed in London. One manager declares that the public does not seem to want it, and economy is imperative.

Mr. Filson Young recently wrote "A good deal of nonsense is being talked and written concerning the performance of music between the acts of theatrical performances. First of all, there is nothing revolutionary in doing without music. The Little Theatre one of the most artistic and agreeable playhouses in London, has never had an orchestra; and the entr'actes there are none the less enjoyable. Secondly, a good deal depends on the nature of the musical performance. A carefully-considered recital, either with a string orchestra, or even by an accomplished solo pianist, might be delightful and in harmony with the occasion.

"But as a rule no consideration is given to the matter. An ill-balanced group of instrumentalists perform an inadequate 'arrangement' of some popular tunes, which are chosen without regard to the play presented, and no sensitive musician can be otherwise than afflicted by the sudden irruption of two trombones and a cornet on an orchestral foundation of seven strings and four woodwind instruments. It is merely one of the dismal conventions of the theatre. Music is supposed to be needed; this is the customary style of music provide it at the lowest possible cost.

"Finally the argument that certain musicians would lose work and pay if the fashion were abolished cannot seriously be considered. The fact that people earn an honest living by making a nuisance of themselves cannot oblige us to continue to endure the nuisance. I love music, that is why I should like its travesty to be abolished from the theatre."

The Pall Mall Gazette says that the musicians are anxious but not seriously disturbed. "Everywhere it is admitted that something in the nature of a revolution has taken place during the past few years. The picture palaces have become established in popular favor, and are serious rivals to the theatres. Music is necessary in the picture palace, for the silence would be intolerable. At first a piano was all that was considered necessary, but now small orchestras, which are tending to become large, are everywhere supplanting the piano. The demand for musicians in this direction is, therefore, rapidly increasing."

Consul and Peter Anticipated

In an odd volume of an "Eccentric Museum," published in London in 1820, we find this note of dramatic interest

"A monkey is now being exhibited in New York. It is low in stature, not more than 40 inches high; walks erect and has a strong resemblance to the human features. Its sagacity appears in a very retentive memory and a quick conception. He now has been taught a variety of scientific tricks, which it occasionally varies, and combines in such a manner as to prove it is possessed of the powers of reasoning. An American ship has also brought an ourang-outang from Java, of prodigious strength and upwards of six feet high. During the voyage he was taught most of a seaman's duty, and could even hand and reef as well as any man on board. Since on shore he can cut wood, carry water, turn a spit and wait at table."

Col. T Allston Browne in his history of the New York stage says nothing about these predecessors of Consul and Peter. Is there any record of their appearance in Boston?

To the Editor of The Herald

At the Castle Square Theatre

Your reviewer in yesterday's criticism of the Sothern and Marlowe performance of "Taming of the Shrew" states that he hopes some day to see the comedy as Shakespeare wrote it, with the Induction and Christopher Sly in his glory, drinking his Wincot ale, and enjoying the play as acted in his presence on the stage

He then states that the comedy was revived by Mr. Martin Harvey a fortnight ago in London, with the Induction and goes on to quote the Daily Telegraph, with respect to misinterpretation of the play, which is likely to arise by the omission of the Induction

If your reviewer had taken the trouble to consult the files of The Herald, he would have discovered that the piece was given at this theatre under my management during the week beginning [illegible] 1909, with the Induction in its [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] do [illegible] [illegible]

J. H. [illegible]

[illegible] dramatic [illegible] that 'The Taming of the Shrew' with the Induction has been produced at the Castle Square. The quotation from the Daily Telegraph (London) was with reference to the misinterpretation of the play, but this misinterpretation is not necessarily associated with the omission of the Induction. With or without this Induction the comedy may be played as a rough farce and so it was played by the Sothern-Marlowe company.—Ed.

Father, dear father, come home with me now
The clock in the steeple strikes one,
You promised, dear father, that you would come home
As soon as your day's work was done.

A New Member.

As the World Wags:

Young Stammerleigh, Harvard [illegible] who has just been elected, practically without a dissenting voice, a member of a prominent club, has come to me the most accessible victim, with various questions of what to do and how to do it the first time he enters this club as a member. Now, I am not what you would call a clubman, for the Harvard clubhouse is not completed, the [illegible] Club has been closed these many years, the Printers' Club is too quiet and the best lighted of the Back Bay clubs curtain their windows so carefully that I can't make out how things are done. I learned no small amount about the orthodoxy of clubs from a Yale man who used to win from me at poker with typical Yale consistency. Debating on the finer points of the game such as the advisability of ante-mortem statements if the opener of a jackpot split his openers, he used to decide for all of us, declaring first his opinion and adding, with aplomb: "That's the house rule in all the best clubs." We always genuflected to that academic finish, feeling duly humbled and chorusing, "Why, of course", "Most certainly so", "A good house rule, too," or "These Yale[illegible] certainly know how things should be done fit and proper." Unfortunately, this son of Yale—and he was a Vermonter born and therefore entitled to a reasonable amount of respect [illegible] forced us of the non-gambling [illegible] of club life Young Stammerleigh therefore must stew in uncertainty until he hears from me and I hear from you.

The Questions.

1—Should a new member [illegible] a club ring the bell for everybody [illegible] and within hearing the first time he enters the club as a member, or should he, instead, wait for the older and more hardened members to ask him to drink with them?

2—Is it proper for a man to write a note on club stationery the first time he is in the clubhouse?

3—When introduced to the man at the desk, should a new member shake hands with him or bow coldly as to a menial?

4—Is it good form to be posted for non-payment of dues in the first six months of membership? (I do not refer to new members whose fathers have been expelled from the club, as such members are, of course, privileged.)

5—Most important of all, is it quite proper for an old or a new member of a first-class club to have a wife, a sister, a sweetheart, or any other woman drive up to the club with him in an automobile, or call for him there in an automobile, even if he is waiting in the club's front parlor to see her as soon as the machine comes round the corner?

6—Is it proper for a wife to call up her husband at the club late at night?

I have in mind only a club to which women are not to be brought, a club without a ladies' dining room.

I could not answer any of these questions offhand, but I have thought that perhaps those of your correspondents who have joined the "Damned-If-I-Know-What-A-Maglet-Is-And-Damned-If-I-Care-What's-More Club" might raise their hands to one or two of Stammerleigh's questions.

ANCHISES McGILLICUDDY

P. S.—Perhaps I should have said parenthetically that the Yale man I refer to never saw the inside of a club run by white men. A. M

The Answers.

1—The older and more hardened members, certainly the charter members, are about expectant, hoping that the new member will rival the Swiss Bell Ringers in campanological dexterity and persistence.

2—A new member should answer all formal and social letters except those of a dunning nature, on club paper. Creditors should not be informed of his ability to pay the initiation fee. But letters of inflammatory, passionate [illegible] position should be written on paper that is not stamped, lest the club [illegible] might be brought to shame [illegible] foreign court

… at the door with … civility. You may wish to … carfare from him at midnight … or the first year … payment of … dues. The board of governors will thus be encouraged to raise the assessment.

Ladies, perfect or imperfect, do not … inside or outside a well-regulated … of gentlemen devoted to art, letters … cultivation of the higher thought. … answer covers question Six.

We have been assisted in these answers by Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who, … is never weary of saying, declined … election to the Somerset Club on the … and that it was too exclusive for him … pursue profitably his sociological researches.

Anecdote for the Day.

The Agony Column of the London … recently contained this advertisement.

YOUNG Anglican clergyman (orphan) of good … and address, university scholar and … desires adoption into refined family … means. Reply —, The Times office, E. C.

1 . 2 1913

MISS GORDON AT PLYMOUTH

Sardou's "Divorcons" Played

By PHILIP HALE.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"Divorcons," comedy in three acts, translated from the French of Victorien Sardou and … de Najac. Performed by Miss Eleanor Gordon's company.

Henri des Prunelles........Douglas J. Wood
Adhemar de Gratignan.....Edward Langford
Clavignac..................Wright Kramer
…ssary.......................John Meehan
…n............................Roland Rushton
…eppe..........................Frederic Burt
…nne...........................Eleanor Gordon
… De Brionne..........Rosamond Carpentier
… de Lusignan.........Elizabeth Rathburn
…pha........................Francesca Rotoli
…t waiter........................Alfred Smith
…nd waiter....................James Stuart
…rst gendarme....................Fritz Bilnn
…nd gendarme..............William Turner

At the end of the second act there were many curtain calls and at last Mr. Wood spoke to the audience in behalf of the manager, Mr. E. T. Carpenter. Mr. Wood said that it was the intention of the management during this summer season to produce plays that the public liked and to perform these plays in a manner that would suit the public. The management therefore invited suggestions, comments, criticism. This amiable … of the management was appreciated by the large audience and Miss Gordon was called upon to express her thankfulness which she did modestly in few words.

The play chosen for the first week of this engagement was Sardou's comedy, in which many actresses, among them Alice Dunning, Modjeska, …ne, Duse, Mrs. Fiske and Grace George, have, as Cyprienne delighted the public. It has been said that Sardou, disgusted by the slight success of "Daniel Rochat," a serious play, remarked: "I know what my Parisians want," and with his tongue in his cheek wrote "Divorcons," looking afterwards on this comedy as unworthy of his name. As a matter of fact the comedy may be considered a satire on the campaign for divorce, started a couple of years before "Divorcons" was produced at the Palais-Royal. The Parisians enjoyed the satire. For once the husband was the hero and the lover appeared ridiculous. This surprising innovation caught the fancy of the public and the play ran for 300 nights.

The comedy in certain respects seems oddly old fashioned, yet the dialogue is still entertaining in itself even when it is not spoken with Gallic vivacity and crispness, and Cyprienne is still a type, a careful and brilliant study of a woman, bored by a highly respectable husband … country life, curious concerning the … ances and passions of others, longing for hourly attention, capricious, … tile, yet with a high sense of honor that prevents her from going beyond … al flirtation and a few random and … uous kisses. Her honor was also … d by lack of opportunity, and by the fact that she really had no deep attachment for Adhemar. Nor when … believed that the divorce bill had passed could she easily reconcile herself to Adhemar as a second husband and with a sadly diminished income.

The performance manifestly gave great pleasure to the audience, which punctuated the lines with laughter and applauded vigorously the tirade of Cyprienne and the long speech of the husband to the lovers after he had announced his nobly generous purpose of making them happy. Miss Gordon is known and esteemed here by many … rers. She gave a conscientious performance of the part and played the … scene with her husband in the second act with evident gusto. Miss Car… acted vivaciously the part of Mme de … the other … of the cast did their best and … have said to the satisfaction and enjoyment of the audience. A pleasant feature of the production was the first appearance in Boston of Miss Rotoli, daughter of Augusto Rotoli, who was for many years prominent and honored in the musical life of this city. Miss Rotoli first appeared in the production of "Kismet" in New York. For the last year she has been a member of the company playing "Bought and Paid For." In "Divorcons" she has only a small part, that of Cyprienne's maid, but she spoke her lines with the appropriate malice, entered into the satirical spirit of the comedy, and was an attractive figure in her simple dress.

The play next week will be "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—Shakespeare's tragedy of "Julius Caesar," in six acts.

Brutus..................William P. Carleton
Cassius..........................Donald Meek
Marc Antony.......................John Craig
Julius Caesar..................George Ernst
Casca.....................Frederic Ormonde
Decius.......................Hubert Pierce
Octavius Caesar...................Henry Hull
Metellus Cimber..........J. Morrill Morrison
Titinius........................George Hunt
Trebonius.....................Mr. Alfred Lunt
Soothsayer.......................Henry Hull
Portia....................Miss Laurett Browne
Calpurnia...............Miss Madeline Staples

HARVARD STUDENT APPEARS AT PARK

Ralph Bunker Makes Encouraging Start in "The Blindness of Virtue."

Last evening Mr. Ralph Bunker of Harvard University appeared as the Hon. Archibald Graham in "The Blindness of Virtue" at the Park Theatre. There was a warmly appreciative audience of good size.

The character is not wholly easy to portray. The dramatist informs the audience that the young man has been expelled from college. It is further hinted that he is a sad rascal, but the nature of his vices remains a trailing mystery, although a stern and unyielding father, in a final attempt at reformation, exiles him to a country parsonage.

Mr. Bunker displayed marked dramatic ability. He showed poise and intelligence both in the delivery of his lines and in his bearing. He was not ill at ease, he made his effects quietly and his impersonation grew in force as the play advanced. He wisely suggested Archie's viciousness as vaguely as does the author and with equal sagacity he emphasized the weakness and over-sensitiveness of boyhood, rather than the audacious daredevilitry of adventurous manhood. His scenes with Effie were marked by sincerity and his tirade against the vicar was effectively spoken without ranting. There were moments when he might have imparted greater vitality to the lines and also occasions when a sense of humor failed him in the dialogue, but as a whole Mr. Bunker's performance was commendable and engrossing.

Owing to the remarkably close contest between the Harvard amateurs, it was impossible to decide upon one man. Two were therefore selected. Tomorrow evening Watson White will play the same part. Both young men have had the same advantages of rehearsals and coaching.

VARIED PROGRAM AT B. F. KEITH'S

Last Week of Neptune's Garden of Living Statues—Other Features.

Starting on its fourth and positively the last week, Neptune's Garden of Living Statues again served to delight and mystify a large audience at B. F. Keith's Theatre yesterday.

The remaining part of the program for the week is teeming with wholesome humor, excellent dramatic art and catchy songs.

Miss Green, seen on a Boston stage for the first time in three years, had a number of original songs which greatly pleased the audience. Flanagan and Edwards, in "Off and On," a sequel to their "On and Off," had a wide variety of entertainment.

Billy McDermott, "sole survivor of Coxey's army," showed to a Boston audience for the first time the tramp act which has created a sensation all over the country. His "grand finale," in which he impersonates Sousa and Creatore, … son in the house … the orchestra, doubled up with laughter.

"His Japanese Wife," a one act play, showed Valerie Bergere at her best. She was supported by a capable company. A comedy act of unusual merit was that of Ronair and Ward, also appearing here for the first time, in "Ocean Breezes."

Eckert and Francis, a comedy creation; "Wireless Telegraphy," The Kratons, in an original novelty, "In Hoopland"; Edison's talking pictures and Pathe's weekly completed the bill.

If the greatnesses are in conjunction in a man or woman it is enough; the fact will prevail through the universe; but the gaggery and gilt of a million years will not prevail. Who troubles himself about his ornaments or fluency is lost.

A Skeneateles Kiss.

As the World Wags:

Did you ever hear of a Skeneateles Kiss? The phrase occurs in a letter at hand dated a century ago. It probably refers to the kiss of treachery or betrayal by a tribe of Skeneateles Indians in western New York during the revolutionary era and lasted for the next 50 years. I should like to get a clew to the odd expression.

It makes me as "mad as a hatter," because I can't guess the above myself. And to the man who can inform me about the kiss I shall be equally grateful if he can tell me why a hatter should be mad at all, or any madder than a tailor, baker or candlestick maker.

Portland, Me. J. A. S.

The origin of the phrase "mad as a hatter" is given as follows: "Mad" formerly meant violent, furious, venemous, and it still in familiar speech means angry. "Atter" was the Anglo-Saxon name for an adder or viper, so the proverbial saying is synonymous with "venemous as an adder." All this is gravely stated in certain dictionaries of words and phrases. We prefer to believe that mad here means crazy, and hatter is a maker or seller of hats. Nor are we disturbed because hatters are generally a mild-eyed race, bland, persuasive, anxious for you to be correctly covered as to your head. A good many years ago George Augustus Sala wrote an amusing little book, "The Hats of Humanity Historically, Humorously and Aesthetically Considered, a Homily." He wrote it as an advertisement for James Gee, a hatter in Manchester, England, and its excellent Mr. Gee contributed a preface which began: "An archdeacon was defined by the late Bishop Blomfield as a person who discharged archidiaconal functions. With even less ambiguity, a hatter may be described as a person who manufactures or who deals in the headgear of human beings." Mr. Gee made no allusion to the peculiar madness of hatters. Neither did Mr. Sala in his 60 pages. The latter, by the way, abhorred the opera hat, the gibus, the crush, the spring, the accordeon, "which, in a collapsed state, and held beneath the arm is a convenience; but which, extended, with its metallic ribs asserting themselves beneath its thin alpaca covering, looks, in the open air, in my opinion, simply abominable. If I meet a man with a 'gibus' in broad daylight, I generally murmur to myself 'Fiddler.' Sometimes I perpend and whisper 'out all night'; but I never set him down as a gentleman."

Alice met the mad hatter at table and we all know him by sight through Tenniel's portrait. There was a tradition in Germany, perhaps it still exists, that oboe players go mad after a term of diligent service in an orchestra.

Anecdote of the Day.

Mrs. Uhbally Holvay of Chicago says that her husband, Joseph, often drinks three and a half gallons of rum in a day, and as he puts it down cold and without butter or molasses he cannot be said to use it for strictly medicinal purposes.

From the Well Informed

"W. B. A." quoted the British Weekly as asserting that a test question for proficiency in English literature is: "Who were Horatio Peltirogus and Jane Didabs?" We appealed confidently to our readers for the answer, and were not disappointed.

As the World Wags:

Horatio Peltirogus and Jane Didabs were referred to by Mrs. Nickleby as old neighbors in chapter 55 of Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby." E. S. C.

Cambridge, May 30.

"M. E. W." of Jamaica Plain also gave the correct answer.

And now some one perhaps will tell us the full name of Mr. Gibus and the date of his invention, also of his death, and in what year the Vapians passed the equinoctial of Queubus.

The Pork Barrel.

As the World Wags: Your paragraph requesting information regarding the origin of the phrase, "The Pork Barrel," will interest lawyers as well as students of political affairs.

It goes back into early English times when a countryman stole a hog. It was a daring act of larceny. The evidence appeared to be overwhelming and conclusive; witnesses testified that they saw the defendant driving the hog out of the owner's yard. The defence was decidedly weak. Counsel for defence, however, was a man of great worldly knowledge, and after contenting himself with a brief argument on behalf of his client, he allowed the case to go to the jury. To the surprise of everybody, the jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty," and when in the adjoining public house some one sought to congratulate the counsel for defence and manifested much surprise at the verdict of the jury, counsel for defence innocently remarked he had no doubt as to the opinion of the jury inasmuch as every one of the jurymen had his share of the pork.

ELIPHALET B. WILLIAMS.

Boston, May 29.

But when was the phrase "the pork barrel" first used in association with a grab-hill introduced in the Legislature? Was it before or after the use of "cutting a watermelon" in connection with the declaration of a dividend?

English as She Is Spoke.

We were delighted when Mr. Golightly at the Porphyry spoke indignantly about the "illiteration" of the villagers near his summer palace.

In the country we have heard old ladies describe an active man as "surcigorous." We do not find the word in any dialect dictionary. Is it known to any of our readers?

June 4, 1913

A Bostonian at Old Point Comfort asked for the newspapers of his beloved city. "I can't give you any Boston paper, but here are the Philadelphia papers." And the girl's face, as she said this, was inscrutable. Was she a subtle humorist? Or was she only inconsequential, as the waiter in the tavern at Cork, who replied to Thackeray, demanding currant jelly for a haunch: "Sir, there's no jelly, but I've brought you some very fine lobster sauce."

Hot Lobster in 1842.

This anecdote concerning Thackeray in Ireland reminds us of a recipe for "hot lobster" given by him in "The Irish Sketch Book." He ate the dish at Lovegrove's in Dublin.

You take a lobster about three feet long if possible, remove the shell, cut or break the flesh of the fish in pieces not too small. Some one else meanwhile makes a mixture of mustard, vinegar, catsup, and lots of cayenne pepper. You produce a machine called a "despatcher," which has a spirit lamp under it that is usually illuminated with whiskey. The lobster, the sauce and near half a pound of butter are placed in the "despatcher," which is immediately closed. When boiling, the mixture is stirred up, the lobster being sure to heave about in the pan in a convulsive manner, while it emits a remarkably rich and agreeable odor through the apartment. A glass and a half of sherry is now thrown into the pan, and the contents served out hot and eaten by the company. Porter is commonly drunk, and whiskey punch afterwards, and the dish is fit for an emperor.

N. B. You are recommended not to hurry yourself in getting up the next morning, and may take soda water with advantage.—Probatum est.

Intermezzo.

We asked yesterday whether any one of The Herald readers had heard the word "survigorous" in the country.

The linotype turned the word into "surcigorous."

A Poet Laureate.

When Alfred Austin was appointed poet laureate in 1896, the refrain of a then popular song was sung in derision: "O Mr. Austin!" He was not a "boss poit," to quote the phrase of Artemus Ward, and Algernon Charles Swinburne was then living. Austin will be classed, or forgotten, with his predecessors, Pye, Whitehead, Eusden, Kay and Scogon, rather than remembered with Tennyson, Wordsworth, Dryden, Jonson, Spenser, Chaucer or even the reckless and tumultuous Skelton. But Mr. Austin saw his duty "and he done it." He wrote amiably for state occasions and was always appropriately patriotic. Will Mr. Noyes succeed him, Mr. Noyes, "the greatest living poet"? Why not? Mr. Barrie has been made a baronet and Thomas Hardy is still Mr. Thomas Hardy. Let us hope he will remain so in company with Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, Swinburne, Reade and Meredith.

A Note on the Tango.

There has been a great deal of nonsense written about the inherent indecency of the tango. We are now told that Sem, the chaste caricaturist in Paris, says that the name alone of this dance makes "the second-class Buenos Ayres demimondaine blush."

And yet on Oct. 24, 1903, Mr. E. Fernandez-Arbos, then the concert master of the Boston Symphony orchestra, played his own Tango at a Symphony concert and there was no perturbation of nature, nor was there immediate or consequent corruption of the public morals. It is true that Mr. Fernandez-Arbos did not dance the tango on the stage; he only fiddled it; but the music

[illegible] is said by the more sensitive to be [illegible] and devilish.

The dance is still popular in Spain; it [is] seen in the street, in dance halls, in [the] zarzuela or operetta. Mr Arbo[s] [is] inclined to believe the word and the dance originated in the West Indies, and the dance is certainly known in [illegible]. Perhaps the dancing girls from [G]adiz that moved Juvenal and Martial to indignation danced the tango. Perhaps it was seen at an orgie under Nero when in the gardens of Sallust girls in the lulls between the courses came dancing down the files of tables in troops, wrapped, as Mr. Rowbotham reminds us, in their gauze and clattering their cracking castanets. "And many of them were Spanish girls from Gades in Spain, who danced in line, rising and falling in waves of tremulous hips."

But any dance can be danced indecently, even the staid quadrille. Long ago we saw in Robinson Hall, New York city, a minuet which changed gradually into the cancan. It was hard to say whether the minuet, by nature stately, graceful, formal, as then danced, or the cancan was the more indecent. Yet either one might now seem tame in balls given by "our best people."

A Providence Scholiast.

As the World Wags:

It is a serious matter to question the accuracy of anything which appears in your column, always so full of curious and precise information; but have you not misquoted the touching lines to "Father, dear father"? As I remember them they run thus:

> Father, dear father, come home with me now.
> The clock in the steeple strikes one;
> You said you were coming straight home from the shop
> As soon as your day's work was done.

Is there an authentic text of this stirring ballad? And if so, where can it be found?

Could not an anthology of once popular but now, alas, forgotten songs be compiled? Many of these have already appeared in "As the World Wags," but lovers of genuine poetry would be glad to have in permanent form lyrics so simple, sensuous and passionate. Would Mr. Halliday Witherspoon be willing to undertake such a work? I have an idea that subscribers might receive it more promptly than if Mr. Herkimer Johnson [illegible] from more profound studies to compile it. Even that first volume of his is still to seek.

R. WILLIAMS PARK.

Providence, R. I., June 2.

We quoted from "The Best Song Book in the World" (p. 159). The third line, "You promised, dear father, that you would come home," is also found in Chappell's Christy-Minstrel Songs, book [illegible] No. 4, where the words and music are attributed to Henry Clay, not the "Mill-Boy of the Slashes," whose face for a time adorned the backs of hair brushes and clothes brushes, whose name is still associated with cigars.

What is needed is a Variorum edition of once famous songs of the heart and [illegible], songs that stirred and moved the [peo]-pul.

June [illegible] 1913

HARVARD '10 MAN AT PARK

Watson White Rivals Success of Bunker in "The Blindness of Virtue."

Watson White, a Harvard '10 man, now taking a post-graduate course at the university, showed himself possessed of unusual histrionic talent in a performance of "The Blindness of Virtue" at the Park Theatre last night. He played the part of the Hon. Archibald Graham, usually taken by Paul Hansel of the company, and portrayed it with excellent expression and feeling.

The allowing of an outsider to appear is an experiment on the part of the company. Last Monday evening the same part was taken by Ralph Bunker. Both men have shown marked ability and Mr. White last night won much applause. In the main his acting was all that could be desired and his manner throughout the production was most sincere.

There were moments in the lighter part of the play when it seemed as though he appeared almost too serious. It was excusable in a way, though, the part being a most difficult one. In the real crisis of the piece, however, the denunciation of the vicar by Graham, he was convincing and forceful. He did not overplay the scene. His voice was excellent at all times.

There is a club in Wa[shington] [illegible] famous for the intelligence of [its] members. It is said that no subject in science, literature, art, music, politics, history, anthropology, athletics, etc., can be introduced in conversation without some one member shedding light. Balkis, the Queen of Sheba, asking the hardest questions, and the Emperor Tiberius vexing the grammarians in like manner, would be brought to shame at this club where everything pertaining to knowledge has been classified, labelled and put neatly into drawers of which the members hold the keys in accessible pockets.

How Boston lags behind! At a club table a few days ago a young man, thirsting for information, asked: "Do peacocks shed their tails once a year?" Learned persons were then at meat; deep thinkers, bold experimenters, essayists, chemists, sociologists. For a long time there was silence. At last one man lifted up his voice: "Why, of course, they do. Don't they? I think they do, but I'm not sure." And no one in the club had read "The Peacock's Own Book," by Pavoninus, Jr., a volume full of surprising information: telling how by his voice the peacock frightens serpents and drives away all venomous animals; how he loveth not his children; how he hath the voice of a fiend, the head of a serpent, the pace of a thief. "And he wondereth of the fairness of his feathers, and reareth them up, as it were a circle about his head, and then he looketh to his feet, and, like as he were ashamed, he letteth his feathers fall suddenly, and all the tail downward, as though he took no heed of the fairness of his feathers." And did not Lady Curzon, whose untimely death in 1906 was lamented on two continents, wear at the Delhi Durbar a dress with a design of peacock's feathers, though Englishwomen and natives warned her against it?

Anecdote for the Day.

This extract from a letter written to the Daily Chronicle (London) is of local interest.

"Shortly after Galvani's invention came out, he visited America, and with a letter of introduction called upon Dr. Doane, medical officer to the Bank of New York. He found the family in distress at the death of the infant son. Galvani asked to be allowed try his battery; the child revived, was christened Galvani Doane, and is probably alive today; at any rate he was three or four years ago. His father was a cousin of Longfellow."

"Strike, but Shave!"

Any action of a barber or of barbers in congress should be treated with the utmost consideration. The profession is one of the oldest in the world, as old as the one characterized as venerable by Mr. Kipling: "In the same day shall the Lord shave with a razor that is hired" (Isaiah vii, 20). And listen to the elder Pliny as translated bravely by Philemon Holland: "The next thing that all people of the world agreed in was to entertain Barbers, but it was late first ere they were in any request at Rome. The first that entered Italy came out of Sicilie, and it was in the 454 yeare after the foundation of Rome. Brought in they were by P. Ticinius Mena, as Varro doth report, for before time they never cut theire haire. The first that was shaven every day was Scipio Africanus, and after him commeth Augustus the Emperor, who evermore used the razor."

Think of the famous barbers: the barber of Seville, the barber to Domitian, the barber to Louis XI, "the demon barber" whose murderous chair in London has been sung in ballads and introduced into melodrama; the barber whose fatal passion was told in verse and pictured by Aubrey Beardsley. Towering above them all is the barber of "The Thousand Nights and a Night," the Silent Man, the Modest Man, learned in alchemy and white magic, syntax, grammar and lexicology, the arts of logic, rhetoric and elocution, mathematics, arithmetic and algebra, astronomy, astromancy and geometry, theology, the Traditions of the Apostle and the Commentaries on the Koran; Al-Samit, who had six brothers, all men of strange adventures, the Barber of Baghdad, who at last was brought from jail into the presence of China's Emperor.

The ordinary barber in this country no longer is a surgeon but there are still dentist-barbers in foreign parts. Witness this advertisement in a newspaper of Algiers. Translated it reads thus: "The undersigned begs to announce that he has now been established for 17 years as hairdresser and dentist at 17 Rue de la Marine. He is endowed with faculties that enable him to extract teeth with the utmost celerity and with no inflicting the slightest pain. He is warm-hearted, public-spirited, and thoroughly proficient in all forms of dental work."

Euthanasia.

We read not long ago of the joyous death of a woman at a bridge whist table. Elated by the mistake of an adversary and rejoicing in the triumph of herself and her partner, she laughed boisterously and gave up the ghost. Playing the old, legitimate game in which the utmost sobriety of behavior was required she would no doubt be alive today. Sarah Battle, immortalized by [illegible] She [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] never [illegible] to pronounce [illegible] or [illegible] in cribbage.

In 1712 a curious book was published in Amsterdam: "Reflexions sur les Grands Hommes qui sont morts en plaisantant." The author's name is not given on the title page, but it was Henri François Boureau Deslandes. The book on the whole is disappointing for we are not told in detail concerning the conversation of Aretino's sisters, which incited the satirist to violent laughter so that he died therefrom. In an interleaved copy of Deslandes's book the story of the victim of bridge whist should be recorded with that of the Greek poet Philemon, who died laughing at the sight of an ass eating figs that a boy had laid down. "Go now," he said to the boy, "and fetch the ass some drink." And the old man—he was a comic poet—was so tickled with the fancy of his own jest that he died laughing. Others that died laughing were Franciscus Catalinus, a learned scholar in logic; Chrysippus, Marcus Crassus, Zeuxis Heracleotes, the painter and others not mentioned by Deslandes.

June [illegible] 1913

"G. P. L."—The name of the "Demon Barber" to whom we referred yesterday was Sweeny Todd.

A Nobby Head of Hair.

We read that Mr. Harry Lawson Drew, living in a town of Pennsylvania, and a member of a "prominent" and probably "exclusive" family, was charged with larceny and jumping his bail. He was brought before Judge Smith, who said to Mr. Drew: "I sentence you to have your luxurious shock of black hair clipped once a month for the next year." Then Mr. Drew begged that he might rather be sent to jail, for he is "very vain of his hair"; but Judge Smith was adamant and Mr. Drew, sobbing bitterly, left the court room.

Thus we are reminded of an old London ballad, "The Nobby Head of Hair." The proud possessor tells his story in pedestrian verse, how as a child he was admired for his hair; his mother was sure that he would catch an heiress, at places of amusement he attracted more attention than Prince Albert, but at the Zoological Gardens his hair was pulled by apes and a bear mistook him for her cub.

> Not liking this brute treatment, from the garden I did roam;
> I caught a lady ogling me, I ask'd to see her home.
> Her husband we met on the road, he asunder did us tear
> Then he dragged me through a horse pond, by my nobby head of hair.

A policeman took the fair youth in custody, swearing that he was one of the swell mob.

> To the magistrate, my innocence I pleaded, but in vain,
> He said to prison you must go, your guilt is quite plain,
> So to the treadmill I was sent—but on the silent system there,
> But what griev'd me most they cut off all my nobby head of hair.

Sardine Packers.

As the World Wags:

I desire to call the attention of the proper authorities to a neglected opportunity. Why are not the Boston Sardine Packers organized in a regular union? Unions that pack things regulate hours of work, thereby limiting output or "input"—the amount of goods that may occupy a given space in a given time.

The inspectors of our street and elevated railways have not yet joined themselves together in a Sardine Packers' Union, although individually they all belong to it. A union should be founded at once, so that its members could know how many sardines can go into a box car without increasing the death rate. Boston has had enough proof at their hands that 6 can go into 4 without remainder, more than sufficient explanation of the fact that sardines come to this country dead.

A MUCH-SQUEEZED SARDINE.

Boston, May 28.

Self-Respecting.

As the World Wags:

Although I have travelled on the street car lines of many great cities, it has remained for Boston to furnish that anomaly—a punctilious conductor. While riding on a car the other evening I observed a stately, bespectacled man who was condescending to wear the conductor's uniform and to fulfil the duties of that functionary. Summoning up my courage I glanced timidly in his direction and indicated my desire to get off the car by saying: "Next stop." Me miserum! my worst fears were realized; in some way I had angered his dignity and offended his feelings. For he glared at me over his spectacles and murmured an icy rebuke. As I did not catch what he said, I ventured to lean nearer and ask for a repetition. "Sir!" quoth he, "not 'next stop,' but 'next stop, please.'"

Ah me! A poor, unsophisticated barbarian must be careful when he travels through Boston, where culture lurks in every street car and Chesterfield an conductors reprove the passenger whene'er his hurried tongue forgets to add the soothing "please."

A MERE OUTLANDER.

[illegible]

As the World Wags:

While we are [illegible] regarding the first [illegible] [illegible] an American breakfast [illegible] of interest to know something of the history and origin of the [illegible] out of America. Can [illegible] when the two were first prepared together? The following anecdote contains the earliest reference I can find:

"It is related of the celebrated Gen. Montecuculi ([illegible]-81) that he had ordered an omelette on Friday (what Friday?) "but being hungry he desired to have some bacon sliced in it. A thunderstorm came on and a loud clap was heard just as the dinner was served. The general took up the dish, threw the contents out of the window and facing the thunder, exclaimed 'Voila bien du bruit pour une omelette!' (What a noise for only an omelette!)"

This anecdote, as I read it, was entitled, "Breaking Fast." Was the noon meal ever regarded as breaking fast, or the morning meal ever called dinner?

Boston, June 2. EG. O.

We suppose you refer to Gen. R[aimondo] de Montecucull, who first carried arms as a private under his Uncle Ernst, and afterward rivalled the Prince de Condé as a leader, that is, after the death of Turenne. Some say Montecuculi died in 1680, not 1681.

The story is a very old one told by humbler persons in other lands as of the Hebrew, who in the desert having partaken of the forbidden food and being overtaken by a storm, exclaimed: "O Lord, what a fuss about a little bit of pork!"

"Breakfast" was from the time of its first appearance in English literature the first meal of the day. Dinner was [illegible] and for many years eaten by [illegible] low at 11 A. M. Breakfast with [illegible] in early days consisted chiefly of [illegible]. Dr. Venner thought 11 o'clock too late for dinner and proposed 1 o'clock as a more suitable hour. (See his "Via Recta ad Vitam Longam." 165[illegible].) He advised the phlegmatic to go without food and drink until dinner, but said "If any man desire a light, nourishing and comfortable breakfast, I know none better than a couple of poached eggs seasoned with a little salt and a few corns of pepper, also with a drop or two of vinegar, if the stomach be weak, and supped off warm, eating therewith a little bread and butter, and drinking after a good draught of pure claret wine. This is an excellent breakfast and very comfortable for them that have weak stomachs." But Archbishop Sancroft's breakfast consisted only of two small dishes of coffee and a pipe of tobacco.

June 7 1913

Ah! we are off! Look out of the [illegible], dear boy, and you will see two [illegible] gentlemen missing the train. [illegible] doing it rather nicely. I think they have been practising in private. [illegible] an art even in missing a train. But one of them is not quite perfect in it yet. He has begun to swear a [illegible] too soon!

A Domestic Drama.

As the World Wags:

I have a copy of the original edition of the song, "Come Home, Father." Words and music are by Henry Clay Work; the publishers are Root & Cady, Chicago, 1864. Work wrote considerable war music, his first venture, I believe, being the humorous "Kingdom Coming." In general his songs had so much to say about "Mother" that at last arose a cry of "Oh, give the Old Man a chance." Nowadays his best remembered song is the one that embittered public [illegible] ance for Gen. Sherman, "Marching Through Georgia."

My copy of "Come Home" includes the stanza as quoted by Mr. Park, except that the inebriate had promised to come "right" home, not "straight" home. Considering his habits, straightness was hardly to be expected.

I recall a sort of dramatization of this song given here in Boston about [illegible] years ago in the chapel of the Rev. Henry Morgan on Indiana place. On the stage was an intended representation of a bar-room interior, where were gathered patrons in various stages of inebriety. Little Mary entered from time to time and sang a stanza of the song, acquainting her parent with the progress of the misery at home. At the end of each stanza she would withdraw and an invisible chorus would request the audience to "hear the sweet voice of the child," etc., etc. Then she would re-enter and tell the old reprobate of a father what o'clock it was and how the domestic calamity was progressing.

But little Mary laughed so over the drunken antics of papa she was hardly able to sing her lines.

Another musical number on the program acted out that same evening was "The Gypsy's Warning." The gypsy wore a black rubber waterproof and brandished a big tin dagger, with which at the end of the song she struck the villain, badly damaging the weapon and causing her victim to sit heavily down on the floor and expire in horrible [illegible].

Henry Morgan was a [illegible] thusiastic Christian and [illegible] in his lifetime. The Chapel [illegible] property, a gift from [illegible]. At his death it would [illegible]

...s; but, to their credit be it ...ered, they refused to take adv... of a benefit not contemplated ... donors. EDWARD LAWRENCE.
...ston, June 4.

The Scholiast.

Mr. Lawrence's remark about the ...se of "mother" in the old war songs ...inds us of a passage in Artemus ...rd's letter to his wife from Boston: ...end to Amelia Ann our oldest daw... sum new music, viz: 'I Am Lonely ...nts My Mother-in-law Died'; 'Dear ...ther, What Tho' the Hand that ...anked Me in My Childhood's Hour is ...thered Now'" etc. These song writers, ... the way, air doin the Mother Bisl-...s rather too muchly."

But Do They?

...s the World Wags:
A problem. No doubt you will be able t... answer it. If not, then Mr. Herkimer ...hnson.

Why is it, when two or three are ...hered together over the cocktails or ... mustles, that the subject of footwear is so eagerly discussed? Patent ...ther pumps, muclucs, ridingboots, ...rrigans, what you will, so be it is footwear, they go to it. Try it some time. ...ss the subject into the conversational ...l at the Poryhyry Club. Watch ...m swallow it, hook, bait and sinker. ...uher, who paints, will tell of the ...nting boots he bought in Paris for ...40—boots that never wore out, but became thicker and thicker in the sole until he gave them away.

...mithers, a business man, and inclined to be "near," will tell of the two ...irs of custom-made boots he once ...ered at $18 each and never wore. C...ns.

The Hon. George G. Gimlet with his ...arc toes—What's the use? Try it a...d you will find out.

Is it to be supposed that a man talks ...f his shoes because they cover his m...t valued possessions? No man—ra...her, few men discourse with equal v...lubility of their gloves, hats, cravats, trousers. What about it?
HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.
Dorchester, June 4.

A Good Word.

As the World Wags:

I have never heard the word "survigorous," but half a century ago the word "savagerous" (hard "g") was current ...ng in Conway, N. H., and its vicinity, and I guess that it is still in such use there. The word was used humorously, and generally with reference to ...n obstreperously infuriate but harm... dog. I have spelled the word as I ...ve heard it pronounced; I never saw ...t written or printed. PEQUAWKET.
Boston, June 4.

The dialect dictionaries know it not, but here is a word that was once in g...d repute and should not have been dropped: "Savagious."

"So they sent for Doctor Iulo Genovino, a most savagious man."

But "savagerous" is in slang dictionaries as an American expression and ... "Slang and its Analogues" there are quotations from Porter's "Big Bear" (1847) and Burton's "Waggeries" (1848). In the quotation from "Traits of American Humor" (1852) the word is spelled "savigerous," a feebler form.

In Real Life.

When Mr John Masefield's tragedy was performed here by the Manchester Players, some protested against the aunt throwing Nan's cloak into the swill tub and then tearing it. They said the action was extravagant and too contemptible. Yesterday we all read of a man who took his wife's kimona and tore it into shreds, to prove that he was master in his house and to annoy his chattel. The Lords of Creation can be ...eaner than the most violent shrew. What a sight for the inhabitants of the air is the spectacle of one a little lower than the angels pawing and snorting in ...ge and tearing an inoffensive and no ...ubt becoming garment into pieces!

Anecdote for the Day.

Sheriff Jul...s Harburger of New York ...ys that his van drivers who take prisoners to their lodgings, "although not ...n the gaze of the people," are "heroes, ...partans, stoics, humane, lawful, hon...st, detectives, physiognomists, and have ...e knowledge of men and can act ...uickly and decisively." The ideal architect as described by Vitruvius, a man ...f various and surprising accomplish...ents, is a honehead in comparison.

June 8

ACCORDING to cable dispatches from London, Mr. Enrico Caruso, the celebrated tenor, at his ease in the Savoy Hotel, smiled ... ingratiating manner on a woman ... was in company with an American. ...aruso not only showed his admiration but jogged the elbow of his secretary and invited him to share in his approbation of beauty. The American, ...g the public homage, told Mr. ...o that he should be ashamed of ...lf, whereupon the tenor answered ... fine burst: "I am Caruso. I do ... I like." When the American ad... in a threatening manner the ... hastily and ingloriously sought ... in an elevator. There was an in-t... ...ange of ... ...ties between ... ...'s secretary and the American. The manager of the Savoy, though passionately devoted to art, apologized to the chivalric defender.

Is this story true? Is it an ingenious fabrication of the press agent, not wishing that Mr Caruso should sink into obscurity even for a summer day?

It is to be regretted that Mr. Caruso does not behave more soberly on or off the stage. When he comes to Boston he too often exhibits himself as the spoiled darling of the public. Never an actor of any force or finesse, he walks or prances through a part and is only in earnest when the composer gives him an opportunity for the display of his remarkable voice, a voice still remarkable although it has not now the sensuous quality that distinguished him from other tenors.

"I am Caruso. I do what I like." For this arrogant boast the public is responsible. There was a time—it was after an occurrence near a monkey cage in New York—when Mr. Caruso's freshness was chastened, and the tenor was not so vainglorious.

We have been more fortunate in Boston. Mr. Zenatello and Mr. Clement respect their art, the public and themselves. They are modest, but not obsequious, when they are called before the curtain, and then they do not indulge in silly pranks with their colleagues. Mr. Constantino was eager for appreciation. From his experiences in Italy and South America, he honestly believed that all professional critics were venal. He once accused the manager of the Boston Opera House of slighting him, of not looking to it that he should receive favorable attention in the newspapers. Mr. Russell reasoned with him, tried to show to him the absurdity of his belief. 'Twas all in vain. Pointing to a critic then walking in the corridor, Mr. Constantino said: "Nonsense. You see that man. He has had two new overcoats this winter." But Mr. Constantino, a valuable member of any company, accustomed to the applause of audiences in many countries and the hero of enthusiastic scenes, never presumed to take liberties with the public, never strutted as one exempt from the laws that govern behavior.

Mr. Caruso's deportment reminds us of the arrogance of the male soprano in the 18th century. To the male soprano, the castrato, was given the role of the lover, while the tenor was either a noble father, a traitor or a tyrant. The person of the male soprano was sacred in opera. Others might slay and be slain. He was inviolable. The play might reek with blood; he was never murdered. This one always insisted that he should enter on horseback; another sulked unless he made his entrance by descending a mountain; another refused to sing unless the plumes of his hat were five feet and a half in length. These sopranos would stay upon the stage, sucking oranges or drinking wine, commenting loudly on their colleagues as they sang.

At Covent Garden The London journals spoke pleasantly of Miss Alice Nielsen's first appearance this season at Covent Garden in "The Secret of Suzanne." As Mr. Caruso made his appearance as Canio the same evening, comparatively little attention was paid to the performance of Wolf-Ferrari's opera.

Mme. Edvina made her first appearance this season as Maliella in "The Jewels of the Madonna." The Times said: "Mme. Edvina, though effective at moments, was too cold, too 'sec' for such music. She was also at times rather out of tune." The Daily Telegraph found her "more Neapolitan than the Neapolitans in the exuberance of her methods." It noted "more emphasis on the note of tragedy," and declared that she moved more freely and less self-consciously. The remarks of the Times on the opera itself are worthy of quotation. "The story of the young woman with her two lovers—the hot-blooded, disreputable one who boasts that he will steal the jewels for her, and the apparently cold and respectable one who actually does commit the sacrilege—gives several good opportunities for effective theatrical situations, and the local Neapolitan color is laid on with a thick brush both as a background and as a means of filling up the blank spaces between the central episodes. But the musician is not very much considered in all this. During a good deal of the time he merely has to write incidental music, and in this particular case when the moments for musical expression do arrive they are either ignored or else are taken with very little individual conviction by the composer. One air sounds very much like another, all are easy and no doubt attractive to sing, but they do not bear the impress of strong character—either of the composer or of the person on the stage whom he is voicing for the moment."

The Isolde of Mme. Saltzmann-Stevens was not heartily approved by the leading critics.

Mme. Melba, appearing as Mimi, was praised to the skies: "A wonderful performance, full of beauty of voice and far more lissome in movement than before." Another critic spoke of "The consummate art, color control, perfect attack, and the greatest refinement of phrasing." To a reporter, Mme. Melba said: "I find audiences pretty much the same everywhere. The differences between them are only slightly tempera-...ntal. ... * * * I never sing in an opera I don't like. I haven't got a favorite opera. But I'm always nervous. I'm quite unbearable, quite unfit for decent society for hours before the performance. After the first act I feel better. * * * A fried sole at 5 o'clock and a glass of hot water is my meal before the opera, and when I come home I have a raw apple for supper." She said that the greatest triumph of her career was her return to Melbourne after 16 years. "That was the most deeply emotional experience in my professional life."

Between 12,000 and 14,000 people attended the six performances at Covent Garden the first week.

Henry Hadley in London Mr. Henry Hadley, born in Somerville and now conductor of the San Francisco Symphony orchestra, led a concert of his own compositions in London May 23. Miss Tina Lerner played Grieg's concerto. The orchestral pieces were "In Bohemia," the symphony "The Four Seasons" and the Symphonic Fantaisie.

The Daily Telegraph, after alluding to the influence of Mendelssohn, Grieg, Wagner, Tschaikowsky and Strauss, said: "When Mr. Hadley wrote these works he was still a very young man; had he not been so, indeed, it is hard to believe that he would have seriously entertained the idea of writing a symphony about the Four Seasons, which form the poetic basis of the movements of that played last night, for the subject is one on which there is surely nothing more to be said. Though his music has the faults of youth, however, it also has the merits, among them freshness and joy of life, qualities that are especially in evidence in the overture, which, though the earliest, was really by far the most attractive of the works performed last night." The critic praised Mr. Hadley as a conductor.

The London Times reviewed as follows: "The symphony is called 'The Four Seasons'; the first allegro represents winter, the scherzo spring; then there is a slow movement for summer, and a final andante with allegro episodes is called 'The Death of the Leaves.' It is not an original idea, but that would not matter if it brought us some original music. We would not say that it has brought none, but there is certainly not enough to justify a symphony in four movements. We have an impression that what Mr. Hadley had material for was a slender little tone poem about autumn, and that, having thought of this, it seemed to him a pity not to fit out each season with a movement. All the first three movements seemed to be merely skilful artifice of the kind which would naturally occur to the mind of a man who knows the orchestra and the things written for it from the standpoint of the conductor's desk. There is more individuality and even a touch of poetic feeling in the design of the finale. The symphonic fantasia gave the same impression as was given by the greater part of the symphony. It is cleverly put together with a view to effective contrasts, but it says very little."

Music in Restaurants The Pall Mall Gazette, considering the subject of music in restaurants, comes to this conclusion: "To be content with the kind of performance under discussion involves a mental laziness which is artistically unsound. Musical expression is, or should be, emotional, and if its impressions are to be lightly taken, they cannot be otherwise than evanescent. But if people will not take the trouble to exert ever so little attention there is nothing more to be said, and the art can make no further progress. Attention being obviously impossible in theatre or restaurant, music is cheapened and degraded accordingly. Music lovers can hardly help resenting the art being used to fill up the gaps, so to speak. Lest there should be any idea of the evening being dull an orchestra is engaged and supplies what no one can listen to properly, or would really be in the mood for if they could. All that ultimately happens is, as suggested, a sort of rhythmical stimulation, to musical people disagreeable, and to others surely no encouragement toward the development of any latent taste for the art they may possess. One might even go so far as to say that those who do not care for music sufficiently for its own sake are better without it. There can be little doubt that the position of the art is greatly strengthened, held in greater respect, and even value, when it is recognized that its appreciation depends upon a certain amount of effort."

Thackeray, praising in his "Irish Sketch Book" the situation of Lovegrove's banqueting house on Salt Hill, not far from Kingston, said: "You must not have too much view, or a severe one, to give a relish to a good dinner; nor too much music, nor too quick, nor too slow, nor too loud. My reader who has dined at a table d'hote in Germany will know the annoyance of this; a set of musicians immediately at your back will sometimes play you a melancholy polonaise; and a man with a good ear must perforce eat in time, and your soup is quite cold before it is swallowed. Then all of a sudden, crash goes a quick galop! and you are obliged to gulp your victuals at the rate of 10 miles an hour.'

Long before Thackeray that strange creature Ange Goudar, writing in the 18th century of restaurant life in London, wished that the programs were arranged with view to the courses of the dinner. In Thomas Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree" there are some entertaining remarks about eating to the accompaniment of a brass band.

Some Musical Notes Raymond Roze, who was connected with the Boston Opera House the first season, the son of Mme. Marie Roze, will give a season of English opera at Covent Garden next fall, and on Nov. 1 produce his own "Joan of Arc." English will be the only language sung, though a singer may be foreign.

Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" was the opera most frequently performed in Germany last season. It was given no fewer than 526 times. Next in favor stood "Carmen," which was staged on 426 occasions.

At the Charlottenburg Opera have been produced two works by Dohnanyi, both of them short. The first was a one-act opera, "Tante Simonia," to a text by Viktor Heindel; the other a pantomime in three scenes founded on Schnitzler's "Der Schleier der Beatrice" ("The Veil of Pierrette"). "With the latter far greater success appears to have been achieved than with the former, the music of which is described as being too heavy for the frivolous nature of the libretto. The story of the pantomime, on the other hand, runs a tragic course, and Dohnanyi's music is said to be highly illustrative of the action, modern in feeling, yet not extravagantly so."

The receipts at the Paris Opera last year amounted to about $650,000; at the Opera Comique to about $622,000.

There is simply no end to the production of new operas of one kind or another. Nothing less than staggering, in this connection, is the statement that Germany last year saw produced no fewer than 265 new operatic works. Of course the list would have included operattas, one-act operas and other more or less unpretentious examples. But still the total quoted is prodigious, and it would be interesting to know how many of them achieved a sufficient measure of appreciation to justify the pains and cost of production. If it comes to that, it seems extraordinary that there should be enough composers in this world to produce 265 operas in the course of a twelvemonth. But, as a fact, most of these works were home made. In this matter Germany, truly, puts our country to the blush.—Daily Telegraph (London).

Mme. Victoire Kavetzka, a Polish prima donna, in the revue at the London Opera House, also whistles.

We spoke of Theresa last Sunday. A Paris correspondent writes: "There was one song that she sang in her prime that became celebrated simply because of the stress she put on the word 'liberty.' The song was nothing, the word was everything—especially uttered with emphasis at that moment. Her political power was such that Prince Napoleon said: 'Give me Theresa and a thousand rifles.' Here was force enough to conquer a throne." The Pall Mall Gazette published this paragraph: "The question was raised whether she was or was not the artist who once, for a wager, crossed the boulevard at the dead of night, from the Cafe Anglais to another restaurant, clad only in 'the altogether.' M. Jules Claretie then suggested that, as Theresa was living the life of a farmer in the country, she should be asked whether she remembered the exploit. It appears, however, that she has died without responding to the inquiries."

Miss Maggie Teyte spoke to a London reporter about audiences: "A German audience is very severe. I like singing in England, because an English audience puts you at your ease at once. In America it is according to the city, because the cities there are so far apart that each seems as though it might be in a different nation. In New York the audiences are—yes, very nice. They are greater connoisseurs than others, because they hear the very best. And they expect the best as well. One of the best audiences that I have ever had since I began to sing was an audience of college girls. It was one of the ladies' colleges of America—Wellesley College, Boston. They were simply splendid, those girls. * * * French audiences, I am afraid, today are getting very difficult. I scarcely know why, but I think it may be that they have heard such a lot. They used to say that England was the dumping ground of the riff-raff of the world. Well, for me, Paris is the dumping ground of the musical world. Every one seems to start there, and it is true that every one listens, whereas people will not listen sometimes to a beginner here. You must have something very good for London. Every one passes through Paris, and I think probably that that has spoiled French audiences a little."

In London Theatres

Mr. H. M. Walbrook, reviewing the Baron Henri de Rothschild's play "Croesus" (the Garrick Theatre, May 22) remarked: "Nothing gentler can be conceived, and we have seldom sat through anything quite so dull." Here is a joke from the last act, which is supposed to be funny: [illegible]

We're going to the Cinema to see "La Dame aux Camelias."
[illegible] saw Sarah Bernhardt in that.
Sarah Bernhardt? What a wonderful [illegible]!
Yes. I'm told she has educated an elephant to carry her trunk for her.

"Ivanhoe" in 15 scenes has been produced at the new Lyceum. Isaac of [illegible], is tortured in the sight of the [illegible]. "We were shown the red, red [illegible] and we saw the poker—equally glowing—several times applied to [illegible] back, accompanied by his screams. [illegible] worth double the money charged for any seat in the house."

An Italian play, "The Month of Mary," [illegible] "moderately well" by Constance Hutton from the Italian of Salvatore di Giacomo, was produced at the Little Theatre by the Pioneer Players. The Times said: "Into half an [illegible] of cunningly interrupted and disconnected action the author has [illegible] all the dilatoriness and the laziness of southern Italy, and much of its [illegible], too. The scene is the steward's office in a workhouse, and from [illegible] start the technique is adapted [illegible] giving now talk and food and other [illegible] get in the way of work, how [illegible] is shirking all he can, and [illegible] is unknown. Then there [illegible] a poor woman, who has tramped [illegible] miles in order to visit her illegitimate son. The boy died the night [illegible] but no one will tell her the [illegible]. Even the Reverend Mother, the [illegible] authoritative person in the place, [illegible] off with fibs and promises to [illegible]. But before the curtain falls on [illegible] assumption of the usual state of [illegible] in the steward's office, we have [illegible] pretty deep into the tragedy [illegible] tempestuous feelings of these [illegible]less, chattering people. The picture may not be true, but it is very [illegible] drawn and vivid: and Miss Ancona Schletter, as the poor woman, and Mr. Ivan Berlyn, as the Steward, gave [illegible] good performances."

Mr. J. H. Barnes, 'Handsome Jack [illegible]' as he was known to American audiences, played Iago to Mr. Forbes Robertson's Othello last month. The London Times said: "As for the Iago of Mr. J. H. Barnes, it was what is called a sound performance, always [illegible] attending to business and [illegible] in no tricks. Here was an Iago who was always doing the most fiendishly malignant things with an air of [illegible] and cheerful enjoyment. No wonder he deceived all the other people! [illegible] was an Iago bon enfant. Whether [illegible] really represents the Shakespearean [illegible] psychology of the character is a question we will not attempt to discuss; but [illegible] merely record that it is quite good [illegible] to look on at an Iago who, while [illegible] behaving abominably, is evidently as [illegible] a "good sort." And the house [illegible] it good fun, too, for they called Mr. Barnes more than once before the curtain. Miss Gertrude Elliott did her [illegible] with Desdemona the happy bride [illegible] with Desdemona in disgrace, because she can be as sweet as you please, but can hardly give you the full [illegible] of tragic emotion."

Mr. George Beban is billed at the Palladium, London, as "America's Greatest Character Actor." He wrote his own play, "The Sign of the Rose." The story deals with the kidnapping of little Edith Van Brunt, daughter of a rich American, who is held up for a big ransom. On the previous day the girl's father is supposed to have killed an Italian child while racing through the [illegible] in his car. By chance, Pietro [illegible], the parent, comes to the rendezvous appointed by the kidnappers, and is mistaken for their leader. His attempt to explain is ridiculed, and when [illegible] police endeavor to carry him off [illegible] force his southern blood begins to [illegible], and there is a terrific struggle between him and his pursuers.

News from Paris

A new political drama is thus described by the Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph (London, May 21):

Very probably M. Paul Labori, whose "Reussir"—success—was produced last night at the Odeon in the first play [of a] series which M. Antoine is courageously staging there, has never heard of "What Every Woman Knows." All the same, strip Mr. Barrie's play of all its sentiment, substitute for its whimsical humor flashes of hard wit, and give it an unhappy ending, and you have—still, of course, mutatis mutandis—M. Labori's "Reussir." The hero, or rather the central figure of the play, is a [illegible] "arriviste" deputy named Vives, who is "out to get there"—one naturally drops into American in speaking of [illegible] of his kidney—at any cost to [illegible]. He is beginning to find that [his] wife—pr[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] relations [illegible] [illegible]. If only he hadn't [illegible] [illegible] marriage, what a mate Roland[e] [de] Saint Charmeil, an authentic countess with two millions—francs of course, but still a pretty sum—and a prime minister for uncle, would have made for him! As it is, he pays impassioned and highly interested court to the lady, who seems—queer tastes some folk have—rather to like it.

However, Rolando is a coquette, and plays off against him another deputy, the very nadir of pompous mediocrity, a M. Chappart. Curious, and perhaps significant, how on the French stage a deputy is either a windbag, humbug or knave, when he is not far from a delectable combination of the three. The play, of course, turns on the conflict between provincial wife and Parisian countess. But it is a one-sided and not very thrilling drama, as the wife, feeling herself not up to the height of her husband's destinies, meekly offers him his freedom.

When the curtain falls Vives is the prime minister's cabinet colleague, and will—as soon as the little pother of a divorce is over—be his nephew-in-law. There is some rather amusing fooling between a comic secretary and a farcical midinette—the most impossible of all Mme. Vives's impossible connections But "Reussir" is rather crude and scrappy, and hardly lives up to its title. The acting was of a high level throughout.

"Reussir" was preceded by "Dannemorah," by M. Philibert de Puyfontaine, described as a "Scandinavian legend in two acts in verse." The atmosphere of the play was an appropriate twilight, in which one saw a mad King, a treacherous step-mother, and a ruddy-haired maiden in a nightgown. With the death of the mad King—killed for no ascertainable reason—this cryptic and rather depressing drama ended.

An Old Program

We are indebted to Mr. T. M. Carter of Carter's band for an old concert program. We reproduce it verbatim et literatim:

Grand Military
BENEFIT CONCERT to
MR. E. KENDALL
at the
BOSTON MUSIC HALL.
SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 25, 1853.

For which occasion the following bands have volunteered:
Boston Brass Band, Mr. D. C. Hall, Leader
Boston Brigade Band, P. S. Gilmore, Leader, John J. Shaw, Director.
Suffolk Brass Band, E. Flagg, Leader
Salem Brass Band, Alonzo Bond, Leader.
Salem Cadet Band, J. H. Smith, Leader.
Mr. Frost
Has also kindly volunteered and will sing several Popular Songs
THE GRAND FINALE
Will be by the United Bands, concluding with Bugle Solo.......... by ....Mr. E. Kendall

PROGRAMME.
Part I.
1. Largo Al Factotem, from Il Barbiere di Sevig ia, Boston Brass Band..........Rossini
2. Aria from Belissario, Suffolk Brass Band..........Donizetti
3. Jasmin Waltzes, Boston Brigade Band..........Labitzsky
4. Cavitina, Una voce poco fa, Bond's Cornet Band..........Rossini
5. Song..........Mr. Frost
6. Solo, E-flat Bugle, Air and variations..........Mr. D. C. Hall
7. Pot Pourl from Lucretia Borgia, Salem Brass Band..........Donizetti
Part II.
1. Overture to "Crio in Babylonia," Bond's Cornet Band..........Harold
2. Duett from Semaramide, Suffolk Brass Band..........Rossini
3. Song..........Mr. Frost
4. Cavatina, from Belissario, Boston Brigade Band..........Donizetti
5. Duett Cornets, from Zampa, Messrs. A. Hall and G. Kendall..........Harold
6. Grand Finale, "Wood Up," by the United Bands..........Holloway
Concluding with a Bugle Solo by Mr. Edward Kendall.
Tickets 50 Cents.
To be obtained at the usual places and at the door on the Evening of Performance.
Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.
Hooton's Press—10 Haskins Buildings, corner of Tremont and Howard Streets.

To Would-be Dramatists

The following letter addressed by a would-be dramatist to the Pall Mall Gazette may be of benefit to young playwrights in Boston, Cambridge, Malden, Melrose and other towns of the Commonwealth:

Sir: Like "A Would-be Aero-man" I have written a play—several plays. My first, written in collaboration twenty-five years ago, was an enormous success in a back drawing-room. My collaborator resisted the siren call and dived into politics, to rise fat and prosperous on the front Opposition bench. I, alas! yielded, and am now pale, thin, and unacted. My story may interest, even instruct, other tyros.

Through many years of a professional career which brought me into close contact with life, I kept my dramatic ambition in mind. In leisure I wrote two successful books, edited a weekly, and did much journalism, but wrote no play. Retiring from my profession, I widened my observation by travel. A year in a mining camp taught me more than my profession had. Seven years ago, feeling fairly equipped, I studied the modern stage in Paris, New York and London. The first gave me ideals, the second enthusiasm, the third the hump. This seemed a proper mental state to produce something to satisfy a manager, the public, and myself; so I wrote my [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] was asked [illegible] write another play for her, but before I finished it she went out of management.

My third product was in one act. The praise bestowed on it was overpowering, but none accepted it. However, it has quite a chance still, for the titled manager to whom I sent it two years ago last January has not yet returned it. Pazienza!

Play the fourth was "a masterpiece, but——" according to seven authorities to whom it was offered, and who "had read it with interest." I spent several nights from 11.15 P. M. to 1 A. M. in the dressing room of an eighth. I heard how his reader had given it unprecedented praise, and listened while he compared it to famous classics. One alteration was required. I retired to the country to make it, but returned to find that number eight had gone to America, and wanted not my play. Then I submitted it to a lady renowned for her services to the modern drama. On the day on which she returned it she told an audience in a lecture on the drama that she had that day read and returned eight plays. Mine takes three hours to read intelligently in the south. Does this lady of the north ever sleep? A tenth manager has this play now, although I fear he is not aware of the fact.

Fifthly, and lastly, I wrote a sketch a few weeks ago. This I know will be accepted, for not a soul has a good word to say for it.

These facts have taught me more than I care to write, but one deduction is important. I found that managers as a class fail to visualize a scene as they read it. They are all for plays telling their story entirely in the dialogue, none for plays requiring a mental effort to understand when read, but revealed clearly by the acting. Dialogue is the easiest part of the playwriting art, but the tendency is to judge plays by it only. This may account for the prevalence of the talkative and eclipse of the well made play. But it is sad for the actor who, as an artist, knows that one facial expression, one gesture, one careful line, may carry a point far better than 20 lines of talk. The talkative play seems to be a destroyer of the histrionic art.

Am I old-fashioned? Do people not want to see actors and actresses show with fine skill all the human, if elementary, emotions and passions, strength and weakness, good and ill, laughter and tears? Does the public really want a torrent of dialogue instead, in which the author usurps the actor's function? If so, my next play shall be cast for ambulatory gramaphones. Yours faithfully,

K. G.

-- 9 1913

One of his eyes was bottle green,
And the other eye was out, my dear,
And the calves of his wicked looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear.

Ugliest of the Ugly.

They say that the Congo chief Lupanga is now the ugliest man on earth, even uglier than illustrious predecessors, as John James Heidegger, opera manager, of whom Mrs. Delany said that he was the ugliest man ever formed. Heidegger, who is still known through his association with Handel, was proud of his horrible face, and challenged Lord Chesterfield to produce a more hideous one. We read yesterday of an "Ugly Club" which flourished in Liverpool a century and a half ago. It appears from the records of this club that a member, always a bachelor was required to have "something odd, remarkable, droll or out of the way in his phiz, as in the length, breadth or narrowness thereof, or in the complexion, cast of his eyes or make of his mouth, lips, chin, etc.—of which the majority of the club are to judge, the president to have a casting vote." After a man was admitted, a descriptive sketch was entered in the minute book. Thus we are enabled to read of Jos. Farmer, merchant, who in his day was called the ugliest man on earth: "Little eyes, one bigger than ye other, long nose, thin lanthorn jaws, large upper lip, mouth from ear to ear resembling a shark's; a rotten sett of irregular teeth which are set off at great advantage by frequent laughing: his visage long and narrow, his looks upon the whole extraordinary, haggard, odd, comic and out-of-ye-way. In short, possessed of every extraordinary qualification to render him the phoenix of ye society, as the like won't appear again this 1,000 years."

Back to the Old Town.

When Mr. Eugene Walter, the playwright, was recently in town he told a story illustrative of an old saw. He was in a little town of Wisconsin, where one of the most celebrated singers of the Metropolitan Opera House was born. The stage driver who had been in New York in 1857 began conversation by asking if they were still opening oysters in that city. He then inquired if Mr. Walter had ever heard the name of Mme. F. Mr. Walter allowed that he had. "Does she get good wages for singing?" Mr. Walter [illegible] that [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] he wise [illegible] you know [illegible] was suddenly [illegible]. His voice [illegible] [illegible] ing at her [illegible]

"Hige Leaf" in London

The Daily Mirror [illegible] [illegible] given [illegible] Square by an American host. The guests were provided with gifts for each course. Thus when [illegible] was served, there was a [illegible] in the mouth of each [illegible] made of red jelly contained a [illegible] cigarette holder. A silver toothpick [illegible] in a roll of bread. The [illegible] the soup must have been an [illegible] surprise. The guests did not receive a personal souvenir in the shape of a floating tress from the head of the hostess or the cook, but the [illegible] bowl that contained the soup [illegible] tributed.

Long-Winded.

The American Library Journal [illegible] that the longest sentence on record is [illegible] early report of the New [illegible] Library. This sentence "runs to [illegible] of eight words apiece."

This sentence is not long [illegible] son with one that occurs in William Hazlitt's essay on Coleridge in "The Spirit of the Age." In the [illegible] the collected works of Hazlitt [illegible] pp. 216-218, 1902), this sentence [illegible] ning, "Next, he was engaged [illegible] ley's tribes of [illegible]" has [illegible] each line averages 10 words it is possible that some of the sentences [illegible] by William M. Evarts in [illegible] the [illegible] the Report of the [illegible] ford Library, but no sentence [illegible] length equals in fancy [illegible] the remarkable flight of Hazlitt.

With An "A"

As the World Wags.

The word used in the [illegible] is "Servageor is." GEORGE C. W[illegible]

Auburn, Me., June 1.

In Rude Health

As the World Wags:

I have been a daily reader of the Herald for many years, but never [illegible] the word "s[illegible]rous" [illegible] Wednesday, June 4.

About the year 1855 or [illegible] the word used when I [illegible] a gentleman caller in re[illegible] He replied "Very [illegible] you." To me it was a very [illegible] ing word, and I think he [illegible] frequently afterward.

I have never heard any [illegible] the word, but it might have [illegible] common use for [illegible] health. Mrs. SARAH [illegible]

Chelsea, June 6.

Anecdote for the Day.

The Pall Mall Gazette [illegible] conversation at the Royal Academy before "A Fallen Idol":

Lady from the country (after [illegible] inspection)—What's it mean?

Clerical escort (more [illegible] anger)—Ah—she's been [illegible] afraid.

Lady from the country [illegible] has?

Clerical escort (coldly)—That is [illegible] pression. Ah—terrible, terrible [illegible] please, more brightly [illegible] at the [illegible] shop of London.

Left studying with ecstasy No. [illegible]

June 10 1913

FAVORITES SEEN AT B. F. KEITH'S

The bill at B. F. Keith's this week includes several prime favorites, one of whom is David Lythgoe, who returns to Boston with his own company in a musical play from the pen of John J. McNally. Mr. Lythgoe himself plays the double role of Dick Randall and [illegible] Barberini, while Hattie Gregg Palmer [illegible] son is Maude Burton, in love with Dick Randall and infatuated with Sig. Barberini.

Annie Kent, here for the first time this season, is as much of a favorite as ever in her tales of stage life and her stories of the actor's summer life in the country, with its pleasures and its panics. Miss Kent was recalled several times, being accorded the same [illegible] of an enthusiastic reception as is always hers upon her appearance in Boston.

Sanderson Moffat, late of "Bunty Pulls the Strings," is at B. F. Keith's in his own pantomime comedy entitled "A Wee Bit o' Married Life." The story is one of Scotch life with Sanderson Moffat playing the part of the hen-pecked husband who dares not open his mouth during the entire performance while the wife chatters on continually, of course declaring herself to be a woman [illegible] few words.

Lewis and Dody, "the Two Sams," have been seen here before, but in their present to better effect than in their present operatic burlesque. Mykoff and Vanity execute some especially attractive [illegible] dances. Ed Morton is back with [illegible] line of songs, while others [illegible] are Wentworth, Vesta and Teddy, gymnasts, including [illegible] tional ability. Frozini the [illegible] accordion [illegible] the Four [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] pictures.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," by Arthur Wing Pinero.

Aubrey Tanqueray ... Douglas J. Wood
...an... Miss Rosamond Carpenter
Mrs. Cortelyon ... Mrs. Geo. A. Hibbard
Lady Orreyed ... Miss Elizabeth Rathbun
Cayley Drummle ... Wright Kramer
Sir George Orreyed ... Roland Rushton
Capt. Hugh Ardale ... Edward Langford
Gordon Jayne ... Frederick Bird
Frank Misquith ... John Meehan
...d... Francesca Rotoli
...rso ... Mr. Lorenz
Paula ... Eleanor Gordon

Pinero's play has tempted many to take the part of the mercurial Paula the fallen woman in the primal state, in the process of redemption, or invested with the outward trappings of respectability, is a sight delighted in by audiences. In this case the role is a fat one and demands versatility and imaginative treatment.

Some admired Mrs. Kendal in the part, while others thought her performance crude, noisy and vulgar. Mrs. Patrick Campbell made the role peculiarly her own. Miss Nethersole, Mrs. Carter and other actresses of lesser importance have appeared as the capricious Paula.

It is said that Miss Gordon took the part for the first time last evening. Her performance was engrossing and increased in interest with each act. She was less successful in the first act, when Paula, alluring, restless and irresistible, surprises Tanqueray by a visit to his rooms. Her eagerness for marriage was too seriously assumed, there was too much suggestion of the repentant Magdalen, and the change to the woman of the second act, fretting under the restrictions of commonplace domesticity, eager for the old days, was too violently marked to be plausible. But as Paula, bored and petulant, clamorous for the affection of the convent-bred daughter of the house, jealous for her own position, scathing in her contempt for Mrs. Cortelyon, and finally defiant of Tanqueray himself, Miss Gordon was seen to excellent advantage. Throughout she displayed emotional ... and imagination.

A pleasant feature of the performance was the reappearance of Mrs. Hibbard. She played Mrs. Cortelyon with dignity and was quietly effective.

Mr. Wood was in appearance a too youthful Tanqueray. He scarcely appeared the seasoned man of the world, but rather the victim of a boyish infatuation chivalrously concluded. Mr. Kramer's excellent impersonation of Cayley Drummle was conspicuous among the other characters. His part had been carefully composed, and he acted with distinction. Miss Carpenter was an appropriately girlish Ellean.

There was a good-sized audience and much applause.

CASTLE SQUARE THEATRE—"The Three Musketeers," a melodrama in six acts and seven scenes, Mr. Craig's version of Dumas's romance.

CHARACTERS AND CAST.

D'Artagnan ... John Craig
Louis XIV ... Hubert Pierce
Richelieu ... Frederic Ormonde
Count Rochefort ... Alfred Lunt
Athos ... J. Morrill Morrison
Porthos ... William P. Carleton
Aramis ... Donald Meek
Duke of Buckingham ... Henry V. Hull
Anne of Austria ... Anne Faystone
Lady de Winter ... Laurett Browne
Constance ... Florence Shirley

> Vex not thou the poet's mind
> With thy shallow wit;
> Vex not thou the poet's mind;
> For thou canst not fathom it.

The Poet Laureate

This is a pretty dispute over the question, who was the first poet laureate in England? In early use the title was given generally to eminent poets. Thus Chaucer speaks of "Fraunceys Petrak the laurliateat poete." The phrase was then equivalent to Artemus Ward's "bose poit." Gibbon states that the title was first invented by the Caesers of Germany, but poets were crowned with the laurel in early Greece and the custom obtained in Rome until Theodosius abolished it in 393 as a pagan rite.

In England the title was assumed by Chaucer. He has been called a "voluntary laureate" and he was followed by Gower, Scogan, Kay, Bernard, Skelton, Edwards, Spenser, Daniel. It is said that Kay was "appointed" poet laureate to Edward IV. Henry VII. granted to Bernard as laureate a salary of 10 marks. But to no one of these men was any office granted by royal letters patent.

"In March, 1630, the first patent was issued granting to Ben Jonson, who had been laureate since 1619 at 100 marks a year the sums of £100 a year and an annual tierce of Canary Spanish wine. Neither wine nor money were very regularly paid, however, and Rare Ben protested very vigorously in verse.

> What can the cause be, when the king hath given
> His poet sack, the household will not pay?"

This seems circumstantial and authoritative, nevertheless we find the New English (Oxford) Dictionary stating that while the first poet laureate in the modern sense was Ben Jonson, "the title seems to have been first officially given to his successor Davenant (appointed 1638)."

At any rate Dryden was not the first, although a New York contemporary insists that he was. The successors of Jonson were Davenant, Dryden, Shadwell, Tate, Rowe, Eusden, Cibber, Whitehead, Warton, Pye, Southey, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Austin. Tennyson died in 1892 and Austin was not appointed until 1896. Thomas Gray refused the laureateship.

Gibbon's Little Note.

And what is the conclusion of the whole matter? Gibbon, speaking of the title perpetuated in the English court, remarks in one of his footnotes that have irritated the orthodox and the smug: "From Augustus to Louis, the muse has too often been false and venal: but I much doubt whether any age or court can produce a similar establishment of a stipendiary poet, who in every reign, and at all events, is bound to furnish twice a year a measure of praise and verse, such as may be sung in the chapel, and, I believe, in the presence of the sovereign. I speak the more freely, as the best time for abolishing this ridiculous custom is while the prince is a man of virtue, and the poet a man of genius." When this was written the poet laureate was Thomas Warton; the ruler was George III.

Foreign News

Statistics published in the Hamburger Nachrichten prove the British to be the greatest cheese eaters in the world.

Ungallant Methuen.

Lord Methuen's speech before the Royal Army Temperance Association in which he denounced excessive smoking by women kindled hot discussion. He said that he remembered the time when "the very idea" of any woman smoking would provoke untold disgust. "That is all changed. Let me ask you honestly—does the woman know the sense of proportion the same as a man does? (cries of 'No'.) Take drinking and take smoking. A woman does not know where to stop." The future crusade against smoking will be made by the doctor, not the clergy. "The ordinary man thinks more of his body than of his soul. * * * I would much rather have with me in a tight corner the man who drinks his pot of beer and smokes his pipe in moderation than any young man who drinks soda water and smokes cigarettes from morning to night."

Women and Pipes.

The Herald has before this commented on woman's use or abuse of tobacco: how perfect ladies smoked in the time of Charles H. and before that in the days of Elizabethan dramatists; how it was the custom to offer tobacco pipes to ladies at the theatre. Jorevin de Rochefort, whose travels in England were published in 1672, said smoking was a general custom "as well among women as men," and loving mothers filled for their children going to school pipes of tobacco to be carried in the satchel with the books. These pipes served for breakfast; "and at the accustomed hour everyone laid aside his book, to light his pipe, the master smoking with them, and teaching them how to hold their pipes, and draw in the tobacco." Women in England puffed vigorously when the weed was introduced into that country. For a time in the 17th century the pipe went out of fashion and snuff took its place. This Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan took pinches on the stage. There were years in New England when decent, straight-laced, God-fearing women of position in the community smoked pipes.

"Lady physicians" have been persuaded to talk on the subject. Some take a "tolerant" view as to the "social and physiological effects" of cigarettes on the temperament and constitution of women. Others protest on social grounds but do not urge any physiological objection. One said: "I object to this tendency to pit women against men. Both sexes belong to the genus homo, and the physiological effect of a drug is the same on each."

Dropping Into Verse.

The Daily Chronicle published a poem, "Back Her," suggested by Lord Methuen's reproof. The verses are not of great merit but we quote them:

> Bet but on one thing, mere male man,
> From here to the Matoppos—it
> Is this—to woman praise a plan,
> And she will do the opposite.
>
> Bid her not smoke, my Methuen, and
> You will but rage in fury, as
> She puffs cigars of every brand
> From Henry Clays to Murias.
>
> She does but scoff at your regret,
> She treats rebukes as silly taunts,
> Before you stop her cigarette,
> By George! you'll stop the militants.
>
> O preachers, call a habit sin,
> She'll at defiance set you all,
> Add, too, it is unfeminine,
> She'll make it then perpetual.
>
> Why then with indignation choke?
> There's nothing to commend in it;
> Since woman takes delight in smoke,
> A protest's sure to end in it.

Great are the myths, I too delight in them,
Great are Adam and Eve, I too look back and accept them.

The Demon Barber.

Two or three days ago we spoke of Mr. Sweeny Todd, otherwise known as "The Demon Barber." The story of misdirected energy and undue personal attention to customers, a story that has been made famous in ballad and on the stage was this: He lived at 186 Fleet street, London, next to St. Dunstan's Church. Under his shaving chair there was a trapdoor. When Mr. Todd, making some excuse, left his customer—or client, for this is now the genteel term—and went into an adjoining room, he drew a bolt. The trapdoor turned over and threw the customer into a cellar. There he was murdered, and his body was made into mutton pies which were sold at a neighboring shop at a reasonable price and much relished. This story was believed by all for many years, and Dickens mentions it in "Martin Chuzzlewit." Thirty years ago a deep pit, "filled with rubbish and human remains" was found under the basement of this house.

Notes and Queries for May 31st arrived after we had referred to Mr. Todd, and now we learn that the hero is a purely legendary character; that his "credulity" can be traced back for at least 70 years; that the bones were part of the interments in the vaults of St. Dunstan's, for the old church stood nearer to Fleet street than the present one, and as one end of it was close to No. 186, the vaults may have run under the house. All this is apropos of the recent demolition of the house in which Mr. Todd is said to have plied a lucrative trade.

And so "The Demon Barber" must join William Tell, Prester John, Pope Joan, and other heroes and heroines of our boyhood days. The thought is not a pleasant one. Cold facts are a shabby substitute for hot beliefs.

"Surgaciates."

As the World Wags:

In the once "District of Maine" another word beginning with "sur" is sometimes used, as

"How do you like the chowder?

"It surgaciates complete."

"Sur" is clearly an intensive in both words. The word "surgaciates" expresses a sense of physical content as no other word does.

J. T. W.

Boston, June 9.

Baleful Advice.

As the World Wags:

Mr. Halliday Witherspoon will undoubtedly "start something" with his "What about it?" in the Herald of today. If shoes are not a tender and widespread subject, I respectfully rise to ask, What is? It seems to me that one's reputation rests on them. I should advise—but there—it's not always wise or prudent to follow advice given in good faith, for the result oftentimes is disastrous.

About three months ago, this same Mr. Halliday Witherspoon made the "Solid Shandygaff" seem, or rather read, so inviting that I was led to partake and suffered! Only a month ago the following advice given by you yourself in The Herald broke up two happy homes to my certain knowledge. The following extract especially did its deadly work:

> The wonder is that grown men, clothed and apparently in their right mind, indulge in the idiotic habit of treating in bar-room, restaurant or club. The truly temperate man neither treats nor allows himself to be treated. He drinks to quench his thirst, or because he is low in his mind, or because he wishes a drink, and is quickly satisfied. He does not insist that some who have had enough or should not drink at all should join him, and he does not accept an invitation when he knows that to do so would not benefit him and that the genial shouter cannot afford to be wildly generous.

After reading this, the two men from home decided to join the above class of truly, truly temperate persons. Twenty-four days passed and the result is a most unhappy one! One of the two has never been heard from. The other is no longer mildly generous, but sits by the window in his room at Waverley Junction and talks only about the bed of roses in his back yard, when in fact, it is a bed of mint, and takes delight in reading over again and again Bret Harte's story of Sarah Walker, where she says:

> "'I looks towards you, Scotty,' sez she.
> "'I observes you and bows, miss,' sez he, makin' as if he was dhrinkin' wid her.
> "'Here's another nail in yer coffin, old man,' sez she winkin'.
> "'And here's the hair all off your head, miss,' sez he quite aisily, tossin' back the joke betwixt 'em.
> "And with that she dhrinks it off, and lies down and goes to sleep like a lamb, and wakes up wid de rosy dawn in her cheeks, and the morthal seekness gone forever."

Did I hear some one shout "Foxboro, next station!"?

JACOB FAITHFUL.

Boston, June 7.

The Old Songs.

As the World Wags:

I have been much interested in the quotations from old songs which have appeared in the column lately, and would be obliged if any of the readers interested can tell me where I can purchase books containing any of them.

I am especially interested in getting the words and music to "Roll on, Silver Moon," and "Young Charlotte Lived on the Mountainside." Also one which ran:

> Good night, good night,
> Now to all a kind good night,
> Lo, the moon in heaven is beaming,
> O'er the waters gently streaming,
> 'Tis the hour of calm delight,
> Good night, good night, good night.

Any information regarding the above will be gratefully received.

(MISS) ADELAIDE M. STEVENS

Dorchester, June 7.

DRAMATIC CLASS GIVES THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS

"Mrs. Oakley's Telephone," "Miss Oliver's Dollars" and "The Piper's Pay," three one-act plays, were presented last evening at the Elizabeth Peabody House Theatre by the dramatic class of the Business Women's Club. The pieces were entertaining, attractively staged, and given with spirit. Among those taking part were Mmes. Elizabeth A. Wakeman and Louise A. Forster and the Misses Dorothy Root, Bessie Abernethy, Laura A. Forster, Martha G. Forster, Annie F. Sullivan, Irene L. Brown, Anne E. Chippendale, Carrie E. Cole, Martha Rogers and Alice Parker Lesser.

June 12 '13

> Very sick and tired I am
> Of stewed prunes, and apples dried,
> And this our mutton that once was lamb!
> I will make no grand salaam
> For the stale cakes the gods provide!
> Very sick and tired I am!
> My indignant diaphragm
> Would cover something fresh, untried—
> Not this mutton that once was lamb!

Distinctively American

An English journal commenting on the passing of the Astor House in New York mentions "distinctively American dishes" served there in perfection, and among these dishes snails are mentioned. Is there any town or village in the United States where snails were or are eaten commonly by the dwellers therein? Is there any house wherein Americans eat snails as an ordinary article of food?

Not that we are prejudiced against the snail? It is no more repulsive to the eye than the oyster, and it is much cleaner in its own diet than the lobster. We are aware that the ancient Romans esteemed the cochlea, that is the limacon, or white snail, as an exquisite delicacy; and we remember that Kno'well in Ben Jonson's comedy congratulated himself that in bringing up his son he had not

> Dressed snails, or mushrooms curiously before him,
> Perfumed my sauces, and taught him to make 'hem.

Snails or rather cockles were made at the beginning of the 17th century into a sauce called bavole, but our old friend Dr. Muffet wrote in the middle of that century, "Of creeping things I know none but the snail in our country, which some esteem not only for a meat, but also for a meat very restorative," but he contradicted himself, for on another page of "Health's Improvement" he said that snails were "little esteemed."

"Distinctively American!" The average American would say with Brother Bartholomew: "Snail is a worm of slime, and breedeth of slime and is therefore always foul and unclean; and is a manner snake, and is a horned worm. And such worms be gendered principally in corrupt air and rain." And in the old nursery rhyme are not little boys made of snails and puppy dogs' tails?

How to Tell Them

At the old Martin's in New York, snails were imported and there were Americans who learned to like them. They were the snails of Burgundy. The "escargot" is not to be confounded with the "petit gris," the common and garden snail, sold in France by unscrupulous dealers. Be not deceived; evil snails corrupt good stomache. Snails have teeth and the "escargot" of Burgundy has longer ones than the humbler variety. Furthermore the teeth of the "petit gris" are more symmetrically aligned. The difference in length is only .01 millimetre.

Strictly Personal

"R. L. H.," now of the New York Tribune, attributes to our invention the remarks concerning two gentlemen just missing a train. We appreciate the compliment, but the paragraph was printed in agate and therefore was a quotation. "R. L. H." will find it at the end of that amusing book, "The Green Carnation," by Robert Hichens.

Long Sentences

As the World Wags:

What you say about long sentences calls to mind De Quincey's criticism of Kant for length of his sentences. In De Quincey's essay on "Style" he calls attention to a sentence, in one of Kant's works, which, he says, fills "one whole octavo page of 31 lines, (each line averaging 45 to 48 letters.) Sentences of the same caliber, some even of far longer bore, we have observed in this and other works of the same author." In his essay on "Language" he says: "Kant was a great man, but he was obtuse and deaf as an antediluvian bowlder with regard to language and its capacities. He has sentences which have been measured by a carpenter, and some of them run two feet eight by six inches. Now a sentence with that enormous span is fit only for the use of a megatherium or a pre-Adamite."

INCONSTANT READER.

Boston, June 10.

[illegible] correspondent writes "In 'Les [illegible]' there is a sentence that runs [illegible] lines and earlier in the book, [illegible] one of the chapters descriptive of Waterloo, there are 50 lines without a [illegible] stop." The Daily Chronicle cites the seventh section of the foreign en[illegible] act "which does not stop until it [illegible] very nearly reached its 690th word." We still are firm in the belief that Hazlitt's gorgeously Asiatic sentence in his essay on Coleridge is the sentence of all sentences.

Children, Too.

When Lord Methuen inveighed against women who smoked cigarettes, he said nothing about children smoking. We quoted from a foreigner in England who long ago spoke of mothers filling their children's pipes for school and school teachers instructing their pupils in the use of the pipe. A writer in the 17th century said: "You are sensible to the state of things that children smoke more nowadays than even soldiers and carmen did before," and Ralph Thoresby, an antiquary, with his brother at a coffee house in 1702, "was surprised to see his sickly child of three years old fill its pipe of tobacco and smoke it as auldfarrandly as a man of three score; after that a second and a third pipe without the least concern, as it is said to have done above a year ago." No wonder the child was sickly, but "auldfarrandly" is a good word. Little boys smoke in Holland today, not cigarettes, but the cigars that prove the Dutch to be a sturdy, heroic race.

June 13 1913

O water for me, O water for me.
[illegible] wine for the tremendous debauchee!
[illegible] cooleth the brow, and it cooleth the brain
[illegible] it maketh the faint one strong again.

A Gratifying Change.

[illegible] wearying in our efforts to inculcate [illegible] of true temperance in the breasts of the young and the old, we welcome [illegible] anecdotes and striking in[illegible] of shocking examples.

Thus we joyfully acknowledge our in[illegible] to "F. C. E." for a quotation [illegible] Mr. Russell's essay on "Temper[ance]" published in a recent issue of the [Manche]ster Guardian:

"One market day, within 200 yards of [the] exchange, I counted 2000 coffee-drinkers. I took with me a gentleman whom we will call Mr. Oldbuck, 89 years of age, who in his 17th year was 'rider-out,' or as we now say, 'traveler,' for Sir Robert Peel, the calico printer. He was amazed to see on 'change 5000 sober business men, and said: 'Seventy-two years ago I used on market day to mount my Galloway pony at Tottington, all at Bury print works, get my patterns in a leather bag and pistols in my saddle holster, then go through Prestwich to Manchester. At the Thatched House Inn I got off my pony; it was taken to Strutt's street stables. Then my customers, all waiting the privilege of seeing Peel's patterns, came one at a time to the little parlor in the inn. I had a glass of whiskey with each, on completing and booking orders, so after the seventh customer I was drunk, and the other customers wrote orders themselves in my book. At 3 o'clock I was lifted on to my pony and my legs strapped under my girths, and it took me home, when my mother gave me mustard and water and my sisters put vinegar cloths on my head. Oh,' said he, '[wha]t a change—everyone sober!'"

Living Torches.

[Som]e time ago we spoke of a sad case of spontaneous combustion. It may be remembered that when Dickens described the death of Krook, and it was [i]n the novelist's most melodramatic manner, he was accused of gross exaggeration if not fabrication of incident. He answered his objectors in a preface. Donovan mentions seven instances of this sort of ignition, and De Fontenelle, in a paper read before a learned body in Paris, described 15 cases. There was Mary Clues; the particularly distressing story is related in "Anti-Bacchus" (N. Y. 1840, p. 189), as is the dreadful [fa]te of Thomas Williams, a sailor, aged [illegible] who was in the habit of smuggling [illegible] of rum at Aberforth and drinking them.

Even in the District of Maine a young physician applied his lancet to the vein of a confirmed drunkard who had just come out of a fit of intoxication. "The blood exhaled a strong odor of whiskey, and on the application of a taper it burnt for some seconds with a blue flame."

From the French.

We were reminded of these anecdotes by a letter received from a highly esteemed correspondent.

As the World Wags:

You wrote recently of a case of alcoholic combustion. Here is a story told by Zola in "Dr. Pascal":

"He" (Uncle Macquart, a brandy drinker) "had grown stout and looked like a veritable mountain of flesh overlaid with rolls of fat. He must have fallen asleep while smoking, for his pipe had fallen into his lap. The burning tobacco had been scattered in the fall, and the trousers had caught fire and through a hole in the stuff, she saw the bare thigh whence issued a little blue flame. She saw the bare flesh and [illegible] dancing [illegible] surface of a [illegible] it increased and spread [illegible] and the skin began to crack and the fat to melt. The fat was running through the cracks in the skin, feeding the flame, which was invading the abdomen. He was burning like a sponge soaked with brandy. Nothing of him was left but a little heap of gray dust."

Boston, June 11. J. D. K.

In this description Zola falls below Dickens, whose picture of the young men waiting for Krook, disturbed, perplexed, and at last running from the greasy room in terror, has a prominent place in the chamber of horrors.

Advice for All Days.

If a friend shows signs of spontaneous combustion, do not throw water on him. "Like the Greek fire, also, it appears that water increases its intensity."

And let no one deceive himself by drinking beer, cider or wine and thinking thus to escape danger. "There is spirit enough in a pint of good beer to make a good strong glass of gin or brandy and water, and perhaps the spirit tippler has an advantage over the porter drinker, that he does not take into his stomach the filthy extract of malt, grapes or apples." Porter is especially to be shunned, for, as Dr. Lardner informs us, opium, henbane, cocculus indicus and Bohemian rosemary, which is said to produce a quick and raving intoxication, often supply the place of alcohol.

Jenny, please bring another glass of slippery-elm water with a little sugar in it!

And Now Survigrus.

As the World Wags:

In Charles Egbert Craddock's "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains" occurs the following:

"Jacob," she softly drawled, "why don't you go to bed." But Jacob was indisposed for conversation and said nothing. "Why n't you uns git him to bed?" she asked of the assemblage. "He'll git stunted a setting up so late at night." "Wall," said one of the huge jean-clad mountaineers taking his pipe from his mouth and scrutinizing the subject of the conversation, "'l 'low it takes more'n three full grown men ter git that thar survigrus buzzard to bed when he don't want to go thar and warn't agoin' to resk it."

I have also seen the word in several of her other stories. H. B.

Newton, June 10.

A Severe Test.

To go back to the golden thought for the day. In England a sure but severe test of a citizen's ability to rise above benumbing influences is the manner in which he says "Burgess's fish-sauce shop."

June 14 1913

"What is the good of talking of those things now?" said the man of utility. "I don't know," replied the other, quaffing another glass of sparkling ale, and with a lambent fire playing in his eye and round his bald forehead—(he had a head that Sir Joshua would have made something bland and genial of)—"I don't know, but they were delightful to me at the time, and are still pleasant to talk and think of."

An Infant Phenomenon.

As the World Wags:

I read your entertaining remarks about Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber, in this morning's Herald, and, knowing your familiarity with the disreputable characters of history, I rise to inquire who was Sawney Bean?

On Sunday I was calling on some friends who have a very precocious 8-year-old son, a veritable fiend in human form. Late in the afternoon the boy was discovered attempting to dismember the cat with a bread knife. On being put through the third degree he said that he was following the illustrious example of one Sawney Bean. It developed that the youngster had just returned from a two weeks' visit to his paternal granddad and while away from home had free run of a well selected library. Sawney Bean, as near as we could find out, figured in some book on the pirates, highwaymen and desperadoes of early England and had a record of several thousand victims. The details of his career should be interesting reading.

HALLIDAY WITHERSPOON.

Dorchester, June 11.

Shameful Ignorance.

Think of it, Mr. Witherspoon! This 8-year-old boy might be an infant pianist or violinist. He might even now be going up and down and across the land exhibiting his abominably precocious art in the hearing of the people.

As for Mr. Sawney Bean, alas, we know him not. His name and deeds are not recorded in the Pirates' Own Book, which is never far from our elbow. We read therein of La Fitte, Capt. Roberts, Charles Gibbs, who was once a grocer in Avon street of this city; Benito de Soto, Black Beard, Capt. Davis, Capt. Low, the Lynn Pirates, Mary Read, the female pirate, and other worthies; but there is no mention of Mr. Bean. Nor do we learn about him in Mr. Charles Whibley's delightful "Book of Scoundrels." Alas, we are not the possessor of Capt. Alexander Smith's "History of Highwaymen," first published in 1714, [illegible] heard [illegible] a [illegible] that in order to [illegible] Smith's [illegible] volumes he would [illegible] mortgage his "estate" at [Cha]mport, or at least allow his summer palace to go unsingled another year.

Who was Mr. Sawney Bean? If the record of his victims reached "several thousand," he must have been the Ti[illegible] mour of his day and generation.

Other Boy Wonders.

As the World Wags:

A century ago the Dutch boys mentioned by you today would have found rivals in this country. Early in the last century Charles W. Janson travelled through the States and in 1807 appeared his inevitable book, "The Stranger in America." The following engaging description of American boys occurs on pp. 297-8:

"Often have I, with horror, seen boys, whose dress indicated wealthy parents, shooting and swearing in the public streets. In the use of that stupefying weed, tobacco, apeing their fathers, they smoke segars to so immoderate a degree, that sickness, and even death, has been the consequence. This is fully elucidated by the following paragraph, copied from a late newspaper, printed at Salem, in Massachusetts:

" 'Died in Salem, Master James Verry aged twelve, a promising youth, whose early death is supposed to have been brought on by the excessive smoking of segars!'

"That this pernicious custom was habitual in an infant, not four years of age, I was myself a witness. This little boy is the son of Thomas Taylor, a segar-maker, in Alexandria, near Washington. While conversing with the father, I observed the son smoking a large segar, made of the strongest tobacco. I expressed my astonishment; on which the infatuated parent, with an exulting smile, replied, that the child had contracted the habit about a year ago, and that he smoked three, four, or more, daily, which he was regularly supplied with, 'or he would cry for them.' In addition, he would steal them when opportunity offered, and, in fact, he was seldom without a lighted segar in his mouth. What was most surprising, the child was fat and healthy; thus for a time, and at this early age, proving that 'habit is second nature.' "

All honor to a youth who could "contract a habit" at two. Surely, he must have been the original from whom, in the veritable "Bab Ballads," Mr. Gilbert drew the precocious "baby who died an enfeebled old dotard at five."

June 12, 1913. A. M.

This Janson signed himself "late of the state of Rhode Island," and he lived in America from 1793 to 1806. His book, a quarto, was savagely condemned by the Edinburgh Review, but John Foster spoke well of it. Janson also wrote a book on the condition of the States of Barbary.—[Ed.

Anecdote for the Day.

Dr. Edith Hall, who has been excavating in Crete, says that the women of that country 5000 years ago wore hobble skirts, tight corsets, and collars of the male. The city was also conspicuous for excellent drainage. But what of the Apostle Paul writing to Titus? "One of themselves, even a Prophet of their own, said: The Cretians are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies."

June 15 1913

TOWARDS A NEW THEATRE: Forty Designs for Stage Scenes, with Critical Notes by the Inventor, Edward Gordon Craig," is a sumptuous and fascinating volume published by J. M. Dent & Sons, Lt., London and Toronto, and in New York by E. P. Dutton & Co.

The critical notes may be taken seriously or read as a light entertainment, according to the chronic disposition or the passing mood of the reader. It may be questioned whether Mr. Craig himself is at all times serious, whether he is not inclined now and then to be laboriously flippant, as when he acknowledges his debts to Rembrandt and the limelight men of the Lyceum Theatre, to Vitruvius, Roget of the "Thesaurus," Otway and his own boy Teddy. There is a curious jumbling of names on page xi., and on this page Mr. Craig hails Leonardo da Vinci as the only "great master," not because he painted "The Last Supper" or another picture, erected statues and foreshadowed wonders of modern life, "but because he seemed to know more things, and to know them rightly, and to know more about human nature and know it more rightly, and because in all his work he is calmer than other modern artists."

Gordon Craig's Asides

It is not easy to learn from this book the precise nature of the theatre or a theatre longed for by Mr. Craig. What is the anxious inquirer to make out of this passage from a note on "Henry V.—The Tents," a picture that suggests a view of the Andes? "If Mr. G. P. Huntley had not given so much time to the lighter forms of tragedy, he could by now be terrorizing the English public in the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] imaged [illegible] the same evening was [illegible] did Mr. Craig [illegible] the modern German [illegible] only. 'I have never seen [illegible] although I have seen [illegible] a theatre. I saw it [illegible] impression was that [illegible] was little lady taking a little [illegible] of gusto. This impression was [illegible] because there was no beauty in the performance, and as no beauty, no Truth. 'And what is Truth?' asks jesting Pilate. And Keats had answered him once and for all. If you are able to show that you have seen the complete completely, then you create a great work of art."

Designing a scene for "Hamlet," act 1, scene 2, Mr. Craig divides the stage by a barrier. Hamlet sits on one side and on the other side you see his dream, you see it through his mind's eye. "It is the court of the King and Queen of Denmark. It is the grotesque caricature of a vile kind of royalty. The King speaks as if he were an automaton; his jaws snap on the words, he grunts them out ferociously. If you will read the words in the play, you will see that they are pure caricature, and should be treated as such. It is not an actual thing—it is a vision. The barrier which divides Hamlet from the court is what you will, but to him it seems to be like the shrouded graves of his hopes—amongst which lies his father's body—murdered."

Plates for Plays

The plates are scenes in "Hamlet," and superbly imaginative is that of the platform of Elsinore only surpassed by that of Macbeth's castle as Duncan enters it, and that of the interior when Macbeth is summoned by the bell; and scenes in "The Lights of London," "Venice Preserved," "Electra," "Julius Caesar," "Caesar and Cleopatra," "Dido and Aeneas," "Macbeth," "Rosmersholm" and other plays and masques. There are other plates, some of which will be surely a stumbling block, as the series, "The Steps," in which all sorts of dramas may be played. And what is the old theatregoer to say to the scene in "Macbeth" dedicated to Dumas the elder? Here is Mr. Craig's explanation: "It is not, in my mind, satisfactory for Shakespeare, and I thought it was just the thing that Alexandre Dumas would have liked. [illegible] bell is striking, and you hear it [illegible]. The romanticists of Dumas's period loved such things. Hernani's horn is just such another touch, not so Shakespearian as romantic. The knocking at the door, that is Shakespearian."

In "The Lights of London" the lights that might naturally be expected are absent, but there is the one light that scenic painters and other painters [illegible] forgotten. Mr. Craig admits that the Sphinx in one of the scenes of "Caesar and Cleopatra" may not please Mr. Bernard Shaw, but is it not after all the author's Sphinx with socialistic tendencies? Some of the scenes for plays not yet written or not performed are [illegible] ing, but the plates that stand out [illegible] are first in the memory are "The Steps" and the scenes from "Macbeth." Here and there in the volume are reminders of Piranesi, to whom Mr. Craig admits his indebtedness.

Mr. Craig's Ideas

Mr. Craig is full of ideas and wishes the world to be full of them. Is Shakespeare, as he says, "the last breath of the open-air theatre," and is that all there is to be said of the myriad-minded? We would all gladly [illegible] that the theatre can learn much from ecclesiastical architecture, but to say that the great and holy drama of the mass excited awe and adoration because of its architectural background and decorations of gold and silver, silks and velvet, is nonsense. The mass celebrated in the rudest church and in the presence of the humblest and most poverty-stricken audience loses none of its divine force and beauty, and is still consolatory and uplifting. It is also true that much time has been wasted in experiments for lighting the stage, and the most "realistic" stage sunlight is as nought in comparison with the effects in an open-air theatre.

The author's passion for paradox sometimes weakens the strength of an argument. Why should he find it necessary in a book conspicuous for beauty and brilliance to indulge himself in cheap flings at contemporaneous theatre-managers and at producers who in the eyes of the world are his rivals, although he himself may feel them already withering beneath his feet?

Miss Anglin's Venture

Miss Margaret Anglin will produce "Antony and Cleopatra," "Twelfth Night," "The Taming of the Shrew" and "As You Like It." Livingstone Platt will design the settings and costumes. We are informed by the genial press agent that "Twelfth Night" will not be Elizabethan, but Illyrian, with suggestions of the Moorish; "As You Like It," on the other hand, will be pure English, an old colored engraving of the country woodlands; "The Taming of the Shrew" will be pure Renaissance, and Christopher Sly will be in his [illegible] "Antony and Cleopatra," the [illegible] Miss Anglin's repertoire, will [illegible] new Alexandria, yet the real [illegible] Alexandria of [illegible]

[illegible] and all t[illegible] the [illegible]iterranean. T[illegible] arch[illegible] will creep [illegible] classi[illegible] suggestion, and Cle[illegible] her Egyptian costumes with the Greek and the Roman. The play will be cut to its essentials of love and honor. All but the necessary battle scenes will be eliminated. In the action of all four productions there will be only one or two **long waits, and in these Mr. Platt has planned little pantomimic incidents illustrtive of the action passing at the time."**

Adriadne in London Richard Strauss's "Ariadne in Natos" has been produced in London. The Times in a long review remarks: "When the opera was in rehearsal at Stuttgart one of the artists engaged upon it gave as his opinion that it was intensely interesting to any one who took part in it, but he doubted whether the audience would find it equally interesting. He spoke as a musician having regard to the fact that an operatic audience does not—indeed, Wagner has, with infinite pains, taught that it should not—regard an opera from a purely musical standpoint. We may ask then, is the music good enough to justify its arrogant self-importance in the opera? * * * The more one listens to 'Ariadne' the more conscious one becomes of moments where the spontaneity flags and where Strauss calls in his ingenuity, which never fails him. Since the strength of a chain is that of its weakest link, one leaves it convinced that the opera as a whole has not the permanency which Strauss's earlier operas, however much one may dislike certain features of them, seem likely to have. There is no one characteristic in 'Ariadne' quite strong enough to act as a driving force from beginning to end, because the musical impulse on which all depends fails at certain points. Its brilliance is too much a matter of accessories, the ingenious contrast of styles, extrsordinarily skilful writing for voices, wonderful combinations of color got from a few instruments. These things in themselves do not make music anything more than a petite drolerie, as M. Jourdain called it."

Charles Dickens in Montreal Our valued correspondent, "J. W.," was recently in Montreal, and in the course of his wanderings about the town visited the Chateau de Ramezay, erected in 1705 by Claude de Ramezay, Governor of Montreal. "It was called Government House and was occupied by Gen. Montgomery when he held the city. Here the American congressional commission, including B. Franklin, and, I think, Benedict Arnold, sat many days and nights trying to persuade the Canadians to join the 13 states in the uprising against King George. The chateau is packed full of historical relics and 'antic furniture,' and I found, reposing in a glass case, a playbill headed:

THEATRE ROYAL, MONTREAL.

This night only, the management has the honor to announce
A Performance
in which
Charles Dickens, Esq.,
Together with the distinguished Garrison Amateurs, will appear.
This Saturday evening, May 26, 1842,
The performance will commence with
"A Roland for an Oliver."

Sir Mark Chase......The Hon. P. Methuen
Alfred Highflyer......Mr. Charles Dickens
Mr. Selbourne.......The Earl of Mulgrave
Fixture.................Captain Willoughby
Mrs. Darlington...................Mrs. Penson
Mrs. Selbourne...................Mrs. Brown
Mrs. Fixture........................Mrs. Henry

After which
"Two O'clock in the Morning."
Snobbington...........Mr. Charles Dickens
The Stranger—Capt. Granville, 23 regiment
To conclude with
"High Life Below Stairs."

My Lord Duke...Dr. Griffin, 85th regiment
Sir Henry..Capt. Willoughby, 23d regiment
Love.........Capt. Torrens, 23d regiment
Coachman...Capt. Granville, 23d regiment
Freeman............The Earl of Mulgrave
Etc., etc.

"The performance must have been 'le dernier cri de la ville,' 'the talk of the town.' Macready, who was in Montreal two years later, and played Hamlet there, said that, with one exception, Dickens was the only amateur he had ever seen who had any pretensions to theatrical talent. The actor does not mention the distinguished Garrison amateurs, and in all probability did not know of their existence. Such is fame!

"Near the Theatre Royal bill was another old one stating that Messrs. Pabord and Clement, just from Paris, would give a spectral show guaranteed to amaze all beholders. The ghosts would appear in the midst of thunder and lightning and run about the stage! Among them would be found true likenesses of Napoleon Bonaparte, Christopher Columbus, Washington, Adams, Shakespeare and Grimaldi, the celebrated clown of London, all as large as life. Messrs. P. and C. assured their prospective patrons that the ghosts they had on view 'never failed to satisfy all respectable spectators.' The inference seems sufficiently obvious."

News from Paris The Swells of the Thirties are introduced in "Jeunesse Doree," which is playing at the Apollo. The play is a musical comedy by Verne and G. Faure and the music by Marcel Lattes. Among the old characters are Dr. Veron, once the director of the Paris Opera and a famous giver of dinners, and the legendary "Milord Arsouille." There were really two of these milords. The original one was Charles de la Battut. Then [illegible] extraordinary man about town who figures [illegible] disguised in novels by Balzac. One of the principal scenes shows the lodge of the concierge, Mme Cronier at the Opera with the Foyer of the Dance, its nymphs, lords and dandies. The chief element of the plot is the elopement of Fanny, a dancer.

Maeterlinck's "Marie Magdeleine" with Mme. Leblanc as the heroine has been produced at the Chatelet.

The Menestrél gives an account of an Indian opera "The Sun Dance," produced st Vernal, Utah. The authors, it states, are Mr. Hanson, and Mrs. R. T. Bonnin, whose Indian name is "Zitkala Sa." The latter, according to the Menestrel studied st Indian schools and at the New Englsnd Conservatory of Music. "The subject of the opera is an episode in the intimate life of the people." Among the actors was an old man of 90 known as "Old Sioux."

A new work—that is a work composed in 1890, but performed for the first time on May 30, in Paris—by Fanelli, who for 20 years played in cafes and copied music, is entitled "Impressions Pastorales." This suite of symphonic pictures lasts nearly an hour and a half. "It is sometimes wearisome, sometimes naive, sometimes garrulous, but it is always genuine. Its faults are its own, and except in one portion it imitates no one." This portion is that describing the morning on the river bank, which, according to the correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, recslls the "Scene am Bach" of Beethoven's Pastoral. Symphony. There is a printed program of six columns, divided into 22 chapters and prefaced by a letter. The composer spent a dsy in a Burgundy village, and the 22 symphonic pictures describe that day from sunrise to sunset; yet in spite of this program the music is interesting, and there are pages which prove that Fanelli is a remarkable musician. The new composition and the symphonic fragment suggested by Gautier's "Momie" were played at a Fanelli festival organized by Judith Gautier, with a committee including duchesses and Pierre Loti.

The same correspondent found Gabriel Faure's "Penelope," first produced at Monte Carlo, and last month in Paris at the new Theatre des Champs Elysees, "more sincere and 'musicianly' than really dramatic." Miss Loie Fuller and her school of little girls danced "Nuages" and "Mer" (Debussy's Nocturnes) after the opera. In "Nuages" pale blue and gray green clouds floated across the sky as the dancers passed. In the poem of the sea—does the correspondent refer to the "Sirens" the third of Debussy's Nocturnes, or to a movement of his "La Mer"?—the little girls, in green scaly tights, were grouped like **mermaids. When the sea was angriest,** Miss Fuller impersonated a great wave, while the girls were the wavelets and foam dying on the sands. "Those effects are all done, of course, by dancing, with immense breadths of very filmy stuff upon which different colored lights were thrown, and all the shades of M. Debrussy's score are interpreted with extraordinary nicety and taste."

Mr. Dawbarn has this to say about the Parisian workingman who attends the Nouveau Theatre in Belleville quarter: "Tired with his day's work, he is in no mood to change his clothes and visit the great theatres of the boulevards. He feels more at home in his own quarters, where fashion is not required and where his blouse and moleskin are quite in place. He is the most appreciative listener. He shows his pleasure and scorn in a marked manner, applauding the hero and hissing the villain. The other day 'Cyrano' was presented to him —a free 'Cyrano.' He and his family rose eagerly to the bait of poetry by the master, Rostand. The 'panache,' the glory of the play (which has kept its freshness these 15 years and is proof that what is good remains), appealed to the house with singular force. The Paris workman, whose taste is cultivated by the Louvre and the classic repertories of the state theatres, is an artist at heart. Hours the crowd waited, just as it did at the Porte St. Martin, when, similarly, a free performance of the heroic play was given. Every one was in excellent humor; none grumbled at the fatigue of an evening's joy. Families gaily consumed sardines, washed down with wine or beer, hawked by itinerant merchants. Others sat on little stools reading the cheaper novels. Elderly women brought their work and knitted or sewed garments for their children. Within the house those who waited longest were given the best seats."

"Le Trouble Fete," by M. Edmond Fleg, at the New Comedie des Champs Elyssees, is the baby. Neither Lise nor Jacques was very keen for the baby's advent. When the baby came Lise suddenly discovered, as often happens, that she was cut out all along to be a mother. Jacques, tired of a household centred round the baby, takes to going out. He also takes up with the authoress of a dozen passionate novels, and, being a barrister, he acts as her counsel in her divorce suit against her third husband. Lise, furiously jealous, forbids Jacques to go out. Jacques goes out to meet the authoress. Curtain. He only went down stairs and then came up again. The end of the comedy si an amusing turning of the tables. The baby is 2 years old, and the mother has grown quite used to it, whereas a sudden dotage of parental love has come over the father. He is quite reconciled with his wife, when she tells him that he will make the child a nuisance by spoiling it, and the final curtain is his aggrieved exclamation, 'You never will understand a father's feelings!" Both the father and the mother, M. Gauthier and Mme. Gladys Maxhance, are excellent.—Daily Telegraph, London.

Theatre and Opera in London Is the tide of public favor turning in the direction of plays of a powerful, one might almost say, of a strongly melodramatic character? The question calls for consideration in view of certain recent productions. It finds a fairly definite answer in the signal success of "Diplomacy" at Wyndham's, in the demonstrative welcome given the other night to "Within the Law" at the Haymarket, in the promised revival by Sir George Alexander at the St. James's of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Confirmatory evidence is provided by the fact that when the run of "Strife" reaches its term at the Comedy Messrs. Kenneth Douglas and Csrl Leyel will follow that piece with a revival of Sir Charles L. Young's famous play "Jim the Penman," in a carefully revised version.—Daily Telegraph (London).

A series of tableaux illustrative of Wagner's "Parsifal" will be shown at the London Coliseum on June 23, with a large orchestra led by Sir Henry Wood. Cosima Wagner has given her august sanction.

The Scott-Gatty family, writers and actors, organized a compsny to produce the musical play "Claude Abroad," at the Aldwych Theatre, for the benefit of a hospital. A reviewer regretted that Miss Gertrude Glyn, who took the part of sn American heiress, "made not the slightest attempt to catch the American intonation."

Harold Chapin's "Elaine," produced by Miss Horniman's company in London May 26, is described as a "rather boring comedy." John Curtis, middle-aged and rich, finds a well-bred and poor girl, Elaine. He loved her and she loved him, but she was an orphan, so he made her his mistress. Five years later one Gerald Ferrers, believing her to be married and seeing her unhappy, because Curtis had exposed her to slights, asked her to run away with him, and she promised to do it; but Ferrers found out how matters stood, and then he reviled her. Elaine turned again to Curtis, and said she would marry him if he wished it. His brother-in-law, the Rev. Sir Peter Philox, urged him to wed her, and the curtain fell on the prospect of Elaine's being made "an honest woman." The play was boring, not because the two men were cads, but bcause "everybody talked a great deal without displaying much intelligence—not enough even to guess at the real characters of the people they were mixing with. Three acts of cads are bad enough, but three acts of fools are worse. * * * From time to time the dialogue suggested what is understood as comic relief. Here is a specimen: 'He speaks German perfectly.' 'So he ought to. He has false teeth.' On the whole we preferred the serious part of the conversation." The sparkling jest we have quoted was put into the mouth of the Hon. Michael Seelby, "another portentous bore." "He was very vivacious—'so bounding with life,' as somebody observed."

Apropos of a new version of "Ivanhoe" produced at the Lyceum, the Pall Mall Gazette states that the subject had already been chosen for seven dramas, the same number of operas, and two extravaganzas. "It was Jeffrey's view that the novel, the writing of which Sir Walter Scott did not expect to survive, contains matter enough for six good tragedies. One of the operas referred to was witnessed by Scott at the Paris Odeon in 1826; the other was the unlucky venture with which Sir Arthur Sullivan's name is associated."

Mr. Kenneth Weeks calls the volume of his dramatic works which Mr. George Allen has just published, at the price of 5 shillings net, "Five Unpractical Plays." The average reader will certainly find some difficulty in visualising them on the stage, and the author obviously has none of the ordinary ambition of a playwright in connection with them. There is, however, much earnestness and eloquence, and often an extreme felicity of phrase, so that if the plays are not playable they are as a rule very readable.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The first repertory theatre season at Croyden ended last month. The company played to about 2000 people a week of practically all classes, but the gallery was closed. "I thought," said Mr. Keble Howard, "that if people wanted to see these plays they might as well pay a shilling and go into the pit. * * * Our best weeks were the opening week with 'Chains,' the closing week with 'Candida' and, if I may say so, my own play, 'Dropping the Pilot.' When I did away with the orchestra there was some suggestion that business would improve if it were restored. One Saturday night I put it to the audience whether they would like the orchestra restored or not. By a show of hands there was an overwhelming majority in favor of no orchestra. We allowed smoking—in the pit and family circle. It caused no inconvenience to anybody. The stalls and circle, indeed, would never have known that there was any smoking. The company told me that they never saw a match struck during any quiet or important scene."

Some Personal Notes A new oratorio, "The Four Last Things," by composer rejoicing in the name of the Rev. Plewczynski of Warsaw, has been produced in London. The program described it as "a great philosophic, musical tetralogy, representing our life."

Anna Pavlova will give a series of 10 performances "of the character of concerts" in some of the German cities and watering places about the middle of August. Mr. Novikoff will he her only assistant, and Theodore Stier will conduct the orchestra.

J. M. Barrie's new comedy in three acts, "The Legend of Leonora," said to be written in a vein differing in idea and treatment from anything he has written, will be produced in London in September. Mrs. Patrick Campbell will appear for the first time in a play by Barrie. John Hare will take the other elading character.

John Hare will take the other leading season as Benedick in Shakespeare's comedy.

We spoke last week of Raymond Roze, once associated with the Boston Opera House, and his opera, "Joan of Arc," which he will produce in English at Covent Garden next fall. Mr. Roze modestly says: "It will be by far the most correct and authentic life story of the great heroine that has ever been put on the stage whether as an opera or a play." Having condemned Schiller and Tschaikowsky, and analyzed the character of Joan, Mr. Roze remarked: "Joan seems almost to be carrying out again her mission in another sphere, in cleansing the stage and bringing about a purer state of libretti. Why should a good woman not be as interesting as a wanton? Surely the life story of Joan of Arc, brief as it was, is infinitely more elevating and more engrossing and soul inspiring than, shall I say, that of a Pompadour, a Maintenon, or a Catharine of Russia?" Not content with this, Mr Roze will produce "Tristan und Isolde" with an entirely new setting, "which, from the point of view of mise-en-scene, will ignore tradition." He will also produce "Carmen" if he can find an artist "with the necessary personality for the title part." "I want even artists who sing different parts to give to each a new reading."

Miss Florence Macbeth, who gave a concert in London on the 13th, was praised enthusiastically when she sang to an invited audience on May 30. The Daily Telegraph asserted that such a voice had not been heard in London since Mme. Patti first appeared there. The reviewer stated that she was born at Nankato, Minn., 22 years ago, and had for four years studied with Yeatman Griffith in Italy, America and London.

Sarah Bernhardt predicted the success of "Typhoon" in English. "It is curious," she said to me, "that the French public has not taken more kindly to the piece, for it is remarkable. The English, I think, will understand it and appreciate it." De Max's acting as the head of the mission and the actual murderer was extraordinary. He seemed to have got into the very skin of a Japanese patriot. His facial play depicted with startling and painful truth the struggles of a tortured soul divided between devotion to his country and the "cause" and devotion to his friends, as indifferent as himself to death. It would be interesting to compare Mr. Laurence Irving's reading of the part with that of M. De Max.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Charles Anthony of Boston gave a piano recital in London on May 30. He had already played there. The Daily Telegraph said that the recital was "delightful and most musical." "He gave pleasure by the delicacy of his playing, the variety, beauty and delicate shading of his tone and his unassuming manner."

A Russian singer, Anna Jerebtzova, appeared in London, May 29, Mme. Jerebtzoff-Andreef. She sang in Russian songs by her countrymen and one reviewer objected to this. "The day which Matthew Arnold spoke of when 'we shall all be learning Russian' has still to come, and although the first song or two had a charm of novelty, one soon began to regret that the singer was not exhibiting her art in the more familiar medium of French or German, or even English."

Royal dramatists, such as King Nicholas of Montenegro, are somewhat of a rarity. Portugal, however, used to possess one in the person of King Luiz, grandfather of the exiled King Manuel, who translated "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Othello" and "Richard III." into his native tongue. His versions of the last three plays are the only ones ever seen on the Portuguese stage. Dom Luiz was the most versatile monarch of his time, skilled in musical compositions and painting, as well as in literature, and keenly interested in astronomy.

Alexander Petschnikoff, the Russian violinist, who has visited Boston several times, has been named a violin professor at the Munich Royal Academy.

The city of Leipsic has raised its yearly subsidy of $37,500 to the opera house and Comedy Theatre to $175,000 on account of the increasing popularity of moving picture shows.

The Czar Nicholas is said to play the piano and sing acceptably. His voice, a light tenor, has been trained by an Italian. One of his favorite songs is Massenet's "Mignonne, voici l'avril." All this is important, if true.

Ferruccio Busoni has accepted the directorship of the famous Lyceum of Bologna.

Those Indecent Dances

Ever since the protest of "A Peeress" against the "Boston," the "Tango," the "Turkey Trot" and other dances was published in the London Times and republished in newspapers of this country, the journals of London have received curious letters, chiefly in support of the "Peeress." Even Mr. Filson Young appears to be shocked, for he wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette as follows:

"I dare say there will be a good deal of nonsense talked about propriety and morality, but no one who takes an interest in dancing, and has any knowledge of its social history, can regard with anything but regret the modern tendency to rob it of its ceremony and formality, and turn it into a romp. The kinds of dancing suitable to a night restaurant and to a London ballroom may both be excellent in their way, but they cannot possibly be the same or similar. Dancing at its social best was the supremely graceful expression of the formal and ceremonial manner of the time; and they are indeed unwise who think they can increase its artistic merit by robbing it of restraint. It is only within the restraints of form that art can really express itself and triumph over nature, and no one wishes to see a ball-room floor dedicated to a celebration of purely natural rites.

"And it does not say much for our civilization or our manners if, in order to give them social expression, we have to horrow from the orgies of American negroes."

No School

Mr. Keble Howard of course seized the opportunity to write three dialogues headed "Decadent Dancing." The third is the shortest and the best:

Liz—Wot's on 'ere?
Meg—Torfs.
Liz—Wot doin'?
Meg—Dawncin'.
Liz—Let's 'ave a squint. * * * They ain't dawncin', silly kid.
Meg—Well, they woz 'alf-a-minnit ago an' chawse it.
Liz—They're just kinder walkin' abaht foolish-like.
Meg—That's what they calls dawncin', that is.
Liz—Garn! See any green?
Meg—It is, Ah tell yer! 'Ere! Let's 'ave another squint. * * * Yus! Thet there's yer Turkey Trot, thet is. Ah 'ad a sister in service at a swell 'ahse. She tole me abaht it.
Liz—Wot's turkeys gort ter do wiv it?
Meg—Ah dunno. Mah sister sez 'arf the folks er balmy wot goes ter their 'ahse.
Liz—So Ah shud fink. * * * 'Ere, [illegible] let's 'ave a try! Come on!
Meg—Very slow, mind! Yew ain't [illegible] ter enj'y it, yer know. * * *
Liz—Rotten! * * * 'Ullo! 'Ear [illegible] horgin'
Meg—Which w'y?
Liz—Dahn street. Come on, ole gal. Let's 'ave a dawnce as tikes a bit o' [illegible]'' (They race.)

A Valiant Defence

The least hysterical of all the letters pro and con is that written by Mr. H. R. Wakefield and published in the London Times as a reply to the peeress. It is well worth reading, and we reprint it in full.

"I believe it to be a fact that a few years ago the chief problem for any one who considered it their painful duty to give a dance was to get enough men to dance; nowadays without exaggeration it may be said that the chief difficulty is to get enough girls for them to dance with.

"A few years ago the correct young man referred to dancing as an unmitigated bore and nuisance. He considered it one of the sacrifices expected of the upper classes; one of those more fatuous feminine amusements in which gallantry compelled him to bear a grudging part. In these days the youth of this country [illegible] to the other extreme, and with the utmost enthusiasm deserts his couch [illegible] after night for Princes or the [illegible]. It is an interesting little revolution in the habits of adolescence. I suppose changes of this kind are commonly attributed partly to fashion and partly to chance. I do not believe that a sufficient explanation. Everything in the world, however absorbing, unless it makes allowance for humanity's insatiable desire for variation, eventually becomes wearisome and neglected. That is an extremely platitudinous statement, but it explains a great deal of history.

"With all due deference to 'A Peeress,' a few years ago dancing in this country had got into such a condition that it had rather to become more interesting or [illegible].

Hedged in by an intolerable propriety—I believe it was considered deplorably Bohemian to reverse—it consisted of a stolid procession circling slowly round a room, described as a waltz, and a staccato abomination known as a polka, a combination that produced extreme warmth, extreme vertigo, and extreme boredom. In such circumstances dancing was a duty rather than a pleasure. I suppose they went through the [illegible] social events the Americans began with their usual ingenuity to experiment with the waltz. The result was the Boston, rhythmically less monotonous, the groundwork for an immense variety of steps. The Boston, though on its introduction into this country bitterly assailed as improper, rejuvenated English dancing. It speedily made good, as they say in the land of its inception, and still flourishes amazingly.

"It owed, and owes, its popularity to the fact that it is extremely flexible and varied, and provides almost endless possibilities for individual ingenuity. But in America it has been already superseded by a number of curious dances that are probably colored in origin. They have got curious and, I think, unfortunate names of a zoological nature. I say they are unfortunate, because I am well aware that the very words 'bunny hug,' 'turkey trot' and so on, conjure up in many people's minds, as they have done in the writer of the letter in your columns yesterday, horrible visions of unbridled license, symptomatic of the decline and fall of the morality of England. The fact that such persons have never seen these dances and have the very slightest notion of what they look like does not abate one jot the vigor of their condemnation. I have spoken of these 'dances,' but I personally think that as danced today they are really only one immensely varied dance that has got the one generic name of 'Rag.'

"I know this dance has been assailed as suggestive. I was reading the other day a description in a New York paper of the way in which the 'Rag' and the 'Tango,' of which more anon, now monopolize the affections of the Americans to the exclusion of all other dances. It went on to aver that, regarding the property of these dances, while it might be true to say that they gave more openings for exaggeration it was just as easy to dance them decently. That seems to me the literal truth. It is not a question of the dance, but the way it is danced, and that depends on the people who dance it. Dancing, being what it is, must always be suspect and capable of abuse. Its stimulus is so largely emotional. The slow languorous Viennese waltz can be made extremely suggestive, but when properly danced is beautiful, and surely the same applies to every dance. But the strain of Puritanism in every Briton always tempts him to blame measures when he ought to blame men.

"We are a curious people. For a long time now the ordinary musical comedy has included some dance of an extremely daring character. Gaby Deslys provided the most popular 'turn' for years. The more daring the dance, the more it is appreciated and applauded by the very same individuals who would be horrified at the performance of a mild 'Bunny Hug' in their own drawing-rooms. In the hotel at which I stayed this winter in Switzerland the management put up a notice to the effect that the 'Bunny Hug' and kindred dances were prohibited in the ballroom. Everyone in consequence felt highly respectable and slightly disappointed. I watched the dancing closely, and I have never seen so much unorthodox 'two-stepping' anywhere else. 'What's in a name?' is surely the most un-English proverb.

"Though as yet still somewhat under a cloud in this country, these dances have come to stay. In places where the deadweight of prudish respectability is mercifully absent, practically nothing else is danced. Even now in the ordinary ballroom the program contains almost as many one-steps as waltzes, and the 'one-step' is becoming only a coy synonym for the 'Rag.' It is noticeable also that the weary orchestra is compelled to repeat the one-step items on the program contains almost as many one-waltzes. I believe that, once the 'Rag' is universally recognized and accepted, it will have just as great a popularity here as in Paris and New York, and will be as much above suspicion as that much-quoted lady, Caesar's wife.

"And now with some trepidation I wish to mention one other dance, the 'Tango.' I am well aware that the very name arouses in the minds of the chaste highly colored and wanton visions, but I can assure them that the 'Tango,' as adapted for English consumption, is free from all erotic taint. It is to me the type of the dance of the future, and that brings me to the question of the cause of the popularity of this quaint, unorthodox measures. It may be fanciful, but I believe that dancing, like music and painting, is always in very close connection with current ideas of mankind. I think it is indisputable that today public opinion is much weaker, much less a drag on enterprising eccentricity, than it was 30 or 40 years ago. Dancing has corresponded to this pleasing passion for individuality and originality. All the cold, set, pompous dances have become irksome and uninspiring. People now demand from their dances the following things—great possibilities for individual taste and enterprise. The 'Rag' and the 'Tango' supply these.

"People like to dance quietly, and, contrary to general opinion, both these dances are best danced quietly.

"Lastly, people now like their dances to be difficult, and both of these dances take a good deal of doing. That is why I say they are typical of the dance of the future. I have said that it is to the Americans and the Parisians that we owe these dances. They recognized, it unconsciously, that a large number of men and women possessed a strong de- [illegible] we do the [illegible] Why must we always regard as probably undesirable every new artistic thing, even if it is only in the humble sphere of dancing? It is an art that must go through constant[ly] new phases, must vary and adapt itself to many new conditions, aspirations and ideas. Only in this way can it continue alive. It gets little encouragement to do so in England.

"It is only by the hard work of a few fearless people that these dances have got any footing in England. Let the people of this country, if they like, shake their respectable heads at dancing. Let them regard it as a base pastime, to be indulged in by the frivolous and unrighteous. But if, on the other hand, they are ready to recognize it as a beautiful and useful human amusement, let them show the 'bunny hug' and kindred dances that intelligent welcome that they have shown with conspicuous success to innovations in other and more serious walks of life. I do not doubt the sincerity of persons like your correspondent, but I doubt their capacity to judge. They labor under the idea that foreigners all over the world are perpetually inventing snares aimed at the morals of England. Let me assure her they get far more satisfaction out of laughing at our hypocrisy."

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Some gallants set their hearts on princesses; others descend in imagination to women of quality; others are mad after opera singers. For my part, I am shy even of actresses, and should not think of leaving my card with Madame Vestris. I am for none of these bonnes fortunes; but, for a list of humble beauties, servant maids and shepherd-girls, with their red elbows, hard hands, black stockings and mob caps, I could furnish out a gallery equal to Cowley's, and paint them half as well. I admire the Clementinas and Clarissas at a distance; the Pamelas and Fannys of Richardson and Fielding make my blood tingle.

Lady Friends.

Near street car and populous stations there are eating houses where food in large quantities is sold at a moderate price. The cashier and those waiting on customers are girls; some young, and some answering the characterization by Artemus Ward of a woman as being "between 30 years of age." As a rule they are neat, and their hair is pleasingly arranged on the nape of the neck. (Only a woman's hair! Yet we do not like to find it in the soup—said some forgotten humorist jesting when the Danbury News man and the Burlington Hawkeye man were busiest, and thus he jostled the sentimental thought of Dean Swift.)

There are men, middle aged, who are especially courteous to those waitresses. We hasten to add that their intentions are strictly honorable. They have no home, for a little back bedroom with a fish-tail gas jet cannot be called home. They do not belong to any club, "exclusive" or liberally inclined. They are of a social disposition, yearning for little attentions. While they eat, perched on a stool, standing, or more at ease in a chair, they converse on topics of the day or exchange views of life with the girl that brings them soup, a hit of meat, a piece of pie. Unless the man is fresh, the girl is communicative. They compare notes concerning the day's work, a play, the baseball situation, the latest accident or crime. Thus does the lonely one come under the refining influence of woman. The waitress in course of time favors Joseph and sees to it that he has a better cut of steak or a larger piece of pie. These city idyls are pleasing to the sociologist. Mr. Herkimer Johnson has made a careful study of cheap restaurant life, and the record of his researches and his observations will be found in the ninth volume of his colossal work, as yet unpublished, sold only by subscription.

Baseball in Montreal

Our correspondent, "J. W.," visiting Montreal noted an excursion organized "par le club de baseball Napoleon." "I found in a French newspaper published in Montreal a column headed 'La Vie Sportive,' the first paragraph beginning: 'Les jouers du grand Jim Kavanagh,' and in the score of an amateur baseball game I found the various positions of the players given as 'receveur, lanceur, 1 er but, 2 ieme but, 3 ieme but, avant garde, voltigeurs.' As I was standing near the statue of Champlain on the terrace near the imposing Chateau Frontenac, two travelled Americans of the class who refer to 'Convent Garden' and 'Westminister Abbey' approached and looked up at the heroic figure of the explorer. Gazing at it quizzically for a moment one said to the other: 'Say, Jim, these Frenchmen here have put up a statue of Champagne, I wonder where the English have put old Bass?' They probably located him after looking all day through the bottom of a tumbler."

"Roll on, Silver Moon."

As the World Wags:

I am sending the enclosed in response to the request of Miss Adelaide M. Stevens of Dorchester, in your column for certain old songs, particularly "Roll on, Silver Moon."

I doubt if these verses are the song entire, but they are what I recall hearing my mother sing as a child, and while [illegible] in my mind, I [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] maid
[illegible] she sadly complained to the moon.
"Roll on, silver moon, guide the traveler his way
While the nightingale's song is in tune;
I never, never more with my true love shall stray
By thy sweet silver light, bonnie moon.

"As the hart on the mountain my love was brave
So handsome and manly to view;
So kind and sincere and he loved me so dear
Ah, Edwin, our love was most true."

Mistaken Punctuation.

As the World Wags:

After treading the Rosamond's bower like intricacies of the Dudley street terminal of the elevated, a man need not be surprised to see at the end of his winding way a sign bearing the legend, "Women first please." The sign painter is often a poor punctuator, and in this case he missed the point after "first," but still we are willing to pardon him, for, unintentionally, he really has given a piece of good advice. Even Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who was a stickler for the niceties of punctuation, would have forgiven him. Of course we want to please women in spite of their coyness and uncertainty in our hours of ease, but it is hard to do this when we are struggling in a crowd to get into the last homeward bound car. However, mistakes will occur in best intentioned announcements. Lord Byron could not use his stops correctly, and Lord Timothy Dexter of Newburyport memory put all his in the back of his only book.

BAZE

Dorchester, June 10.

"Brian O'Linn"

As the World Wags:

In "The Humor of Ireland," published by Charles Scribner's Sons in 1894, I find this note: "Brian O'Linn, p. 198. This version is made up from several in the possession of Mr. P. J. [illegible] of Dublin." Brian, like Topsy, might say: "I never was born. I expect I grow'd."

AH THERE.

Dorchester, June 10.

June 17 1913

'THE MEXICAN' AT PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—[illegible] Gordon's stock company in "The Mexican," a play in three acts by [illegible] Champagne. First performance on any stage.

Jim Deering	[illegible]
John Hudson	[illegible]
H. Bremer Fleming	[illegible]
Don Jose	[illegible]
Julio	[illegible]
Madge Deering	[illegible]
Mrs. Hudson	Mrs. [illegible]
Carmela	[illegible]
Donna Inez	[illegible]

Miss Champagne's play is based on her observations of Mexican [illegible] her recent visit with the Chamber of Commerce party.

The first act takes place in New York. John Hudson, an elderly [illegible] with a cavernous voice, a [illegible] and an uncertain future, owns a [illegible] at Santa Clara. A friend, [illegible] Fleming, a rough diamond, just returned from Santa Clara, brings Mexican news. The two old [illegible] discuss profits and losses while [illegible] Hudson's son-in-law, a [illegible] who is [illegible] father-in-law's questions [illegible] lead. He proposes to [illegible] for the ranch to invest [illegible] Fleming has brought with him [illegible] Don Jose, a Mexican whom he considers suitable to [illegible] position of major-domo on the ranch. Jose's native intensity [illegible] young wife, Hudson's [illegible] light-headed daughter, who cares [illegible] off to see New York in her [illegible] to the amusement of the entire family. The butler discreetly tells Deering that [illegible] clothes men are watching the house. Hudson has a fainting spell, but is [illegible] called upon by his irreproachable son-in-law to take a yachting trip while he dodges the law.

The second act is on the ranch. There is a long interval of silence, during which natives move across the stage and local color is firmly established. Life is not dull. Deering, his wife and Fleming occupy a small house directly opposite that of Donna Inez, Jose's mother, a handsome native woman. She is a tropical, feverish creature, given to tears, temper and tempestuous sighs. She has an unpleasant habit of stealthily observing every movement of the Americans. She has a roving eye and a madding [illegible]. She is shadowed by a niece, [illegible] a striking, petulant girl, who loves [illegible] Jose and hates the [illegible] Jose however, is pursuing his flirtation with Deering's [illegible] Deering is engaged in [illegible] Upon returning from [illegible] lone rides he [illegible] her [illegible] and [illegible] wounded. [illegible]

... t to ... d

Act III reveals the interior of Don Jose's ... Deering ... to he ... rewarded, but to return ... of the Mexican woman's in which he had found his father-in-law's photograph. Meanwhile Carmela brings Madge Deering to the scene. She suspects Deering and becomes hysterical. Donna Inez, however, informs them that she had gone through a religious marriage with Hudson and that Jose is his son, whom he deserted in his infancy. Matters are not improved by the untimely arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson. There are unpleasant recognitions and reproaches. Donna Inez, grown waspish, shrieks for Jose. He appears at the head of a body of natives and menaces the Americans. His spirit is somewhat tamed when he learns that Madge Deering, the woman of his love, is his sister, and with wrath appeased, he departs with his countrymen, never to be seen again, and thus restores order.

Miss Champagne's play lacks compactness in structure. The first act suggests the melodramatic, the following two are frankly so. The dialogue is unvarnished. The characters swear freely. Mr. Fleming is a plain spoken man and "You bet your sweet life he's the gamiest little rooster I ever did see for a Mexican" finds a place among his utterances. On the whole the character drawing is excellent.

Miss Gordon's Donna Inez and Mr. Burt's Fleming were two striking features of the performance. Miss Gordon's impersonation was appropriately vivid. Her use of dialect was natural, not forced. She was the woman of the tropics to the life, languorous, sensuous, alluring.

Mr. Meehan bore himself manfully in the part of Don Jose. He also displayed racial temperament, and was an ardent lover. Miss Carpenter played breezy, cuddlesome Madge Deering with animation and girlishness. Mr. Wood was a manly and impressive Deering. Mrs. Hibbard lent dignity and grace to a small part. Mr. Kramer was an acceptable Hudson. Miss Rotoli was an attractive and picturesque Carmela. She read her lines well and contrasted the changing moods of the Mexican girl, in turn sullen, stealthy, malicious, passionate, with marked effect. Mr. Langford was a pleasing Julio.

A large audience was enthusiastic, and after the second act Miss Champagne spoke a few words of thanks.

The play next week will be J. Hartley Manner's comedy, "The House Next Door." The cast will include Mr. Birch, who will take the part of Sir John Cottswold.

"QUO VADIS" AT TREMONT

12.15

"Quo Vadis" as a cinema-photo drama was presented yesterday afternoon at the Tremont Theatre by George Kleine. This series of pictures illustrative of episodes taken from Sienkiewicz's famous novel is of great spectacular beauty, while the chief characters are taken by members of an excellent Italian company.

Permission was obtained by the producer to photograph places of historic interest in Rome, while the Coliseum, the catacombs, sumptuously appointed palaces and luxurious gardens form a striking and picturesque background for the action of the drama.

The orgies of Nero's licentious court were represented with extraordinary vividness. There was the magnificent banqueting hall of the palace, with gayly decked tables bearing choice meats, luscious fruits and rare wines. Nero, drunk with flattery, led the revelry, sang his latest verses and applauded the Syrian dancing girls, while the patrician Vinitius paid ardent addresses to the shrinking Lyzia.

The burning of Rome was another impressive feature. Panic stricken crowds fled for their lives through streets swept by smoke; houses crumbled as the flames advanced and buildings, charred and ruined, were everywhere in evidence. Meanwhile a menacing crowd gathered before Nero's palace shouting imprecations at the Emperor until Petronius riding among the clamoring masses on his white horse quieted them with promises.

The scenes in the Coliseum, including the struggles of the gladiators, the chariot races and the charge of the lions upon the Christian martyrs were graphically portrayed, while the Emperor's stand was shown with Nero gloating over the wholesale bloodshed.

The chief incidents in the novel are well and consecutively arranged, the characters are excellently cast, and the dramatic as well as spectacular interest of the audience is sustained throughout the performance. Indeed, it were difficult to imagine a finer series of pictures.

An audience of fair size was appreciative. Frank B. Nash played appropriate organ music.

CASTLE SQUARE—"The Royal Mounted," a four-act drama of the Canadian Northwest, by Cecil B. De Mille.

Victor O'Brian	William P. Carleton
Sam Larabee	Donald Meek
Joe Hamper	Frederic Ormond
Major Buckland	Al Roberts
Corporal Ridley	Henry V. Hull
Long Jack	J. Morrill Morrison
Louis Trudeau	Robert Capron
...	Rosa Larabee ...
...	... Fairley
...	Laurett Brown

"The Royal Mounted" is called a drama of the Northwest, and so we expected it to convey to us a whiff of the rugged atmosphere of that picturesque place. The play did that and more, for it proved to be a melodrama not wanting in tensity.

Victor O'Brian, a loquatious Irish sergeant of the mounted police, is required to set out in search for a man wanted for murder. His name and his motive are alike unknown; all that is known of him is that he is somewhere in the vicinity of the Great Elk.

Arrived there in disguise, O'Brian becomes attached to Rosa Larabee, a young woman now living with her brother and who is suspected of knowing who did the murder. In the course of the ensuing courtship Rosa confesses to O'Brian that her brother is the wanted man. A moment later Sam himself confesses, claiming that his victim had been paying undue attention to his sister. O'Brian feeling that Sam was justified, frees him and places himself at the law's mercy as one guilty of treason. But he is not required to go to prison, for it develops that the man Sam shot was himself a fugitive.

"The Royal Mounted" is melodrama and so is not above the faults common to such plays. There is much exaggeration in it and there is here and there an obvious attempt at theatrical effectiveness, but there are, too, moments that are highly thrilling, and the Castle Square players made the most of them yesterday. Mr. Carleton was always the self-confident Irishman, and Mr. Meek a natural Sam Larabee. His acting, especially in the confession scene, was impressive. Miss Shirley reveals an uncertain power as an emotional actress, and Miss Browne, Mr. Ormonde, Mr. Roberts and others pleased in their smaller roles.

MISS VINIE DALY AT B. F. KEITH'S

Entertains with Opera and Popular Selections—Good All-Around Bill.

Miss Vinie Daly made her first Boston appearance last evening at B. F. Keith's since her return from Europe. She gave a program that included grand opera selections, "Gay Butterfly," aria from "Cavalleria Rusticana" and several popular selections. It is clearly obvious that Miss Daly's voice is of the pleasing variety. There is ease. Her enunciation is especially distinct. Miss Daly was decidedly more at home in her popular selections, and the audience seemed to be in sympathy with the latter part of her program. Jean Manne conducted, and Miss Daly retired completely hidden in flowers.

Jack Kennedy and company were seen in a comedy that should have been labelled a farce—"A Business Proposal." It has a novel theme and is a real laugh-maker. Mr. Kennedy was assisted by Chauncy Munroe and Miss Helene Warde.

Three acts on the bill have the distinction of being new to Boston. Decidedly the most novel of these was the act of Leon Kimberly and Halsey Mohr. Their sketch is entitled "Clubland," and depicts a triumph of married life over the life of cards and white lights. They both have a pleasing—a magnetic—personality, and there is a breeziness to their act that even has its compensations on an intensely hot night.

The O'Brien Havel company gave a sketch entitled "Monday" that used the green room of a vaudeville theatre as a locale. It was snappy and never lagged and Miss Valeska was a fetching Bessie.

Miss Sue Smith, another of the newcomers, was a pleasure to the eye and ear as "The Girl in Crinoline"; the Stanleys created many laughs in "Silhouette Fun in Shadow Land"; Miller and Mack gave an entertaining dancing number; Loro and Payne were seen in an acrobatic dancing act, and there was a real "thriller" in the aerial act of Miss Leitzel and Jeannette.

WILD WEST AT CIRCUS GROUND

Miller Brothers & Arlington's "101 Ranch" Show Draws Large Crowd.

Cowboys, Indians, cowgirls, Mexicans, ... n ... t ... making ... very interesting and amusing Wild West performances yesterday afternoon and evening, inaugurating a week's stay of the Miller Bros. & Arlington's "101 Ranch" on the Huntington avenue circus grounds. Audiences were large at both performances, and enthusiastic to a degree, and the fact that every minute of the two hours' show is taken up with more or less dangerous stunts served to keep the spectators keyed up, and as thrill succeeded thrill the enthusiasm increased.

The decided novelty was the auto polo match, in which skeleton automobiles of original design are used, the drivers of which show remarkable ability.

The show opens with the usual parade around the arena, some of the conspicuous figures being Chief Lone Bear of the Sioux tribe, together with Chief Sky Eagle and Mamma Eagle Feather and Chief Bear Shield, and, of course, J. C. Miller, president and organizer of the 101 Ranch. Then follows fancy and expert roping, Bee-Ho-Gray being a real adept in this work, with Chester Byers and Hank Durrell as close seconds. Then comes the same old stage coach, which is held up by Mexican bandits, who are in turn routed by the cowboys. Princess Wenona of the Sioux tribe does some really clever trap shooting, and follows it by some fancy shooting while riding her horse at full gallop around the arena. Another clever shot is Edith Tantlinger, an Oklahoma girl.

A series of Indian dances, roping and riding long-horned steers, picking up handkerchiefs and other articles from the ground while riding at full speed, drill by educated horses and mules, dances on foot and horseback follow in rapid succession; and comedy features are not lacking, this element being furnished by Dan Dix, Bill Cares, the Rube policeman and Joe Lewis, the Yiddish cowboy, and, with the help of two mules and a donkey, they pull off some funny stunts, which, of course, are a source of delight to the little folks.

The group of high school horses, introduced by Wesley K. Rogers, furnish one of the most interesting numbers of the long program. Football on horse back by Mexicans and Indians is an amusing feature.

The performance winds up with the traditional attack on a prairie schooner by a band of Indians, the old vehicle being burned by the red men, and the rescue of the travellers by the cowboys, the whole winding up in a battle that is both picturesque and noisy.

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At the exhibition at Earl's Court, London, there are side shows, and one of them is an instructive commentary on political feeling. A game played with a football and dummies displays this announcement.

"A penny a kick at Lloyd George and Mrs. Pankhurst. Turn them on their backs and win a packet of cigarettes."

A Test Extended.

"J. S. M." informs us that "Burgess's fish sauce shop," as a test of sobriety is only an abbreviation of this trying sentence: "She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish sauce shop, welcoming him in." But is not the shorter "she sells sea shells" as efficacious?

"Cinema" or "Kinema"

The English are not always thinking and talking and writing about the German invasion by air and sea, and there are moments when they forget the existence of women going about with torch, bomb and vitriol. Of late there has been a hot dispute over the pronunciation of cinema. Should the word be pronounced as though it were spelled "Sinnymer" or "Kyneema." Mr. Filson Young, who shudders when he hears the word "waterplane" and infinitely prefers airboat, flyboat, aerofloat or sea flyer as words less clumsy than 'hydro-aeroplane,'' insists on "Kyneema." "But for one educated person even among those who have learned Greek, whom you will hear saying it correctly, 20 will say 'Sinnyma' or at the best, 'Synema.' But apparently some people prefer to be wrong."

Mr. H. V. Beckley gives an entertaining account of the word "cinematographe," which was invented by a Frenchman who wanted a Greek term to express a moving picture. "I believe it first occurs in a short story by M. Charles Limousin, 'Les Funerailles de Bouillembeau,' published in the 'Bulletin des Sommaires' of May 5, 1893. Bouillembeau appears to the assembled mourners, 'cinematographiquement' and discourses to them 'gramaphoniquement,' having, he informs them, posed during his lifetime for a series of instantaneous photographs, discoursing while in front of the camera into a phonograph. These photographs shown rapidly on a magic lantern were supposed to give a moving picture of the deceased." Mr. Beckley adds that this story was published at the time when Mr. Edison made a commercial success of animated photography by exhibiting his kinetoscope at Chicago. He had previously promised the world a kinetograph. This is referred to by Bouillembeau, who jestingly claims to have invented the kinetograph long before Edison. Two years later Messrs. Lumiere patented an improvement on the kinetoscope under the name of "cinematographe."

French, Greek and English

Some say in answer to Mr. Filson, that in France the long word was soon abbreviated into "cinema," and the long Greek vowel. In England the accent on the second syllable was dropped and thrown back as far as possible. "Sinnema" is therefore the correct pronunciation if the word is to be used popularly and not scientifically. We do not say kirce, kimmerian, kyprus or kitron. Some say that the word in the beginning should have been "cinygma." One writer points out that there is no logical explanation of the vulgarities of popular English pronunciation. "A vile modern commodity spelled 'margarine' is pronounced almost invariably as if the 'g' were a 'j,' though no mortal man could explain why or give another instance from the English language where 'gar' is pronounced 'jar.'" Mr. W. F. Prideau declares that the English are not a logical people, and English is not a logical language. "The inconsistencies of spelling and pronunciation, which offend so many people, constitute to my mind one of the principal charms of our mother tongue."

Mr. G. D. Parker approaches the subject in a deplorably flippant spirit. He suggests that the following "Shall and Must" be inscribed on Mr. Young's kenotaph: "Though somewhat of a kynic, he became the 'kynosure of neighboring eyes by restoring to Kinecma its classic pronunciation."

Was it not Capt. Gulliver who, visiting Laputa, remarked: "Such constant irreconciliable enemies to science are the common people"?

Mr. de Pachmann.

Mr. de Pachmann, the pianist, declares that he is about to withdraw from public life. Some one made this comment on the announcement: "It is believed that De Pachmann's fortune is enormous. It is said to be bigger than Paderewski's."

Mr. de Pachmann will be 65 years old next month. He has surely earned the right to rest, although his inimitable playing of Chopin's music has given pleasure to thousands during the last years. His fortune, however, is not enormous; neither is that of Mr. Paderewski. The latter has gained large sums by his concert tours, especially in this country, but he has lived like a prince—better than some of them—he has maintained a costly estate at Morges in Switzerland, and he has been most generous in contributions to Polish causes, charitable societies and needy individuals. Mr. de Pachmann's income, though large, has been smaller than Mr. Paderewski's. Though he has led a singularly temperate life he had saved comparatively little until a few years ago, for he, too, was easily persuaded to part with money, and he gave large sums to his children, whose mother is now the wife of Maitre Labori. Mr. de Pachmann's one weakness is his passion for precious stones. His collection is a valuable one. He used to have in a pocket while he played the piano a little box of beautiful gems and he would say that they aided him in producing the effects of color for which he is famous and incomparable.

June 19 - 1913

We little thought that when in our endeavor to inculcate lessons of temperance we cited pathetic and grotesque cases of spontaneous combustion, we should excite incredulity.

As the World Wags:

When was it that you "spoke of a sad case of spontaneous combustion"? Has there ever been a well authenticated instance of such combustion?

The preface to the Charles Dickens edition of Dickens's "Bleak House" published in 1868 gave, in addition to the reference which the preface to the preceding editions had given in favor of spontaneous combustion, an alleged incident—"Which occured at the town of Columbus in the United States of America"—of "a German who kept a liquor store and was an inveterate drunkard," but Dickens's son, Charles Dickens, in an introduction to "Bleak House" in an edition which he edited of the works of his father, expresses surprise that his father should put on record so very untrustworthy a statement as evidence to substantiate the contention that there have been instances of spontaneous combustion.

INCONSTANT READER.

Boston, June 13.

1. About a month or six weeks ago we cited a sad case of spontaneous combustion as recorded in "Anti-Bacchus," a serious book, written against the use of strong waters, wines and malt liquors. The author, a clergyman in good and regular standing, would surely not have lied even in the heat of argument.

2. Dickens in the 33d chapter of "Bleak House" gives a list of the authorities consulted by him, nor does he put too much weight in his preface on the case in Columbus.

An Early Instance

How much more commendable is the receptive and acquiescent spirit shown by another correspondent!

As the World Wags:

Speaking of spontaneous combustion, one of the first instances of the same is that of Old King Cole. The last verse

of the old song about him is this:

Old King Cole drank so much alcohol
That he reeked like the worm of a still,
And in lighting of his pipe he set himself alight,
And blew up like a gunpowder mill.
Now these are the whole of the records of King Cole,
From the London Libraree.
And if you wish to see 'em they are in the Museum
Brattle street, Bloomsbury.

Lynn, June 13. E. J. T.

Mistress Mary and Others.

What has become of Miss Mary Garden? She and her press agent are strangely silent, although the latter has said something about her singing in Paris this month or next, but the announcement was baldly prosaic, matter of fact. The last memorable saying of Miss Garden was thus recorded by a reporter: "Fat has a coarsening effect upon the mind as well as the body. A thin person thinks better than a fat one. Since I have been dieting I have refined my soul."

Mr. "Bridgey" Webber should not have left Havana. Engaging passage there on Dec. 6 for New York, he expressed himself as "enchanted" with the gambling privileges, especially with the Cuban law that does not allow the authorities to break into any house after 6 P. M. And yet knife-play is still a pretty and favorite sport in Cuba and Mr. Webber might not have escaped.

What has become of Mr. Martin, the American who was supposed to be murdered in London? For a time the English newspapers were full of reports concerning the finding of his hat and the evidence of the man that could not ... Scotland Yard was furiously busy. There were daily cablegrams. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was undoubtedly taking notes. There was a wild story that Mr. Martin had been seen in Italy. The rest is silence. Was Mr. Martin murdered at all, at least so that he knew it at the time?

Six Long Words.

The Rev. Haig Adadourian, minister of the Centre and North Congregational Churches in New Salem, apropos of the discussion in this column concerning long sentences, sends to us six of the longest words he has come across in the course of his reading:

1. "'Antialkoholcongressmitgliederverzeichnissesdruckkostenvoranschlagprufungscommissionsversammlungeinladungskarten.' This formidable, jaw-breaking German word means: 'Invitation cards for the meeting of the commission for verifying the accounts of the expenses of printing the list of members of the Anti-Alcoholic Congress.'

2. "'Llanfairpwllgwynllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch.' This is the name of a Welsh town, pronounceable only by a Welshman. The Englishman prefers to call it 'Llanfair, P. G.'

3. "'Snelpaardelooszoondeerspoorwegpetroolrijtung.' The literal meaning of this dapper diminutive Dutch word is 'the-rapid-horseless-without-rails-driven-by-petroleum-thing.' 'Chug-chug machine' is the plain Yankee equivalent.

4. "'Wuttappesittukqussunnookwehtunkeuoh.' This Indian record-breaker is found in John Eliot's New Testament and means 'kneeling down to him.' (Mark, I. 40.)

5. "'Chargoggagogmanchauggagogchabunagungaumaugg.' This is the Indian name of Webster lake in Massachusetts.

6. "'Papatheodoro Koumountourgeotopoulos.' This is the name of an American citizen of Greek descent. His abbreviated patronymic is Patheodor, curtailed for the convenience of his American fellow-citizens, who have neither time, nor inclination, nor patience, nor ability, to pronounce the original."

Has not Mr. Adadourian forgotten the long word coined by Aristophanes, the word that may be best translated, "Hash"?—Ed.

In Hot Weather.

M. Escoffier thinks that an ideal luncheon for hot weather is "an egg hors d'oeuvre, lobster, chicken saute with artichokes, cold saddle of lamb with mint sauce, a vegetable salad and fruit." This he calls a light mid-day meal. For dinner he recommends: "Melon cantaloup, consomme Madrilene (cold), blue trout, quails (hot), Terrine de boeuf a la gelee, an asparagus salad, peaches Melba, and fruit." It should be remembered that M. Escoffier is the chef of the Carlton Hotel and the English are a sturdy race.

IN HIS PRIME

Commenting on the selection of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page as ambassador to Italy, the New York Times speaks of him as being "in the mellow prime of life, for he is just 60 and may fairly look forward to many useful years." Mr. Charles Whibley, recently reviewing a new edition of Victor Hugo's "William Shakespeare," referred to Hugo as "an old man of 62." Mr. Whibley is an Englishman and in English novels for many years the hero has been a mere youth in American eyes, and the heroine a girl of 16 or 17. Is the English lad more manly for his years, readier for marriage and the life-work? Is the Englishman of 50 an "old man?" But what is to be said of the "young ... and various industries ... of American business life? There are also the Morgans and the Hills. Would Mr J. D. Rockefeller be willing to be called an old man? In England there are many of beneficent activity who look back over 60 years. Or take Victor Hugo. Mr. Whibley's "Old man of 62." In the years that were left to him until he died in 1885. Hugo wrote "La Legende des Siecles," "Les Miserables," "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," "L' Homme qui rit," not to mention other volumes of prose and verse, romances, diatribes, historical studies. Nor is it necessary to recall the Verdi of "Otello" and "Falstaff," the last Leo, Gladstone, Tolstoi. To say that the creative or executive faculty dies at 50 is to dispute the records of the world. There are old men of 20, young men of 70, and to men of clean habits and a sane mind a 60th birthday is only one more step in the period of full perfection that is not reckoned by years, but by the will and the power to be active.

"THE WEAKER SEX."

It is said that the women in the recent railway accident at Stamford, Ct., were conspicuous for their bravery. This has often been said before in times of danger and distress, accidents by fire and flood. It it not necessary to go back to Penthesilea, the Amazons of Dahomey, Joan of Arc or the Maid of Saragossa, whose portrait in the act of firing a cannon adorned with "The Death Bed of Daniel Webster" and "Washington Irving and His Friends" the walls of many New England dwelling-houses. When it comes to any domestic tragedy the woman is usually the braver. Surgeons will bear testimony to the fact that women not only have less false modesty, but go to the operating table with a greater show of courage. Yet they are popularly supposed to be more nervous, more querulous and more fanciful in apprehension. This is a popular fallacy. If woman were not inherently the braver, the race would die out. In this instance perfect love of the passion for motherhood casteth out fear. And why through mistaken chivalry should woman be known as the weaker sex? Will the tradition never die? If the lessons of the Commune did not kill it, will it survive the furious exploits of the English suffragists?

June 20 1913

A Yankee philosopher once said that no one picked up a newspaper without hope, or laid it down without disappointment. Yet the dullest newspaper and the world itself, no doubt, the universe also, has dull days—always contains something of strange interest to some one. This something may be displayed in a wireless telegraph dispatch; it may lurk in an advertisement. That which may seem commonplace to thousands is of vital interest to Mr. Herkimer Johnson, to Mr. Halliday Witherspoon, or to Mr. Eugene B. Golightly.

Strange News from Paris.

Thus, we read a few days ago that the shortage of water in Paris is due to "the new French custom of taking a morning bath." The passionate lover of statistics should know that 100,000 baths are taken every summer morning in Paris, "which gives a consumption of water of approximately 2,000,000 gallons daily." Here is a sun for the bright eyed young Adolphus with his slate. In Munich such sums have to do with the consumption of beer.

Why have the Parisians thus taken suddenly to bathing? The French were never famous for daily ablution. The memoirs and records of court life tell strange tales of indifference toward soap and water. Did not Michelet characterize a certain century as a century without a bath? Henry of Navarre, gallant man with his white plume, was not a sweet-scented person, not agreeable in close companionship. The stories told of life in the convents and chateaux of the aristocrats, at Versailles and other palaces, are almost incredible. During the exhibition at the Crystal Palace, Punch published a drawing by John Leech representing two Frenchmen standing in amazement before a washstand fully equipped. One is saying to the other: "Mon Dieu, Alphonse, what a curious machine!"

Fashions in Bathing.

The change in this feature of French domestic economy was probably brought about by imitation of the English and consequent interest in "sports." The hero in French models soon began to take his "tub" before he went to the duelling ground or to a more dangerous rendezvous. The heroine's bathroom ... a more important ... and ... the bathroom ... of the bathtub ... fashion ... a larger ... Years ago when we were in a ... Neuilly, the landlady, the widow of an advocate, took a full bath once a year in a bathhouse two or three blocks away. She talked about it for a month before the fatal day and for a month afterward. Perhaps she had prayers said for her as they are said for those making a long journey by sea.

Around a Tub.

Thirty years ago it was not easy to obtain a full bath in Berlin except in the public bath-halls. There were three prices charged. The highest was for the "Bad Nobel," where the water furnished had not already been used by a predecessor. This was the height of luxury, chiefly for Russian princes and extravagant Americans. It was the custom after any one of the three baths to drink a large quantity of weiss-bier and at least one glass of kuemmel, that the patient might not take cold. We know a man—he died long ago—who for the same reason drank three or four cocktails after his hair was cut. Shortly before he died, for he was a man of regular habits, he went to the barbers twice a week.

And how many bathtubs were in daily use in the New England of the sixties? There was one appointed night for children and grown persons, and that was on Saturday; a scrub and a soak for Sunday. Then only could the tub complain of being overworked.

Beware of the man that is always talking about his morning bath. Ten to one he does not take it.

For Royal Birthdays.

Will there be another poet laureate in England? The question is debated. It is stated on "high authority" that the King considers the post an unnecessary one and will abolish it. He was cheated out of his complimentary poem, for Mr. Austin died on the eve of the King's birthday, so there was no "quit-rent ode, his peppercorn of praise."

Some of the London journals take a malicious pleasure in reprinting congratulatory verses written by former official poets. There was Mr. Laurence Eusden, who has been gracefully characterized as "a drunken parson much bemused with beer." One of his tributes to George II ran as follows, though it is hardly the inevitable word:

That mighty monarch! Whom desert alone
Would, without birthright, raise up to the throne,
Thy virtues shine peculiarly nice,
Ungloomed with a confinity to vice.

And what is to be said of the ode to King George in 1802, the work of the industrious Henry J. Pye, Esq., D. L.?

No more the thunders of the plain,
The fiery battle's iron shower
Dyrific drown the dulcous strain
That greets our monarch's natal hour.
Peace soaring high on seraph's wings,
Now strikes her viol's golden strings,
Responsive to the thrilling note
Symphonious strains of rapture float,
While grateful myriads in the paean join
And hail her angel voice and bless her form divine.

Might not any one of the Georges, dreading these formal tributes have cried out with Job: "Let the day perish wherein I was born"?

When Thomas Gray refused the office in 1757, he hoped that some one might accept who would retrieve "the credit of the thing if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit." Speaking of certain predecessors, he wrote to William Mason: "Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson. Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses."

Not a Sinecure.

There was a poet laureate in Persia until 1896, when the office was abolished. For many years the Shah, whenever he travelled outside of his capital, was required by court etiquette to take with him a dwarf, a giant, a jester, a historiographer, and a poet laureate. The historiographer recorded all the doings and sayings of his master, and the poet was supposed to celebrate a large part of them in verse. Persin, who spent several years in Persia early in the 18th century, commended the custom for this reason. "The Shah, knowing that many of his utterances and deeds would be crystallized in an ode, felt bound, on these royal progresses, to speak and behave majestically." The jester, of course, took the place of the comic pictures in the daily newspaper.

A BOOKSELLERS' SCHOOL.

The announcement that there is a Booksellers' School in New York will be surprising and welcome news to many. This school has been established for the special training of clerks in bookstores, and there are courses of lectures. Inasmuch as the representative of a prominent book store in Boston is a member of the executive committee, let us hope that this city will benefit by the training. Not long ago a clerk was asked if he could supply a few missing volumes in the Edinburgh edition of De Quincey. His reply was ready: "De Quincey isn't read much now by our best people." The other shops were visited, but De Quincey was there a... ... Londoner ... price ... without ... The average book clerk in Boston is courteous. If the desired volume is not in stock, he answers with a smile: "But we can get it for you," for he knows nothing about its rarity or price. As a rule he accepts the customer's statement that there is such a book in existence, somewhere, and not only in the great public and private libraries. In spite of his amiable qualities, the bookstore clerk is in need of education. He may be able to give the titles of all the novels by Mr. Chambers or Mr. Oppenheim, but when it comes to acquaintanceship with books not in current lists and books that are are Boston classics, he is too often at sea. He has little or nothing to say about the merits of editions, the value of annotations, and he is not sure whether Henley's "London Voluntaries" are for a reed or pipe organ. A branch of this school should be established here. Thoroughly educated clerks would help in the education of a willing public that at present is encouraged in the buying of that which is ephemeral and mediocre.

June 21 1913

Anecdote for the Day.

There was a Parisian perruquier in the 18th century who made wonderful wigs, and he made one so small that it would fit a hazel nut. Asked why he wasted his time and talent on so tiny an object he replied that he did it "in a moment of enthusiasm."

The Minimum Wage.

A play, "The Great Day," by Cecil Fisher, was produced in London last month, and a critic in his review said: "There must surely be very few insurance companies in London paying only £98 per annum to a clerk who has been eight years in their service." Thereupon, "Insurance Clerk" wrote to the Pall Mall Gazette, saying that the play was written on fact and happened to the staff of a well known insurance company who have this year declared a dividend of 50 per cent. Many members of the staff who have 10 years' and more service to their credit are at the present time only receiving salaries of £100 per annum."

Denaturalized.

Early last fall it was announced that Mr. A. J. Weinlond, a retired chemist of Santa Monica, Cal., had made a preparation which, fed the cocks, would prevent them from crowing, but otherwise would do them no harm. Now we are informed that cocks are the subject of experiments by experts of the department of agriculture at Washington, that the crow may be eliminated by cutting one of the rooster's vocal cords, a simple and painless operation. The cock can still fill his lungs and go through all the motions, but not a peep will be heard. But why should any one object to the crowing of a cock, whether it be a salutation to the morn, or a reassurance of good health and fine spirits later in the day? Herbert Spencer did, and in his autobiography tells how an inverted bucket was used to darken the enthusiasm of a cock. Mythology, folklore, poetry would have suffered seriously if the cock had been voiceless or only a feeble chirper. Rostand's play, for instance, would not have been written.

At Rio.

We spoke of Mr. Webber's approval of free gambling at Havana. He should have gone to Rio, where three state lotteries provide a draw every day, and bechu is a popular amusement. It is said that the latter game was invented at Rio by a German baron interested in the animal kingdom. He would write on a large slate in a dark room the name of a beast; lion, tiger, elephant. Then he would make up a list of 25 animals and invite everybody to bet which beast he had named on the slate. When he lost you received 20 to 1. He showed his slate daily at noon and settled up. Soon he employed commissioners to do the booking for him. When his profits reached something like $25,000 a day, the government suppressed him and added bechu to its lotteries. The original 25 numbers have been quadrupled, and now four numbers go to a beast: 1, 2, 3, 4 may represent an elephant, 5, 6, 7, 8 a tiger and so on. The last two figures of the winning ticket in the lottery determine the winning block at bechu.

The Herald may well be proud of its alert, indefatigable, delving, acute, myriad-minded contributors. Some days ago Mr. Halliday Witherspoon asked: Who was Sawney Bean? We at once confessed our ignorance, for although the Sunday school books of our youth insisted that it was a hard thing to say "No," some of us find it much easier than to say "Yes." The appeal to our readers brought interesting answers. ... wrote: ...

will find some information regarding Sawney Bean in 'The Raiders' by S. R. Crockett. I have an idea, however, that said Bean belongs in the Mrs. Harris class, along with Dutch Joe and other of Mr. Witherspoon's subjects.' But Mr. Bean was a real person, as we shall see, and only a reckless man would doubt Mr. Witherspoon'a word or the existence of his friends.

Mr. R. S. Mitchell of "Harvard College" says: "You may tell Mr. Witherspoon for me that the aforesaid gentleman (Mr. Bean) is a hideous and savage character in a novel called 'The Gray Man,' published, I believe about 1900. Just now I am unable to recall the author's name."

"D. B." writes from Bar Harbor, saying that Mr. Bean is one of the principal characters in "The Grey Man," by S. R. Crockett, published by Harper & Brothers, N. Y., 1896. He was the leader of a crew of cave-dwelling, cannibalistic smugglers on the seaside of Ayre."

Mr. Mitchell spells "Gray" with an "A"; "D. B." with an "E." The latter is thus in accordance with the novelist. Does Sawney Bean also figure in Crockett's "Raiders"?

Grim Detail.

As the World Wags:

In "Remarkable Trials, Etc.," compiled by Thomas Dunphy and Thomas J. Cummins, and published by Diessy & Co., N. Y., 1870, is printed a full account of Sawney Beane (sic) "The Scottish Robber, Murderer, Cannibal."

He was born near Edinburgh in the reign of King James the First before he came to the crown of England by the death of Elizabeth. He took up his abode in a cave by the sea, and there lived with a woman, as vicious as himself, for 25 years. They had children and grandchildren. This terrible gang never went to market for provisions, but lay in wait for travellers, and as soon as they had murdered any man, woman, or child, carried the carcass to their den, where, cutting it into quarters, they would pickle them and live upon human flesh. Several innocent persons were executed for these crimes. It was reckoned that in 25 years the Beanes robbed, killed and ate more than 1000 men, women and children. At last they were captured by aid of bloodhounds. In the cave were found human legs, arms, thighs, hands and feet hung up like dried beef, and some in pickle, as well as vast amounts of money and valuables.

Sawney Beane's family consisted besides himself of his wife, eight sons, six daughters, 18 grandsons and 14 granddaughters begotten in incest. The men of this gang without any form of trial had their hands and legs cut off, which caused them to bleed to death. All this took place in the presence of their women, who were then burned to death.

JOHN T. WELCH.

Troy, N. H.

June 22, 1913

L'HABIT VERT," an amusing comedy by Robert de Flers and G. A. de Caillavet, has been published, and we now have the opportunity of becoming acquianted with Parmeline, the celebrated pianist. The comedy will probably not be played in this country, for it is highly seasoned, and if it were "adapted to suit the American taste" it would be pointless.

This Parmeline—the part was acted by M. Max Dearly at the Varietes—has been the lover of the Duchesse de Maulevrier, and is now expected at the country house of the duke. She is an American by birth and the duke has just received from M. Schelton, his father-in-law, a draft for $20,000, the allowance for three months to the duchess. When the secretary announces this to the duke the latter remarks: "This is of little importance, but you may draw up a receipt for me to sign and end it with aome amiable speech." "What shall I write?" "Say that I am very well."

The duchess wishes her new chauffeur to meet M. Parmenline at the railway station. "But how will he recognize him?" "By the beauty of his heart," answers the duchess; "his heart is so beautiful, his forehead is so full of inspiration!"

This duchess is musical. She sings, plays the piano and is at work on an opera. "I have written the libretto with my brain and the music with my heart." Asked what the subject is she exclaims: "Love, love, a thing so ideal and yet so practical. I wish love everywhere. I have therefore given birth to an opera about Napoleon. It's very beautiful. * * * I have chosen the moment when he is in Egypt and fights as emperor on those great pointed things, the pyramids. Then he is received by a pasha who has two daughters, Fatima and Ernestine. It'a very beautiful and the two girls are in love with Napoleon. He prefera Ernestine, who is the more exciting. They love one another on the banka of the Nile. At night Fatima surprisea them. She rushes at Napoleon and kills him with a dagger. He is dead. It is all over. The story la a charming one, and not very well known."

Parmeline the Magnificent

Parmeline enters like a gust of wind. He is clad in an elegant travelling suit. Hia handsome head is that of an artist, with abundant hair streaked with white. He gives the impression of genius, madness and magnificence. He holda his hat in one hand and a bouquet in the other, and shows his greatness by speaking of himself in the third person.

Parmeline—Here he is, here he is! It is he. It is Parmeline. He arrives covered with the laurels of glory and the dust of the roads. Do not disturb yourselves. It is he! It is he!

Benin to Mme Janvray—How unaffected he is!

Parmeline—See, Madame la Duchesse, this will prove that I thought of you. (He puts his bouquet on a chair and hands his hat to the Duchess.)

The Duchess—Why this gray hat?

Parmeline—Oh, excuse me. (He gives her the bouquet and takes his hat.)

The Duchess—Ah, my dear longed-for master, how good of you to come.

Parmeline—Parmeline always comes when his duchess calls him. (He kisses her hand).

He is introduced to the guests.

Parmeline (with a most amiable smile)—Heavens! into what sort of a wasp's nest have I poked?

Mme. Janvray—But he is crazy!

Benin—No, he is a musician.

And then Parmeline describes the horrors of his journey. "Atrocious, atrocious. At first I was in a crowded car. Dull souls, expressionless faces. I felt that these persons do not like what I do. The thought was intolerable. I went into another compartment. Only two travellers: by my side a young man of a distinguished appearance; a man who you knew had made hia first communion and could mount a horse. Opposite me a woman, ugly, O how ugly, so ugly that it was a torture to look at her. Ugliness has always heen to me a personal injury. I leaned towards my neighbor and whispered: 'I cannot stand it; that woman is too ugly. Pull the danger signal!' He answered: 'But, sir, that would make me liable to a fine of f.300 and imprisonment from 15 days to three months.' 'I know it,' I replied, 'and that's why I do not wish to pull it myself.' I looked again at the woman and I saw a prodigious thing: her ugliness increased from station to station. At last she became so frightful that auddenly I comprehended the fact that she was a fairy."

The Duchess—O what a great artist!

Parmeline—Yes. That idea came to me under its most musical form. Rhythms awakened, melodies burst forth, and I heard distinctly an admirable tenor voice sing within me, "Only a kiss will give her beauty back to her." I approached her brusquely, put my lips on her and said, "Be beautiful!" To my great surprise a torrent of insults met this injunction. Would you believe it? She was not a fairy.

The Duchess—What a pity!

Parmeline—It is my fate. My misfortune is never to meet on the road persons of sound sense, well-balanced persons.

He puts his fingers in a cup of tea and burns them. "Things themselves are hostile, to me. They do not like what I do."

Mme. de Saint-Gobain—Everybody admires you.

Parmeline — Not enough, not enough. And Parmeline is not satisfied with admiration. He wishes to be loved. He needs love. No one loves him. I am an unfortunate man.

Benin—But you have been applauded at Naples.

Parmeline—Yes, much; indeed much.

The Duchess—You were to stay there only a few days, and you tarried a month.

Parmeline—Yes.

Mme. de Jargeau—The stay did not seem monotonous to you.

Parmeline—No, no. Her name was the Countess Camerino.

All—Ah!

The Master in Love

Parmeline—But I beg you never to mention her name. Be discreet.

Benin—We, yes—but how about you?

Parmeline—Ah, I cannot be discreet. Why reproach me, then? But for you, it would be very bad.

Mme. Janvray (to Benin)—I am beginning to love him.

Parmeline—Besides, I nearly preferred to Bianca—the Countess Canrerino—Angelica, the Countess Andrioli. In Italy the women that love you are always countesses.

Mme. de Jargeau—May I ask which was the more beautiful?

Parmeline—Ask me anything; I tell everything. I am not an ingrate. Certainly, Bianca was more—she had—that—in fact this. I cannot, I cannot.

Mme. de Saint-Gobain—What's the matter with you?

Parmeline—I cannot express myself in words; they are too old, too used. I should, however, like to show you. Bianca (He makes the gestures of a pianist). Wait, you will understand (He sits at the piano and plays some glowing measures). Angelica, on the other hand, was—wait—listen (He plays some languorous measures). Then as for me (He plays some notes), it was hesitation, perplexity, and at last I have preferred (He plays again some glowing measures)——.

Benin—You have preferred Bianca.

Parmeline—Exactly. I could not have made you understand this with words! Ah, that night at Sorrento when for the first time she fell into my arms! What an atmosphere, emotional, balmy. How to explain this to you (He again plays). A aymphony of perfumes, oranges, tuberoses, vervain (He keeps striking a little shrill note) and jasmin. Do you smell the jasmin? And everywhere the stars (Series of tender notes) and some of them (A rapid arpeggio) shooting stars.

All—Unheard of! The real thing! Exquisite! Admirable.

Parmeline—And it was our first night of love (He plays a triumphant hymn) I saw her a week later, for her husband's profession allowed her only one free night in the week.

Mme. de Jargeau—What does the Count Camerino do?

Parmeline—He is employed at the custom house. And that was our second night of love. (He plays the same hymn, but it is less triumphal).

Saint-Gobain—Well, well!

Parmeline—You see there was lesa of surprise.

The Duchess—Less jasmin.

Parmeline—And the following Saturday was our third night of love. (He playa the triumphal hymn, but in a more and more languishing manner there are some false notes, he does no finish the hymn). The next day, the Countess showed bad temper, coldness on her part, irritation on minc. Words passed between us. She said: (Music) I replied: (Music). She added: (Music) I threw in her face: (Music). I took my hat: (Music). I opened the door and I slammed it as I went out (He shuts the piano violently). And I have never seen the door nor the Countess. Three days ago I came back to Paris. There I found a dispatch from Mme. la Duchesse calling me to her, and that is why Parmeline is now among you, very simple, very modest, unnoticed (Cannon shout without). The cannon! I am decelved. They know my arrival.

Michel (entering)—Mme. la Duchesse heard it. 'Twas the signal of starting for the regatta at Havre.

The Pianist's Touch

The great Parmeline does not know the value of money. He aaks Benin when they are alone for a loan of 25 louis, as he wishes to go to the Casino and happens to have no money with him. Benin gladly lends the aum.

Mme. de Jargeau (returning)—My dear master, may I ask your assistance at the matinee in aid of the shipwrecked?

Parmeline—I cannot play, dear Madame, shipwrecked myself, but I will contribute modestly. Here are 500 francs. (He gives her the bank note which he had received from Benin.)

Mme. de Jargeau—How can I thank you! (She turns toward Benin.) This ought to make you ashamed of yourself, Baron, for you gave me only 40 francs.

Parmeline (to Benin)—My dear friend, how shabby. Fie, fie!

Later in the play Parmeline asks Hubert to lend him 50 louis. Hubert hesitates.

Parmeline—That does not bother you? No, evidently not. That's what I said to myself. Why should it distress you to give them to me, since it does not disturb me to ask you for them?

Hubert hands over the money. "Let's say no more about it."

Parmeline—You're right. Let's say no more about it and come to the real matter. But one more question, Are you fond of me?

Hubert—What?

Parmeline—I am afraid that you do not love me, not madly; that there are days when you do not think of me.

Hubert reassures him.

Parmeline—It's a delicate affair. Parmeline hesitates, he wavers. My friend, can you lend me 1000 francs?

Hubert—What? Again?

Parmeline—Why do you say again?

Hubert—Because I just gave them to you.

Parmeline—To me? When?

Hubert—A moment ago.

Parmeline—Where are they?

Hubert—In your pocket.

Parmeline—In my pocket? (He puts his hand there.) 'Tis true! 'Tis true! Ah, you do not love me!

Hubert—What?

Parmeline—No, you do not love me. If you loved me, you would have understood that it is not the same man that asked you for these two sums, insignificant, by the way. Fifty louis, it is the man of pleasure! A thousand francs, it is the artist. But if you have the least hesitation, I prefer to return this bank note. (He makes a pretence of putting it on the table but puts it back into his pocket.)

Hubert writes a check for the amount and then asks why Parmeline's concerts are not successful.

Parmeline—What do you mean? I don't know which way to turn. There are offers on all sides. Only this morning I received a letter from a manager offering me 100,000 francs for three months in Australia.

Hubert—You accepted of course.

Parmeline—No, I refused.

Hubert—You were wrong.

Parmeline—Why? I am very happy here. I live in a liberal and agreeable manner. I have everything that is necessary, I am not in need of anything or anybody; and I don't see why I should go and kill myself by playing to negroes. Hubert hands him the check.)

Personal Notes

Whitney Mockridge, the tenor, who sang here often in oratorio about 20 years ago, gave a recital in London early this month, and the critics, admitting that he came from Canada, noted good qualities in his voice and "a certain nobility every now and then in the sustained notes which goes some way to compensate obvious defects. The London Times found this and also that his singing was "too conscious and overconscientious."

M. Rostand still thinks that Mme. Bernhardt will play Mephistopheles, in his translation of Goethe's "Faust," and M. Le Bargy will produce next season, "La Derniere Nuit de Don Juan," a poem-play that Roatand wrote some 15 years ago.

The Pall Mall Gazette notes among "the curiosities of Penshurst is the extraordinary picture of Queen Elizabeth dancing with one of her courtiers. The much-abused 'Turkey-trot' and 'Bunny-hug' are left far behind by the capers of the Virgin Queen, who is depicted in anything but a stately attitude, springing on to the uplifted knee of her partner as a finale to the dance."

Miss Ada Cassuto appeared at Covent Garden for the first time and as Aida, on June 2. The Daily Telegraph said that while her voice was somewhat lacking in warmth and body, the high notes had an effective, unforced ring. Her acting had "a certain appealing quality."

Other new singers at Covent Garden are a bass, M. Marvini from the Opera, Paris, and M. Aquistapace, a native of Nice, where he made his debut. The latter has aung in Swiss cities, at Nancy, and is now engaged at Lyons, where he took the part of Boris in Moussorgsky's opera.

Sir Herbert Tree said lately that having a theatre is more anxious work and more risky than keeping a racing stable. He hopes to play Mercutio at the Shakespeare festival of four weeks which will end his season. "Each play is being rehearsed as though it were an absolutely new production." Sir Herbert states that each performance of "Ariadne in Naxos" costs $4000.

"My reading of Shylock will be unaltered, because, in my opinion, it is the only right conception of the part. As I pointed out some time ago in a 'Note' on the play, Shakespeare makes Shylock neither wholly a monster nor wholly a martyr, but something of each. To regard Shylock as a wild beast, devoid of humanity and of virtue, or, on the other hand, as the apotheosis of an usurer, would be an error into which Shakespeare would scarcely have fallen."

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, formerly of Cambridge, has been revealing old English music to Parisians at the Popular University in the Faubourg St. Antoine, where Rostand lectures or Harold Bauer plays the piano to workmen, workwomen and even Apaches who pay 10 cents a month for the privilege of hearing lectures and concerts. Mr. Dolmetsch says that he found there almost as keen an appreciation as among audiences in the Champs Elysees.

Miss Lena Ashwell, speaking at the Suffrage Club in Londono, said that the state of things in the English theatres was very bad. The great evil is the cinema shows. "The music halls were admittedly infinitely better than they were 20 years ago, and were on the ur line, but she could not express her horror for the picture entertainments They could never represent the emotions of the soul and mind in the same way as the theatre. Much talent was being wasted on the cinema shows, and she was afraid that that sort of entertainment might well ruin the country. Discussing the position of women in the theatre, Miss Ashwell remarked that actresses had not the same opportunities in England as in America, where theatrical enterprises were largely conducted by syndicates and firms. Her own experience of theatre management made her very glad to be out of it. Working hand in hand with men they were at a disadvantage, inasmuch as they had absolutely no business knowledge, and because they suffered from the disease of relying solely on man. Women should realize that it was for them to do their own work in the theatre, and presently they would have lady acting managers, as well as men."

The Times, reviewing the revival of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" at the St. James's, after pointing out Victorian and Pinerotic weaknesses, concludes that the drama remains a first-rate theatre play: "Rich in study of temperament and telling a moving story in a rapid, emphatic, effective way." But the reviewer would not care to see it without Mrs. Patrick Campbell. "Indeed, we remember when Duse played it how she ruined the play by being too big, too fine, for it. The real play lives for and by Mrs. Campbell. Her caprices, her rages, her fits of repentance, her fits of naughtiness, her general neuropathic exhibition make up an incomparable and unforgettable figure."

Prof. Georg Wille, 'cellist, a pupil of Julius Klengel, gave his first recital in London on June 5, with conspicuous success. The Daily Telegraph said: "It is rather curious that, while Prof. Wille has as accurate and perfect a technical equipment as Klengel, he yet has the wonderful tone of Alwin Schroeder—Klengel's former colleague, five-and-twenty and more years ago. The tone of Prof. Wille is worthy of Schroeder in its exquisite roundness and fineness, and the technique of Klengel in its immaculateness. Than this no praise could well be higher; but it should be said that Prof. Wille's purity of style is his own, as also is his complete mastery of his instrument. It is long since so entirely satisfying a violoncellist has appeared here."

Mme. Destinn, Caruso and Scotti sang in "Tosca" at Covent Garden and the Times said of Caruso: "Though as an actor he cannot equal the other two great artists (his tendency to over-act with fussy and sometimes undignified movements seems to have increased,

and was prominent in the first act, where Cavaradossi is anxious to get Tosca to leave the cathedral), his singing made one forget whatever was incongruous in his appearance."

London Plays New and Old

"Digamma" in the Pall Mall Gazette makes this comment on the audience at the Alhambra, now a variety theatre. "It applauds, it follows everything with the closest attention. Often it smiles. But it never laughs. A score of really witty things were said last night, and far more than a score of witty things were done; things which in almost any other house in London would have evoked peals of laughter; yet not once did I hear one of those good heart-warming roars which, say, Harry Paulton used to evoke in the years gone by under this very roof and from the most distant quarters of the pit (now turned into stalls) and gallery. I fancy the average Alhambra man of the present day (and, of course, it is from the men that most of the audible laughter and all the applause comes in every well-bred audience) goes to look rather than to listen."

London saw "The Magrani Mores Lover" after Boston saw it, for the Irish Players brought it out at the Court Theatre on June 2 for the first time in that city. Mr. Walbrook quoted the girl's speech to the father of her child when he comes back after 10 years and wishes to make her "an honest woman". "Henry, you're worse nor I thought you You're not thinking of me, nor the wrong you did. It's yourself you're thinking of. You're afraid of God, and you want to use me to buy Him off You can well call yourself a God-fearing man, Henry. I'm nothing to you. The child you're the father of is nothing to you. You're just frightened out of your wits, for all you're saved.' I won't marry you. I'm as good as you are for all I'm not 'saved.' I'm better nor you are, for I'm not afraid of God." Mr. Walbrook adds: 'On grounds of art the only fault we have to find with it is that the sanctimoniousness of the man seems a little overdone. Such men as Henry Hinde are to be found in every part of the kingdom. Robert Burns knew one when he conferred a sinister immortality on the hypocritical farmer, William Fisher, by making him the hero of 'Holy Willie's Prayer.' But Mr. Ervine could have made his man seem as sanctimonious without putting the name of the Creator into almost his every other sentence."

Synge's "Playboy of the Western World" was performed by the Irish Players with Mr. Ervine's play. "The splendor of its diction and the sordidness of its story remain a unique combination. * * * Last night the scene between the 'little smilin' fella' and Pegeen Mike in the second act seemed almost as beautiful as the famous one in the third. Its end is splendid":

Christy—I'll have your words from this day filling my ears, and that look is come upon you meeting my two eyes, and I watching you loafing around in the warm sun, or rinsing your ankles when the night is come.

Pegeen—I'm thinking you'll be a [illegible] young lad to have working around; and, if you vexed me a while since with your leaguing with the girls, I wouldn't give a thraneen for a lad who hadn't a mighty spirit in him and a gamey heart.

"Blind Fate" was produced by the Oncomers' Society at the Little Theatre, London, May 30. The author, Christopher Sandeman, tells of the marriage of Violet to a selfish young man, Donald, who grows more selfish. He knew before marriage that he would lose his sight, but told this only to his friend Bryan, who loved Violet, but went abroad to nurse his sorrow. Bryan came back, finally told his love and was repulsed. Donald was, then, considerate and shot himself. There are bitter lines in the play, among them: "A man who has sacrificed his career for the sake of a woman always grows to hate her."

"Yours," a comedy, by Wilfred T. Coleby and Sydney Blow, was produced at the Vaudeville, London, June 1. The fundamental idea of the play is that to save a man from suicide is thenceforward to incur responsibility for the life which your action has compelled the owner to go on living. This idea is not developed. The Times said: "There are rather too many ideas to the square inch in 'Yours,' many of them rather indicated than worked out, so that the whole reminds you of Balzac's famous Villa les Jardies, where genuine bric-a-brac was surrounded by bare walls, chalked with the description of the sumptuous tapestries and priceless Old Masters that the owner hoped, with luck, some day to hang upon them."

"Margery Marries," a comedy by Norman McKeown, produced at the Coronet, London, June 2, introduces Margery Ashmore, "a very foolish and rather tiresome young lady who ought to have known better." She had ruined her own life and so she sets out to spoil her sister's chances by insisting that every girl should live six months with the man to whom she is betrothed, so as to find out his moral worth before she weds him. The sister Kitty acquaints her betrothed with this theory, and says that his refusal to act upon it would be proof that he had a spotted past. The theory is seriously advanced, but the two acts that follow are of a farcical nature.

A new and little playhouse, the Ambassadors, opened on June 5 in London, with a new romantic play, "Panthea," by Monckton Hoffe. One critic said the play seemed a tribute to the genius of Ouida, and its hero, Gerald, was quite Ouidaesque, "being a musical composer with the simple heart of a child and a prosaic wife who plainly told him she wished she had marreid somebody, anybody else." Panthea came to them on a wreck, for Gerald lived on the Northumbrian coast. According to another critic she was "of florid speech and she had no soul. She was sometimes terrific and sometimes sugary; and no doubt she should have been exciting; but her chief effect was a great langour." Gerald found in her his sister soul and the two eloped to the continent where they lived in Bohemian fashion. "A baron, an opera manager, appeared "with a cloak and an order and a silver bird cage containing a canary painted red and hung with jeweled bangles." After he gave the bird to Panthea, he announced his intention of committing suicide, for there was nothing in life, but Panthea persuaded him to wait a month during which she would "be his" if he would produce Gerald's opera. The opera was produced and there was a revel, but Gerald's pleasure was seriously marred by finding out about Panthea's month with the baron. The latter meanly refused to kill himself; he broke his contract. Panthea stabbed him, fled into the country, where she and Gerald drank poison and slept in one another's arms into death. "We fancied we saw the ghost of Ouida hovering over the pair. The audience seemed to find it all very ravishing and insisted upon a sight of the author."

Music Abroad

As has already been stated in The Herald, there will be no performances at Bayreuth this summer, but a festival will be held at Munich between July 30 and Sept. 16, consisting of thre performances of the "Ring," four performances of "Tristan und Isolde," four performances of "Die Meistersinger," two performances each of "The Marriage of Figaro," "Don Giovanni" and "The Magic Flute." The last named work will be included for the first time in the Munich festival performances, which will be further extended by four special performances of Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos."

The oratorio of the Rev. Dr. Plewka—Plewczński performed at London May 31 must be a curious work. The full title is "Oratorium Symphonicum Res Ultimae Quattuor." These four last things are Death, the Last Judgment, Hell and Heaven. We learn from the critics that the composer of Warsaw, who conducted, has musical ability, but he tries to get his effects by pictorial realism. "All kinds of discordant and uncouth noises are drawn upon for the portrayal of the final resurrection from the dead or the torments of the damned in hell, but how can a mere orchestra imitate these tremendous events? Such convulsions and such agonies are the feeblest shadows of the true things, and if realistic copying be the whole scope of art, then it sinks to a mere pastime for children." What is to be said to the use of a xylophone for the "Requiem Actornam" and the "Lux Perpetua"?

Mr. Fraser Gange had the courage to sing Beethoven's "Kuess" in London, and one critic had the boldness to say of the song: "The text aims at a light jocularity that is but poor fun at the best, and certainly not worthy of the extended treatment by which Beethoven endeavors to recommend it to favor. The general effect was that of a feeble wag, who labors his jokes, explains them, and, worst of all, repeats them."

Hans Ebell, a young Russian pianist, played in London for the first time on May 31. "It is not often that one hears such considered, interesting work from an unknown man. Mr. Ebell at once strikes the note of authority when he begins to play, and easily retains it by the character of his interpretations. His tone is warm and poetical, swelling naturally to a tone of self-reliant power, or subsiding with an easy relaxation of strength. The balance of melody and accompaniment is always admirably adjusted, the predominance of the former never suffering from an insecurity of touch, while where the music disembogues in a general welter of florid passages, a nice employment of constructional accents never fails to conduct the mind in safety across to the narrower waters of the themes." And the critic adds that Mr. Rachmaninoff did not make his own preludes so interesting when he was last in London.

Paul Bourillon, the tenor, who was here the first year of the Boston Opera House, was praised in London when he sang with Mme. Donalda in concert on June 3.

Eugen d'Albert has been playing in London. "Any one who would listen to M. d'Albert with whole hearted pleasure must listen without prejudice, for his playing is likely to upset preconceived notions of the way the music should go. He has a masterful manner of dragging his audience along the way he wishes to go and compelling rather than courting their adhesion to his view." The pianist played Schumann's "Carneval," and "we were never allowed to forget that it was a carnival, a scene of irresponsible riot and jollity, a moment for living life to the full and not for asking questions"; whereas the usual conception consists in "a nice contrast of manly and feminine moods, an analysis of temperament." "The essential thing was the crowd with its fortuitous flashes of color, its broken utterances, and an exhilarating undercurrent of sound, now a hum, now a roar, and the actors in the scene—those [illegible] their own [illegible] for [illegible] of the [illegible] by [illegible] an individuality which it lacked

Moussorgsky's "Khovanchichina," performed at the new theatre in the Champs Elysees on June 5, has been announced for performance at Drury Lane. The Times said of the performance in Paris "It is hardly probable that it will be as much of a popular success as "Boris Godounov," in spite of its being more like most people's notions of conventional opera than that brilliant and daring work. For, to begin with, Moussorgsky left it unfinished, and even in the parts which he did complete the original text by Stassov was so much cut about and remodelled that the result appears to be a hurried sketch for future use rather than a completely finished product. The subject, too, consisting of the intrigues centring round the family of the Khovansky for the political and religious salvation of Russia in the 17th century, is not one which makes an immediate appeal to an average audience; and, finally, the music, in spite of one or two scenes of great beauty, is less vivid and strong than that of the earlier opera. But even in the version given in Paris, with much of the orchestration written by Rimsky-Korsakov and Ravel and with the whole of the second act and an entire scene from the fourth omitted (omitted somewhat illogically to make room for scenes which Rimsky-Korsakov had cut in his edition), the work made an extraordinary impression by its absolutely direct expression of emotion and by the astonishing way in which atmosphere was obtained by what sophisticated musicians would consider the barest musical technique. The orchestral playing under M. Emile Cooper was first rate, the Persian ballet (danced by the Russian corps de ballet) in Ivan's palace made a refreshing break in the gathering gloom and oppression of the story, and the singing of M. Chaliapine as the chief of the sect of the old believers, who is the central figure of the opera, was quite unforgettable."

Saint-Saens in London

Saint-Saens had a beautiful time at his concert in London on June 3, in celebration of the 75th anniversary of his musical career—"75th," because the concert commemorated the 75th anniversary of his first piano lesson. The Times thinks that his distinction as a pianist is greater than as a composer, for, while he is a pianist of the first rank, he can hardly be classed with composers of that rank. Sir Alexander Mackenzie presenting an illuminated address to Saint-Saens, spoke of the delightful qualities of his music, the happy combination of grace, wit and learning; a popular composer in the highest sense. The program of this concert included a little "overture in G to an Unfinished Comedy," the Symphony in C minor (with organ), the Scherzo from the G minor Concerto, the finale of the 5th piano Concerto and the Fantasia "Africa"; also Mozart's Concerto in B flat, which he played at his first public concert in 1846. The Times remarked: "The great thing about his interpretation of Mozart is that M. Saint-Saens neither tries to put into him qualities which belong to modern music nor denies him the broader qualities which do belong to him. M. Saint-Saens neither vulgarizes the music nor treats it like a precious curio. We get from him an impression of the virile personality of Mozart."

The overture, unfamiliar here, was written when the composer was about 19 years old. "It shows one quality which has characterized the whole of M. Saint-Saens's large output during his long career and that is his unerring instinct for the right instrument to express his idea at each point, which gives him such easy command of the orchestra. One never feels that what he has to say might have been better said in some other way. It is always so well said that every one must grasp the intention at once. It is that power which has made him pre-eminently a popular composer."

On June 3 his opera, "Samson et Dalila," was performed at Covent Garden, and we are told that the theatre was crowded, "and as one man the whole audience rose when the learned Doctor and most genial of musicians came before the curtain at the close of the second act. Time after time he was called and recalled, all the while he was expressing his heart-felt gratification by his truly French gesticulation. It was a glorious sight this, to see the eminent composer, still, in spite of years (which, after all, are a mere question of mathematics), in the hey-dey of life, bowing low and ever lower, while a crowded house stood and cheered and applauded."

Feydeau's Play, "The Bud"

The Daily Telegraph of June 2 published this letter from its Paris correspondent "The Bourgeon," by M. Feydeau, has just been revived at the Athenee. "The bud" is a novice of 19 who thinks he wants to become a priest. Nobody ever skated over thin ice so skilfully as the writer of so many Rahelaisian farces in this delicate and sometimes sentimental comedy. He thought of one splendid stage situation. A smart actress who was bathing in the sea got out of her depth and was nearly drowned. An athletic young swimmer struck out, caught her and brought her back safely. She was put to bed in his mother's house and when she had dressed [illegible] in was none the worse ex[illegible] [illegible] th [illegible] and he [illegible] novice in holy orders.

This is only the first bit of [illegible] ice [illegible] the play. A [illegible] contest follows between a bashful old countess, the novice's mother, and the actress. The former, after many qualms has decided that it will be better for her son's sake that the actress should teach him to know the world. But in reply the actress only asks that the novice should save her soul. The cross purposes are eventually got over. The actress teaches the novice—now in a trooper's regiment, is, for even novices serve their three years—to know the world, and, having learned it, the novice gives up the priesthood and marries his young cousin, who had been devoted to him all along. I do not suppose that anybody except a hardened old farce writer like M. Feydeau could have handled so dangerous a theme so successfully. M. Andre Brule is equally successful in the perilous part of the novice.

Theatrical White-Slavery

A warning has been issued by the police against the newspaper advertisements of a certain type of impresario in search of English girls for theatrical troupes, music hall sketches, and dancing companies on the continent. Evidence has been collected which proves that in many cases the contracts made between the impresario and the girls are unfair to the latter, that the wages paid are often quite inadequate to a respectable life, and that deplorable consequences have in many cases ensued. It is to be hoped that, after this warning, newspapers will inquire very carefully into the origin of any such advertisements before publishing them. In any case, parents will do well not to allow their daughters to accept any such engagement except through the means of a reputable dramatic agency. Some of these so-called impresarios are, apparently, neither more nor less than agents for the "white slave traffic."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mr. Leonard Merrick has treated this subject in his entertaining novel, "When Love Flies Out o' the Window." His little heroine, Meenie Weston, fell a victim to "The Continental Operatic and Dramatic Agency" in London and had strange adventures in Paris at Le Cabaret de l'Homme. The agent in the Strand complained bitterly of English newspapers warning girls against engagements on the continent, to which his assistant, reading a paragraph in the Star, remarked: "That's the straight tip, isn't it? But lor, how many of the girls it's written for ever see a newspaper?"

About two years ago L'Artiste Lyrique (Paris) published an article under the heading "Tribune des Abus," exposing the abuses in a series of personal experiences, and the attention of young English singers and dancers was called to this article by the Referee.

Charpentier's Second Opera

It would appear that the one fault of Charpentier's "Julien," a continuation of "Louise," is what the correspondent of the Daily Telegraph calls "literaturis." From the libretto of "Louise" we learned that Charpentier, who insists on writing his own librettos, is given to hifalutin. Furthermore, he is a symbolist, and "his symbols are more abstractions than real symbols." And he writes prefaces. Here is an extract from the one to "Julien": "Except Louise in the prologue the various characters surrounding Julien are not so much real beings as a representation of his exteriorized stages of consciousness. Some of them intervene merely as the momentarily animated reflection of a desire, a regret, a weakness, a memory. * * * Two characters, the bellringer of the temple and his acolyte, with their sneering vulgarity and their perpetual mockery of the most august emotions, indicate a fervent irony an aftertaste of vulgar fancy at the back of the poet's mind. Other sentiments, both vain and low appetites, and jealousies, envy and doubt, the vainglory of reason, the negation of endeavor and sacrifice, may also come, in the hours of weakness, to a noble mind. These are personified by the fallen poets, who are opposed to the Dream Daughters, the tireless spinners of mirage and forgetfulness. Louise has become a priestess of a debased pleasure. The Temple of Beauty is now but a booth at a fair stormed by the imbecile and cowardly crowd, which the fallen poets lead."

As a matter of fact, much of this opera was in Charpentier's "Vie de Poete," a symphony drama, performed in Boston some years ago by the Cecilia. We thought this was the case when the first reports came concerning the production of "Julien," and now a long review in the London Times shows that our surmise was correct. "A comparison of the two scores shows that the music of the earlier work has been taken over and added to rather than rewritten, the actual thematic material remaining the same, though the orchestration has been made more complex. * * * Of all the music which has thus been used up the most beautiful in its original form was the second episode, and it is this scene, transferred practically as it stands, which left by far the strongest impression of anything in the whole opera. This music is "the direct expression of two human beings in love and is not an attempt to paint a mystical [illegible] symbol [illegible] age."

J[illegible] opera h[illegible]

... him sprawling ... of his love, who is now no more than a common prostitute." The ... is described as unimpressive and only when the composer comes to Julien and Louise in her various reincarnations does he find again the beauty and the pathos of the better pages in the earlier opera. "Too often the action is stopped while M. Charpentier, disguised as the chorus, gives us a lecture on Socialism or utters vague philosophical truisms and then we are bored."

Theatres for the Country

In English towns and villages strolling players perform those thrilling melodramas: "The Girl Who Took the Wrong Turning" and "The Worst Woman in London." A contributor to "The World's Work" states that the provincial audiences are sick of these melodramas and he suggests a plan for bringing the drama to the countryman.

"I would have them form little companies with repertories of good stuff, and then, with a minimum of personal belongings and properties, carried in rueck-sacks on their backs and on fore and aft carriers on their bicycles, leave London for the open country.

Arrived at a village early, they would split up and visit the squire, the parson, the farmers, the inn, and the cottagers. They would announce a performance for that evening on the green, in a courtyard, or in a barn.

"If the preparations for the show had been well made—the travellers would gather experience as their tour continued—the taking would probably be worth while. The expenses of lodging would be small. The men could do very well at times in a barn; the women might find beds in the cottages. Early the next day the party would be on the move to the next village.

"This is the merest outline. But I am certain that if little companies of decent young men and women who loved acting and the open air, and had enterprise, independence and humor, were to try my plan, it would be found to work.

"The receipts would be small, no doubt, but they would serve, and however small the return to each player, it would be better than making nothing at all in London. And there would be practice and the fresh air. Our pioneers would return to town in good health and in good spirits, with an enlarged experience, and, if they were really careful, with a few pounds in pocket.

"And the country-side would have enjoyed some excellent acting. For I do not suggest that rubbish should be brought down.

"The class of young players I have in mind would not dream of bringing down rubbish. Their dramatic fare would not be too rare and good for rural human nature's daily food, but there would certainly be some Shakespeare and modern plays with stuff in them."

The writer's dream of the male actors doing well in a barn brings to mind Hogarth's print of the strolling players.

THE MATTER OF ICE.

Mr. Filson Young, who writes daily about "The Things That Matter" for the Pall Mall Gazette, deplores his countryman's neglect of ice. The majority of English people, he says, go through a summer indifferent to the yellow ooze that is called butter, content with lukewarm salads and fruits and tepid drinking water, not disturbed by the waste of foodstuffs that do not keep. He points to the Americans, "far less civilized than we are," with ice in the poorest village. He even waxes enthusiastic over ice water and does not write the compound "iced water."

Yet many of us remember New England when ice was little used; when the well, the dear old typhoid-fever well, was the refrigerator. In many farmhouses the butter was helped with a spoon, and salted meat had the advantage over the fresh. Then came the period—known as the black walnut period—when every public building and many private houses had a "mansard" roof; when on the private sideboards and on the table in the bank directors' room stood a silver-plated, clinking and sweating ice pitcher with ornate goblets. Later came the crusade against ice water. If there is a use of ice there is also an abuse of it. Fortunately the ice companies see to it at regular intervals of time that this abuse is lessened, though they are not influenced by sanitary motives.

June 23 1913

Is it possible, after all, that Mr. Sawney Bean, as a correspondent hinted, belonged to the family of Mrs. Harris, William Tell, and others whom the world thinks of as having lived and had being? "Amicus," of Newton, accepts this "half insane brute, a desperate marauder, and a cannibal as well," refers to S. R. Crockett's "Gray ... and concludes "It is gratifying to read that this terrible creature and his followers met their deserved fate and were all executed on the sands of Leith. 'Thus was the country rid of a monstrous foul blot such as no land since the flood has ever been cursed with.'"

But read this letter.

As the World Wags:

Sawney Bean is alleged to have been a Scottish cannibal, who, probably near some English highway, had a cave whence he pounced on luckless wayfarers. Details, it seems, are in Capt. Charles Johnson's "History," etc. (which you mentioned June 14), on pages 33-37 of the 1813 reprint, and on page 161 of vol. I. of "The Terrific Register," which claims to be "compiled from the most authentic sources"; but repeated inquiries years ago in London Notes and Queries failed to bring out any information to substantiate the above citations. The story of Sawney Bean is under investigation by Mr. Walter Johnson of London, whose "Byways in British Archaeology" and "Folk-Memory" are in high repute and are in the Public Library, and who will publish, doubtless before the end of this year, a book after your own heart.

CHARLES-EDWARD AAB.

Boston, June 16.

We were disappointed at finding nothing about Mr. Bean in "Eccentric Biography; or, Sketches of Remarkable Characters Ancient and Modern" (London, 1801). He surely was a remarkable person, and the conservative, among them his victims, thought him eccentric.

Row, Brothers, Row.

When was the first boat race of amateurs? A waterwise man tells us that boat racing in England dates no further back than the beginning of the last century. "It had previously been considered suitable only for barges or professional watermen, because in the ancient world rowing was mainly done by mean citizens or slaves, and during the later Middle Ages had been the punishment reserved for the worst type of criminals." When the ill-fated Athenian expedition started for Sicily the triremes raced one with another as far as Aegina. The Romans did not care for rowing matches, although Virgil describes a regatta among the Trojans in which Gyas threw his steersman overboard, an example followed at a Henley regatta in 1868 when the Brasenose crew made its coxswain jump overboard. The crew was therefore disqualified. The word "regatta" and the racing came into England from Venice and its gondoliers. There was a Venetian regatta at Ranelagh in 1775. Various amateur rowing clubs were soon afterwards formed, among them the Star and the Arrow, which later combined and formed the famous Leander. "Rowing was gradually made fashionable at the universities by trained oarsmen from the two Thames-side public schools, Eton and Westminster." The establishment of the Henley festival in 1839 gave boat racing a firm position as a national sport.

Two Books.

The older college men, when they read about Yale and its English stroke go back in memory to 1872 and the triangular race at Springfield that first brought Capt. "Bob" Cook into notice. How Yale sent Cook to England, and the consequent results, are now matters of ancient history. In those years there was only one Capt. Cook, the oarsman, not the bold discoverer who sailed the seas in the Endeavorer of 370 tons and the Resolution of 462 tons. The latter was truly a fine fellow, and his name was long famous in legend and history, but at Yale he was merely one in the long list of adventurers and the hero of an after-dinner story. It is doubtful whether any student could have told the mariner's baptismal name. Even in the latest edition of his "Voyages," the editor's note ignores it, and in the text it is not given until the roll of the principal officers of the barque Endeavorer is printed. Before that he is called Young Cook, Cook, Mr. Cook, Lieutenant Cook, Captain Cook.

As for Mr. Robert J. Cook, he is now living in Paris, where, about 60 years of age, he reads, meditates and views life shrewdly, with occasional visits to other cities. A statue was raised not long ago in memory of Capt. James Cook. One of heroic size in honor of Capt. "Bob" Cook would ornament the Yale yard, but his historic remark to Mr. Richard H. Dana at Saratoga, if it were inscribed in bronze, might lead to unfavorable comment from apostles of peace.

A special cable dispatch spreads the important news that men in Berlin this summer will carry parasols and not wear hats. The idea is by no means new, nor are we thinking of the orientals. Coryat, visiting Italy, noted the use of umbrellas made of leather, hooped in the inside with divers little wooden hoops. They were carried especially by horsemen, who, when they rode, fastened the end of the handle upon one of their thighs. Wolfe, when he was a lieutenant-colonel, wrote from Paris in 1752 that the people used umbrellas to defend them from the sun. Under the Regency in Paris men's parasols folded into the shape of a ... and could ... carried under the arm, whereas in the 16th century they were large enough to shelter four persons. Early in the 17th century there are allusions in English comedies to the sun-umbrella, probably made then of feathers.

The Berliners, however should ponder the remarks of Fynes Moryson: "In hot regions to avoid the beames of the sunne, in some places (as in Italy) they carry umbrels, or things like a little canopy over their heads, but a learned physician told me, that the use of them was dangerous, because they gather the heate into a pyramidale point, and thence cast it down perpendicularly upon the head, except they know how to carry them for avoyding that danger."

IN ENGLISH

Mr. Hammerstein, without the fear of the Metropolitan Opera House before his eyes, gaily makes his plans and announces them. He now purposes, during the first season of the new Hammerstein Opera House, to give opera in English only once a week, but later there will be more frequent performances. Among these operas in English will be "Aida," "Salome," "Louise" and one of Wagner's music dramas. Mme. Melba, who will sing for him a few times, is reported as saying that she will not sing in English unless it is obligatory, and Mme. Eames refuses, saying, "It is the most terrible language to sing in." Perhaps Mme. Eames said this, perhaps she did not say it. It's a wise prima donna that knows what a passionate press agent puts into her mouth, and it is always easy to deny a report if it excites opposition or ridicule.

It is not necessary now to consider the question whether opera in this country should be sung in English. It is our belief that opera should be sung in the original language of the libretto, when this is possible. The composer arranges his musical periods, his phrases, his rhythms to fit the text as written. When this text is translated into another language, the music usually suffers sadly and the intention of the composer is thwarted. One of the most familiar examples of harm thus done to music is a performance of Gounod's "Faust" in the German version.

Prima donnas are not always good musicians and they may recognize the result without fully comprehending the cause. They, however, suffer in their turn. Learning the music in one language, they adapt their vocal art to it; they study the placing of tone to suit the vowel, the combination of letters, the rhetorical accent; they color tone to express and emphasize the meaning of the text. If they are obliged afterwards to sing the opera in another language, they must undo much, study afresh and, even with the utmost concentration of mind, in performance they are often ill at ease. This fact remains without regard to the euphony of one language or the harshness of another.

It may also be said that few operatic singers of American birth, however celebrated they may be in operas performed in Italian, French or German, enunciate distinctly when they are called upon to sing the simplest song in English, and when they have sung English in opera, their diction has seldom been intelligible.

SERVANTLESS HOUSEWIVES.

Mrs. J. G. Frazer, the wife of the celebrated anthropologist and folklorist, has written a book in aid of the British matron who, perplexed, vexed, discouraged, sees a servantless house as the only solution of the "servant girl problem." Mrs. Frazer does much more than recommend paper pocket handkerchiefs for children. She urges the matron to divest herself of pride and prejudice. It is not necessary to wash the dishes—Mrs. Frazer speaks of plate—in the dining room or in the sitting room. "Might not a woman's golden hair gleam as brightly and her figure appear to as great advantage when bending over a spotless sink in the kitchen as over a porcelain bowl in the sitting room?" This is the question of a rhapsodist. But there is the doorstep that must be cleaned, unless the housewife lives in a flat; and the sight of the housewife on her knees and with a scrubbing brush would excite unpleasantly jocose remarks, for neighbors and neighbors' servants would look on. There is also the front doorbell. Mrs. Frazer inveighs against the "silly ritual of the front door." It exists, she says, only in Great Britain. In other countries whoever hears the bell and is near the door answers the call. This ritual is only a survival of an earlier stage of society when the door had to be defended against robbers and murderers. But do not robbers ring today, and are there not murderers of time and peace?

One might infer from Mrs. Frazer's view of doorsteps and the visitor's bell that she has no sense of humor; yet we find under the heading of "Don'ts" and "Buts" the following advice: "Don't throw away an egg because it was cooked too much. But hold it under the cold water tap, and it will soften from sheer fright."

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Wishing to improve our mind, we read yesterday the life of Mr. Peter Bales, an extraordinary person, who was born in 1547. This master of penmanship and "one of the first inventors of short-hand writing"—yet a sort of shorthand was known to the ancients—published in 1590 "The Writing Master, in Three Parts." The first taught "swift" writing, the second "true" writing, and the third "fair" writing. We are told that this performance was held in such high estimation that no less than 18 commendatory poems, composed by learned and ingenious men of that time, were prefixed to it.

Joaquin Miller's Fist.

This Mr. Bales wrote the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, Decalogue, with two short prayers in Latin, his own name and motto, day of the month, year of our Lord and reign of England's queen, within the circle of a silver penny, "inchased in a ring and borders of gold and covered with a crystal so accurately wrought as to be very plainly legible."

Reading this, we remembered that when Joaquin Miller died, it was said of him that his handwriting had been the worst in the United States since the days of Horace Greeley; that on one occasion his reply to an invitation covered four pages, but as no one could decipher it, a note was sent back asking that if he could come, he should make a cross at the bottom of his letter; if he could not come, a circle. Miller made a sign as requested, but no one could tell whether it was a circle or a cross.

Famous Illegibility.

This handwriting was the subject of comment in England, and occasioned articles on the chirography of Englishmen living and dead. Thus Francis Thompson, the poet, wrote in pencil a careful round hand. Some think that Dickens's handwriting was not only as clear as Thackeray's but very beautiful, for it had "movement, grace, charming form in the capitals, and that indefinable thing—touch." Sheridan, the Duke of Wellington, and Baron Bramwell wrote a notoriously bad fist. The last named wrote three hands, one which he alone could read, another which his clerk could read and he couldn't, and a third which nobody could read. The writing master of Dumas the Elder accounted for the defeat at Waterloo by a scribbled note sent to Grouchy and misinterpreted, an excuse to be put by the side of Hugo's sunken road.

There was a Highland compositor in Edinburgh who was the only man that could make anything out of Prof. Blackie's scrawl, and once this compositor was obliged to exclaim: "I couldna set it, but if I had my pipes I could play her." Of all men living, Mr. R. B. Cunninghame-Graham, that strange adventurer in South America and Africa, the author of "Thirteen Stories" and "Mogreb-El-Acksa," the Mr. Graham concerning whom Mr. Bernard Shaw has written entertainingly, would win the prize, they say, for illegibility. He once wrote a letter to a newspaper, and when it appeared he was disturbed because it was far different from the "copy." He sent a letter of remonstrance. It was published with this editorial comment: "If in future Mr. Graham will sit in a chair when writing, and not on horseback, and use a pen instead of the candle snuffers, we think we may be able to do him justice." We repeat the story, but not because Mr. Graham dislikes this country and its people. He is never more amusing than when he rails against us.

As Compositors Judge.

A good many years ago we were in the habit of meeting certain compositors in a friendly and quiet beer house of the South end. The landlord, a man of few words and sound opinions, was a close friend of Mr. John L. Sullivan. There we would sit of an afternoon discussing topics of the day, but before we parted company there was always talk about newspapers and newspaper men. We learned this fact: That many compositors judged editorial writers, reporters, contributors, chiefly by the appearance of their handwriting and by its legi-

...ity for in those days the use of type-writing machines was not general in newspaper offices. We also learned that the writers whose handwriting was almost illegible were held in higher esteem than the writers of copper-plate. The [illegible] the task of the compositor, the more he thought of the writer's ability. The man that sent up ordinarily good copy was dismissed as "a nice fellow," the "industrious man"; but about him there were no composing-room stories, no legends. He was only "one of the [illegible]"

R. I. P.

We are obliged to several, among them Mme. I. M., for references to Mr. Beckett's novel and the career of Mr. Sawney Bean; but Mr. Bean has had his allotted space.

Anecdote for the Day.

A few nights ago, at one of the Shaftesbury avenue theatres, a man not unknown in society took his seat in the stalls, accompanied by a very smartly dressed lady. A moment afterwards another party entered, among whom was a lady who bowed to him. Before long a program girl came to him and handed him a program, saying the lady who had bowed had sent it to him. He was rather mystified. He opened it, and found pencilled inside the following note: "Dear Mr. X—I wonder if you would be kind enough to send my maid home again at once, as I regret to see she is wearing my very best frock."

At the Berlin Court.

What would the old Emperor William have said, had he been permitted to see the recent high-jinks at the Berlin Court? He was so thrifty that he put out the candles himself and lowered the lamps before he left any room. It appears that in the present Court, if any man, no matter what his rank may be, dances in an awkward fashion, the Emperor frowns and sends an order for him to leave the floor. Possibly the Emperor fears the disastrous result that attended the clumsy dancing of Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown at the Court of Naples in a volcano coat with lava buttons, as described by the Rev. Sydney Smith in "The Letters of Peter Plymley."

POP CONCERT IN SYMPHONY HALL

NEW WORKS HEARD HERE

SYMPHONY HALL—"Pop" concert. American composers' night.

March, "El Capitan"	Sousa
Pizzicato and Adagietto from suite in E major	Foote
Aladdin from Chinese suite: In the Palace Gardens—serenade. At the Wedding of Aladdin and the Princess.	Kelley
"In Domremy," from suite "Jeanne d'Arc"	Converse
Overture, "Euterpe"	Chadwick
Prelude to act II., "Cyrano de Bergerac"	Damrosch
Hopi Indian Snake Dance	Gilbert
To a Water Lily	MacDowell
To a Wild Rose	MacDowell
Selection, "Robin Hood"	DeKoven
Marche et Scene Orientale	Shepherd
The Rosary. b—Narcissus	Nevin
Pan Americana	Herbert
March, "Seattle's Golden Potlatch"	Hadley

Mr. Lenom, an experienced musician and a conductor of taste and ability, is to be thanked for presenting the interesting program of representative works by American composers that was given last evening at Symphony Hall under his direction. Four pieces were performed for the first time in Boston, those by Kelley, Gilgert, Damrosch and Herbert.

In his Chinese suite Mr. Stillman Kelley has shown much imagination. "In the Palace Gardens" is poetic and fanciful. The oriental atmosphere is suggested rhythmically and harmonically, but there are no clanging pagoda bells and there is the impression of exotic sensuousness. "At the Wedding" is in a lighter mood. There are imitations of Chinese instruments. The din of eastern merrymaking is vividly pictured. The piece is brilliant, sharply rhythmed, and there is the spirit of nuptial gayety.

Mr. Gilbert's snake dance shows his habitual skill in orchestration and ingenious treatment of themes. It is vivid, colorful, the rhythm is sharply defined, it rises to a barbaric and effective climax.

The prelude to "Cyrano de Bergerac" is melodious, graceful, romantic, but on the whole banal.

There were other pleasant features. Mr. Chadwick's overture aroused prolonged applause and was followed by his "Easter Morning." The pieces by Foote, Shepherd and Herbert excited pleasurable comment.

It was pleasant to hear Mr. Converse's charming "In Domremy." The piece is broadly conceived and distinguished by richness in orchestration and coloring. The rural atmosphere is at once established while there is the marked transition from the picture of the quiet little village to that of the dream-haunted girl whose restless, warlike soul burned to do deeds of valor.

OLD FAVORITE AT PLYMOUTH

"The House Next Door" Capably Performed by Miss Gordon's Company.

HIT MADE BY WYRLEY BIRCH

Other Characters Are Also Well Represented—An Enjoyable Comedy.

PLYMOUTH THEATRE—Miss Eleanor Gordon and company in "The House Next Door," a comedy by J. Hartley Manners. The cast:

Sir John Cotswold	Wyrley Birch
Margaret	Mrs. George A. Hibbard
Ulrica	Eleanor Gordon
Cecil	Douglas J. Wood
Captain, the Hon. Clive Trevor	John Meehan
Vining	George Ernst
Sir Isaac Jacobson, M. P.	Wright Kramer
Rebecca	Genevieve Dolaro
Esther	Francesca Rotoli
Adrian	Edward Langford
Maximilian	William Lorenz
Walter Lewis	Frederic Burt

A comedy of unusual crispness of dialogue and freshness of situation, "The House Next Door," merits well the cordial welcome accorded it last night upon its repetition in this city by Miss Eleanor Gordon and her company at the Plymouth Theatre. Mr. Manners had a serious purpose in mind when he wrote his lines, but has been able to avoid the fault which marks many dramatic sermons and is never preachy and never unnatural.

There is no occasion at this time to repeat the story of the play which has become pleasantly familiar to many Boston playgoers. Suffice it to recall that the plot hinges upon the race antagonism between the Jew and the Gentile in the upper social stratum of British society.

The members of the elder generation are opposed to each other by a feeling of mutual distrust and misunderstanding, but the love of the younger generation laughs at locksmiths and the ill-judged rancor of the parents and brings all to a happy ending when the son of the Gentile and the daughter of the Jew and the daughter of the Gentile and the son of the Jew take matters in their own hands.

The comedy is notably a one-character piece. To be sure the parts are well balanced, but that of Sir John Cotswold, the irate Gentile father, overshadows the rest. Wyrley Birch, who made his first appearance with Miss Gordon's players, interpreted Sir John in a manner which left little room for criticism.

He portrayed the testy selfishness of the aged aristocrat with excellent judgment and dealt in moderation with a character which easily might have been made ridiculous by exaggeration. He stormed, snapped and criticised with all the fiery inconsequence of the domestic tyrant and yet succeeded in convincing that his hatred for the Jews was something to him very real and very important. Perhaps the best touch, however, was the wrongheaded dignity with which he carried off his big scene with his arch enemy, Sir Isaac Jacobson, the Jew next door.

Wright Kramer as Sir Isaac gave an impressive and convincing interpretation. He showed the indulgent and affectionate Jewish father with a pleasing effectiveness and was a telling foil for Sir John in his quiet but none the less stubborn adherence to his different ideals.

Miss Gordon in the part of Ulrica daughter of Sir John, had no great demand made upon her talents. She was a tender and attractive heroine and was demurely sacrificing without being too sweet. Miss Francesca Rotoli gave the requisite note of youthfulness and winsomeness as Esther, daughter of Sir Isaac. The other parts were all capably handled and the performance as a whole pleased a large audience.

CASTLE SQUARE—"A Trip to Chinatown," comedy by Charles H. Hoyt, preceded by C. Haddon Chambers's one-act drama, "The Open Gate."

"A TRIP TO CHINATOWN."

Welland Strong	Donald Meek
Ben Gay	Al Roberts
Rashleigh Gay	William P. Carleton
Wilder Daly	J. Morrill Morrison
Noah Heap	Henry V. Hull
Slavin Payne	Frederic Ormonde
Mrs. Guyer	Miss Laurett Browne
Flirt	Miss Florence Shirley
Tony Gay	Miss Gladys Wilson

"THE OPEN GATE."

Uncle John	John Craig
Jessie	Miss Florence Shirley
Garth	Henry V. Hull
Aunt Hettie	Miss Mabel Colcord

There is a curious contrast between the two plays that make the bill at the Castle Square this week, for the first of the plays—C. Haddon Chambers's one-act drama, "The Open Gate"—is a delicate bit of sentiment and the Hoyt comedy a hilarious melange of frivolity. It is true that it drags in places, and so does not maintain a standard of wit, [illegible] laughter [illegible] "A Trip to Chinatown" is more than [illegible]table as a warm weather attraction.

But the case is somewhat different with Mr. Chambers's "The Open Gate," for here we have a play so simple and so truthful that it must appeal at any season. It tells us how an elderly maiden aunt, seeing her niece verging upon and making the mistake she made when a girl, so intervenes that it is averted; and the story is told so unassumingly that it seems as a page from reality. And the players who act it at the Castle Square do it impressively.

This excellence in the acting is carried into "A Trip to Chinatown." Mr. Carleton was the rash Rashleigh Gay and was required to sing encores to each of his songs. Miss Shirley, Mr. Meek, Miss Browne and the others in the cast filled the requirements of their roles.

This is the season's last week.

MEISTERSINGERS AT B. F. KEITH'S

This Annual Engagement Opens—Unannounced Item by Charles Dooin.

The Meistersingers, a summer combination of distinctly Boston male singers, who have appeared at B. F. Keith's for several weeks each season, opened their third annual engagement in connection with this week's program at Keith's. The Meistersingers represent the combined forces of the Harvard, the Schubert and the Weber quartets. They are presenting this year their new scenic spectacle "In the Wild Woods," during which no less than 10 selections are sung, with Harold S. Tripp, tenor, Jewell S. Boyd, tenor, and A. Cameron Steele, bass, as the soloists for the first week.

A pleasing "added feature" of last night's production was the singing of the solo, "As Long as the Shamrock Grows Green," by Charles Dooin vaudevillian in the winter time and during the summer manager of the Philadelphia National league club, now playing in this city. Mr. Dooin, with some of the other members of the Phillies, occupied a box at last nights' performance and in the course of the act was asked by A. Cameron Steele if he would not sing, a suggestion that met with instant favor and loud applause from the entire house, Manager Dooin finally consenting, although not rising from his seat in the box.

In addition to the Meistersingers, one of the best things on this week's bill is the dainty and novel little sketch presented by Miss Leonara Stephens, who was with Eddie Foy in "Over the River." Miss Stephens sings several songs with a change in costume for each. Each time she leaves the stage a screen falls and a moving picture of her dressing room, showing Miss Stephens making the change, is presented. Then the screen is raised and Miss Stephens appears wearing the gown that the audience has, in the moving picture, seen her put on.

A somewhat different act, but one that proved equally popular, is that of the three Mori brothers, clean-cut Japanese and expert barrel jugglers. The Moris have visited Keith's several times and are generally considered about the best of their line upon the road. "The Awakening of the Toys," presented by DeWitt, Burns and Torrence, was another number, not brand new, to be sure, but quite as acceptable, that was enthusiastically applauded.

The others upon this week's program include the Ioleen sisters, in sharpshooting upon the slack wire; Sampsel and Reilly, fashion plate entertainers on songs and dances; Daniels and Conrad, the boys with the piano and the fiddle as the program has it; Frank Rae and company in the one-act Cressey comedy entitled "Bottle 6-40-9," and Al Lee and Jimmy Hussey in "The New Chauffeur." The program concludes with the moving-talking pictures.

"GETTYSBURG" AT NATIONAL THEATRE

Vivid Motion Picture Show Cordially Appreciated.

"The Battle of Gettysburg" was shown in motion pictures at the National Theatre last night. The pictures show vividly not only scenes of actual warfare, but social and sectional conditions and prejudices prevalent in the 60's. Romance, too, has its share in the story told by the films, thus avoiding tediousness in continued military scenes.

The theatre was fairly well filled and the audience appreciative.

June 25 1913

This morning [illegible] correspondent, Mr. H[illegible] thanks all those who have written concerning the horrid life and fearful death of Mr Sawney Bean. For Bean [illegible] in the Boston Public Library, Mr. W[illegible]erspoon read Capt. Charles Johnson's "General and True History of the Lives of the Most Famous Murderers, Highwaymen, Street Robbers, etc." and found three pages of fine print relating to Sawney, also a wood cut showing him in the act of beheading a victim with "a business-like, two-handed sword." It seems that Mr. Beane (or Bean) was born eight miles from Edinburgh in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In his youth he followed the occupation of his father, who was a ditcher and hedger. He showed his depraved nature at an early age. His murderous and cannibalistic exploits were on the coast of Galway. The King of Scotland and 400 soldiers with bloodhounds put an end to the interesting family. "All died without the least sign of repentance," says Capt. Johnson, who, compiling his book, lifted with both hands from the heroic and splendid narration of Capt. Alexander Smith; "but continued cursing and venting the most dreadful imprecations to the very last gasp of life."

A London Suit.

The name Johnson reminds us of our valued contributor Mr. Herkimer Johnson, who has too long been silent. We received a letter from him yesterday. It is short and not wholly satisfactory—being of a personal and not a scientifically sociological nature:

As the World Wags:

Reading the last Sunday Herald I came across the report of Lady Constance Stewart Richardson's little speech about civilization and clothes. She said: "While it is not absolutely true that I do not believe in clothes, I do think they are a frightful mistake."

This is what I thought when I tried on for the first time my new London summer suit. I was measured for it in the room of a Boston hotel last February. The man took measurements by looking at me on all sides. He made no notes, and I said to myself: "What a memory!" O yes—he did measure a trouser leg with a tape. The suit came last Saturday in a barrel stuffed with excelsior. The barrel came by freight from Elmira, N. Y.

Fortunately it will be a dull season here. Only a few of the cottagers have come. I can wear the suit when working on my place, watering chives, burning caterpillars' tents, emptying the ash can. I had hoped to wear this suit whenever I visited Boston. The tailor's man told me they made clothes for the Prince of Wales and prominent officers of the army and navy.

I also read in a London newspaper that if you have large feet you should not wear white spats, and you should never, not even at a wedding, wear white spats with brown or tan shoes.

HERKIMER JOHNSON.

Clamport, June 23.

"Bath" or "Tub."

As the World Wags:

In your column this morning you say: 'Beware of the man that is always talking about his morning bath. Ten to one he does not take it.'

I was a-pleasuring in an English boat in southern waters. 'Twas hot [illegible] each morning I would take my bath. A certain caustic English maiden was also an early riser. The first morning we met I incidentally informed her that I had just taken my bath. She seemed not only uninterested but somewhat annoyed, or, perhaps, disturbed [illegible] remark. The next morning [illegible] I came up on deck I ran across her again. As I was clad only in the English [illegible] morning-dress, viz. slippers, pyjamas and a bathrobe, I felt uncomfortable and to hide my embarrassment I [illegible] muttered something about my morning bath. I was trying to get away quickly when I heard a caustic laugh and a voice saying. "O how funny you Americans are! You mean your tub." 'Tub' I exclaimed, "and what may be the difference between a bath and a tub?" "Difference? O I see well—if you do it once a week, it's a bath. If every morning, it's a tub."

ST. BOTOLPH.

June 20.

Futurist Hair.

It appears that green hair is now the fashion in Paris, especially among those in full sympathy with the futurist movement in art, literature and dancing. But there is nothing new in this. Baudelaire in the days when he wished to make the bourgeois sit up dyed his hair green and was much disconcerted when his friends did not express astonishment. One of them said. "If you had only dyed it purple!" The mysterious Green Man at Bath, England, many years ago wore long green hair. We remember a protest made in New York against a vaudeville performer who, singing Irish songs, sported green whiskers. The comedian was a good loyal Irishman, but that made no difference. In the eyes of some his case was as bad as that of J. M. Synge. In patriotic art there is no room for green whiskers or a "Playboy of the Western World."

Not New, but Old.

Wh[illegible]

[illegible] last month, he said, [illegible] that his new wife was the most [illegible] woman and the best cook in the world. A reporter added that she had concocted several "new dishes for the opening, chief among them "s'couse." "New dish?" "S'couse" with a "k"? Had the reporter never heard of "scouse," or "lob-scouse"? He might have been pardoned if he had sliled at Skillagalee, Lob-Dominion, Dog's-Body and other "Manavalins" or not known that "Dunderfunk" is made of hard biscuit, hashed and pounded, mixed with beef-pat, molasses, and water, and baked brown in a pan—"a cruel nice dish," as Herman Melville describes a Down Easter as saying. Soft-Tack, Soft-Tommy, Burgoo, Dough Boys also come under the list of "sea-rolls, made dishes and Mediterranean ples."

As for "Lob-Scouse," it is an old English provincial word, and in the dialect of Craven in York county it was composed of meat and potatoes chopped together, seasoned with salt and pepper and stewed in an oven or pan. The Rev. W. Carr thought it had some affinity with Miege's loblolly, hotch-potch or mangle-mangle.

FUTURIST COOKERY.

Futurist art, futurist music, futurist literature, futurist dancing, and it is not surprising to hear of futurist cookery. M. Jules Maincave, a Parisian cook, declares that it is his mission "to free the art of eating from its present degradation." "For 100 years no new dish has made its appearance on our tables where the same dozen receipts under various names make their regular appearance." In a fine burst he asks: "How is it that oil and vinegar are a classic blend, while rum, mixed with pork gravy, is considered eccentric?" Rum with pork gravy might be recommended in cases of sore throat or an obstinate cold, but sturdy New Englanders thus afflicted will surely follow tradition and take, only as a medicinal remedy, rum and molasses or rum hot and with butter.

M. Maincave looks forward to the blending of foodstuffs hitherto thought disparates, irreconcilable. He dreams of beef with kuemmel, garnished with slices of bananas, with gruyere between the layers, herrings with raspberry jelly, omelette with oysters, chicken scented with Parma violets, cutlets with white rose.

This futurist, however, is not so intrepidly original as he supposes. In Germany today there are strange mixtures of sour and sweet, and the Chinese, at least the Cantonese, enjoy dishes in order and out of order that would make an Occidental dread the future and despair of the present. In England of the seventeenth century there were strange spices and stranger sauces. Dishes were seasoned with ambergris and musk as at the court of Louis XIV. If M. Maincave would look over the entertaining volumes on cookery and the table in M. Alfred Franklin's studies of private and familiar life, he would find that in many ways he had been anticipated. Athenaeus would also teach him a lesson.

MR. WEINGARTNER'S RETURN.

Several announcements have recently been made by the management of the Boston Opera House that are of more than ordinary interest. The most important statement is that Mr. Felix Weingartner will conduct performances for half the coming season. When Mr. Weingartner left Boston last season he declared positively that he would not return; that his engagements in Europe would prevent a long sojourn in this city, and he was not willing to crowd so much work into a fortnight or three weeks as he had just done. It was thought at the time that Mr. Weingartner was disappointed because there was not a large attendance at his Sunday afternoon Symphony concerts, for in European cities when he conducts concerts the hall is usually crowded.

That he has reconsidered his determination is welcome news, not only to the opera subscribers, but to all who realize that the importance of a city depends largely on the character of the men that work therein. Mr. Weingartner is deservedly famous. He is something more than a skilful conductor and a composer of [illegible]. His published essays [illegible] to be an original and [illegible] thinker. Furthermore he has personality. The stranger seeing him pass in the street would know at once that he was a man out of the common.

The engagement of Mr Weingartner for half the season should increase the prestige of the Boston Opera House, which, with the exception of his short visits, has been without a conductor of the first rank. Mr. Conti, a man of great routine, did valuable work in organizing the orchestra. Mr. Caplet, who came to Boston without experience in the opera house, has been diligently learning his trade. A fine and sensitive musician, he has yet to show that he has the stuff of which authoritative conductors are made. Mr. Moranzoni has youth and enthusiasm. Mr. Goodrich, while he was connected with the orchestra, was solicitous for balance of choirs, proportion and euphony. But there has not been as yet any conductor whose engagement has of itself given the opera house high standing.

Nor need it be feared that Mr. Weingartner will give undue prominence to operas of the German school. He is not a Wagnerite in the evil sense of the word. His sympathies are broad; his taste is catholic. He has already shown here that he is at home in the French and Italian schools.

June 26. 1913

Though public libraries have an imposing air, and doubtless contain invaluable volumes, yet, somehow, the books that prove most agreeable, grateful and companionable, are those we pick up by chance here and there; those which seem put into our hands by Providence; those which pretend to little, but abound in much.

"Still Harping," Etc.

As the World Wags:

Apropos of long words, I see that Webster's New International Dictionary is so hospitable as to make room for the word (if it deserves to be called a word) "honorificabilitudinitatibus" which is to be found in Shakespeare's "Love's Labor Lost." How about the word "smiles," whose first and last letters are separated by a mile

I am still unable to find that article in which you "spoke of a sad case of spontaneous combustion."

INCONSTANT READER.

Boston.

We regret that we cannot now give the date on which this lamentable story was published; we have since quoted the substance of the tale and said that it was told at length in "Anti-Bacchus," which should stand on the shelf with "The Complete Barkeeper's Guide" in every gentleman's library. Meanwhile the following communication should interest "Inconstant Reader."—[Ed.

Awful Warning.

As the World Wags:

Speaking of spontaneous combustion, here are two instances which Dickens would have been glad of—from Dr. Samuel Stearns's "American Oracle" (1791):

"A woman who lived in the practice of drinking a quart or more of brandy in a day at New York, became so impregnated with that inflammable spirit that she took fire when she was alone in the night and was found the next morning almost consumed. It was supposed that the fire was communicated from a candle to her breath, and from thence conveyed to her internal parts. The room was covered with a blackish smut, but the floor on which she lay was not burnt. It was suggested that the fat that ran from her body prevented the floor from taking fire, but perhaps the tightness of the room and the separation of the watery particles from the inflammable might be the cause thereof."

"Another woman, who lived on Long Island, followed the practice of drinking rum to excess till she took fire by the flames of a candle in the presence of her friends. They soon extinguished the flame, but her insides were so much burnt that she died in a short time. This account was communicated to me by the physician who was called in when the accident happened."

What an awful warning to the bibulous lady's friends!

The above extract is found on pp. 319-320 of the "Oracle." Chancing to turn to the next leaf but one, my eye fell on words of such practical importance that I cannot forbear quoting them, although their bearing on the question in hand is only indirect: "When a black snake gets round a person, 'tis best to cut it in two. Hence the necessity of travelling with a penknife."

Lancaster. J. C. L. CLARK.

Still Another.

As the World Wags:

Zola, like Dickens, submits proof of the possibility of alcoholic combustion, and cites among cases "that of a shoemaker's wife, a drunken woman, who had fallen asleep over her footwarmer, and of whom they found only a hand and a foot. He had, until then, put little faith in these cases, being unwilling to admit, like the ancients, that a body impregnated with alcohol could disengage an unknown gas capable of taking fire spontaneously and consuming the flesh and bones."

J. D. K.

Boston.

Mr. Herkimer Johnson once informed us that he made it a point to use safety matches after attending a class dinner or a "banquet" of sociologists.—[Ed.

In the Kitchen.

How many of our readers know about a "slice," a once familiar kitchen implement in New England, or could tell one if they should see it? And were any old-fashioned kitchens in New England furnished with a "squab"?

Anecdote for the Day.

His mode of studying and writing was too singular to remain unnoticed. He sat up in bed with the blanket wrapped about him; through which a hole had been cut sufficient to receive his arm; and placing the paper on his knees, scribbled his compositions for the press, in the best manner he could.

Obscure Queries.

Can any one unriddle this riddle? The following advertisement was recently published in the Morning Post, London:

"Why were you so excited on Wattle Day evening, and why did you walk in the dark, in line and 3 paces to the right, on Westbrook front and—sorra a word? Maybe you will turn your face to the left instead of the right the next time you overtake me on the Putney path. Wondrous wooing you think, creepy 'coorting' I find! Don't be anxious, lassie, for through storm, through sunshine, on land, on sea, in the air, Drake's drum is still a-rolling, so we are in the right train you see."

Is this a cryptic letter of advice or warning to some rising young burglar, a cipher with regard to stolen jewels, or merely an amorous appeal to some doubting heart?

June 27. 1913

Torrid heat and the heavens as brase are more endurable than the advice, "How to Keep Cool," which appears in all the newspapers about the time of the sea serpent's first appearance for the season. It matters not whether the list of "Don'ts" is drawn up by a newspaper physician or some one in authority at Washington, D. C. It is true that the ancients had a corresponding list: thus the wealthy patrician was warned against bathing immediately after eating peacock; but that does not make the modern list tolerable. The objection of Dr. Alsberg to the thermometer might be more strongly put. He objects because of its dispiriting influence on the sweating millions of men. He says nothing about that fearsome bore who keeps a record of the thermometer; has kept one for 30 years and talks about it. And each one of these bores swears that his thermometer is the only correct one; that his front door stoop is the hottest spot in town and his back or side veranda the coolest.

For Mr. Witherspoon.

A few days ago "S. G. R." advised Mr. Halliday Witherspoon to consult S. R. Crockett's novel, "The Raiders," if he wished to become acquainted with Mr. Sawney Bean. That grisly apparition will not down! Now "S. G. R." intimated that Mr. Bean belonged in the Mrs. Harris class with Dutch Joe and other characters portrayed by Mr. Witherspoon. "S. G. R." evidently had in mind Crockett's "Grey Man," and, as Mr. Aab has pointed out, there is doubt concerning the existence of Mr. Bean (or Beane). It should not be forgotten, however, that Horace Walpole proved that Richard the Third never lived and Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts" concerning Napoleon is a fine example of logical treatment. Here is "S. G. R.'s" answer:

As the World Wags:

Even Homer nodded, so I will be thankful that I got the author right, though I missed on the book. Regarding Mr. Witherspoon: I would not doubt his word, only what I once believed to be chapters from real life I now believe to be at least touched up. The story of the South end lady tamer shattered my faith in the absolute truth of his tales. Nay, even his snake story I almost disbelieved until I remembered the deep knowledge of tropical drinks he had displayed in your column, so that etory I would believe even though the snake were pink. Not that I think any less of either him or his stories. The touch of the artiet only adds to the attraction, and more power to hie pen, say I.

S. G. R.

If "S. G. R." should talk with Mr. Witherspoon only for 10 minutes and look into his calm blue eyes, he would henceforth have a childlike faith in him and the etories of his adventurous life. Aeneas, about to tell his tale to Dido, and narrate unhappy, strange events, said: "Quorum pars magna fui," for although a Trojan he had mastered the language of the Augustan age. Mr. Witherspoon might say without boasting that he was the whole thing, or exclaim with Walt Whitman, describing the wreck of the steamship: "I am the man, I suffered, I was there."

One of the Octavos.

In the journal of the brave Antarctic Scott, now publishing, there is a thrilling account of the vicious whale known as the killer. The account is thrilling in its simplicity, not through labored rhetoric. But what is this killer whale? Herman Melville, who had summered and wintered with all sorts of whales and been through them with a dark lantern, classed the killer as an octavo with the grampus, blackfish, narwhal and thrasher—for the fantastical Melville, in his study of cetology, divides whales into three primary books, folios octavos and duodecimos. Concerning the killer he had little to say, for little was known to any Nantucketer, and in Melville's day, at least, nothing to the professed naturalist. "From what I have seen of him at a distance," wrote Melville, "I should say that he was about the bigness of a grampus. He is very savage—a sort of Feejee fish. He sometimes takes the great folio whales by the lip, and hangs there like a leech, till the mighty brute is worried to death. The killer is never hunted. I never heard what sort of oil he has. Exceptions might be taken to the name bestowed upon this whale, on the ground of its indistinctness. For we are all killers, on land and on sea; Bonapartes and sharks included."

Royal Meetings.

When one monarch meets another at a railway station or steamboat landing, or when the President of the French meets a royal ruler, and there is embracing, kissing on the cheek, to the music of national airs, the amiable looker-on at the world's pageant, as a boy balanced on a fence sees the circus procession going through the village, thinks of the old nursery rhyme:

One misty moisty morning
When cloudy was the weather,
I met an old man
All dressed up in leather.
He began to compliment,
And I began to grin.
"How do you do," and "How do you do."
And "How do you do," again.

The people, heavily or lightly taxed, like these diversions as they enjoy a menagerie. Victor Hugo remarked on this early in his "L'Homme Qui Rit."

The quotation above may not be literal, for there is no "Mother Goose" at hand, only the singular book by John Bellenden Ker, Esq., in which he endeavors to prove that old English nursery rhymes came from the Dutch and had an esoterically political or economic meaning. Thus

Hiel diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,

should read:

Hyet died t'el, diet t'el,
De gult end de vied t'el—

meaning: "You that work hard for your bread do contrive among yourselves to shame the common thief and mischiefmaker." Mr. Ker says this is the meaning, and we are "shy on" Dutch. One of the delights of our childhood was "Mother Goose in Hieroglyphics." The covers were red, like the engine house in the story. Was the book ever reprinted?

Anecdote for the Day.

Mr. Joseph Clark, though a well made man and rather gross than thin, exhibited, in a most natural manner, almost every species of deformity and dislocation. He frequently diverted himself with the tailors by sending for one of them to take measure of him and would so contrive it as to have a most immoderate rising in one of his shoulders; when the cloths were brought home and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder; upon which the taylor asked pardon for the mistake, and altered the garments as expeditiously as possible. But upon a third trial he found him perfectly free from blemish about the shoulders, though an unfortunate lump appeared upon his back.

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Some time ago two or three correspondents asked for the words of "Roll on, Silver Moon." Two verses of the sentimental song were published here. We are indebted to Mr. L. P. Goulland of Braintree, formerly well known as a publisher of music in Boston, for the full text, which will be published tomorrow in The Sunday Herald. Mr. Benjamin Chadwick of Marblehead writes that he has the words and music of this song in a glee book published by I. B. Woodbury in 1856. He says that the melody to which Jane's lament over poor Edwin is associated is a fine one.

We acknowledge gratefully the receipt of "Harrigan and Hart's Blue and Grey Songster," published by A. J. Fisher, New York, in 1875. There will be comments on the songs in The Sunday Herald of tomorrow.

Varia.

As the World Wags:

Can any one tell me who it was that said if he might be allowed to write the songs of a nation, he did not care who made the laws? I have made inquiry and have not been able to find out. I am wondering what kind of citizens, patriots, fathers and mothers, such songs as "The Divil's Ball," "My Harem," "Billie Bounce," etc., ad lib., ad nauseam, will produce.

Reading of the polite conductor the other day, reminded me of the really polite conductor on the Longwood horse cars about 25 years ago. I think he was afterward transferred to the Back Bay cars. He wore side whiskers and always had an immaculate collar and freshly shaven chin and clean hands and seemed to consider the passengers his guests. When ready to collect the fares he would say in a sprightly, conversational tone: "Now I will take up the fares."

The subject of masculine lingerie was discussed some time ago. I looked in vain to see if an article which sometimes obtained in the South about 40 years ago was mentioned. It was an additional linen bosom. I have seen them in store windows, even made of celluloid. An old colored laundress called them "hypocrites." But, after all, didn't they indicate that the wearer was mak-

[illegible] a last stand [illegible] respectability:
LITTLE RELEVANCY.

Boston, June 23.

Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun heard a [illegible] say that if he were allowed to [make] the ballads of a nation he cared [not] who made the laws. (We quote the [substance] and not verbatim.) When Fletcher wrote, the word "ballad" was often applied to satirical and political verses, and the question has been raised whether Fletcher's man did not have these versified satires in mind.—[Ed.

Whales Again.

We quoted Herman Melville yesterday as saying that little about the killer whale was known to the Nantucketer. According to Crevecoeur's "Letters from an American Farmer" (London, 1782), the killer was well known to whalemen of Martha's Vineyard and dreaded by them as terrible and irresistible; "sometimes called the thrasher, a species of whales about 30 feet long." He added. "They are possessed of such a degree of agility and fierceness, as often to attack the largest spermaceti whales, and not seldom to rob the fishermen of their prey, nor is there any means of defence against so potent an adversary." Melville classed the thrasher as an "octavo," but of another species. "This gentleman," says Melville, "is famous for his tail, which he uses for a ferule in thrashing his foes. He mounts the folio whale's back, and as he swims, he works his passage by flogging him; as some schoolmasters get along in the world by a similar process. Still less is known of the Thrasher than of the Killer. Both are outlaws, even in the lawless seas." Crevecoeur admitted that the only whale with which he was well acquainted was the river St. Lawrence whale, 75 feet long, 16 deep, commonly weighing [illegible] pounds, and producing [illegible] barrels of oil.

Herman Melville is now too little read. Mr. Bullen read him faithfully before he wrote his whale story and profited greatly without due acknowledgment. When there is talk of short stories by American authors the names of Poe, Hawthorne and Fitz James O'Brien are mentioned as a matter of course. Melville's "Bell Tower," "Bartleby" and "The Town-Ho's Story" are worthy of being classed with the best tales of the three mentioned, and what might not be said in praise of short stories by H. C. Bunner? Fitz Hugh Ludlow is undeservedly forgotten. We are not unmindful of excellent short stories written within the last dozen years.

By the way how many Nantucketers of 191[3] can tell the meaning of "Town-Ho"?

A Long Word.

As the World Wags:

For the second time I have seen the name "Llanfairpwllgwyngllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogogoch"—and have heard a Welsh friend pronounce it. It seems impossible, but he said it was easy and pronounced as spelled, and he pronounced it again, but before he was through I had gone. Later he told me that in English this word means: "The little red house on the hill in the parish of Llandisilio." This is as I remember it, although I fancy the word also includes a description of "the little red house," which has escaped my memory.

South Poland, Me. A. E. HAWKINS.

Consistent.

As the World Wags:

I am always interested in seeing how far people will carry convention, and only today, going to lunch at a cafe where there is an open bar, I saw a young man dressed in black, with mourning weed on his hat, confining himself to porter as a beverage. At the end of a half-hour I rose to go and he was still there, left foot on brass rail, sticking to his principle. N. H. A.

Worcester.

This reminds one of the "dinner in black," described by Huysmans in "A Rebours."—[Ed.

Anecdote for the Day.

A budding author, who was making excursions into humor, sent a paragraph to the editor of a daily paper. Not finding it printed within a reasonable time or hearing from the editorial department, he wrote about its welfare: "I sent you a joke about 10 days ago. I have heard nothing respecting its safe receipt, and should be glad to hear whether you have seen it." The editor's reply was as follows: "Your joke arrived safely, but up to the present we have not seen it."

June 29, 1913

SOME one has sent to us a copy of "Harrigan and Hart's Blue and Grey Songster," published by A. J. Fisher, New York, in 1875; at least the date of copyright is that year. Mr. Fisher published other interesting books, among them "Charlotte Temple," which was thus announced:

"To those who have never perused the sad story of Charlotte Temple, joyed with her in her early pleasures, sympathized and wept with her in her sorrows, and glowed with indignation at the wrongs which she suffered from base, calculating villains, an opportunity is afforded of reading one of the most absorbing works ever written, proving 'truth stranger than fiction.'" Mr. Fisher also published "The Taxidermist's Guide" and "The Apprentice; or First Book for Mechanics, Machinists, and Engineers"; also "Love-Making Secrets, or The Art of Being Popular [illegible] of the fair sex [illegible] the [illegible] Practical Directions are Given to Woo and Win the most Beautiful, the most Reserved, the most Romantic, the most Sentimental, the most Religious, the most Bashful, the most Poetic, the most Perverse, the most Educated, and the most Refined Girl that ever had two eyes to bewilder and confuse an unfortunate man. No maiden's heart can be so obdurate or perverse as to resist the attentions bestowed upon it, if performed in the manner here indicated." And there is this invitation:

> Come thou lover, on whose eyes
> Dreams of absent beauty rise
> In my little page thou'lt find
> Balmy medicine for the mind.

Another of Mr Fisher's invaluable publications—we hope they are not out of print—was "Bashfulness Cured: Ease and Elegance of Manner Gained," with a chapter entitled: "How to train, brighten and sharpen the intellect." The romance, "Lucy Temple: the Daughter of Charlotte Temple," was also strongly recommended: "It depicts sorrows that refuse the balm of sympathy, and consolations which those around us 'can neither give nor take away.'"

"Singing Made Easy" explained "The pure Italian method" and there was a chapter on the care of the teeth.

"The Little Flirt," in cloth and containing "The Secrets of Handkerchief, Glove, Fan and Parasol Flirtations," was, we are informed, "Superior to the Deaf and Dumb Alphabet, as the notice of Bystanders is not attracted." Mr Fisher did not object to adverse criticism, for he published a condemnatory review from the New York Evening Mail: "We cannot say that we recommend it to our young lady and gentlemen readers, as we think it would only encourage the bad habit of flirting. Unfortunately there is enough of it done without any further necessity of explaining 'how, when and where to do it.'" A companion treatise, "Lovers' Telegraph," gave full directions for "table telegraphing adapted to those articles always at hand, such as knives, forks, napkins, etc., and so arranged as to completely elude detection on the part of gossips, scandal mongers, etc." This possibly accounted for the occasional use of a knife for a fork, as indicative of despair.

But let us go back to the "Harrigan and Hart Songster."

"The Harrigan and Hart Songster"

This "songster" with the exception of "The Little Old Duddeen" (sic) does not contain the songs that made Harrigan famous. "Muldoon, the Solid Man," "Malone at the Back of the Bar" and "Muldoon's Brother Pat," though sung by Harrigan, are more closely associated with Pat Roony. Nor does it include the song in which Harrigan and Hart in the early seventies were inimitable "Little Fraud." There are no songs from the Mulligan Series, but there are little ditties from earlier sketches, "In the Clothes Line," "Terrible Example," the "Mud Brigade" from "Down Broadway, or the Miniature 69th," "Who Owns the Line," "Raffle for a Clock," "Tim the Tinker."

The version of "Hildebrandt Montrose" differs materially from that published in sheet music form and as sung by Cool Burgess. Mr. Montrose's Christian name, is here spelled "Hilderbrand." "He parts his hair in the centre" is a poor exchange for "He parts his hair with extreme care." This verse was not sung by Mr. Burgess when we had the great pleasure of seeing him.

> His necktie is golden scarlet,
> This most exquisite fellow,
> He looks like a Christmas present
> Under his silk umbrello:
> His boots are patent leather,
> He never pays his bills—
> He always drinks plain soda
> And eats up toothpick quills.

This first line is ill suited to the music.

Many of the songs of this book are deservedly forgotten; they are silly, wholly without point or humor; and this cannot be said of Harrigan's verses beginning in the Mulligan series. Yet the historian and the sociologist may find material in the collection. They may smile at the halting lines, but it took courage in the seventies to sing in public "The Blue and the Gray;" especially this verse with chorus:

> Oh, noble men have fallen
> On each and ev'ry side,
> We uncover to their mem'ry,
> Graves canot glory hide.
> We only have one country,
> The people firmly say,
> Our flag the glorious stars and stripes,
> To guide us on our way.
>
> Chorus:
> Hurrah! for our gallant soldier boys,
> Let's shout a wild hurrah!
> Hurrah! for our gallant sailor boys,
> Each gallant, bold Jack Tar.
> Should a foreign foe insult us,
> Right eager for the fray,
> It's hand o (sic) hand with Dixie's band,
> We'd march in Blue and Gray.

There is passionate love of Ireland. Does any one remember "No Irish Wanted Here?" The Irish laborer asking for work is told "No Irish wanted here." He answers:

> Whin your country was in danger,
> A few short years ago,
> Ye was not so particular
> About who would fight the foe.
> Whin men were needed for the ranks,
> To preserve her rights so dear,
> Among the bravest of the brave,
> It was, Irish wanted here.
>
> Chorus:
> Ye might think it a misfortune,
> To be christened Pat or Dan,
> To me it is a blessing to be called Irish man.
> I may live to see the day—
> 'Twill come, oh never fear—
> When ignorance gives way to sense,
> An' ye'll wel[come] Irish here!

[illegible] "Only a Vagrant" [illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible] with [illegible]

> The [illegible]
> I [illegible] is to be [illegible]
> M[y] [illegible] I [illegible] conceal,
> I belong to the [illegible] genteel.

"The Bummer" and "The Beggars" are to be classed with "Only a Vagrant." "The Mud Brigade" tells of the street cleaners in New York. The chorus goes:

> A dollar a day we carry away
> To buy our clothes and our grub;
> From Union square to the Battery, there
> We sweep away the mud.
> Dutch, Italians and other rapscallions,
> March in the Mud Brigade.

And this verse is the best of the three:

> When ye've plenty of influence,
> Ye need not work at all;
> Ye'll git y're pay, then walk away
> Down by the bigger City Hall.
> Begin at seven, knock off at 'leven
> Un with your broom in August or June,
> And march in the Mud Brigade

One song, "Longshoreman's Strike; or, "The Poor Man's Family," breathes the spirit of the revolt. The chorus goes:

> Give us fair pay for every day,
> Is what we ask of ye;
> Our cause is right,
> We are out on a strike,
> For a poor man's family.

Two of the verses are of the old and ever new conflict:

> Oh, the rich ones gilded carriages
> And horses swift and strong
> When a poor man asks for a bite to eat
> They tell him he is wrong;
> Go take your shovel in your hand,
> Go out and work for me;
> Die or live they have nothing to give
> To a poor man's family.
>
> They bring over their Italians
> And Chinamen from the South,
> Thinking they can do our work,
> Take the bread from out our mouths;
> The white man's children they must starve,
> Shure we will not agree
> To be put down like a worm in the ground,
> And starve our family.

Edward Harrigan, actor and playwright, was a man of talent that almost came to genius. Dave Braham, who wrote the music for the greater number of Harrigan's songs, was a born melodist, whose gift may well be envied by more trained musicians. The little comedies of New York life were among the most original contributions to the American stage, but they portrayed a life that no longer exists in New York and they passed with it. The best of the Harrigan-Braham songs were collected and published in a well-printed volume a few years ago. Let no one judge of their merit by the ditties published by Mr. Fisher in the Seventies.

An Old Sentimental Song

Several readers of The Herald have asked for the words of the old and pathetic song: "Roll on, Silver Moon." Mr. L. P. Goullaud of Braintree, formerly well known in Boston as a publisher of music, has kindly sent the [t]ext:

ROLL ON, SILVER MOON

> As I strayed from my cot at the close of the day
> About the beginning of June,
> 'Neath a jessamine shade, I espied a fair maid,
> And she sadly complained to the moon.
> Roll on, silver moon, guide the traveller's way,
> When the nightingale's song is in tune.
> But never, never more with my lover I'll stray,
> By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.
> Roll on, silver moon, guide the, etc.
>
> As the hart on the mountain my love was brave,
> So handsome, so manly, and clever,
> So kind and sincere and he loved me so dear,
> Oh, Edwin, thy equal was never.
> But now he is dead, and gone to death's bed,
> He's cut down like a rose in full bloom:
> He's fallen asleep, and poor Jane's left to weep,
> By the sweet silver light of the moon.
> Roll on, silver moon, guide the, etc.
>
> But his grave I'll seek out until morning appears,
> And weep for my lover so brave,
> I'll embrace the cold turf, and wash with my tears
> The flowers that bloom o'er his grave.
> But never again shall my bosom know joy,
> With my Edwin I hope to be soon.
> Lovers shall weep o'er the grave where we sleep,
> By thy sweet silver light, bonny moon.
> Roll on silver moon, guide the, etc.

The Stage in London

They did not judge Mr. Knoblauch's "Faun" very seriously in London. The Times said that the Faun, played by Mr. Martin Harvey, might be taken for "a rather boisterous university extension lecturer, interrupting his arguments with occasional whoops and hops to remind the world (and himself) that he is after all a faun." While the Daily Chronicle enjoyed Mr Harvey's "guffaws, gallopings, sniffings," as part of "a vibrant character of personified physical health," it objected to "an unfortunate deal of vulgar and shallow sensualism" in the play that shocks "dicreet susceptibilities." The Pall Mall Gazette found the play wearing, platitudinous, pretentious and cheap. Its vulgarities are in better place in Hyde Park than on the stage of the Prince of Wales Theatre. The Faun has a very loud laugh. "The laugh, we were assured, was an expression of the joy of life. Somehow it reminded us of Goldsmith's allusion to "the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind. The play certainly had an incomparably warmer reception than Hauptmann's glorious play 'The Sunken Bell,' in which the mythical figures were so beautifully composed by the author and embodied by the actors here in London six years ago. Which [illegible] are a further p[r]o[b]le[m]'

[illegible] it has been u[sed] [illegible] in Hamlet will [illegible] [pub]lished."

"The Cage," by Ronald J[eans], associated with the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, was produced in London June 10. It is called "a comedy of ideas." The cage is business. In the first act young Max Barger is unwilling to be tied down to his father's business. He hardly knows what he does want to do, something useful, something that does not make money. His father poohpoohs, his step mother sourly reminds him that he is fussy about clothes and food and they cost money. The father falls sick and is obliged to go abroad so the son succeeds him. After two years the father returns, absorbed in golf and caring nothing about business. It is Max that is now in the cage but happy until Irene Martin makes him discontented and lures him from it. She is described as "prepossessing and chatty." "Her object in life seemed to be the withdrawal of Max from 'business' to some higher life, so vaguely suggested that we were quite unable to guess at its nature, until, at the end of the play, she magnetically compelled the young man to cry 'Darling!' and rush into her arms, to her manifest gratification so that 'the higher life' was possibly of a domestic character, with herself as its partner." It is said of the author that he can write interesting dialogue and compose a highly effective scene.

Boston saw Lady Gregory's adaptation of scenes from Moliere's "L'Avare" before London, for it was not played in the latter city until June 12. The Daily Chronicle said: "For all serious purposes one would find Moliere more tenderly treated at many a school speech day. For Lady Gregory has translated him into the frankest Irish talk that was ever let slip from Irish mouths, and the Irish company never spent two thoughts upon any other time nor place than their own. They stand around in their Louis Quatorze clothes like Dingory and the serving men, and can make no more secret of the brogue than old Harpagon could of his money bags. Yet what a language it is, even if all question of the play goes to the wind. and the old miser, whom Goethe thought one of the most tragic figures in all drama, turns out, in Mr Arthur Sinclair's person, to be just a 'queer' old fellow to set folk laughing! What natural life it put into that flowing wit of Moliere's! Perhaps it means more than we think to these Irish players, that their own everyday Irish speech is good and musical enough for literature, while ours—but the thought is too terrible!"

Mr. Douglas's New Play

The "Duchess's Necklace," a play in four acts, by James A. Douglas, produced at the Aldwych Theatre, London, seems to have been an infliction on the audience. The young and beautiful Duchess of He[illegible]a had a Berkshire mansion and in one room was a safe in which she kept her costly necklace of black pearls. There was also a dressing table. At the back was a table for sherry, bitters and glasses so that her dinner guests might take a whet before going to the dining room. "And when the doctors and colonels and things invited to her grace's entertainments arrived at Maredale Court, they always made their way to the door of this useful apartment, tapped thereat, opened it, popped in their heads, and remarked 'May I come in?' All of which was found very fascinating as a picture of high life in Berkshire tempore George V." Her grace and her guests had gone into dinner when Mr Charles Harvey entered by a window, went to the safe, and with some sort of an electric candle, made a hole through which he brought the necklace. Mr Harvey was a burglar, who enjoyed a handsome wife and a handsome house in Mayfair. He took on this joyful occasion a glass of sherry and disappeared. Later he sold the necklace for £40,000 and invested the sum on the stock exchange, so that it grew to £250,000. Conscience pricked him and he resolved to make restitution. He confided his purpose to his wife, when she had on her best dress. She remarked: "You must be mad!" Mr. Harvey invited the duchess to call on him. Having no beastly pride, she called and he confessed and handed to her £125,000 in Bank of England notes. Out jumped a detective with handcuffs. But the duchess holding the notes neatly folded in an envelope said: "No! I'll not prosecute." The detective and the duchess withdrew and the curtain fell.

Chiefly About Music

The London critics laugh at the hifalutin indulged in by certain western writers whose rhapsodies find their way across the Atlantic, but the vocabulary of praise used in describing a recent piano recital by Eugene d'Albert may well excite the envy of any American critic who wishes to soar. Speaking of d'Albert as an interpreter of Beethoven a London critic declares that no other living pianist can so adequately disclose "the volcanic fire and s[illegible] grandeur of [illegible] that pe[illegible] the n[illegible] master [illegible] It is Mr d'Albert alone, wh[illegible] has [illegible] amplitude of [illegible]

[illegible] one [illegible] to [illegible] . . . The more [illegible] of bad phrases, such as 'passion,' 'strength,' and so on, are in this case hopelessly inadequate. If words are to be employed for the task they must be combined with the skill of a poet if they are to arouse commensurate impressions on the reader."

Miss Ina Hill, a few weeks ago singing in grand opera with the Carl Rosa company, is now on the variety stage. This led "Digamma" to write: "What a magnet 'the Halls' are becoming! Her voice is as beautiful as it is powerful, and she sings like a well trained artiste. And it is satisfactory to be able to add that on the day I heard her she was more heartily applauded than any other contributor to the program, clever and popular as many of them were; which is only another proof that the variety-going public want the best, and when they get it will applaud with the best. There is no bigger mistake than that of underestimating the artistic appreciativeness of these vast audiences."

And "Digamma" was especially pleased by one feature of the review "J. Adore C'a!" "How our grandfathers—some of them—would have admired the display of shapeliness in tights. Tights have gone out of fashion on the English stage, except at Christmas. We used to see them, in Gaiety burlesque, all the year round. Nellie Farren never looked quite herself in anything else; and who that saw her has forgotten the splendid vision of Miss Violet Cameron as the boy-hero of Von Suppe's 'Boccaccio,' at the Comedy Theatre in the early eighties?"

This reminds us that Weedon Grossmith made his debut on the variety stage early this month at the Coliseum, London, in a little comedy, "How It's Done," which was condemned by some because the hero is an unattractive rogue, not picturesque, not valorous, with none of the endearing qualities of the traditional highwayman.

Miss Kitty Cheatham in London said that she was once asked whether the Tango was an expression of the negro dance. "What are you talking about?" I replied. It is just like the question that a Russian asked me on the Riviera. He said: "Do you dance the Cake Walk?" "There is no such thing as dancing the Cake Walk," I told him. "The Cake Walk was simply the name that was given to the performance of the most stylish darky couple, who walked most elegantly in the barn on Saturday nights. When they got the prize cake the woman would balance it on her head, looking like an Egyptian woman carrying her water jar. What you are doing here," I added, "is nothing more or less than a Parisian can-can."

We hear from Vienna of the success of Mme. Louise Bailey-Apfelbeck, an American "now recognized as one of Austria's foremost pianists." "With one exception, she is the only wife of an Austrian army officer who is allowed to follow a public career; and she does so by special permission of the Emperor. She plays with brilliant technique and great fire and temperament; and she hopes next season, after a tour in the United States and Canada, to visit London." Her program included two unfamiliar pieces, "a nobly conceived" adago from Camillo Horn's sonata in F minor, and a new and "exceedingly original work by Ernest Verdayne called 'Wildes Wasser.'"

Hearing again "Louise," the critic of the Pall Mall Gazette made bold to say: "Certainly the Charpentier philosophy, as voiced by his characters, has little to recommend it. One is so accustomed, nowaday, to regard the sex problem as an economic rather than a moral question, that one is bored with the puerilities of Julien and the rant of the poor old father. This does not affect the action, of course, as in the case of Louise the balance of proclivities is so obviously on the wrong side that considerations of losing her marketable value, while for Julien it can only be another love conquest to heighten his self-esteem, would in no case have had any weight." This writer admired Mme. Edvina both as Louise and as Floria Tosca. But why does he insist on calling Puccini's opera "La Tosca?" Probably for the same reason that the programs of the Boston Opera House insist on "I Pagliacci" instead of "Pagliacci," which is the title of Leoncavallo's opera.

M. Mauguiere has been singing in a little French operetta in London. Is he the "Mr. Maguire" who was with the Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau Co.? His Christian name was Georges, was it not? Mme. Renee Chemet, a violinist, who appeared the same evening and was praised, once visited Boston with Mme. Calvet, if we are not mistaken.

In London they call Mlle. Polaire "The Bernhardt of Variety."

The Finnish choir, "Sumen Laulu," made its first appearance in England, June 13, at the Queen's Hall, London. "It is unfortunately hardly going too far to say that for unaccompanied singing, we have no choir in London who can seriously compete with them."

Debussy's "Printemps" was performed in London for the first time June 13, and Miss Florence Macbeth, coloratura soprano, made her first appearance in that city. Much had been said about her in advance, although the Signale's correspondents in Germany had not been enthusiastic. The tone of the Pall Mall Gazette was one of moderate rapture. The reviewer found that while her singing was of a finished and accomplished order, the dynamic force of the lower register was weak. "More clearness of diction would be desirable, and more [illegible] personality, too, [illegible] Miss Macbeth strikes one as being rather cold and uncommunicating."

Miss Elena Gerhardt and Paul Reimers sang in duets in London, and it was agreed the voices did not balance, while in solos Miss Gerhardt was "in one of her dragging moods," so that the rhythm was often lost.

They predict great possibilities in the future of Miss May Talbot, a 17-year-old soprano, who made her first appearance in London on June 8 at the Palladium. She was a typist at a West End postoffice when she joined a choir of girl workers formed by Mme. Amy Sherwin, and it was soon discovered that her voice and talent were out of the common.

The London Times said of Mr. De Pachmann: "One feels that some time, long ago, M. de Pachmann discovered the whole truth about Chopin, and that ever since he has only had to sit and play without any conscious effort, either mental or physical, in order to express the whole truth to his hearers. When he begins to think about the music or his playing, to lecture upon Chopin's harmonic progressions or hold forth upon the muscular development of his own hands and arms, distortions are apt to come in; but he can think and talk about other subjects without disturbing the music."

The same critic, speaking of Mme. Edvina in "Tosca" (June 9), says that she is not dramatic. "Her gestures here (in the second act) were graceful and were well timed with the music, but they always looked like gestures acquired to fit the situation instead of seeming the inevitable expression of the emotion of the moment." As for Mr. McCormack as Alfredo, he was by turns "the impassioned and indignant lover with the same vocal methods and the same gestures to suit all occasions."

Mr. Andre Caplet conducted "Pelleas et Melesande" at Covent Garden June 12. The Times said that the orchestra played very beautifully and the interludes had remarkable eloquence in his treatment of them. On the other hand the Daily Chronicle said Mr. Caplet conducted with "some skill" and "the orchestral playing was very good on the whole, although a little more finish occasionally would have been desirable."

Dr. Alfred Schneric, one of the head librarians of the University Library in Vienna, has prepared an edition of the original manuscript of Mozart's Requiem, which is in the Imperial Library of Vienna. The price of the work, which will be a true rendering, will be 48 crowns, and not more than 500 copies will be published by the Gesellschaft fuer graphische Industrie, Vienna, to which subscriptions may be sent.

Mrs. Harry Thaw at the conclusion of her wild dance at the Hippodrome, London, told a reporter of the Daily Chronicle: "I am here not as Mrs. Harry Thaw—not as a freak, to be stared at because of my connection with a tragedy—but as a light-stage artist, which has been my profession." She was in amber and beetle green and her dark brown hair was streaming down her back. Her dance with Mr. Jack Clifford was described by the Pall Mall Gazette as "a thing of infinite flights and entanglements, strange discomposures, and fierce flingings and whirlings in the air. There is little or no grace in it, save at odd and seemingly unintentioned moments; and such soul as there is in it is of a fiery kind. In short, it is a transient expression of the anarchy and chaos of art which these days that pass are beholding, and beyond the fact that they were applauding a beautiful woman in something strange and exotic the audience probably thought very little about it and proceeded to the enjoyment of the next feature in the Revue in a spirit of the utmost lightheartedness."

The Play "Perfumed Death"

The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette had this to say on June 14 about d'Annunzio's new play:

"Opinions vary more than customary over the work of D'Annunzio. Some regard him as an inspired poet, others as a writer without real talent, but with an immense gift for publicity. In the same way critics are at variance in estimating 'La Pisanelle; ou, La Mort Parfumee.' In some quarters it is hailed as a masterpiece; others refuse to bow the knee to the Italian dramatist, and say, frankly, 'We do not understand.'

"There is some excuse for not understanding. The blank verse of the play is written in 13th-century French, for, whatever are his powers of creation, D'Annunzio possesses an erudition and a knowledge of the language which is equalled by few academicians. The archaic phrase is sufficient to try the attention of the audience; nor is this the only impediment to comprehension. Following the plan of the Greek Theatre, as revived by Gordon Craig, the actors speak their lines at the back of the stage, only occupying the proscenium when they have a 'speech' of capital importance to deliver.

"Again, the system of declamation adopted at the Chatelet is disconcerting. At one moment the player raises his voice to a high pitch; at another, he murmurs. In both cases he remains inarticulate. Added to this, the leading actress, Mlle. Ida Rubenstein—however talented, and she has great talent; and however beautiful, and she is singularly attractive—has a diction which retains its Russian accent. The result of distance and eccentric enunciation is often [illegible] of [illegible]. At the end of the performance some critics confessed that they had not heard a word, and would have [illegible] at a loss to understand the play had it not been for the advance notices.

"Yet a certain scruple ties the hands of some judges of the drama. Those who were fortunate to receive invitations for the dress rehearsal, which passes now for the first night in Paris, found the two names of author and principal interpreter coupled on the card. It gave to the performance a personal air; as if the two were receiving friends on some common ground. This consideration has had its effect upon the printed word.

"Criticism apart, the production is remarkable as a spectacle and as a feast for the eye. It is doubtful if there has been a richer display of scenic art on the Paris stage. Bakst, the magician of costume, surpasses himself; the mise en scene of M. Wsewolode Meyerholde is quite remarkable.

"We have told already the story in these columns. It is sufficient to recall its main lines. The action passes in Cyprus in the thirteenth century. The arrival of the beautiful courtesan, La Pisanelle, causes commotion in the island. The uncle of the king and the king himself fall in love with her. Both regard her as in some sort supernatural—the one as Venus reincarnated; the other as the expected liberator of the island, who will save it from the plague of locusts. The nephew kills his uncle.

"'C'est trop.' The Queen-mother resolves to rid the island of this new plague. She invites La Pisanelle to drink. When the cup has travelled often to her lips, she is in a fit state to dance. She dies dancing, smothered by roses. The roses surround her, dance rather ridiculously before her in a ring, approach closer and closer and crush her. Under their stifling embrace she dies. Had she resisted this 'perfumed death,' two tigers held in leash were ready to devour her. A pleasant barbaric notion.

"M. Ildebrando da Parma's incidental music is as beautiful as his name. A composer with any other name might write as sweetly—but he could hardly have the same success. M. Bakst's scenery was beautifully barbarous. As the King's uncle, M. de Max achieves a great success, as great (but in a different sense) as his marvellous reading in 'Typhoon'; Mlle. Ida Rubenstein has a presence and personality and an exotic savour that lend interest to any role; but it is rather as artist than as actress that she should be praised."

The Stage in Paris

"Marthe et Marie," by Edouard Dujardin, has been produced at the Theatre de l'Oeuvre, but the scene is in Florence, not Judea. The two women are sisters and orphans. Felicien's mother, who took care of the girls, wished him to marry Marthe, but he rebels against her dying wish. He marries Marie and their life is not happy. They quarrel, living in the palace of a ruined nobleman. The wife's lover tries to kill Felicien, who now has a mistress, and Marie saves him. The knife enters her breast. The two then go back to their native village, which Felicien had left to make a fortune as a banker and speculator. A fire consumes the city graneries and he is the only one that has wheat in ships homeward bound. In the village the truth cannot be concealed: Marthe is the woman that Felicien should have married. Marie dies of her own accord, tearing the bandages from her wound, so that Marthe may make Felicien happy. "Though naive and primitive at times, the play has the advantage of clarity."

M. Antoine has had the courage to revive at the Odeon, "Moise," by Chateaubriand, now chiefly known to Americans by the steak that bears his name. The tragedy is in five acts and in verse. Sainte-Beuve described it years ago as "boring, very boring." The story is a simple one. Moses goes to Mt. Sinai on a mission, and the rumor is spread that he is dead. Nadab, a son of Aaron, is chosen chief. Now Nadab is in love with Arzane, Queen of the Amalekites, in bondage to the Hebrews. She worships Baal and Moloch, and, hating the Jews, feigns love for Nadab, to revenge herself. The Hebrews are led to adore Astarte, but Moses returns, and finally defeats Arzane, who is stoned. Nadab is struck by lightning.

Made in Germany

"Die drei Schwestern Randolf," a play in five acts adapted by Ernest Ritterfeldt from a novel by Hedwig Courths-Mahler, has been produced at the Luisen Theatre, Berlin. Mr. Ritterfeldt has been a valuable member of this company for many years. The play is described as inconsequential and insipid. A major has gone the pace and when he is pensioned is poor. He dies and leaves his wife and three daughters penniless. The struggles of the pretty and virtuous daughters, who finally marry well, have little dramatic interest.

The Berlin correspondent of the Era wrote: "A new Hauptmann play has been produced at Breslau, a festive work written in the character of a review of the events of the last hundred years. It has been specially written for the big centennial exhibition now proceeding in that city, and Prof. Reinhardt has staged it. This being the case, it is not surprising to hear that some 2000 persons occupy the stage in some of the scenes, the opening one—displaying the guillotine and mob during the revolution—being particularly impressive. The hall in which the play is being given has been built specially for the exhibition. It seats 10,000 persons and contains what is said to be the largest organ in the world, with 14,000 pipes. The hall is constructed of iron and betom, with not a particle of wood about it. The play, which is in blank verse, is reported to be very fine, and to have received a most cordial reception. It commemorates the great war of liberation, and the figure of Napoleon and his generals are frequently seen on the stage." This was the play suppressed by the German government, as some say through the instigation of the crown prince, because Frederick William III. was portrayed as insignificant, as he was in life. The New York Times remarked last week: "Hauptmann's new play has much more vitality now than it possessed a week ago. Its market value has been greatly increased. Germans all over the world will desire to read it and to see it acted, and their desire will be realized."

"The Mikado" has been drawing record houses at the Deutsches Opera House at Charlottenburg. This work was given three and four times in the week, and there was not an empty place.

At the performance of Gluck's "Orpheus," at the Berlin Royal opera, in honor of the Emperor's Silver Jubilee, "the appearance of the house was not quite in keeping with the festive character as regards the toilets. In consideration of the many hundreds of strangers and foreigners the management decided not to insist upon evening dress at these performances, and the gray, brown, and Shantung suits in the stalls and on the grand tier presented rather a motley appearance."

Russian Futurist Dancing

Have the Russian dancers joined the Futurist movement? It seems so if reports from Paris are trustworthy. Not long ago The Herald published an account of a new ballet "Les Jeux" in which Mr. Njinski danced as a lawn tennis player and for which Debussy wrote the music. We now learn that this ballet and others in the repertoire of the Russians this season show a radical departure. The Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes: "Perhaps the artistic event that has created the greatest commotion is the style of dancing adopted by the Russian dancers this season. This is seen specially in 'Le Sacre du Printemps,' which deals with prehistoric times in Russia. Such a theme, one would suppose, required serenity of treatment: on the contrary the music is the most impressionist imaginable, and the dancing fits it: strange and distorted. Gestures replace the ordinary movements, and the gestures are for the most part unbeautiful. Toes are turned in, the body corkscrewed, the head carried as if one had a stiff neck. Various emotions are expressed by a rapid vibratory movement of the feet. This Futurist dancing, which is a series of trained attitudes rather than movements of grace and precision, has caused demonstrations of displeasure amongst the audience. The professional critics have blamed openly or damned with faint praise, and some have reserved judgment, saying they do not understand. The general conception, indeed, is so new that the traditionalists may well be puzzled. It is possible that this attempt to renew the terpsichorean art is too long, for the ballet is spread over two acts. By a curious coincidence, the same methods of dancing, with twistings and trembling and deformations of the body, are applied to 'Les Jeux,' which represents a tennis match. It is true that there is a certain amount of leaping; but, in the main, ordinary movement is replaced by gesture. Can this new system be held to be appropriate, both to a prehistoric ballet and an essentially modern one? Since the themes are so essentially different, should not the treatment be also? Generally, one may say that the new dancing is an exaggeration of the Njinski method seen last year in 'L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune.' It remains to be seen what the ultimate verdict will be. For the moment it is doubtful."

Mr. Yeats in Defence

Mr. W. B. Yeats, speaking at a meeting in London, defended the Irish Theatre against "one of the reproaches the lecturer had brought against it." Lady Gregory was at the meeting and Mr. Yeats said it was to her patient strength that the success of the Irish theatre was due.

"As for the complaint that their dramatic movement was too much concerned with the peasant class, Mr. Yeats said they had taken for their guidance the rule that actuated the literature and the drama of Norway—to understand the peasant by the saga, and the saga by the peasant. Allowing for certain national and peculiar characteristics, the peasant class, where it existed, was the same all the world over, and this was one of the reasons why the Irish Theatre had succeeded beyond their utmost hopes. But if they had narrowed themselves down to one class, it was as a means to an end, and in time they hoped, as, indeed, they were already trying, to deal with every Irish class which had Irish characteristics, from the farmer to the shopkeeper, and the rest.

"When they began, Mr. Yeats contin-

... it was a time of great political and ... his ... Mr. Redle... had pointed out but as against ... prophecies of failure, he insisted ... such a time was the real opportunity of touching the emotional and ... nature of the people. (A cry ... 'Hear, hear,' from behind him so startled the speaker that he turned ... as at a challenge and this created much amusement.) He went on to say that previous monuments in Ireland had been managed through the drill-sergeant and his like, with the intention of moulding what he might call the mass mind, but with the result of flattering the multitude and the usual cringing to King Mob. Irishmen were ... accustomed to firing by platoons, and he and his colleagues determined ... whatever they did to liberate the soul of the people by awakening the individual and insisting on his rights. In short, they had been fighting for the artistic temperament to see the world for itself and express its visions in its own way. The prosperity of Ireland depended on this development of the individual and his power of self-expression. She had always produced individuals in the hour of her necessity; and this was her claim to be considered a nation and to be assured of her future."

In connection with these remarks of Mr. Yeats the following remarks of the Daily Chronicle on Mr. Murray's "Birth-..." may be quoted. "It helped to reveal ... one that it is not only the speech ... it lends magic to these Irish plays, ... the life—the lonely life of the ... lands, where passions have time and room to grow. It is significant that many of these Irish plays, translated into Low Dutch, have proved remarkably popular among the Boers in South ..., for whom Barrie and Pinero ..."

A NEGLECTED BOOK

It was stated authoritatively by Lord Knollys last winter that his royal master, King George the Fifth, reads a chapter of the Bible daily in accordance with a promise made to his mother in 1881. A bill passed at Harrisburg, Pa., and approved last month by Gov. Tener, decrees that ten verses of the Bible must be read daily in the public schools of that state, but without comment. In other words, these verses are to be read without sectarian prejudice. Let us hope that King George does not read his chapter perfunctorily; that the teachers in the schools do not gabble the verses, and the pupils, whether they read or only hear, may form some idea of the simplicity, the beauty, the strength, the nobility of the language.

The reading of the Bible has been made singularly unpalatable to many. As pedagogues often present the Odyssey, an Horatian ode, or a tragedy of Sophocles to a class as merely an exercise in syntax without consideration of the poetic thought and expression, so many parents and teachers have dwelt on the Old Testament and the New Testament merely as a book of devotion or a rigid code of morals, and shunned any reference to the Bible as literature. The print often tried the eyes, and the division into chapter and verse was a stumbling block to full appreciation. When Mr. W. L. Courtney's "Literary Man's Bible" was published, the title inspired some with the hope that the book would be a selection of pages which would appeal particularly to lovers of literature, and great was their disappointment. The late W. E. Henley did not hesitate to include passages from the Scriptures in his anthology of lyric poetry, and in the preface he explained why he considered these passages lyrical. That Henley died before he wrote his promised preface to the Tudor reprint of the Bible was a loss to letters.

The Bible was once so read in this country that its phraseology and style entered into the daily conversation of the people. Not by interlarding speech with quotations, so that there might have been a suspicion of cant; but men and women without thought shaped their speech after biblical models; the simple were simply eloquent: there was sinewy strength; there was vital terseness. It is doubtful whether the Bible is generally read today as it was when books were few and re-read. Surely there is not the same familiarity with it. Children and their elders are not so well acquainted with the men and women so deftly portrayed, the deeds described without undue praise, without apologetic gloss. Allusions once clear to everyone are now vague and blind. Quotations are not ... without a concordance. All this is to be regretted; for outside of religious interest in the book "by which we live and die" it is the supreme treasure of the English language.

June 30. 1913

In thoughts from the visions of the night when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up.

Lord Leighton's Vision.

Are there any new and good ghost stories? The story about the haunted house in the Back Bay promised well at first, but it ended foolishly in gas. We read not long ago of a ghost seen by the late Lord Leighton in a large rambling house not far from West Drayton. Guests, sleeping in the house before him, had heard disconcerting and demoniacal laughter; a heavy screen was thrown down by unseen hands, and there was a noise as of a body being dragged along the floor. Many houses in England and Scotland can boast of such phenomena, but when Lord Leighton visited this country place he saw a sight that froze his blood. He was sitting before the fire in his bedchamber when "a little man in a dressing gown and a Turkish fez" rushed into the room, pursuing a woman. He finally caught her by the hair and murdered her, "chuckling fiendishly the while." Lord Leighton was so frightened that he left the house and never went near it again. Note the admirable touches "little man," "dressing gown," "Turkish fez." These details increase the horror of the narration

Mr. Lang's Scepticism.

There is another story, an older one, not unknown to those interested in psychical research, in which a prosaic detail that might seem grotesque to the unbeliever and the scoffer lent impressiveness. A ghost appeared in a London street one morning clad in evening dress. The face was deathly pale, and a woman, meeting the apparition, fled in terror. The spectre walked on, clad in evening dress, with goloshes, an eye glass and a tall white hat thickly covered with black crape. Surg.-Maj. Armand Leslie, afterwards killed at El Teb, came along and recognized a friend, a foreigner. "At the time the phantom was seen in London this friend was lying dead in a foreign city attired (as it afterwards appeared) in evening dress, according to custom." Mr. Andrew Lang, who, although he was a Scot and a folk-lorist, did not always take ghosts seriously, remarked that, while evening dress and even goloshes may be burial costume in the country where the man died, "men are seldom buried in eye-glasses—never in tall white hats." This last statement remains to be proved. "Man is a Noble Animal, splendid in Ashes and pompous in the Grave." It is not at all impossible that the man wished to be buried in state. A tall hat, white or black, is the symbol of ceremony. But Mr. Lang, while he was alive, like King Darius in the story, was fond of his little joke.

A Powerful Camera.

But here is a simple story that is to us more awesome than any tale of moans, clanking chains or headless lady. Lord Combermere's betrothal was announced not long ago and the announcement recalled a curious incident in connection with the death of his grandfather, which took place in 1891. "On the day of the funeral a photograph was taken of the library where the old peer used to spend most of his time, and when, a few days after, the plate was developed, a shadowy presentment of the dead man appeared, seated in his usual place."

Concerning Ghost Stories.

After all, the most creepy ghost story yet written is Bulwer-Lytton's "Haunted and the Haunters," otherwise known as "The House and the Brain." Thackeray confessed in print that it frightened him. There is a fine touch in E. T. A. Hoffmann's "Marjorat": the scratching on the wall. In Poe's masterpieces, the appearance of a ghost is only an incident in a tale of mysterious terror; or it may be said that no one of his stories is a ghost story in the accepted meaning of the phrase. There are chapters in Wilkie Collins's "Dead Secret" that we should not like to read alone at night by a swaling candle; the dream in "Armadale" is enough to strike terror to the stoutest soul, but "The Haunted Hotel," with its grisly horrors, approaches dangerously near burlesque. There is a good railway ghost story in the "Mugby Junction" collection, and a better one on this subject by Marcel Schwob. We should not forget the dreadful story of the New York boarding house by Fitz James O'Brien, or Marion Crawford's steamship story, or the singularly unpleasant one by Mr. Henry James. Sheridan Le Fanu, a novelist not appreciated today, wrote hair-raising chapters, but we doubt if Bulwer's "Haunted and the Haunters" has been equalled.

Count Fosco and Bulwer.

"The Woman in White" once suggested spectres and the supernatural, but even the weak-nerved would read it today unmoved, and be interested chiefly in Count Fosco. Some of us remember the sensation made by this novel when it appeared. Soon after the publication, Collins received a ... ... the portrait ... ... next ... ... not disdain to come to see ... and have one in my eye at this moment that would far eclipse ... thing that I have read in your books. Don't think that I am drawing upon my imagination. The man is alive and constantly under my gaze. In fact, he is my own husband." The writer was Bulwer-Lytton's wife.

About the time that "The Woman in White" appeared we knew a man of high standing broadly and thoroughly educated, a sane thinker, not too imaginative, who lived at St. Catharines, Canada. He said that he was acquainted with the person whom Collins portrayed as Fosco and that the Count was then enjoying life in the Canadian town.

Anecdote for the Day.

He usually went to bed about daybreak, and rose in the afternoon. It was his custom to strip himself naked as low as the waist, and taking his station at the pump near his rooms, would completely sluice his head and the upper part of his body, after which he would pump over his shirt and putting it on, in that condition would immediately go to bed. His learning was deep and multifarious. The favorite objects of his studies were metaphysics, divinity, morality, chemistry and medicine; and the virtues of his heart were superior even to the astonishing powers of his understanding. This surprising young man died at Oxford in 1758.

July 1. 1913

Could you but bury me under the meadow-grass
That shivers and sighs and bends as the breezes pass!
So that in spring, if my ghost should wander up,
I might walk knee deep in the glory of butter-cup.

But they wouldn't let you, my dear, and my ghost must go
Where the tombstones watch o'er the graves in a sober row,
Where the grass is mown like a lawn and the flowers lift heads
Tidy and trim from symmetrical six-foot beds.

But never come there to weep and think of me,
For my soul will be far from there as a soul can be.
You will find me again, if spirits have power to pass,
Walking knee-deep in the shivering meadow-grass.

European News.

Baseball enthusiasts in the United States are spoken of as the ...ns." The word is not an abbreviation of "fanciers," but of "fanatics."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Scent-Ghosts.

There are ghosts that are welcome. They do not bring with them the ... of the charnel-house or blasts from hell. There are "scent-ghosts," as the ghosts of violets seen and smelt in the Protestant cemetery in Rome and described in a strange story recently told in the Spectator. The London Chronicle tells of another curious scent-ghost. In a Welsh town the dead body of a woman was once found under an old tree, and in her hand was a bunch of wild thyme. No one knew this woman, and there was no wild thyme near the tree. For years afterward the scent of wild thyme was noticed where the body lay. Not long ago militants destroyed the tree. The question now is: Will the scent of the thyme still haunt the place?

Through the Nose.

We have already spoken of towns characterized by their smell, so that a sensitive person passing over them high in the air could identify them, provided there were any association of ideas. Napoleon said at St. Helena: "I would know Corsica by its perfume." Voyagers in the east know the smell of Ceylon. In student days we smelled beer a mile or two from Munich. The smell of Paris is not that of Berlin, especially in summer. They say that Moscow smells of leather. Mr. Henry James tells us that when he was a boy in New York he put his nose into a bookshop and sniffed the smell of London. By opening a book and smelling the paper and ink he was in London, but when he finally arrived there he found the identifying odor that of fried fish, with which George Gissing's novels reek. Herman Melville was told that in Salem "the young girls breathe such musk, their sailor sweethearts smell them miles off shore, as though they were drawing nigh the odorous Moluccas instead of the Puritanic sands."

And some retain a particular memory dwelling in the sense of smell. Some though now inland still smell the sea. The man born in the hop country will always have hops in his nose. We remember a parlor in a New England village. There was matting on the floor, for it was summer. Ocean shells and a French clock were on the mantlepiece. In a corner stood a table on which was a chessboard with curiously carved pieces from the East, with elephants carrying a warrior for castles. There was a vase of old-fashioned flowers. A girl in white fanned herself with a sandal wood fan. The old house made way for a tenement; the girl is dead; yet the scent of her delicate perfume, the odors of matting, chessmen and flowers still haunt us after 40 years.

Wood and Leather.

We have read of an Englishman, who, country bred, burned wood in a suburban grate, for the smell, taste and ... ... odd ... brought by ... ... the natural haze. If his own ... burns he is too near for ... enjoyment. The smell of Russia leather is also delicious, ... that some have books of only contemporary value as encyclopedias, bound in it. We say ... cyclopedias, for they and "Comic Songsters" and atlases quickly grow ... by reason of their modernity.

Anecdote for the Day.

People who indulge in forty winks at the wrong moment sometimes get into trouble. Dutychus did, when he chose the time ... for his nap. So did the Paris magistrate who, being aroused by the toe of a colleague gently pressed against his calf, murmured "Is that you, Eugenie?" and awoke to wonder why the court was dissolved in laughter.

In Pace.

A strange story is told by Esteban Gutierrez, a stonemason of Barcelona. Two well dressed men called at his home with an automobile and asked him to go into the country to make urgent repairs. Outside the city they bound and blindfolded him. The car stopped in front of a lonely house. The mason was led inside and ordered to wall up a narrow aperture. He heard some one crying. Taking the bandage from his eyes, he saw a young girl, tightly roped and wedged in the hole. When Gutierrez refused to wall her up, the men drew revolvers and he was forced to obey. Then they took him to a forest several miles away and left him there.

This is a thrilling story, recalling Poe's "Cask of Amontillado," Balzac's "Grande Breteche," and wild tales of faithless nuns and obdurate heretics. It would have appealed to Barbey d'Aurevilly, whose account of a peculiarly atrocious vengeance wreaked by a Spanish noblewoman on her husband is the last chapter in his "Diaboliques." But if the mason was blindfolded, how did he know that the house was lonely?

Not Steel.

Landrat von Uslar should throw away his divining rod of steel even though it be nickle plated. A rod of hazel wood is much more to the purpose. The late Edward MacDowell had singular good fortune in locating water with the divining rod; but he was of Scottish descent and he also had the gift of second-sight.

NOVELTIES AT B. F. KEITH'S

Edwin Stevens and Tina Marshall in Interesting Musical Travesty.

The Meistersingers, Boston's midsummer vaudeville attraction, are sharing headline position on the B. F. Keith bill this week with Edwin Stevens and Tina Marshall in a well acted and intensely amusing musical travesty entitled "The Troubles of Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Stevens, who has been seen to good advantage here in Boston upon several occasions in the past, makes an ideal up-to-date Romeo, while Miss Marshall is a dainty and attractive young woman who assumes with evident delight the title role of the modern Juliet. The sketch contains many novel features and is, in fact, one of the best presented at B. F. Keith's this season.

The Meistersingers, who entered upon their usual summer engagement at Keith's a week ago, were as enthusiastically received this week as last. The program of songs sung by this combination of three famous quartets is changed each week. This time the feature numbers are Arthur F. Cole's tenor solo "Sweet Miss Mary," A. Cameron Steele's "The Bell in the Lighthouse" and ... old S. Tripp's "In the Gloaming." ... the chorus selections, one of those ... most popular was "The Rosary" ...

Miss Maude Muller, assisted by E... Stanley, made good her program designation of being an eccentric comedienne. Albert Moore and Myrtle Young, a blonde and a brunette, each equally attractive, appear in a series of songs and dances. Then there is Ismed, a native-gowned Turkish piano player who is, it is announced, direct from Constantinople. He looks it, but he ... certainly play the piano. One of ... selections for the left hand was particularly good.

Others upon this week's bill include the Alexander brothers, world's greatest ball bouncers, Georgette, the ... dynamo of vaudeville; Mabelle ... and Paul McCarthy in music, song and chatter; Harvey De Vora trio, the dancing dandies, with the program concluding with the talking moving pictures.

July 2 1913

"If you're afraid to open ... ... days of your youth ... 'you'll find you won't have ... ... it in yer old ..."

Those Rear Seats.

Many of us know the excellent Dr. Pease by name and some know him personally. He abhors tobacco and insists that no one should smoke, chew, snuff or dip. Perhaps in his boyhood he took an oath on the altar, like little Robert Reed, but on a cold altar, for even then he could not endure the thought of one smoking. He has lately been greatly disturbed by the thought of wretches lost to all sense of shame smoking pipes, cigars, cigarettes on the rear seats of street cars. His supporters daily write passionate letters to the New York newspapers. It appears that women object to the smoke going into their eyes and nose. But why do women sit in these seats, which are well known to allow the burning of tobacco? Even when there has been plenty of room ahead we have seen women, against the warning of conductors, deliberately choose a rear seat. We have not yet been told whether Dr. Pease and his cohorts would allow succedaneums, as sweet fern, rattan, colts' foot, yarrow, hops. (If you prefer colts' foot, crushed cloves add to the flavor.)

The Two Great Sins.

No one doubts the honesty of Dr. Pease, and it is agreed that tobacco smoke is offensive to certain men and women. Onions, garlic, cheese, musk and other strong perfumes, tuberoses also offend many. A pipe smoker cannot endure rank cigarettes in action or reduced to a stub, and the expensive cigarette is intensely disagreeable when it is cold and stale. A smoker of the best or the worst cigar does not like the stench of the cold butt. Nor are the dirty dishes after the most refined meal pleasing to the eye. Sensible smokers will admit that tobacco is not for everyone. There are some to whom it is a positive injury. Mr. Herkimer Johnson, by the way, cannot eat Brussels sprouts. They make him sick.

When Dr. Pease et al go so far as to declare that the use of tobacco is a crime or even sinful, they remind us of a conversation concerning morality between Mr. Gifford Palgrave, travelling in Arabia, and a Wahhabee. The latter began:

"'The first of the great sins is the giving divine honors to a creature.'

"'Of course,' I replied, 'the enormity of such a sin is beyond all doubt. But if this be the first, there must be a second; what is it?'

"'Drinking the shameful,' in English, 'smoking tobacco,' was the unhesitating answer.

"'And murder, and adultery, and false witness?' I suggested.

"'God is merciful and forgiving,' rejoined my friend; 'that is, these are merely little sins.'

"'Hence two sins alone are great, polytheism and smoking,' I continued, though hardly able to keep countenance any longer. And Abd-el-Kareem, with the most serious asseveration, replied that such was really the case."

Not In July.

As the World Wags:

Would you like to sit in to a jorum of Lord Pembroke's port wine? Here is the recipe: "Twenty-seven gallons of rough cider; 13 gallons of bonne Carlo wine; 3 gallons of brandy: To make a hogshead of port." In what century did this cheerful lord flourish? There are 13 of this name mentioned in the Britannica. J. D. K.

Boston.

Good Men Go Wrong.

John Ruskin wrote in a curious manner about music, railways, manufacturing. We believe it was Ruskin who said that if you meet an Englishman singing in the street you may be sure that he is drunk. Mr. Plowden, the London magistrate, may have had this dictum in his mind when he warned a man and woman brought before him for dancing on the footpath: "This is not a country where people can afford to be jovial. You must cultivate a spirit of melancholy if you want to be safe." To go back to Ruskin: Painters agree today that he held extraordinary opinions about art, and his letters show that he was a wild-eyed judge of poetry. Thus he could not endure Shelley's style. A letter written by Ruskin was recently sold at auction in London at the Browning sale. In it he showed how easy it was to write after the manner of Shelley:

It was a little lawny islet
By anemone and vilet
Like mosaic-paven.
There sat a gentleman—flushed and shy—
And a girl with corkscrew curl in her eye
On the grass between—was a large eel-pie—
And a ham-bone—cleanly shaven
And the gentleman asked—in accents mild—
"Was it quite enough soaked before it was biled?"
And the lady replied, as she pulled a vilet
Off the little lawny islet,
"Didn't I tell you—Jane would spils it!"

Now this is not funny enough to make a man laugh if he were all alone in the woods by himself, nor is it a close imitation of Shelley.

Anecdote for the Day.

I was once stranded in Donegal in a broken-down train. Messages were sent to the nearest station, and an engine came along to drag us forward. It came. We were [illegible] but explained that he had only enough fuel to bring him to us. There was none to take us back. "But, then why did you come?" asked a [illegible] Englishman. "Why, I had come to a [illegible]ez,' replied the genial Irishman.

Polo at Night.

Polo, a very old game, for during a match at Byzantirun in 1190, when rackets were used instead of sticks an accident befell the emperor, is not yet played in this country in its perfection. In Mohammedan Asia, a contemporary of Akbar informs us that the latter played chaugan—the game was thus called at first—on dark nights, when the balls were set on fire. "For the sake of adding splendor to the game his majesty has knobs of gold and silver fixed to the chaugan sticks. If one of them breaks, any player that gets hold of the pieces may keep them." "Polo," we understand, is a Kashmiri word. The Anglo-Indians learning the game called it hockey on ponies, but when it became popular in the Punjab, the word "polo" was adopted. There is an interesting old Persian picture of a polo game as a frontispiece to the third or fourth London edition of Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyam."

July 3 - 1913

When Faulkener, the Dublin publisher, dined with Dean Swift, asparagus was served. The guest asked for a second helping, but Swift said, "Sir, first finish what is before you."

"What!" exclaimed Faulkener, "Eat my stalks?"

"Aye, sir," said the terrible Dean in his most imperious manner, "eat your stalks, or you will have no more. King William always ate his stalks."

Asked afterwards whether he really did eat the stalks, Faulkener replied: "Yes, certainly; and if you had dined with Dean Swift you would have been obliged to eat your stalks, too."

The Edible Nettle.

A student of life and manners has said that asparagus is the only cooked viand we still eat with our fingers. He forgets corn on the cob, properly buttered and salted, or, being an Englishman, he knows it not. There are some who allow the legs and wings of game to be held in the fingers. As lettuce should always be torn with the hands, so asparagus should never be acquainted with the eater's knife or fork whether the shoot be served hot with a white sauce—there is never enough toast—or cold with cunningly prepared dressing. Some years ago La Vie Parisienne published a double page picture entitled: "How They Eat Asparagus," a charming cartoon that would have led Byron to take back his opinion that a woman should never be seen eating.

But it is late in the season to talk about asparagus and it may console some to know that the tops and young shoots of nettles are said to be an excellent substitute. It has been affirmed that the nettle follows man in his migrations and the presence of nettles in any lonely spot is a sign that man once lived there; but common as nettles are, we do not remember having seen them in the market. Yet Mr. Pepys ate nettle porridge and condescended to pronounce it very good. We are informed by household doctors of old times that spring nettle tops boiled in pottage "consume the phlegmatic superfluities in the body of many that the coldness and moisture of the winter leave behind."

Near the Azores.

We had supposed that pirates were now found only in motor boats off Long island, therefore the story of the Austrian steamship pursued by two piratical vessels near the Azores is the more welcome. But there is one out, and a serious one, in the story—the two vessels do not appear to be long, low and rakish, nor did the captain of either one, with a cutlass between his teeth, hoist the Jolly Roger. That the craft were of the felucca species helps some, for lateen sails have a piratical flavor, as did in the good old times the Chinese junk with lug-sails and a crew of chattering demons. It was also a pleasure to learn that the pirate ships put out from a "concealed cove."

Anecdote for the Day.

Admiral Nelson always wore short breeches and silk stockings, and at this moment his legs were bound at the knee and ankle with pieces of brown paper soaked in vinegar and tied with red tape to allay the irritation of mosquito bites. Quite forgetting his extraordinary appearance, Nelson made his Spanish visitors also forget it by his admirable courtesy and charm of manner.

"Scholar of the House."

As the World Wags:

In John Aubrey's little biographical sketch of the Rev. Ralph Kettle, from which you quoted some time ago, there is an allusion to "scholars of the howse." My guess is that "house" is here the equivalent of "college" as the word was so used often in England and also at Harvard in the early days. (See the Oxford Dictionary under "House.") The meaning of the term "scholar of the college" is duly recorded in the Oxford Dictionary under "Scholar." But at Harvard, and also at Yale, the term "scholar of the house" was frequently used in the 17th and 18th centuries in a peculiar sense, meaning a student whose business it was to look after the college buildings, keeping them in order, seeing whether repairs were necessary, etc. Such students received compensation for that work. * * * The term, "scholar of the house," is not, so far as I am aware, recognized in the dictionaries. The Yale authorities no doubt took it from Harvard, but where did the Harvard authorities get it? Did they invent it or did it come from England? and if from England, from Cambridge or from Oxford? or from both? Some very interesting words and terms turn up in the early records of the Corporation of Harvard College—down to about 1750—many of which are now obsolete. Some of these, like "College Yard," undoubtedly originated at Harvard, but it is reasonable to suppose that most of them were brought from England, and, as so many of the early clergymen in Massachusetts were graduates of Cambridge University, one would naturally look to that place rather than to Oxford as the place of origin. It is barely possible that the story about Kettle furnishes us with an example of "scholar of the house" in its American sense. A. M.

Boston.

July 4 - 1913

Human felicity is produced not so much by great pieces of good fortune that seldom happen, as by little advantages that occur every day. Thus, if you teach a poor young man to shave himself, and keep his razor in order, you may contribute more to the happiness of his life than in giving him a thousand guineas.

Careless Readers.

In schools and colleges, where instruction is given in English, stress is laid on the importance of thinking clearly and writing clearly. But is the great public exacting in reading? M. Anatole France recently told a reporter that he did not think the public was critical with regard to form and style in novels, and he told this story:

"Soon after 'Sur la Pierre Blanche' began to appear in serial form, I went on a long holiday, and before leaving Paris I split my manuscript into a number of portions, each exactly the right length for a daily feuilleton. I bore these to the newspaper office and saw them carefully arranged in separate pigeon-holes. Unfortunately, the printer, who had to extract the instalments day by day, took them in vertical instead of horizontal order, so that the feuilletons appeared without any suggestion of sequence. Apparently, incoherent writing shocks few people nowadays, for only a small proportion of my readers protested against this disjointed form of publication."

"It Is the Cause."

Miss Baird of Washington, D. C., the daughter of Spencer F. Baird, the celebrated scientist, suffered from a baffling nervous disease for many years before she died last month. By her will, which has just been admitted to probate, she left her body to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell and his son with the direction that they should perform an autopsy to inquire into the cause of her suffering.

Thomas De Quincey in an article, one of the series concerning his experiences as an opium eater, expressed the belief that his stomach was knawed by an animal and he gave it out as his wish that after death his body should be opened, to ascertain the cause of his unendurable pain. He lived to be nearly 75 years old and his death was ascribable to exhaustion of the system, rather than to any specific disease. There was no autopsy. Surgeon-Major Eatwill, however, wrote a careful study of De Quincey's case and came to the conclusion that he had suffered from gastrodynia, a distressing affection of the gastric nerves, and to this was probably added ulceration of the mucous membrane of the stomach. The disease was common among the rice-eaters in Bengal, and the pain, like the sensation of gnawing, often drove the victims to suicide.

There have been other cases of men who wished an autopsy, thinking that this examination might benefit those still suffering. We do not remember the case of any other woman who was eager to be of service to the race in this manner.

Spelled "St. Johns."

As the World Wags:

What is the possessive case of the capital of Newfoundland, St. John's? Is it either St. John's's or St. John's', so that it is proper to write "St. John's's post-office" or "St. John's' post-office?" St. John's alone is, of course, in the possessive case: what is the person or thing understood as owned or possessed? INQUIRER.

Mr. Bullen's Answer.

As the World Wags:

In today's Herald you say: "Herman Melville is now little read. Mr. Bullen read him faithfully before he wrote his whale story and profited largely without due acknowledgment."

In the New York Times Saturday Review of Books under date of September 20, 1905, Mr. Bullen wrote as follow:

"Had I read 'Moby Dick' first I should never have dared to write 'The Cruise of the Cachalot.' I am accused of depreciating the work of a man whose shoe latchets (in a literary sense) I have never felt worthy to unloose, and since I have known his work I have always said so. The plain fact is that until long after I wrote the 'Cachalot' I had never read any book dealing with the South Seas or upon whaling except Bennett's 'Voyage Round the World' and from that I borrowed nothing because I needed nothing. The only aid I had in writing the 'Cachalot' was my own memory of events happening to me personally." C. F. A.

Cambridge, June 28.

We are glad to be reminded of Mr. Bullen's letter for we would not do any one injustice. We now recall the fact that the controversy did not end with the publication of this letter.—Ed.

Gents and Noble Lords.

The English have long been famous for extraordinary wagers and ingenious in devising singular forms of gambling. It seems that the old "sporting" spirit is not dead. A short time ago "two gentlemen well known in London club-land" laid a wager. (If they had been Americans and in this country the newspapers would have described them as being "members of exclusive clubs." The wager ran into four figures, and the condition was that the two should walk from Piccadilly one in evening dress, and both in thin socks and dancing pumps—to Brighton in 24 hours. The two started at midnight on a Friday and arrived at Brighton at 10:15 P. M. on Saturday.

This feat reminded an antiquarian of an incident recorded in the London Times in 1795. "A curious circumstance occurred at Brighton yesterday. Sir John Lade, for a trifling wager, undertook to carry Lord Cholmondeley, on his back, from opposite the Pavilion twice round the Steine. Several ladies attended to be spectators of this extraordinary feat of the dwarf carrying the giant. When his lordship declared himself ready, Sir John desired him to strip. 'Strip!' exclaimed the other, 'Why surely, you promised to carry me in my clothes.' 'By no means,' replied the baronet, 'I engaged to carry you, but not an inch of clothes. So therefore, my lord, make ready, and let us not disappoint the ladies.' After much laughable altercation, it was decided that Sir John had won his wager." This decision should be classed with that against Shylock won by Portia's argument.

BETWEEN BOARDS

Sandwichmen, peripatetic advertisers and also philosophers, are not now a common sight in the streets of Boston, though one recently attracted attention because he was on stilts and thus revived memories of boyhood. A London coroner not long ago described a sandwichman as a "degrading" sight. The description is unnecessarily harsh. Nearly everyone advertises his wares or those of another. The sandwichman may urge his fellowmen to buy clothes that he himself will never wear, and it is interesting to note that the inventor of this form of advertisement was, according to report, Mr. Doudney, a London tailor in the Forties, the first "revolutionary cheap tailor." He sent out tall sandwichmen placarded: "Reform Your Tailor's Bill." Mr. Doudney suffered no remorse for his debasement of men or clothing. He made a fortune and died, unrepentant, as a clergyman of the Church of England. The sandwichman may also invite others to a theatrical entertainment, not relying on his own judgment. His advertising, however, is frank, honest, on the board, yet paradoxically above board. He is in the open air; he exercises his body; he has the opportunity of improving his mind by observation. It would be possible for him to add a few lines to Walt Whitman's poem of Faces. Sometimes he is humorous, grotesquely funny in the appeal to the public. There was once a little periodical in Paris called Les Taches d'Encre. Maurice Barres and other men now famous contributed to it. When Morin was assassinated by Mme. Clovis Huagues, sandwichmen appeared on the boulevards with this placard: "Morin no longer reads Les Taches d'Encore." Some, distrustful of native buoyancy, may say that the peripatetic has no real interest in his business; that he is as unreceptive as his boards and less demonstrative. This is only another way of saying that he is a man of routine, and some can never escape from it, whether the routine be of the banking-house, the lawyer's office, or the shop. And all that endure routine patiently are philosophers, sitting or peripatetic.

July 5 1913

Henri Rochefort would have been honored with longer obituary articles in American newspapers if he had died during the Second Empire. The editor of La Lanterne and the duellist was then always in the eyes of the world.

There is entertaining gossip about him in the fourth volume of Villemessant's "Memoires d'un Journaliste," but the editor of Figaro was savagely attacked in his later years by Rochefort, and perhaps Villemessant, in spite of his protestations, thus took his little revenge.

Henri Rochefort.

When Villemessant invited Rochefort to join the staff of Figaro, the latter was earning $30 a week on the Charivari, although his talent was then recognized and he was also known as a shrewd collector of paintings, furniture and bibelots. The other members of Villemessant's staff found Rochefort sympathetic, witty and well informed, except Jouvin, who declared that he was vulgarly ambitious, ignorant as a carp, and so anarchistic that in time of trouble he would send all his colleagues to the guillotine. The charge is made that Rochefort was fond of money. He left the Figaro for Le Soleil for the sake of a few more hundred francs a month, and then Villemessant bought him back by giving him 3000 francs for pocket money. Not only as a collector did he need large sums, but he was a passionate gambler. He had no other vices. His laugh was singularly unpleasant, although his teeth were magnificent, for when he laughed anyone close to him moved away; so that some one pencilled this epigram on a restaurant table in Brussels when the journalist was exiled there:

Comme Monsieur
Rochefort
A le tort
De porter un rat mort
Dedans son estomac!

A Journalist at Work.

This volume of memoirs was published in 1875. The writer then said that Rochefort had made annually, and for many years, at least $4000 by buying and selling pictures. His house in the rue Montmartre was a museum, and there one of his children would hammer a priceless bit of cloisonne and another crush an Italian cameo under his heel. And on the terrace lived a frog and two enormous lizards, Rochefort's pets. As editor and publisher of La Lanterne and bitter foe of Napoleon III., he was making nearly $3200 a week.

He gained a reputation by speaking lightly of serious matters and treating light subjects in a solemn manner. He had the gift of writing when there was a hubbub about him, and many of his best articles were written in cafes. Villemessant says that Rochefort learned his style from "Cham," and borrowed many witticisms from him; that one reason for the bitterness of his articles was this: he was chronically lazy and handed in his copy at the last moment, often writing in the printing office, where the copy boy took his manuscript page by page. This haste, and often a lack of preparation, led him to pepper the articles that he thought would otherwise be insipid; the pepper was red and he emptied the pepper box.

Anecdote for the Day.

Mr. Benjamin Pope in prison had many opportunities of indulging those propensities he had ever been remarkable for; he looked always at the pint-pot of small-beer, before he paid for it, to see that it was full; for this he was in some degree excusable, as the pint generally lasted him two days, water being his constant beverage. He has indeed been known to drink a little strong beer, but this was very rarely practised, and he never ordered any for himself.

That Welsh Word.

As the World Wags:

I take from a Welsh postcard the following elucidation of the long word you published some days ago.

Llan, church; fair, Mary; pwll, a hollow; gwyn, white; gwil, hazel; gogerychwyrn, near to (the) rapid; drobwll, whirlpool; llan, church; disilio, saint's name; gogo, cave; goch, red.

Boston. TAFFY.

Another Old Song.

As the World Wags:

My mother used to sing "Silver Moon," and this was her version of the first verse:

As I strolled from my cot
At the close of the day
To muse on the beauties of June,
'Neath the jessamine shade
I espied a fair maid
As she sadly complained to the moon.

The moon in her version was always "silver," never "bonny," in the refrain.

Do you know anything about

Silvay, Silvay all one day,
She dressed herself in man's array,
With sword and pistol by her side
Forth to meet her true love she did ride.

Brookline. M. G. H.

As the World Wags:

Now you are on the subject of ghosts, tell us something about vampires. When I was a boy in the grammar school "Jake" Thoman, then a member of the company at the Boston Museum, produced for his benefit a play called 'The Vampire." The scene was laid in Scotland, and the piece was no doubt at one time a stock one in the theatres of the British Isles. Thoman, a capable little actor, played the title part on the occasion mentioned, and I had almost forgotten the drama when it reappeared at the Boston Theatre in "The Phantom," by Dion Boucicault, who always had a cheerful way of appropriating and remoulding old stage material for his purposes, following the example set by Shakespeare and Moliere, two greater if not more ingenious dramatists. Gerald Griffin's novel, "The Collegians," had been dramatized long before Dion took a hand at it and produced "The Colleen Bawn" with its original cave scene. "The Vampire" and "The Phantom" were like twin brothers, it seemed to me though, doubtless, there were some differences that I did not see after the lapse of time between my acquaintance with the former and my introduction to the latter. Both were seeking maiden blood for the prolongation of existence a grewsome pursuit that Boucicault fully illustrated in his performance of the leading character in his "conveyance." BAIZE.

Dorchester.

Was not this old play "The Vampire" founded on the romance written when Byron, Shelley and Mary Godwin were together, with a plot on which Marschner's opera "The Vampire" is founded? "Baize" will find entertaining matter about vampires in Calmet's "Phantom World," translated into English by the Rev. Henry Christmas (1850). The Were Wolf and the Human Hyena were of close kin to the Vampire, and Jack the Ripper and Neil Cream suffered from forms of the madness known as lycanthropy.—[Ed.

A LATE PARADOX

The late Henri Rochefort was known as a fiery radical, one that was always against the government. While he made a fortune by his newspapers and commanded a high price when he wrote for others, he was exiled more than once and knew the excitement of escape. He was a thorn in the side of Napoleon III.; he fought against Thiers; he defended the Communists; he was bitter against the cause of Dreyfus. The courage of his convictions and the outrageous personal attacks in his articles led him to duels that were not the pleasant out-door sport practiced today in France.

Although he was in his public life a red Republican, he was of an old and aristocratic family. Several of his ancestors were put to death in the Reign of Terror. His father, a Frenchman of the old school, majestic, distinguished, urbane, was the Comte de Rochefort de Lucay, and it was said by associates of the son that the latter was proud of his birth and title; that at heart he was an "aristo" in every sense of the word; that not for the world would he have journeyed in a third-class carriage, for he loathed the common people; that he had two visiting cards: one engraved "Henri Rochefort"; the other with the crown of a Count and this inscription: "Le Comte H. Rochefort de Lucay," and this latter card served him on grand occasions. Yet no one ever doubted the sincerity of Rochefort's political views, deplorable as they often were.

Such paradoxes have not been uncommon in life and they are not unknown in literature. Ruskin, writing for the working-man, published at a prohibitive price the books that were to help him. William Morris, dreamer, aesthete, knight-errant, was a Socialist. Walt Whitman, who strove to be the poet of democracy, has been appreciated chiefly by the aristocratic in letters. To the men and women whose laborious and humble life he celebrated he is practically unknown.

"FRIVOLOUS" NOVELS.

The Herald recently told a story about the late Chief Justice Fuller of the United States supreme court, who was fond of reading "frivolous" literature to rest his mind. When Justice White asked him whether he preferred five or ten-cent novels, he answered: "The five-cent ones; they get to the killing sooner." The late chief justice was not alone in his literary taste. Richardson, the architect, found variety in life and relief from routine in reading detective stories and would talk by the hour about Poe and Gaboriau. How he would have revelled in the adventures of Messrs. Sherlock Holmes and Arsene Lupin! A present justice of the United States supreme court is an inveterate reader of French romances of the lighter sort. Years ago Beadle's dime novels were seriously reviewed and at length in the North American Review when that periodical was ultra-conservative, and the author of "Seth Jones" was commended in the stately language of the time.

We read in the newspapers of youngsters, who, fired by stories of the plains or of spectacular criminals, buy guns and ammunition and start for the Wild West, or attempt amateur burglary in the neighborhood. These unfortunate but ambitious boys are without a sense of humor. What amuses their elders by improbability ... ration, they take seriously. Mat Mike, the Death Shot, is to them a hero, and Old Sleuth is a greater man than Mr. Burns, the wonder is that the government does not employ him. Young and old like tales of adventure; the blameless eagerly read a story of an extraordinary crime; but only a man of humor fully appreciates the cheap shocker. The worse the style of the writer, the greater is the enjoyment of the reader who is too tired for Hardy, Meredith or Mr. Henry James. The more vacuous the tale, the more restful it is. This accounts for the great sale of "best sellers." The introduction of pseudo-science makes them the more diverting.

July 6 [illegible]

I T was a loss to the development of musical appreciation in this country when Mr. James Huneker grew weary of writing about music, musical performances and musicians. Afterwards he wrote about the theatre. Tired of that, he frequented picture galleries and shared his emotions, likes and dislikes with the public. And he examined curiously the lives and theories of famous egoists, iconoclasts and super-men. His biography of Liszt appeared and disappointed his admirers, the general public and himself. With this exception, he has had little to say about music for several years.

And now comes a volume of about 200 pages entitled. "Old Fogy: His Musical Opinion and Grotesques with an Introduction and Edited by James Huneker." The publisher is Theodore Presser Company, Philadelphia. This volume is a collection of articles contributed by Mr. Huneker to the Etude Portions of the chapter, "Musical Biography Made to Order," were first published in the Musical Courier. We understand that by his contract with Charles Scribner's Sons Mr. Huneker is not allowed to publish elsewhere using his own name; but any one of ordinary intelligence, who has read Mr Huneker's other books or followed him as a critic, will have no doubt concerning the identity of "Old Fogy."

An Old-Time Musician

Mr Huneker describes the old gentleman in an introductory note as eccentric and irascible, with an expansive temperament, so that while he admired the music of Dussek and Hummel, he was not unacquainted with modern composers and took pleasure in castigating them, but in the act of chastisement, his tongue was in his cheek. Living in Philadelphia, when he visited New York he was unfair to orchestras of that city. He was narrow, prejudiced, and above all he contradicted himself from day to day. Now he would abuse Bach, and within 24 hours he would be extolling "The Well Tempered Clavichord." In one article Liszt is ranked among the immortals, in another he is put among the immortals. Whenever he spoke of Chopin, a flush came into his face and his speech was heightened, as Montaigne lost his philosophical indifference when he thought of Socrates.

An Old Fogy was caught reading a volume of Huysmans on art, but fantastic and sentimental writers of the 19th century had nourished him, above all E. T. A. Hoffmann, whose Kreisler, the Kapellmeister, would have got along famously with Old Fogy. Mr. Huneker confesses that he did not understand him. As a pianist he was dry and neat. He was an enthusiastic advocate and an indifferent critic. A vivacious, pugnacious, slightly unbalanced man "but he was a stimulating companion, boasted a perverse funny bone and a profound sense of the importance of being Old Fogy."

In Pessimistic Mood

The first chapter, "Old Fogy is Pessimistic," reveals the man. He begins by saying that such phrases as the "progress of art" the "improvement of art" and the "higher average of art" are misleading and harmful. How can art improve? Is it an organism that is capable of growing up, maturing? If this is so, it can grow old, be only senile flatter, and die. Many of the scores in the Brown room in the Boston Public Library are only tombstones in memory of composers, some of whom were dead while they composed and thought they were living. "Have you a gayer, blither, more youthful scapegrace writing today than Mozart? Is there a man among the moderns more virile, more passionately earnest or noble than Beethoven? Bach of the three seems the oldest; yet his C sharp major Prelude belies his years. On the contrary, the Well-Tempered Clavichord grows younger with time. It is the Book of Eternal Wisdom. It is the Fountain of Eternal Youth."

For the moderns are really the ancients. They have no naive joy in creation. The composer of the 20th century brings out his works in sorrow. His music is sad, complicated, morbid. Then there is Richard Strauss. "Some day I shall tell you what I think of this blond madman who sets to music crazy philosophies, bloody legends, ... and ... friend's ...

[illegible] be Terrace [illegible] to [illegible] ... [illegible] like ... to ... I ... ves ... to ... says ... man ... dollar and the n... six ... Liszt could not shake out an honest tune of a tune from his technical ...-box, so he built his m... on ... themes. He "named his poems, numbered his notes, put dog-collars on ... symphonies—and yet no one whistles ... them." Compare these lines with the following chapters: "The Influence of Daddy Liszt" and "When I Played for Liszt", the former a slapdash and brutal assault, the latter an eloquent eulogy.

"Tschaikowsky studied Liszt with one eye the other he kept on Bellini and the Italians. What might have happened if he had been one-eyed I cannot pretend to say. In love with lush sensuous melody, attracted by the gorgeous pyrotechnical effects in Berlioz and Liszt and the pomposities of Meyerbeer this Russian, who began study too late and being too lazy to work hard ... factured a number of symphonic poems." This is splenetically unjust in one respect—Tschaikowsky was not lazy and he worked hard when his ... allowed him to compose. "Tschaikowsky either raves or whines like the people in a Russian novel" There is more of this in the chapter "Tschaikowsky" How he turned Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" into a bawd's tale, transformed Hamlet from a melancholy philosophizing Dane into a yelling man of the Steppes, soaked with Vodka; and makes over Francesca and her lover into "two monstrous Cossacks, who gibber at each other while reading some obscene volume."

Nor can Old Fogy endure the perverse, vile orgies of orchestral music of Strauss, "misfit music for such a joyous name, a name evocative of all that is gay, refined, witty, sparkling, and spontaneous in music! After Mozart give me Strauss—Johann, however, not Richard."

No, the average of today is not higher. And what is meant by this phrase? Do more people go to concerts, or more people enjoy music than 50 or 100 years ago? Even if they do, numbers prove nothing. "I contend that there has been no great music made since the death of Beethoven; that the multiplication of orchestras, singing societies, and concerts are no true sign that genuine culture is being achieved The tradition of the classics is lost; we care not for the true masters. Modern music making is a fashionable fad. People go because they think they should."

The Materialized Germany

Still pessimistic, Old Fogy went to Beyreuth and declared that he had listened to better performances of Wagner's music dramas in Philadelphia. He had not visited Germany for 30 years. The Franco-Prussian war ruled everything. Ingenuousness had disappeared, and "in its place is smartness, flippancy, cynicism, unbelief, and the critical faculty developed to the pathological point." Nietzsche had elbowed out Schopenhauer from his niche. Wagner was classed as a fairly good musician, no inventor of themes, but his knowledge of harmony and constructive power are commendable. Siegfried Wagner was walking in the streets of Beyreuth "a tin demi-god, a reduced octavo edition of his father bound in cheap calf." The "Ring" sounded antique, chiefly on account of the bad singing. Beyreuth was full of ghosts.

The chapter on "The Wagner Craze" follows. Wagner touched his apogee 15 years ago and more. He was a reformer, not a founder, "a theatre musician, one cursed by a craze for public applause—and shekels—and knowing his public, gave them more operatic music than any Italian who ever wrote for barrel-organ fame." His music, now stale in Germany, is imitated, or burlesqued, by the neo-Italian school. And what a thief Wagner was! "Rienzi" was a poor imitation of Meyerbeer. But Weber was the man he plundered with both hands. Wagner told his countrymen that his music required brains. "Aha!" said the German, "he means me"; that his music was not cheap, pretty and sensual, but spiritual, lofty, ideal. "Oho!" cried the German, "he means me again. I am ideal." And so the game went merrily on. The theatre is the place to hoodwink the "cultured" classes. "If 'The Flying Dutchman' is absurd in its story—what possible interest can we take in the salvation of an idiotic mariner who doesn't know how to navigate his ship, much less a wife?—what is to be said of 'Lohengrin'? This cheap Italian music, sugar-coated in its sensuousness, the awful borrowings from Weber, Marschaner, Beethoven and Gluck—and the story! * * * And Elsa! Why not Lot's wife, whose curiosity turned her into a salt trust? In 'Tristan' there is no action, and the orchestra never stops its garrulous symphonizing, while every theme is butchered to death."

Back to Mozart

Old Fogy was happier at Salzburg where he bathed in Mozart's music and became healed; ... to him Mozart is the greatest ... led, ... less art ...

[illegible] bitter and [illegible] Beethoven. If Old Fogy had read M. Delaunay's critical articles, he would have quoted the Frenchman's saying that Mozart has style and distinction, while Beethoven is lacking in these qualities. Beethoven, says Old Fogy, is dramatic, powerful, a maker of storms. "He is the father of all the modern meiomaniacs, who, looking into their own souls, write what they see therein—misery, corruption, slighting selfishness, and ugliness. * * * The dissatisfied peasant in the composer of the 'Eroica,' always in revolt, would not allow him tranquillity. Now is the fashion for soul hurricanes. These confessions of impotent wrath in music." But is the new generation returning to Mozart—music for music's sake—to the Beautiful? Debussy is nearer to Mozart than to another, and Richard Strauss in his last opera tried to express the Mozartian spirit.

Chopin the Unfamiliar

It was to be expected that Mr. Huneker, masked as Old Fogy, would write again about Chopin, and he notes the fact that only a certain portion of his music is studied in private or played in public. "How to present a program of Chopin's neglected masterpieces might furnish matter for afternoon lectures now devoted to such negligible musical debris as Parsifal's necktics and the chewing gum of the flower maidens. He suggests the E-major Scherzo op 54, G-sharp minor Prelude, the E-flat minor Scherzo, the C-sharp minor Prelude, the Polonaise in F-sharp minor, which is not militant, in spite of the legend: also the Polonaises in F-minor and E-flat minor, the Nocturnes in F-sharp minor and C-sharp minor, the Bolero and Tarantella," not Chopin at his happiest, withal Chopin, the G-flat major impromptu, and among the Mazurkas there is ample opportunity to choose the unfamiliar

Teachers and Pupils

They now teach the piano better than they taught in the last century. Then there was too much soulless drilling of fingers. The forearm and upper arm were disregarded; the repertoire was restricted; there was cramping pedagogy; tone was not an important factor in the scheme. "In the early sixties we believed in velocity and clearness and brilliancy." Technic no longer counts; the pianist must excel in tone and interpretation. "I am sure those who had the pleasure of listening to William Mason will recall the exquisite purity of his tone, the limpidity of his scales, the neat finish of his phrasing. Old style, I hear you say! Yes, old and ever new, because approaching more nearly perfection than the splashing, floundering, fly-by-night, hysterical, smash-the-ivories school of these latter days. Music, not noise—that's what we are after in piano playing, the higher piano playing. All the rest is pianola-istic!" A modern pianist must have mastered at 15 all the tricks of finger, wrist, forearm and upper arm. The memory must be prodigious. "To top all these terrible things, you must have the physique of a sailor, the nerves of a woman, the impudence of a prizefighter and the humility of an innocent child."

As these articles were written for The Etude, which is devoted to pedagogic questions, Old Fogy gives a little practical advice. The morning hours are too precious to be wasted on mechanical finger exercises. "Take up Bach, if you must unlimber your fingers and your wits. But even Bach should be kept for afternoon and evening." Rosenthal said, when asked what is the best time to study etudes? "If you must study them at all, do so after your day's work is done. By your day's work I mean the mastery of the sonata or piece you are working at. When your brain is clear you can compass technical difficulties much better in the morning than the evening. Don't throw away those hours. Any time will do for gymnastics."

All the pianists with a beautiful tone sit low before the keyboard. "Where you sit high and the wrists dip downward your tone will be dry, brittle, hard. Doubtless a few pianists with abnormal muscles have escaped this, for there was a time when octaves were played with stiff wrists and rapid tempos. Both things are an abomination, and the exception here does not prove the rule."

"Pachmann's playing is a notable example of plastic beauty. He seems to dip his hands into musical liquid instead of touching inanimate ivory and bone, wood and wire."

Four Famous Virtuosos

Four pianists are grouped together as famous virtuosos. Vladimir de Pachmann is a survival of an old and charming school whose shibboleth was touch, not tone. Old Fogy thinks that the three most beautiful touches of the piano of the 19th century were those of Chopin, Thalberg and Henselt. The orchestral school follows, with Liszt, Tausig and Rubinstein setting the pace. The second of the virtuosos considered is Paderewski, and the later Paderewski is very unlike the pianist of 1891. "His style more nearly approximates Rubinstein's plus the refinement of the Henselt school. He has sacrificed certain qualities. That was inevitable. All great art is achieved at the expense—either by suppression or enlargement—of something [illegible] he always [illegible] perfect; but do not forget that pounding from Paderewski is not the same as pounding from Tom, Dick and Harry. And like Rubinstein, his spidered notes are more valuable than other pianists' scrupulously played ones. * * * Tired of his old, subdued, poetic manner, tired of being called a salon pianist * * * Paderewski began to study the grand manner. * * * His tone is still forced; you hear the 'chug' of the suffering wires; but who cares for details—when the general performance is on so exalted a plane? And his touch is absolutely luscious in cantabile."

The interest in d'Albert is cerebral. He has the most intellectual brain since Buelow's. "D'Albert plays Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms as no one else on the globe—and he matches Paderewski in his merciless abuse of the keyboard. Either a new instrument, capable of sustaining the ferocious attacks upon it, must be fabricated, or else there must be a return to older styles."

Then there is Joseffy, to Old Fogy the most satisfying of all the pianists. "Never any excess of emotional display; never silly sentimentalizings, but a lofty, detached style, impeccable technic, tone as beautiful as starlight—yes, Joseffy is the enchanter who wins me with his disdainful spells."

And this is the summing up: "Paderewski is Paderewski—and Joseffy is perfection. Paderewski is the most eclectic of the four pianists I have taken for my text; Joseffy the most subtly poetic; d'Albert the most profound and intellectually significant, and Pachmann—well, Vladimer is the enfant terrible of the quartet, a whimsical, fantastic charmer, an apparition with rare talents, and an interpreter of the Lesser Chopin (always the great Chopin) without a peer."

There are other chapters: one on Bach, "Wagner opera in New York"—this in flippant vein, an experience at the Paris Conservatory, an essay on "Tone Versus Noise," old Fogy's description of his own symphonic poem, "Childe Roland," an account of examinations at the College for Critics, etc. The book affords profit and entertainment, yet there is danger in it, for the serious may take it all seriously, and mark in the margin the contradictory statements of the author, or accuse him of extravagance.

Stage and Music Notes

Mr. H. M. Walbrook of the Pall Mall Gazette in a feuilleton publishes these interesting paragraphs:

The work of dramatic criticism is necessarily handicapped by incomplete knowledge of the work under review. For example, a critic may quite undeservedly praise or blame an actor for a particular passage of interpretation. The rightness or wrongness of his work may not be his own at all, but that of the so-called "producer." So, sometimes, with the dialogue spoken on the stage. For instance, in a play produced in London last week one of the characters, apparently a fairly educated person, gave utterance to the following: "Men like I do not usually sympathize with men like you!" One wonders (1) whether the author wrote that, or (2) whether the actor was the guilty person, or (3) why, if the author was responsible for the sentence, the actor did not correct his English at rehearsal.

In the course of his review of the last performance of Sir J. Forbes-Robertson at Drury Lane, the dramatic critic of the Morning Post made the following remark:

"One can only say 'Farewell, sweet prince,' and farewell, an actor who has done at least as much as any other to maintain and advance the dignity of his profession. The press may perhaps be permitted to make the point that, though not all his ventures were commendable, his relations with the press were always those desirable in one honorable profession in its dealings, necessarily complicated, with another."

This obiter dictum is not altogether without significance in these days that pass.

Writing on the subject of the mannerisms of former actors, a correspondent who can remember Rachel, Ristori, Salvini and Charles Kean sends me the following very interesting reminiscence:

Of Charles Kean, who was certainly a mannerist, I always had the greatest admiration, and I am glad to see how much the Bancrofts speak in appreciation of his Shylock. But what I most admired him in was Wolsey. In the scene at York House he was the perfect courtier, the perfect host, the perfect prelate, who looked on the little vices of persons of rank. In the scene, "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness," he was superb; but in one touch of "business" he excelled all Wolseys I have seen. It was where the two cardinals were about to issue behind the King out of his Cabinet, and a battle of politeness ensued as to which should take precedence, Campeius as the Legate, or Wolsey as the Chancellor. While they were in the act of bowing low to each other, Charles Kean, with an oily smile, without rising from his bow, but bowing still lower, glided like an eel past the much disconcerted Campeius. Irving swaggered out in a contemptuous indifference; Phelps threw up his arms in indignant defiance; but Charles Kean's was the true manner of one Roman prelate to another Roman prelate.

It is the recollections of such observant playgoers as the writer of this vivid little description that help to make the most valuable theatrical history.

Brahms once said of a musical composition signed by a prince "It is always best to speak respectfully of music by princes, for you never know who may have written it." Some one has drawn up a list of plays written by monarchs. The latest is "The Empress of the Balkans," by King Nicholas, which has been announced for performance in London. It has been described as "not merely a remarkable piece of writing, which has earned for its author the title of "the foremost Serb poet," but a political document of much importance. Into this drama the prince has put those grand ideas which every Serb imbibes with his mother's milk and cherishes dearly, however unpractical he may admit them to be in his calmer moments." The drop scene of the theatre at Cettinje displayed a picture of Ragusa, "so that after a performance of the prince's political drama the curtain may fall and display the 'South Slavonic Athens' to the applauding mountaineers."

The Emperor William wrote the libretto of Leoncavallo's stupid opera "Roland of Berlin" and the scenario of a ballet that was produced in Berlin under his personal direction. The Emperor of Austria once wrote a drama, "Maria Theresa," which was performed with success in Vienna. The Queen of Roumania, "Carmen Sylva," has written plays that are popular. A short play by the Queen of Spain has been acted before the Spanish court. The Queen of Belgium's romantic drama was performed at Brussels for a holiday fund for children and realized over $10,000.

"Gags" in the Classics

The Bristol (Eng.) Western Daily Press, commenting on a performance of "The School for Scandal" at His Majesty's Theatre, London, took exceptions to the treatment of the "Screen scene and particularly to the interpolations of a speech on the part of Joseph Surface: "Lady Teazle, by all that's horrible!" and remarked:

"It is an interesting question when this senseless interpolation was first given. It must be a long time ago. Presumably it is in the printed stage version from which actors learn their parts. We do not remember a production in which it was not introduced, and the most plausible theory is that it was an interpolation in the days when theatrical managers thought they could improve either Sheridan or Shakespeare. A generation that could tolerate Colley Cibber's version of 'Richard the Third'—Barry Sullivan used to play it, and Henry Irving was the first man to act Shakespeare and to forswear the claptrap points which Cibber interpolated—would think nothing of emendations of Sheridan. But it is a difficult matter to improve on the stagecraft of Shakespeare and Sheridan. And now that this absurdity has been shown up it may be asked who introduced, and why it was done, a piece of business in an earlier scene in 'The School for Scandal' that is certainly a tradition, but a very silly one. When Sir Peter is confiding his fears to Joseph, and is overcome with grief, the tradition requires that the actors should feel for each other's hands and raise a laugh by failing to make contact for some little time. This has always seemed to us to be silly and untimely, degrading to force a situation that belongs to comedy, and worthy to be coupled with the antics of which Hamlet complained to the Players that were done 'to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh, too, though in the meantime some necessary question of the play has then to be considered.' It is difficult to believe that Sheridan was the author of this piece of business, any more than that Shakespeare intended Shylock to be a comic part ad played in a red wig. But the tradition that this was how Shylock ought to be played was accepted by many generations without question. In the case both of Shakespeare and of Sheridan the interpolations were probably the work of actors who had won unthinking laughter and applause from 'barren spectators,' and succeeding generations of actors have repeated the tradition unthinkingly also. And audiences have been so accustomed to the interpolations that probably many people would feel that performances without them were not quite right. They were very likely startled when Edmund Kean played Shylock with tragic intensity; they bewailed the omission of Richard's 'So much for Buckingham'; and they have expected hitherto to see and hear in 'The School for Scandal' speech and business which 'make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must o'erweigh a whole theatre of others.'"

A Famous Mixed Metaphor

Hamlet's line
Or to take arms against
a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end
them,

has long been a stumbling block to those who believe in the plenary inspiration of Shakespeare. Charles Reade inquired scornfully whether these arms were a bladder and a cork jacket, and for this was called irreverent.

The Observer editorially defended Lord Curzon some time ago against the accusation of introducing a mixed metaphor in a speech, by quoting the example of Shakespeare, whereupon a correspondent of the Westminster Gazette answered as follows:

"Lord Curzon might well describe this editorial as admirably adapted to Bank Holiday. Even the groundlings on 'Appy 'Ampstead could correct the 'Observer' here. One need not be quite so scholarly as Macaulay's schoolboy to know that Shakespeare was in this line referring to a custom attributed to the Celts by Aristotle, Strabo and other writers, including Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The editor of the popular Temple edition puts it nicely: 'The alleged confusion of metaphor in this passage was due to

This arouse! Mr. William Archer, and he took up the cudgels in behalf of the Observer. The defence of Hamlet's line by raking up an obscure Celtic custom of rushing armed men into a breaking sea, he calls one of the greatest ineptitudes of Shakespearean criticism. "There is, indeed, one book in which the commentator's ignorance, not to Shakespeare's.'"

Shakespeare might conceivably come across this piece of folklore, but supposing him to have done so, could he expect his audiences to interpret the line by a mental reference to Aristotle and Strabo? At best, the reference would not save the metaphor; for no one, I take it, alleges that the Celts by opposing ended the encroachment of the waves. The plain truth is that, judged by the canons of a pedant's rhetoric, the metaphor is mixed, and that if Shakespeare had let pedantry deter him from using so picturesque a phrase, why, 'the less Shakespeare he * * *' One thing the dominie cannot realize is that in matters of style, psychology counts for more than logic. Shakespeare's line, for example, is psychologically right. The phrase 'a sea of trouble' does not really suggest to us an image of the ocean, but simply of a great multitude, as in 'a sea of faces,' 'a sea of bayonets,' 'a sea of flowers'; and there is no incongruity in taking arms against a multitude of troubles."

The Problem Play

Mr. S. R. Littlewood's discussion of the problem play from a scientific point of view, published in the Daily Chronicle, should interest many, for, first of all, it is not too didactic:

I won't deny, in days gone by,
I was a trifle gay;
But I was then unmarried,
As Miss Pa-oola Ray.
I'm wiser now than to allow
Myself to go astray,
For I'm the Second Mrs. Boom—
Tarara—Tanqueray!

How the old jingle from "Under the Clock," that first English revue of 20 years ago—and what a good one it was!—beats into one's memory, in view of the happy fortune that has attended a certain interesting revival at the St. James's Theatre! What sacrilege it seemed—then—even to suggest a frivolous attitude towards that "grim analysis," that "stern probing" of the supposed realities of life! "A trifle gay," "Boom-tarara"—were these the phrases with which to approach the "serious drama"? Was such unseemly levity to be pardoned in the face of this awe-inspiring and profound arrival—the problem-play?

Yet now, as we have all agreed, it is in a way the frivollers who were right. This brilliant old piece of stage-craft was not quite so serious after all. It lures us now by the very qualities that we scorned in the drawing-room melodramas that it was supposed to supersede. It lures us by ingenious trickery, by the glamour of a splendidly depraved personality. And here it is again, the same gloss of silk and sparkle of gems, the decolletee gown in the lamp-light, and Paula staring with wild, tired eyes at her looking-glass, just as she did when she first flamed on the Academy walls—"the picture of the year," and her lurid past for halo. With it all, too, it was the drama, the characters, the surprises, the "plot and passion"—it was these that held us. Would the old play have "boomed" for a week on sheer problem? Of course not!

Yet there is no possible doubt that we thought it was the problem that did it at the time. It is a significant fact, too, that some of us are making very much the same mistake about the plays of this new century of ours. The very folk who look upon "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" as old-fashioned still hanker after problems in their hearts. Out of ten "high-brow" plays that seek the light today, fully nine set out to prove some moral hypothesis—to solve one or other of those old riddles of the world that have been our friends since civilization began. They impugn the efficacy of the marriage contract, call to account the duty of father, mother, daughter, son, and so on. It is partly the fault of a certain noisy class of playgoers, with second-hand minds, who clamor for a new gospel every week—something to talk about. So much so that even the shallowest pieces of stage-work have recently had to pretend to a moral purpose, just to get themselves called "challenging" and "vital."

Is it not time that some of these superearnest people were made to understand once and for all the old, old truth that a play is just a work of art or nothing at all? Is it not time they convinced themselves how vain it is to attempt to use the traffic of the stage for evolving a solution of any practical value to any social problem whatever?

One cannot help wondering if some good could not be done by the homoeo-

pathic method. Suppose, for just a moment, we were to take any so-called problem play, whether of the old fashion or the new and treat it really seriously, from its own much-lauded "scientific" point of view. Some people might be able to see then how ludicrous the procedure is. To begin with, any conclusion come to on the basis of the story of a problem play must inevitably be worthless on its own account. It is based on insufficient and, in actual fact, non-existent data.

In Mrs. Tanqueray's case, for instance, one remembers with what solemn portentousness the pundits used to roar that a new truth had been born into the world. "For fallen woman there is no hope." Stuff and nonsense! Of what worth is Mrs Tanqueray as a piece of evidence? Even if she were real, she would only count one among so many million—and she is not even that! As we know, there have been Rahabs and Magdalenes—and even Delilahs—who have ended quite differently. In fiction itself, Becky Sharp is a conspicuous example to the contrary. The only way in which any truth worth anything could be arrived at in the matter would be by taking an enormous number of actual, typical cases from all classes, under all conditions, sifting, verifying, "reducing" them with the utmost care, and then confessing that the result did not amount even to an approximate proof.

But, it may be said, there is the opportunity for moral idea and argument. There is the "discussion-play," favored of Mr. Shaw. Equally worthless! Of what value is the theatre as a place for fruitful discussion of even the least complicated ethical problem? Two or three hours of clitter-clatter, repeated by rote in the presence of a crowd of either excited or bored onlookers, with the necessity for attempts at bright dialogue and all sorts of other considerations brought in—this is no place for thought. If, after each contention on the playwright's part, the audience went away, considered and investigated it carefully for a week, and then came back for the next, and if this went on for a century or so, some of the simpler social questions might perhaps be settled. But in such case, why the theatre? How much better to take the book home!

If, however, we clear away all these lumbering notions about the theatre as a place for ethical debate and for the propounding of theories—what is left? Surely there are a thousand things! There is art, creation, beauty, passion, character, wit, humor, sympathy, individual expression, language, color, rhythm, fancy. These were the real merchandise of the masters from the beginning, even of Ibsen himself. People talk of "The Doll's House" as an argument-play. If they would only read Ibsen's own notes, they would find that the obvious conclusions of that famous over-the-table discussion are directly opposed to the effect Ibsen intended the whole play to have.

Is not the real reason of the present rush for old-fashioned melodramas simply that these old bags-of-tricks have at any rate some little germ of the true art of the theatre amidst their trashiness, while the average "high-brow" play is seldom a work of art at all. Doubtless it is not always the "high-brow" playwright's fault that he will preach, argue, philosophize, do anything rather than produce a work of art. It is to be remembered that art is so difficult, and preaching so easy!

It is not only in this country that sailors of the United States navy and soldiers in uniform are sometimes refused admittance to places of amusement. A correspondent of a London newspaper wrote a short time ago complaining that the "snobbish prejudice" against soldiers in uniform has not disappeared in England; and he gave an instance. He happened to go into the first-class refreshment room at Holyhead. A soldier in uniform followed him and asked for a small Bass. "Not at this bar," exclaimed the indignant attendant, her nose a-tilt with scorn. The soldier looked puzzled. "We don't serve soldiers in a first-class bar," explained the girl with withering emphasis, and the defender of the country had to beat an inglorious retreat.

For Women.

Mrs. John Boldt of New York urges all women to wear trousers, and if her pictures are faithful likenesses, trousers become her. Miss Caroline Katzenstein approves the idea, but would not like to be the first to wear them in Philadelphia, though "they would probably be cooler and less conspicuous than skirts and dresses." It is interesting to note in connection with this opinion that the monks of St. Michel, near Maikop, in the Caucasus, are out on strike. They demand more food, more leisure and — a supply of trousers, insisting on the latter that they may be warm. But Father Ambrosio is obdurate and says that trousers are a luxury. Here then is a difference of opinion concerning the comparative coolness of shirts and trousers, and surely dwellers on frosty Caucasus may be summoned as experts.

In Philadelphia the trousers are to have "cuffs" on the bottom. This is unnecessary and disfiguring. Mrs. Amelia Bloomer years ago recommended trousers, moderately full, coming down to the ankle in fair weather and gathered in with an elastic band; in winter or wet weather the trousers came down to a boot, which rose three or four inches above the ankle and was trimmed with fur or fancifully embroidered.

When the advocates of "dress reform" speak of Turkish women wearing the traditional trousers, they forget that these women wore a robe over the trousers that reached to their feet. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who adopted the Turkish costume for a time, spoke of this robe as a caftan. To her "trousers" she gave a homelier name which is still in general use as applied to a more intimate garment.

Biblical Knowledge.

As the World Wags:

I was much interested in an editorial about present-day unfamiliarity with the Bible that was published in The Herald last Sunday. Bible societies print many editions and the sale is constant, but I have found from personal experience that the young—and by this I mean all persons below middle age—are unacquainted with incidents narrated in the Book of Books, and perplexed by allusions to these incidents or to characters who in my boyhood were as real as our next-door neighbors.

Nor is it a matter of memory. I was lately reading what John Wesley wrote about Thomas Walsh, who by violent straining of his voice as an exhorter, and frequent colds, contracted a pulmonary complaint that snatched him away in the strength of his years. At the age of 20 this man was so thoroughly acquainted with the Bible "that if he was questioned as to any Hebrew word in the Old, or any Greek word in the New Testament, he would tell, after a little pause, not only how often the one or the other occurred in the Bible, but also what it meant in every place." Such knowledge and so extraordinary a memory would be, indeed, surprising today, and Wesley himself said that he never saw before such a master of Bible knowledge.

When I was young it was the custom of nearly all in the village to have family prayers twice a day, and each member of the family who could read read in turn a verse or several verses. The little ones listened. I do not believe this practice is today so general, and this may account in a measure for the comparative ignorance of the young.

MARCELLUS GRAVES.

Beverly, July 3.

With a Cane.

We know of no finer sight than a young beau walking of a Sunday afternoon dressed in a frock coat or cutaway, sporting a silker and a cane, intent on tea or a more formal visit. Students of sociology in London say that the frock coat is disappearing, and the Daily Chronicle has published an essay on "The Decline and Fall of This Garment." We should not dare to wear one; it is the badge of the most formidable respectability, a coat for those high in office, visiting statesmen, distributors of diplomas; but when a fellow-man wears it bravely and as though he were unconscious of it, we stand, admire, applaud.

It was once thought that a stick, a cane, was indispensable. There is a story that in the days of Pericles an Athenian without one was subject to arrest as a suspicious character. A freshman in college 30 or 40 years ago was not considered grown up until sophomores allowed him the use of a walking stick. At Yale there was a "Banger Rush." Now we read that the Gackwar of Baroda was grossly discourteous in that he carried a cane in the presence of the King of England. How many today can explain the allusion in Pope's "Rape of the Lock" to a "clouded cane"? Once in a while you see in the newspapers that a gold-headed cane was presented to Col. Boanerges or President Thudicum as a token of esteem and respect, and you are taken back to the days of wigs, stocks and a snuff-box with a pictured lid.

Yet we remember when young swells were fussy in the matter of canes and had a stack of them. Disraeli wrote from Gibraltar that he was the first who ever passed the Straits with two canes, a morning and an evening one. He changed his cane "on the gun fire." It is a long time since we have seen a sword-cane, or heard a man boast of his Malacca stick. Is there a fine collection in any Boston house? Queen Victoria once gave £160 for a walking stick that had belonged to the Young Pretender.

The Herald discussing editorially the 'Sandwich Man" quoted the statement—made originally we believe by John Hollingshead—that the first adevrtiser to call attention to his goods in this manner was Mr. Doudney, a London tailor in the Forties. Was not the sandwich man known earlier? In one of Dickens's "Sketches by Boz," written about 1836, is this sentence: "So he stopped the unstamped advertisement—an animated sandwich, composed of a boy between two boards."

European News.

The question is often raised whether animals commit suicide, and the story of the dog who some years ago held his head under water in the Frog Pond till he was drowned is brought up. The Journal of Paris tells us that the giraffe—an unusually fine specimen—in the [illegible] days. At last it [illegible] its neck [illegible] from side to side. The movements became quicker and the animal, nearing a wall, smashed its skull against it.

What made this giraffe despondent? Was he not sufficiently admired? In the days of the Romanticists a giraffe was the talk of Paris, and the followers of Hugo wrote passionately about the animal in exile, "the great anti-climax," as Thomas Hood called him, "so very lofty in its front, but so dwindling at the tail." English poets have preferred to speak of the giraffe as the camelopard, although Montgomery made a brave attempt and shortened the second syllable:

> From rude Caffraria where the giraffes browse
> With stately heads among the forest boughs.

Perhaps this animal in Paris was the subject of foolish jests and knew it. Mr. Phil Robinson, an amiable and entertaining writer, tried his hand at the species: "For this sky-raking animal, that passes all its life, so to speak, looking out of a fourth story window, that looks down into the birds' nests as it browses, and seldom sees the ground except when it lies down on it, is about the best instalment of the impossible that has been vouchsafed to us."

Or perhaps some American in Paris had whispered to the giraffe Mr Lanigan's fable of "The Kangaroo and the Camelopard." Are the Fables "Out of the World" forgotten? The following may be applied to friends:

A Modern Aesop.

As a Venerable Boa Constrictor was about to Narrate Some Reminiscences of his Youth, a pert young Chimpanzee remarked that "Snake Stories were an awful Bore," whereupon the Serpent did him in his Tail Enfold, saying that even Monkeys had their Place in the Economy of Nature.

Moral. You should never sass a Person who has the Age on you.

Anecdote for the Day.

Lord Bramwell was strongly against extreme temperance views and protested against beer being called an intoxicating beverage. He said that water might as well be called a drowning beverage.

Garden Hats.

Nor is the vegetable garden-hat new. Mrs. Hannah More wrote about women who bore on their heads "an acre and a half of shrubbery, besides slopes, grass-plats, tulip beds, clumps of peonies, kitchen-gardens and greenhouses. Some ladies carry on their heads a large quantity of fruit, and yet they would despise a poor useful member of society who carried it there for the purpose of selling it for bread." A sour remark and not a screamingly funny one.

A Prize Song.

As the World Wags:

Can you tell me if there can be found any copy of the prize ($50) song by Lucy Larcom, written for the "New England Emigration Society" (if that is the true title)? The object of the song, which was sung to "the most popular tune of the day" as required, "Nelly Bly," was to coax emigrants to Kansas in order to bring it into the Union as a free state. I can recall nearly all the lines. The last stanza was:

> One and all hear our call
> Echo through the land;
> Aid us with the willing heart
> And the strong right hand.
> Feed the spark the Pilgrims struck
> On old Plymouth Rock,
> To the watch fires of the free
> Millions glad shall flock.
>
> CHORUS.
>
> Ho, brothers! Come, brothers!
> List, we'll call to thee;
> We'll sing upon the Kansas plains
> The song of Liberty.

Gloucester. ADA C. BOWLES.

Unhappy England.

England may soon mourn with France a decreasing birth rate. We read in a London journal: "There will be no young storks in Kew Gardens this year because the parent birds—the only pair of storks that breed in England—have been disturbed by somebody and have deserted their eggs."

From Fuller's History.

The Herald published last Thursday a letter from "A. M.," concerning the phrase "scholar of the house" as used in English universities and at Harvard and Yale in the 17th and 18th centuries.

Has "A. M." read Thomas Fuller's "History of the University of Cambridge" from 1066 to 1643? That learned and quaint writer states that Alfred of Beverly, in 1129, maintained himself (as the rest of the students there) "on his own cost." "For as yet, no public halls or hostels were built for to receive them, but each one lived, as St. Paul at Rome, in his own hired house, Acts xxviii. 30, as they could contract with the townsmen." And through the history Fuller often speaks of a college as a "house."

Speaking of Peter House, he says: "At this day the college maintaineth one master, 19 fellows, 29 Bible clerks, eight poor scholars, beside other officers and students amounting lately (namely, anno 1634) to 106." The "scholars" of this "House" are characterized as "poor."

Here is a sketch of one of the "scholars" at King's College: "Nicholas West, when Scholar of this House, so desperately turbulent, that, discontented with the loss of the Proctorship, he endeavored to fire the Provost's lodgings, and having stolen some silver spoons, departed the College. Afterward he became a new man, D. D. and Bishop of Ely, who, to expiate his former faults, gave many rich gifts and plate to the College, and built part of the Provost's

Concerning "[illegible]"

We learn from the [illegible] London police courts that "[illegible]" are a name for persons who frequent public houses and drink other people's beer. The "[illegible] catcher" is a person employed by a publican to circumvent their knavish tricks.

FOR NEXT SEASON

Mr. Grau, when he was at the head of the Metropolitan Opera House, declared that the public had little curiosity concerning new operas; that subscribers preferred to hear familiar lyric dramas sung by famous singers. He was honest in his belief and wise in his generation. During his directorship operas were performed with extraordinary casts, the public was pleased, and Mr. Grau, enriched, retired with honor, being one of the very few operatic managers who passed their last years in peace and comfort.

The management of the Boston Opera House is more adventurous. It believes that new works should be produced and that many subscribers will hear them gladly. The announcement is made that Fevrier's "Monna Vanna," which has already been applauded in several European countries, will be produced here next season, that Zandonai's "Francesca da Rimini," with text by d'Annunzio, will be performed in Boston for the first time on any stage. The presence of the composer and librettist of the latter opera will add to the brilliancy of the occasion, and there surely should be curiosity to see d'Annunzio, if only for the reason that he recently proclaimed himself an immortal. While Maeterlinck's play "Monna Vanna" has been performed here, Fevrier is little known as a composer. Zandonai first attracted attention by his opera "Conchita," based on "La Femme et le Pantin," a perfervid romance by the ingenious Pierre Louys.

We have said that the management of the Boston Opera House is adventurous. While lovers of opera rather than worshippers of singers may welcome the production of new works, these new works, even in 1917, do not necessarily swell box-office receipts. If "The Jewels of the Madonna" drew large audiences last season, the production of "The Sacrifice," "Germania" and "La Habanera" was not liberally rewarded. Nor is the success of a new opera always dependent on its intrinsic worth. Sometimes the popularity of a singer will persuade the public to accept the more readily a new opera of an unconventional type. When Mr. Charles A. Ellis brought out "La Boheme" at the Boston Theatre he was so fortunate as to have Mme. Melba for his Mimi. The theatre was filled with persons who wished to hear the prima donna. The audience would have been as large, probably larger, if the opera had been "Faust" or "Lucia di Lammermoor."

Producing unfamiliar operas, a manager runs a great risk, provided he looks only toward receipts. If he has the artistic spirit he will take this risk, but he will be shrewd in the selection of new works. Some may look doubtfully on a "Francesca da Rimini," for no opera founded on her story has yet had immediate success or long life.

COMEDY AT THE PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH THEATRE — Eleanor Gordon's Players in "Her Husband's Wife," a comedy in three acts by A. E. Thomas.

Stuart Randolph	Donald [illegible]
John Belden	[illegible]
Richard Belden	John [illegible]
Mathews	Mrs. [illegible]
Baroness Van Hoffman	Marie [illegible]
Emily Ladew	Fran[illegible]
Nora	Eleanor [illegible]
Irene Randolph	[illegible]

Mr. Thomas's piece, a comedy of dialogue and episodes, is on the whole an excellent choice for a summer entertainment.

Irene Randolph, the picture of [illegible] is a hypochondriac. She is [illegible] about herself. Fearing th[illegible]

[illegible] future wife to comfort [illegible] a forlorn Stuart. Mrs. Randolph, however, is fussy in her selection. She chooses Emily Ladew, a confirmed old maid, whose dresses are "sights" and whose hats are unmentionable. But the supposed old maid rebels. She realizes why she has been chosen and vows vengeance.

There is a complete transformation, unfortunately, too, for Irene's plan. Emily was once engaged to her brother Richard. Her additional charm is not lost upon him and, although they had quarrelled, she now listens to his suit. But her agreement with Mrs. Randolph holds her attention and she proposes to have full revenge. Meanwhile the amiable Stuart is fascinated by his wife's new friend who is disposed to share his pleasures with something more than languid interest. Irene, in desperation, warns Emily that her husband is a drunkard, a wife-beater. Emily pities her unhappiness but swears to reform his nature when she marries him. She, furthermore, upbraids Randolph at their next meeting. There are explanations and a happy ending. Irene is cured.

Miss Gordon as Irene was vivacious and succeeded in suggesting effectively the filmy delicacies of this type of femininity. Miss Marie Chambers's performance as Emily Ladew was a feature of the evening. A forbidding sight at her first entrance, the transformation was the more striking. She played with authority, spirit and irresistible humor. Mr. Kramer as John Belden, Irene's worldly and moralizing uncle, again showed himself an excellent comedian, while Mr. Wood was appropriately dashing as Stuart Randolph. Mrs. Hibbard gave charm and distinction to the part of a coquettish baroness. Mr. Langford played Richard with youthful impetuosity, while Miss Stotoll was a piquant Nora and Mr. Meehan was amusing as Mathews, a trainer.

There was an audience of good size last evening, and frequent applause.

DONALD MEEK AT B. F. KEITH'S

Popular Stock Actor in Sketch Written by Himself—Good Bill All Around.

Donald Meek of the Castle Square stock company heads the bill at B. F. Keith's Theatre this week, and with his own little company of three others—all men—presents a rural comedy of his own creation, entitled "I Gotcha Steve." Meek himself has the title role of "I," town constable of Reubensville, Vt., headquarters of the constabulary being, of course, the village store. Steve is the burglar who has committed several jobs in the town, is known to be as tough as they make 'em, and who has caused Town Constable Frye (Mr. Meek) a lot more worry than he would think of admitting. In the end, however, the town constable gets Steve, the burglar. It's an unusual sketch—and a good one.

The famous summer combination of Meistersingers are presenting this week for the last time their scenic spectacle, "In the Wild Woods," in which the combined voices of the 12 men are heard to excellent effect in the numerous choruses. Harold S. Tripp is one of this week's soloists, singing the ever-popular "Silver Threads Among the Gold," while John Thomas has "Friar of Orders Gray," and Arthur F. Cole "Nellie Was a Lady."

Morris Golden, a new-comer to B. F. Keith's, appeared yesterday for the first time in "The Yiddle and the Fiddle." Golden is extremely clever with his favorite instrument and later in the act introduces Miss Grace DeWinters, whose musical ventriloquism is truly marvelous. Cathryn Chaloner in "Kate's Press Agent," an amusing story, if altogether improbable, did some very effective serious acting when she discovers that her supposedly press-agented robbery is an actuality. Cal McCullogh in "Footlight Impressions" and his impersonation of the new breakfast food demonstrator was much better than in his singing selections.

The Heuman trio of cyclists, Foster and Lovett, singing comedians; Carson and Brown, the dancing dandies, and the Ballots in feats of dexterity, strength and equilibrium complete the bill.

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He has old Family Stories and Jests, that fell to him with the Estate, and have been left from Heir to Heir time out of Mind. With these he entertains all Comers over and over, and has added some of his own Times, which he intends to transmit over to Posterity.

Foreign News.

Miss Ida Rubinstein took the part of the heroine in Mr. Gabriele d'Annunzio's play, "La Pisanella, or the Perfumed Death" and a Parisian critic remarked that, while she may not be a great actress, few women can approach her in the art of draping herself. In support of this statement he quoted an American woman who sat behind him: "The way that girl drapes herself in the death scene is something fierce!" American as the is spoke is yet a sealed book to Frenchmen.

Fifth Rate Authors.

The Herald recently spoke of serious men, justices of high courts, romantic architects, solid bankers and grave historians, who delight in the sort of novel once described as "dime," and now sold at prices ranging from five cents to $1.50, or even $2. M. Edmond Lockroy in his memoirs just published describes Victor Hugo as saying "I find it pays to read fifth-rate authors. Very often, buried amidst twaddle and platitudes, there are fresh ideas and novel points of view, which they are incapable of developing, but they prove of service to me." Hugo believed in reading an odd volume of a novel and then sketching a beginning and an ending. "This is excellent practice for a story-writer." And Hugo's library on the Island of Guernsey while he was in exile contained mostly odd volumes.

German Oysters.

The news is cabled that the German fishery authorities are endeavoring to popularize the native German oyster, now called the "Royal Prussian," because it is found in beds along the North seacoast of Schleswig-Holstein. The public is urged to give up the habit of eating imported Dutch and English oysters, and assured that the Royal Prussians are excelled by none.

Now as far back as the seventies, Karl Moebius, professor of zoology at Kiel, wrote a book, "Die Auster und die Austernwirthschaft" — translated into English—"The Oyster and Oyster Culture," by Mr. H. J. Rice, in which he described at length the Holstein oyster, praised it, and showed why a system of artificial breeding could not be carried on in the waters of the German coast. "Only along the slopes of certain channels to the north of the mouth of the Elder do we find united all the conditions favorable for such places, and only within these limited districts can young oysters grow to complete maturity. * * * Upon the best of the Schleswig-Holstein beds the dredge must drag over a surface of from one to three square metres, and often over a still greater distance in order to secure a single full-grown oyster."

In 1740 the first hundred fresh Schleswig-Holstein oysters sold in Hamburg for about 35 cents. In 1875-76 a cask of oysters from the same district—a cask contains 700 to 800—was sold to dealers for about $26.

Readers of Thackeray will remember how George Fitz Boodle, Esq., was disenchanted when the German maiden, having gulped a large number of bad oysters asked him if she might eat those that were on his plate. Did these come from a Sehleswig-Holstein bed? The book is not at hand.

Anecdote for the Day.

Henry Mossop, the tragedian, made his first appearance on the stage at Smock-alley in the part of Zanga, which he played three successive nights, in which he displayed an astonishing degree of beautiful wildness. He was particularly attached to various foods, according to the line of character he had to represent. Broth for one; roast pork for tyrants; steaks for "Measure for Measure"; boiled lamb for lovers; pudding for "Tancred."

More Ghost Stories.

Mr. Paul Jones Chute informs us that Mr. Ralph Adams Cram "wrote some years ago a little book of most interesting ghost stories called 'Black Spirits and White.'"

Two Libraries.

The Herald spoke of Ruskin publishing at a high price books written by him for the benefit of the workingman. This might have been added: Ruskin believed that a man of humble wages would value a book the more if he were obliged to make some sacrifice in order to obtain it: that a handsome edition would in itself be an educational force; that a working man should have only a few books and they should be of the best; and were there any better books than those by John Ruskin?

We once knew a man who had a different theory. He believed in many books at cheap prices. With him it was not a question of economy, for he was blessed with this world's goods. His taste in literature was fine, some would say superfine, for he swore by Walter Savage Landor and his marmoreal style. The wits of the Queen Anne period were his familiar friends and so were the men and women in Balzac's "Human Comedy"—but he would read Balzac only in French. Quality of paper, the width of margin, the type, the binding were matters of indifference to him. He enjoyed Poe's "Ulalume," though it were printed on almanac paper and the binding of the book were of a hideous color clumsily lettered. It was his habit to haunt second-hand shops, not in search of a Pickering edition or a Didot classic, but to pick up something at 25 cents, a vile reprint of a stately volume. Although his eyes were not strong and he read long after midnight, fine print for him was without terror. Never weary of quoting Charles Lamb's essay on books, he learned no lesson from it: a shabby pocket-edition was to him as valuable as an original folio or quarto.

City Colonization.

A London journalist said a few days ago that London is as much of a colony as North Queensland is; that it is constantly re-enforced by new blood. "It would be very difficult to find a Londoner who could claim a London descent from a great-grandfather." And so in Boston the Back Bay was for some years colonized by hardy families from the South end.

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The more Men Know of the World, the worse opinion they have of it, and the more they understand of Truth, they are better acquainted with the Difficulties of it, and consequently are the less confident in their Assertions, especially in matters of Probability, which commonly is squint-ey'd and looks nine Ways at once.

A French Observer.

A volume of three studies of English life, studies in the form of tales, entitled "Jenny s'en va-t-en guerre: Scenes Anglaises," by Philippe Millet, published by Bernard Grasset of Paris, is an unusually entertaining book. M. Millet was the London correspondent of the Temps during the days of mourning for King Edward VII., and of late he has studied the methods and manners of the militant woman, known by the absurd name of "suffragette," and observed the crowds at revival meetings. To him England is no longer "perfidious Albion." He would probably not be able to understand the splenetic attitude of M. Jules Lecomte, who in the middle of the last century wrote an extraordinary account of his trials and tribulations, "Un Voyage de Desagrements a Londres." M. Millet is a shrewd, but a kindy observer. He is a humorist, but not a caricaturist. His irony is sly, subtle, lambent, never corrosive. He is amiable when he is wittiest. And the style of the writer is charming, lucid, graceful, free, unforced.

Militant Jenny.

The first sketch is a study of the Suffragist question, and it should be translated into English, it is so sensible, so amusing. Jenny Kay, a painter of talent, with a lively imagination and a keen sense of humor, had never committed any foolish act although she was nearing her fortieth year. She had been as indifferent toward politics as toward love or the honors of the Royal Academy; but at last she listened reverently to Mrs. Church, walked in processions and threw a brick through the bay window of a member of the cabinet so that she might be sent to jail and suffer martyrdom. In jail she had the opportunity of reading the Bible, or "Cooking and its Relations with Physical Health," or "Thoughts for Women," by the Rev. R. K. G. Tumblerstone, D. D. She told a visitor, Mr. Robins, who had long loved her without hope, that a prison is a marvellous invention for the formation of character. "I intend to write a pamphlet advising every young gentleman on leaving school to serve a month or two in jail to round out his character." Jenny shared in revolts in the prison, broke everything within reach, and was finally released. Robins at last saw that her views were reasonable. He was convinced by listening for five minutes to the conversation of anti-Suffragists, and he came to the conclusion that men are even more stupid than women.

There are other characters sharply defined. The wife of the policeman, Winterbottom, is an enraged suffragist. It is his duty to arrest her and take her to prison. In the "Black Maria" he tells her that he ought to resign, for she had knocked out a tooth of a fellow policeman. "Coming from the wife of a colleague, it is a thing he will never forgive." She reminds him that she has been a good wife, taken care of his linen, and now she does not wish him to resign, even to be a detective. "England," she tells him, "wishes that we should all do our duty," and as the van enters the prison court, she says: "Billy, don't forget to change your socks whenever you come home with wet feet."

Collective Hysteria.

Then there is Miss Ethel Macbeth, who preaches from carts and lectures with astonishing frankness on the "social evil." Her uncle, Dr. Potter, regards her as a pest, a pathological case. He thinks she ought to be spanked or married, "perhaps both." Looking at a procession he sees a Gorgon carrying a yellow banner with the blood-red legend: "This woman is the First that was imprisoned for the Cause," and he remarks: "The water cure rest and isolation, or a marriage to a Horse-guard. That's my prescription." For Dr. Potter believed that woman is the physical and mental complement of the man. Giving her the suffrage would destroy the truce of the sexes and of nature. It would be physiologically, morally and religiously wrong. Woman essentially and organically is never in a state of equilibrium. There are times when she is a maniac. The "feminine movement" is only a phenomenon of hysteria, collective and militant. Lord Blyth with a bulging shirt front remarked: "There is a peremptory reason for refusing women the suffrage: the British empire is too complex a machine for women to direct." Hearing these opinions, Mr. Robins found Jenny the more sensible. As for M. Philippe Millet, he takes no side; he observes; he reports, and the motto for this study is an extract from Mrs. Pethick Lawrence's appeal to the judge last year: "There is a bit of the bulldog breed in the women of our country as well as in the men."

Conservative Radicals.

The second study, "La Mort du Roi," is of a peculiar snobbishness in the English character, hypocritical if views an unconcerned outsider, yet charming with a loyalty that turns even the noisy liberal or radical into a stiff conservative. Bernard Lamb of the Morning Standard goes about the streets of London after the death of King Edward in quest of copy. We thus learn the opinions of the tobacconist, the tramp, old maiden ladies, Mrs. Bartholomew, who sends a lyre in violets suspended to a broken column, with the legend, "From a widow's poor broken heart." A light girl at the Empire is in full mourning. "It is indeed necessary," she said. "Only French and German girls mock at it. Look at that tall one over there with the powdered nose. I put on mourning the morning of the King's death. We have always done it in my family. If you'll come to my rooms you will see the portraits of all the royal family." Mr. Lamb found plenty of "copy," especially while the procession marched, and at the exhibition at Shepherd's Bush.

The Awakening.

"Revival" tells how Mr. William Brooke, Mrs. Green and her daughter—Mrs. Green asked young Mr. Brooke on top of a bus whether he was sure that he had been "saved"—Bob, the Highlander soldier, and his Daisy, and others, among them Polly and Molly, heard the Rev. Mr. Torrey preach and Mr. Alexander sing "The Song of Glory" and "Angels Tell My Mother" in the Albert Hall. And William afterward had a strange vision in the night, and the angels visiting him had the calm face and reddish hair of an unknown girl he had seen in an omnibus that day. This study is an admirable piece of work, and the motto is a quotation from William James.

"DON'T REMEMBER."

When a witness in court answers a cross-examiner's question with "I don't remember," there is smiling in the room, and if the witness makes this answer several times, there is shaking of heads; the witness is accused of having a "convenient" memory, and in the newspaper account of the trial, if the case is an important one, there is the headline "Didn't Remember" and the statement that the jury was unfavorably impressed. Yet the witness may have been truthful and without guile.

What one of us on the stand could tell without hard thinking where he was three Sundays ago at 4:30 P. M., or what he had for dinner with his faithful spouse and promising children last Thursday? The memory is whimsical. One man may be able to repeat nursery rhymes, or foolish limericks heard at boarding school, and yet not be able to quote correctly four lines of a favorite poem that he has read repeatedly, a poem known to thousands. Another can tell the record of any prominent baseball pitcher for the season, but must rely on notes, clerk or stenographer for the details of a business transaction. As a man grows old in routine, there are great gaps in his life; certain years will be a blank; he merely remembers that he was happy or unhappy, successful or unlucky. He may recall a trifling incident, as a surprisingly good beefsteak in a Swiss town, his neglect to buy a valuable book at a ridiculously low price, a dispute with an aggressive person at his club; but the things that he would be supposed to remember are now as though they never were.

The majority of honest men are nervous on the witness stand from their very desire to tell the truth. It is not easy to recall the exact words of a conversation held only yesterday. An experiment made at a club in Boston frequented chiefly by lawyers and shrewd business men, who were called on to write separately an account of what they had just seen, proved the fallibility of human testimony. When the counsel sneeringly repeats the answer of the witness: "So, sir, you don't remember?" and then savagely adds: "Well, sir, what do you remember?" it is not fair to conclude in every case that the witness is concealing the truth or is a shameless perjurer.

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The world will be in equilibrium, and hates all manner of exaggeration. Time, the consoler, Time, the rich carrier of all changes, dries the freshest tears by obtruding new figures, new costumes, new roads, on our eye, new voices on our ear.

European News.

L'Opinion, a weekly published in Paris, printed on June 21 this interest-

ing foreign n[illegible]

"June 15: We hear from New York that Wetter, the lieutenant of police who played a leading part in the Rosenthal affair, has been stabbed by a person named Sam."

The Greatest.

Mr Arnold Bennett puts "Tom Jones" at the head of all novels, regardless of the fact that the Doncaster (Eng.) Corporation Free Library Committee passed a resolution in last January to destroy the book by fire, because it is immoral. This judgment was pronounced by a member who took "Tom Jones" home and read it for the first time. We envy him the pleasure. We also applaud Mr. Bennett for refraining from quoting the magnificent eulogy bestowed by Gibbon on this novel. Lovers of Thackeray regret his essay on Fielding, for he accepted the legends, and we think none the more of Col. Newcome because he stormed against Tom as a blackguard. Yet in the preface to "Pendennis," the same Thackeray admitted that no Englishman since Fielding had dared to draw a man as he is. In like manner R. L. Stevenson wrote an essay on Walt Whitman, but deplored publicly in a preface his cowardice in not praising the bard more heartily and with fewer qualifications.

When Fielding's library was sold, the only books written by him which he possessed at his death were two unimportant dramatic works, the second edition of "Jonathan Wild" and a pamphlet. It is a pity that he did not live long enough to see an expurgated edition of "Tom Jones," an edition "for the use of families." The humor of it would have appealed to him and he would have taken a copy for refreshment on his voyage to Lisbon.

Criticism by Fire.

The committee of the Doncaster library voted to burn a book. In the good old times these critics would have burned Fielding himself, as Servetus was roasted to death for "On the Restitution of Christianity," and Giordano Bruno for his "Expulsion of the Triumphing Beast," nor did Bruno have the consolation of knowing that Swinburne and Pater would write about him in the choicest English. Gabriel Peignot, the mild-eyed antiquary and bibliomaniac of Dijon, drew up an annotated catalogue of books that had been burned publicly as seditious, immoral, blasphemous. A catalogue of men that have thus suffered would be still more entertaining and instructive. There is a familiar phrase: "I made him eat his own words"; it goes with "I hurled the lie in his teeth"; but Theodore Reinking, a Dane, was literally condemned to eat his huge volume, after it was stripped of its binding, and the thousand and one leaves were boiled to a pulp, and he was not allowed to eat it behind the barn or under the veranda. In the sight of the public he swallowed the stuff to the last spoonful, and did not long survive the ordeal.

Fruitless Discussion.

The question, Which is the greatest novel? is a fine subject for fruitless discussion. Some would put "Don Quixote" at the head of all romances, and if they say that Fielding's novel is typically English while that of Cervantes is universal, M. Maurice Barres quotes Pa[illegible]eco, who, writing about painting, declared that there are three kinds of [illegible] reproduced by this art, the natural, the artificial and those formed by the meditation of the soul, and M. Barres adds that Don Quixote, devoted to his Dulcinea, lived with these last, and that Don Quixote and the materialistic Sancho live side by side in Spain, if not in every Spaniard. Emerson was never weary of extolling the merits of "Wilhelm Meister," which is to many a [illegible]ly bore. There is the gigantic monument raised to himself by Balzac, but [illegible] even "Eugenie Grandet," "Cousine Bette" and "Pere Goriot" equal to "Tom Jones" in clear vision, portrayal of character, broad, all-including humanity?

Apropos of the "human touch," here is the

Anecdote for the Day.

Queen Victoria expressed much pleasure at a particularly vivacious march played one day at Windsor Castle. She asked a subaltern the name of this delightful composition. "'Come Where the Booze Is Cheaper,' ma'am," said the boy, miserably but truthfully.

The Original.

And apropos of novels, we all remember the guardsmen introduced in the earlier stories of "Ouida," blue-eyed, innocent looking, but rake-helly, devilish fellows, who, when they had nothing else to do, were wringing the sparkling Moselle from their amber mustaches. (What a shame that "moustachios" is now an obsolete form!) We believe this type of guardsman was first made prominent by "Ouida" in "Strathmore," which, in a dramatized form, and played alternately with "Pretty Panther" by the Dolly Bidwell company, delighted schoolboys at Exeter, N. H., in the early seventies. Now Sir Joscelin Bagot died not long ago and London and provincial newspapers stated that he was the original of "Ouida's" type; but Sir Joscelin was born in 1854, and "Strathmore" was published in 1865, so he must [illegible] been a devil in the [illegible] age of 11 years. The statement has also been made that one of the Sebrights was the original of "Sweetie of the Guards." Are "Strathmore," "Chandos," "Idalia" read today, or are they dusty with George Laurence's "Guy Livingstone," which is funnier than Bret Harte's parody of it?

For Men Only.

Too much has been cabled about the new fashions for women in Paris; little has been said about costumes for men. A correspondent writes that there will be a return to Louis Philippisme; men will wear shawls round their necks and never be seen without an umbrella; they will rouge their cheeks, sport side-whiskers—mutton chop, or the Piccadilly Weeper?—and turn their toes inward at every step.

The mention of shawl jogs the memory. There was a time when the respectable Bostonian was known abroad, identified, by his shawl. Entering a railway car, he would wrap it round him, or put it in the rack. Perhaps it was a survival of stagecoach days; perhaps some gilded youth brought the fashion from Paris or London. The more daring used a stick-pin.

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The sentimental are too little inclined to associate friendly ideas with trees. We pass whole days with animals interpreting as marks of sympathy acts which, as far as the intention of the authors is concerned, are wholly indifferent. A dog that gives us his paw shows thereby no more of friendship toward us than a plant gently curved and sweet-smelling, or a cherry-tree that offers to us its cherries.

Arboreal Affinities.

When Miss Julia K. Sommer of Chicago told her class in theosophy that every person has a "tree affinity" and trees have their likes and dislikes, being pleased by one human being or irritated by another, she went back to the wisdom of the ancient world when hamadryads favored mortal men or avenged themselves on the faithless. She went back to the years when trees were worshipped. To say with her that somewhere an oak or an ash or a weeping willow is sighing for its soulmate in human shape may be thought fantastical by the prosaic, yet it is pleasant to think of this fancy in the city of stockyards and abattoirs. That a weeping willow should sigh is not surprising. When Artemus Ward heard his daughter singing, "Why Do Summer Roses Fade?" he answered: "Becoz it's their biz. Let 'em fade." It is the "biz" of a weeping willow to weep.

Slow in Approval.

Long before Miss Sommer formed her class in theosophy an ingenious Frenchman, now dead, one Jules Renard, who loved nature although he lived in a village, described the attitude of the old trees on his place toward him when he came back from Paris. At first they were suspicious; they studied him; little by little they were more tolerant of his restlessness and pride; they finally were sympathetic if not demonstratively affectionate. He learned from them lessons of repose and humility, and he soon realized the folly of fretting and fuming, and knew the vanity of earthly desires.

And 20 years ago M. Maurice Barres wrote a little essay suggested by the sight through a window near his writing-desk of a tree in his neighbor's garden, a tall tree, grave and patient in its robe of snow. This essay urged men and women to be friends with trees. When we are in good health, he argued, when we are bound by the intrigues that surround us, we are able to love both hate and love, ambition, all the passions, and even the enwrapping intrigues; but the moment we are aweary or filled with disgust, the objects of nature give us more pleasure than all the complexities of civilization. As Taine observed: "No being to me seems equal to mountains, the sea, forests and streams."

Tree Lore.

Nor should Miss Sommer forget that in years past trees have sympathized with nations, and not merely individuals, for when the Sultan Murad undertook his expedition against Baghdad, the great tree near the monastery of Abraham at Orfa, opened into 40 cracks, each crack streaming with a red issue like blood. She should also remind her enraptured pupils that the Mintukmeehakick, who lived on the bark of chestnut, walnut and other large trees and planted no corn, were called cannibals and were abhorred by the neighboring tribes. What is to be thought, then, of old Dutch and English gardeners, who, practised in the topiary art, clipped and twisted yew and box into the shapes of birds and beasts and geometric figures? If Miss Sommer succeeds in arousing a love for trees so that they will not be looked upon and prized only as possible lumber, she will not have lectured in vain. For daily reading her pupils should choose Thomas Hardy's "Woodlanders."

At "The Stag."

As the World Wags:

Has any indulging reader of your column ever had a Ramos fizz at "The [illegible] New Leaven" [illegible] forgot it or mi[illegible] Ramos.

We learn that the Imperator, when full manned, has four captains. So 'The Stag.' Back of the four 'Stag' captains stand the shakers. The captains prepare the fizz with the scrupulous care of the old apothecary who loves his art. The beverage is then passed to the shaker whose poetry of motion completes the drink.

There is no place quite like "The Stag."

The owner and captains are strict teetotalers. D. W. H.

Boston.

Anecdote for the Day.

A clerical friend of Mr. G. W. E. Russell, returning to his parish after his autumn holiday, and noticing a woman at her cottage door with a baby in her arms, asked, "Has that child been baptized?" "Well, sir," replied the curtsying mother, "I shouldn't like to say as much as that; but your young man came and did what he could."

An Underground Song.

As the World Wags:

In The Sunday Herald of June 29 I found a version of one of the great favorites of my girlhood days, which began in 1836, and I think I must have been about 14 when I first heard "Silver Moon," so many times sung that I've never forgotten it. The version I heard differed from that in The Herald.

So popular was the song that not only among the country folks but in the towns its strains were common, and later an abolition song was composed and sung to the measure; a portion of which I recall, as singing it in Salem with relatives in those brave old days of underground railroads:

Shine on, Northern Star, thou are beautiful and bright
To the slave on his journey afar,
For he speeds from his foes in the darkness of night,
Guided on by thy light, Northern Star.

CHORUS.

O, God speed the flight of the desolate slave,
Let his heart never yield to despair;
There is room among our hills for the true and the brave,
Let his lungs breathe our free Northern air.

ADA C. BOWLES.

Gloucester.

July 13 - 1913

AUGUSTA HOLMES is known chiefly in Boston by her songs, especially by her "Irish Christmas Song," "Le Chevalier Belle-Etoile," with the accompaniment that suggests the characteristic rhythm in the Scherzo of Saint-Saens' piano concerto in G minor, and "Sous les Orangers," a sensuous and beautiful melody, which any composer would have gladly signed. Her life by Mme. Paula Barillon-Bauche, the author of a piano method, has been published recently in Paris by the Librairie Fischbacher. It contains a long description of her opera, "La Montagne Noire," and studies of her principal orchestral works, but the sketch of her life is slight, and the absence of anecdotage will disappoint all those who know that there was abundance of material for an entertaining book. The reader is not even told whether Mme. Holmes was ever married.

The sub-title is in this instance of real importance, for Mme. Barillon-Bauche spends much time in showing why women cannot be composers of the first rank. She has no illusions about Mme. Holmes, who "symbolizes the female composer with her maximum of qualities and her chief imperfections." They that knew Mme. Holmes remember her as an artist of worth, original, without the "light-hearted superficiality of her sex in art"; but for the public it is as though she had never lived. In her time she attained celebrity; her music was frequently heard at the Pasdeloup, Colonne and Conservatory concerts; her songs were sung in drawing rooms and concert halls. A few years passed after her death and her name is seldom seen on a program in Paris. "Of her work, and materially it is considerable, nothing has lived." Is this simply because there has been a marked evolution in musical art and also in the appreciation of the public for this art?

Although Mme. Holmes took lessons of Cesar Franck, there is no trace of this instruction in her music; although she was a passionate admirer of Wagner and fondly believed that she was of his school, the influence of Wagner on her creative ability was null. She struck out no new path. Her music perished as soon as she was no longer able to vivify it by her ardent personality.

Mme. Barillon-Bauche will not even admit that female pianists and violinists ever stand side by side with the great male virtuosos. She leaves singers out of the question, but makes the curious statement that women's voices are to the crowd often more pleasing than those of men, because the ear prefers high pitched voices, and the woman, "naturally more supple and more of the comedian than the man, reinforces the expression of her song by facial play and gestures, and her sentiment feeds on the impersonation of character and situations on the stage." Furthermore the inferiority of women in music is shown by the fact that no one of them has become an eminent conductor. Women, the author claims, cannot attain to a mental state responding to the demands of music; they lack the patience, the clear insight, the habit of abstract analysis, study that is absorbing but stimulating and susceptible of [illegible] beyond [illegible] and indefatigable pursuit of a [illegible] ideal.

Mme Barillon-Bauche has still more to say. There are young women who have the gift of improvisation. They jot down their ideas, and friends cry out, "A miracle!" These young women study harmony, even counterpoint, and while they may write an amiable impromptu for the piano, or a suave melody, they wish to embrace more than is within their reach, and boldly attack a symphonic work. One may be willing to practise piano studies the day long, but is unwilling or unable to give an hour to the mental study of a fugue by Bach, with due consideration of its style, development, and technical structure. The methodic spirit, the mental discipline, the will that is never discouraged—these are anti-feminine qualities.

The author is a woman. What mere man would dare to write in this manner?

And this is the author's conclusion: If, ambitious to be a composer, woman had the wisdom and the courage to measure herself against the inevitable difficulties and necessary sacrifices, she would either shun the task, or strengthen herself by labor that suits the aim, and limit herself according to the acquired resources. Then, in face of an organization like that of Augusta Holmes, we should not be obliged to deplore technical weaknesses that betray the best intentions, and faults of taste that often impair or destroy an interesting inspiration.

The Irish Players.

The Manchester Guardian recently published a leading article in which it commented on the "disturbing" news about the Irish Players. The Guardian had heard that Miss Allgood was going to play the part of Janet in Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Great Adventure" on tour; that the Players had lost something of their old simplicity and were beginning to act "just like real West End performers"; that Mr Sinclair was the worst offender, a delicate comedian who had acquired unhappy mannerisms, having become funereal in speech and action; that gagging had been introduced. And then came a sneer at the "American influence." "We have always admired the way in which the Irish Players made a unit of themselves on the stage, and should be sorry to think that America has quickened in some of them a desire to 'star' and to capture laughs which are not in their parts. A little discipline at this moment might be the saving of Abbey Theatre acting, one of the choicest things in Europe, from decay."

To this lament the Pall Mall Gazette made a reassuring reply. The Gazette is not disturbed by any temporary absence of Miss Allgood. The society survived the departure of Miss Maire O'Neill and of the Fay brothers. Mr. Sinclair occasionally speaks slower than is necessary, but to describe him as funereal is to exaggerate grotesquely. He, moreover, "generally fills a part with by-play or facial expression as graphic as any words could be—even the words of a Synge." The night before the Gazette made this reply, Mr. Sinclair, in "The Eloquent Dempsey," gave a most lively and diverting performance and kept a crowded theatre in peals of laughter. The charge that gagging has crept in, the Gazette considers more serious. It denies that there is promiscuous gagging. "Here and there in the plays of Mr. St John Ervine, Mr. Lennox Robinson and perhaps of other authors a line or two have been inserted which are not to be found in the printed editions; but if in every instance the author has approved of these little additions what more is there to be said?"

The writer concludes: "'A little discipline' is always a good thing, but the Abbey Theatre is in no need of it to save its acting from 'decay.' Such acting as London saw last night and has seen on every other night during the past fortnight at the Court Theatre, not only from Miss Allgood and Mr. Sinclair, but from Mr. O'Donovan, Mr. Kerrigan, Mr. Morgan, Miss O'Doherty, Miss Magee and others, has been the very worst imitation of the beginnings of decay ever seen on an English stage."

When the Irish players were at the Plymouth Theatre last season, there were rumors of slight disagreements. It was said that some in the company feared that Miss Allgood was eager to be a "star," and it was observed that Mr. O'Donovan was disinclined to take a curtain call with her or alone. It was also said that the company wished to appear in Mr. Boyle's comedy "The Eloquent Dempsey," which had been greatly enjoyed here the season before; that the company would have preferred this comedy to Mr. Yeats's strange play of the unicorn. These rumors may have been or may not have been well founded. The standard of acting was even higher than it was during the first season, and the players acted as a unit. The one disappointment was the performance of "The Land of Heart's Desire" and it may be questioned whether this charming fancy is well suited to the stage. This is true: the performance given by the Irish Players and by Miss Horniman's company from Manchester were, in the quality of the plays and in the manner of performance, the [illegible] features of [illegible] otherwise uneventful [illegible] forget Mr. [illegible]

[illegible] nor do we forget the exotic fascination of "The Yellow Jacket."

A Pathetic Song

We asked a fortnight ago who wrote the song "Too Proud to Beg; Too Honest to Steal," which we used to hear sung with thrilling effect at minstrel shows. Mr. Frank H. Briggs of Boston writes to The Herald: "I think it was more associated with Sol Smith Russell. I have heard him recite it with an orchestra accompaniment several times."

Here are the words of this pathetic ballad, for which we are indebted to Mr. L. P. Goullaud of Braintree. The song, published in Boston by White, Smith & Co., was copyrighted by Gus Williams in 1897, but the publishers entered it in 1869. We remember hearing it sung in costume early in the 70s, sung and never recited. Acording to the edition before us, the words are by Harry Clifton and the music by Gus Williams, but there is this significant inscription: "Arr. by John Blum."

We've heard it asserted a dozen times o'er
That a man may be happy in rags;
That a Prince is no more in his carriage and four
Than the pauper who treads on the flags;
As I chance to be neither, I cannot much tell,
How a prince or a pauper may feel,
I belong to that highly respectable class
Which is known as the shaboy genteel.

CHORUS.

Too proud to beg, too honest to steal,
I know what it is to be wanting a meal;
My tatters and rags I try to conceal,
I belong to the shabby genteel.

I'm a party, in fact, who has known better days,
But their glory is faded and gone,
I've started in life in a lot of odd ways,
But have not found the way to get on;
There are only three roads, I'm afraid, that are left—
I shall have to beg, borrow or steal,
Yet I don't quite encourage the notion of theft,
Tho' I'm awfully shabby genteel.

CHORUS.

Too proud to beg, etc.

I am dressed in my best, tho' I cannot pretend
That my costume is quite comme Il faut,
You'll observe that my watch has been left with a friend,
And my gloves are unfitted for show;
There are traces of wear on my elbows and knees,
And my boots have run down at the heel;
But it's cruel to criticise matters like these,
When a man has grown shabby genteel.

CHORUS.

Too proud to beg, etc.

Still I strive to be cheerful in all my distress,
And I bear my bad luck like a man;
If I can't have my way as to feeding or dress,
I must still do the best that I can;
And remember, good people, that fortune some day,
By a turn of her treacherous wheel,
May reduce one of you in the very same way,
To the level of shabby genteel.

CHORUS.

Too proud to beg, etc.

Truly a sad song with an improving moral, and never shall we forget the woebegone face and the clothes of that singer in the seventies.

A Few Personal Notes.

Recently mention was made of two concerts that were about to be given in Berlin in celebration of Weingartner's jubilee. These concerts, it now appears, were cancelled at the wish of Weingartner himself. The reason assigned for his decision is that he is determined, notwithstanding the prohibition of the authorities of the Royal Opera—to be enforced by heavy pains and penalties—to re-enter next autumn the musical arena of the German capital. In coming to this resolve the famous conductor, it is said, claimed that he has never really been guilty of breach of contract, and contended, accordingly, that he is being unjustly prevented from taking part in the musical life of Berlin. And, having made up his mind to disregard the official ban, he thought it would not be advisable for him to appear at private concerts given in the presence of specially invited audiences, since his doing so might be construed into a tacit admission that he is not entitled to any public hearing. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the case, it will be acknowledged that Weingartner, at any rate, has the courage of his opinions.—Daily Telegraph (London).

Henry Arthur Jones is preparing some of his plays for the cinematograph, and first of all "The Silver King," which will take over an hour in representation. He will superintend the staging of the piece and add scenes.

"There was a ring of genuine feeling in the very cordial welcome "accorded Miss May Yohe at the London Opera House after an absence of 15 years. "Her rich contralto voice" was heard once more in "Honey, ma Honey."

Charles Urban of London has secured the world's right to reproduce in Kinemacolor Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdelen." Mme. Maeterlinck will take the leading part, and the pictures will be shown in London next fall. Mr. Urban also has the rights to reproduce "The Blue Bird."

The following story was told by Mr. Martin Harvey to a reporter of the Daily Chronicle: The actor received a clumsily expressed and ill-spelled letter from a stranger who suggested that the Faun in Mr. Knoblauch's comedy should give real instead of fictitious names of horses to Lord Stonbury when bargaining with him to provide him, in exchange for other favors, with "tomorrow's winners at Ascot." Naturally Mr Harvey took no notice of it. Twenty-four hours before the racing on the opening day at Ascot the actor received a wire from the stranger telling him to inform Lord Stonbury and, incidentally, the audience, that three of the races would be won by three certain horses that he named. These horses proved entirely true to the stranger's prophecy; and so did three more whose names he wired to Mr. Harvey on Tuesday for the following day. "Of course, I shall continue, as the Faun, to give fictitious names to the horses I put Lord Stonbury on to in the play. But these wires are disturbingly tempting. I am quite earnestly hoping that the next three horses he wires to me will turn out losers! It would make me feel more comfortable in my mind!" This shows that the press agent is active in London.

Mr. H. B. Irving will produce in London, next fall, Stephen Phillips's "Sin of David," "The Grand Seigneur," a romantic play by Edward Ferris and B. P. Matthews, and he purposes to revive "Richard III.," making the action as quick as possible.

A curious incident occurred at one of the last rehearsals of Gabriele d'Annunzio's "La Pisanella," for which Ildebrando da Parma wrote the incidental music. A gentleman tried to force his way into the hall, unheeding the explanations of the attendants, who said that nobody had the right to enter. In vain did the gentleman shout: "But I have come to hear the music of my pupil, of my favorite pupil!" The doors remained closed, but the din became so great that it was heard in the hall, whereupon Ildebrando da Parma came out to see what was the matter. The moment, however, he saw the stranger who was refused admittance he fell round his neck, calling out: "Maestro! Maestro!" The stranger was Puccini.—The Era.

Opera in London

Mme. Carmen-Melis took the part of Mallella in "The Jewels of the Madonna," at Covent Garden. The Times said: "Everything depends upon its (the opera) seeming true, and the first condition is that Mallella should be such a girl as might make one man protest everything and another dare everything to win her. Mme. Melis * * * is altogether convincing. She plays the part to the full, and gives us all its romance and savagery, its blind longing for every unknown experience. As a dramatic performance nothing could be more complete; as a musical one, there was something missing. Her voice was apt to sound curiously pale by comparison with the vividness of personality. There were a few moments of uncertain intonation, but she was not alone in that. * * * Mme. Melis's singing was generally true; it had great range of expression, varying from moments of intense excitement * * * to the quiet, dream-like tone which she used at the end of the same act, while she decked herself in the jewels. What one missed was the power of conveying fervor without effort. Her voice seemed to want natural warmth of quality, but everything else which could help to make up for that want was supplied in her fine performance." The Pall Mall Gazette said that "the character, like the others in this melodramatic work, is so uninteresting that it is difficult to portray satisfactorily." The critic praised Mme. Melis's acting and appearance, but wished for more warmth of color in the singing. The Daily Telegraph found that she acted with "wonderful versatility and 'devil' (sic), but was not so successful vocally, 'for her voice is not very powerful, but there is no question of the power of her acting, which, especially in the second and third acts, was on a very high level indeed.'"

The Pall Mall Gazette regrets that "Madama Butterfly" has no middle, only a beginning and an ending. It thinks that in the second act the relations of Pinkerton and Cio-Cio-San should be developed to some crucial situation. As it is, the catastrophe sets in too soon, and "our power of tragic enjoyment is gradually exhausted."

Mme. Melis also appeared at Covent Garden as Mimi. The Daily Telegraph described her impersonation as good and effective. "She has not achieved so much before in London, or attained so high a level of artistry. Her 'flirtatious' attitude in the opening act was if somewhat dangerous as an experiment, admirable, in that it came off so well, and towards the close her singing was on a par with her acting, and that left nothing to be desired." The Pall Mall Gazette found her "only vivacious," and again wished that her singing were warmer. The Times said that she "put a great deal into her acting without becoming fussy and sacrificing her singing to movement and gesture." She was spontaneously gay and vivacious, and in the latter scenes pathetic and simple. "Her voice was at its best in the climaxes, when she sang out with a full volume."

Mme. Melba appeared as Marguerite. The Daily Telegraph remarked that the anticipated brilliance of her voice "was to seek, and the voice itself seemed unusually small in volume. Of course, the old fluency was there, and the scales and passages of the jewel song and the rest were sung with all the old ease, but the 'ring' was absent."

Concerts

Miss Alma Gluck made her first appearance in London June 15, and was warmly praised for the "astonishing ease with which she made her voice carry," her "winning" personality, "a peculiarly intimate style of interpretation and a perfect mastery of the technical side of her art."

Mr. de Pachmann again "showed more than his usual freedom in making confidential asides to explain his ecstatic joy in the music of Chopin."

Mr. Paderewski played Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto with the London Symphony orchestra June 16. "It would be easy," said the Daily Telegraph, "to name half a dozen pianists, at least, whose readings of this concerto are, musically, far more satisfactory than his." It spoke of the too long drawn-out sweetness of the second movement, over sentimentalized, like his interpretation of Chopin's Prelude in A flat; also of moments in the other movements when he treated the music "in a dreamy far away manner, but little in keeping with the Beethoven spirit"; and it did not find the rhythm in the finale satisfactory. The critic added that while it was impossible to concur with Mr. Paderewski's ideas, "it was equally impossible not to marvel at his personality or to admire the beautiful technique of his piano playing." The Pall Mall Gazette described the performance as "altogether brilliant, if rather cold." "Opinions may differ as to the emotional value of this distinguished artist's interpretation of Beethoven, but there can be no doubt about the position he occupies as an executive giant and striking personality. And one says this without forgetting the fact that his method is not so flawless that he does not give us wrong notes at times, for somehow when Mr. Paderewski makes a slip it seems to matter less than with any one else."

Mr. and Mrs. David Mannes, giving a vionin and piano sonata recital June 17, were praised for their "general unanimity of view" and fine detail.

Mr. Huberman, the violinist, according to the Daily Telegraph, has "often been heard in our midst." Truly a moving fiddler.

The heat overcame Mr. Charles Anthony of Boston on June 17 so that he had to break off in the middle of Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques. He recovered, however, and continued his recital, the second. "His playing generally seemed to be of a decidedly accomplished order, and one could detect a good deal of easy fluency of technic and a sympathetic tone."

Frank Bridge's new Sextet in E-flat aroused the hearty admiration of the critics on June 18. They are seldom so unanimous in enthusiasm.

Emil Mlynarski, a Polish conductor, gave the first of three concerts of Slavonic music on June 19. The program included an overture to Statkowski's opera "Marya"—the story is of "a man who got his daughter drowned in order to annoy her lover, and the lover took the obvious course of committing suicide"; Rozycki's symphonic poem "Anhelli," which depicts the life and thoughts of a Siberian exile, and a violin concerto in A major (op. 8) by Karlowicz, a young composer who died from an accident while ski-ing in the Carpathian mountains. The Pall Mall Gazette, judging from these examples, determined that Polish music is gliding in orthodox paths untouched by the influence of Debussy and Strauss. The overture has warm emotionalism, but is not tragic, and is "heavy by continual preparatory passages of long-time values that lead nowhere." In the symphonic poem the ideas are cramped and too much confined to a limited range of three or four notes; prevailing sequential treatment makes for monotony, but there is a striking section where "the violins are accompanied by muted double-basses divided and playing sustained chords in seven parts." The concerto is much cleverer, but less imaginative. The Times was even less kind. "No one of these works is of peculiar importance and the program gave the impression that there must be a good many composers in Poland who are very busily at work without having very much to say. It is not necessary to go as far as Poland to find that kind of music." The overture is "effective in the way that these crude stories of violence and passion are effective on the operatic stage. They give an opportunity for any amount of noisy excitement, the unfailing resource of composers who are not carried forward by any strong imaginative impulse." The symphonic poem contains more real stuff, and is redeemed by some good passages and one really appealing tune.

Miss Julia Culp, returning to Europe, gave a recital in London, June 19. The Times noticed a tendency to drag in slow and sentimental songs, and in Tschaikowsky's "Pendant le bal," there was an abuse of the mezza voce, so that "The ball seemed to be taking place in the next room," but as a whole the singer's tone and phrasing were strikingly beautiful in Schubert's songs, and two by Beethoven were sung with the right kind of simplicity, without an attempt to make them sound old-fashioned, or to display subtle detail. The Pall Mall Gazette remarked: "Mme. Culp possesses the rare gift of being able to impart a remarkable fervor of expression and intensity into her singing without a trace of self-consciousness. Her art at its best, in lyrics which suit the range, color and quality of her voice, is quite superb; it is then one feels that she is the first lieder-singer of the day."

On June 20 Mr Leonard Borwick played his own transcription of Debussy's "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune." It seems that the composer gave his permission. The Daily Telegraph admitted that the transcription was clever, "but that wonderful work is now some 20 years old, and we can only think of it in terms of the orchestra: and the effect was something analogous to an engraving of, say, a landscape of Monet. Where the part-writing was bare, or where there was only the solo flute to be heard, the transcription was at its best; the more involved contrapuntal passages—all of them, of course, essentially atmospheric—rather showed it up, so to speak. The other Debussy work—'Fetes'—made a slightly better effect, for the simple reason that it depends less than does 'L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune' upon color and more upon rhythm."

The London Stage

"Aurora's Captive," a new one-act piece by Tom Gallon, was produced as a curtain-raiser to "The Faun" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The captive is a burglar, a rather timid soul, found in her mistress' dining room by Aurora Petunia, once a workhouse brat, now a maid of all work to a spinster. Aurora is determined to have a husband, and, having dispossessed the burglar of his revolver, she shields him from the impending fate. The piece is described as "fairly amusing," "agreeable."

Another piece about a burglar is an operetta, "A Narrow Squeak," with music by Howard Talbot, brought out at the Coliseum. The burglar, having gone through the flat, sits down at the piano and sings. The husband and wife do not mind his outrageous conduct but form with him a trio. A taxi driver and a policeman come in and there is a quintet. The wife look kindly on the burglar and pleads for him with operatic passion. While the others are thus making night hideous the burglar, still singing, makes off with his loot.

The revue "What Ho! Ragtime!" the Victoria Palace shows life at Atlantic City and New York. Apropos of the title, Mr. Filson Young remarks that there are fashions in the invention titles, and these fashions reflect the spirit and temper of the time. "At the moment the exclamatory title seems to be the vogue. 'Oh! I Say!' 'Come Over Here!' 'Hullo, Ragtime!' 'Oh, Oh, Delphine!' 'J'adore ca!' are among the entertainments now running in London. Are not these titles suggestive of a good deal in present tendencies, when, in order to receive attention at all, quite ordinary events have to be raised to a higher power, and be inflated to the magnitude of sensations, scandals, or disasters? There are plenty of other kinds of titles, of course, but these stand out as belonging to a definite fashion—for 'The Yellow Jacket' and 'L'Habit Vert' can hardly be said by themselves to constitute a class. Mere simplicity and strength seem, in this as in other things, to be temporarily out of favor. I suppose that 'Money' is one of the plainest titles ever given to a successful play, and 'When We Dead Awaken' one of the most strong and resonant."

"The Cormorant," a one-act play by Miss May Isabel Fisk, was produced at the Little Theatre. It is a study in selfishness. An elderly man is provided by his family with funds, at no small cost, so that he can play bridge and swell it at the club. His wife at last rebels, but her children take the part of the stepfather, and the piece ends about as it began.

"The Gilded Pill," by J. Storer Cloreston (Globe, June 18), tells of the Seaton Glastonburys, children of a baronet who, unknown to them, made his money in golden electric pills and sold out long before his death. They were fearful snobs, yet Diana spoke of her "famully," and said "Americar." The baronet's partner, one Dennison, was appointed trustee, and when he came back from America they treated him coldly, for he in talk was "aitchless," although he had "that large and tender heart beloved by novelists." After he has been insulted, he is obliged to humiliate Sir Bevis, Lionel, Diana and Muriel by telling them they have been living on his charity, for their father spent his fortune and left them penniless. Meanwhile, Dennison neglected Kitty Tyson, poor but honest, and thought she was an adventuress. The part of Dennison was taken by Rutland Barrington, whom the Times described as "a perfect dear." During the run, little boxes of gilded cachous were given to the spectators, no matter where they sat.

"The Cardinal's Romance," by E. O. Hommerde (Savoy Theatre, June 14), was condemned by the critics: "'Epigrams and epitaphs are really very much alike,' said some one" in this play, "and the remark is a fair instance of the general gayety, as of the tomb, which pervaded the play." When the hero is wavering between priesthood and marriage, he exclaims: "May I not worship my God supported by all the strength of a woman's heart?" "Then the lady, who was only too willing to marry him, but was pretending otherwise, said: 'You must choose the nobler path, the lonely path, the path of the pale, lonely moon.' The lady wh

this [illegible] Miss E[illegible] [illegible] and her delivery of it suggested that she has a sense of humor for, instead of addressing it to Mr. Norman Trevor, she spoke it straight at the dress circle." In the second act the hero, on the word of an old priest and without any other evidence, accepts the suggestion that his wife is his half-sister and leaves her. Nineteen years afterward he discovers that it was all a mistake, but as he is now a cardinal "there is nothing left for him to do but look seraphic."

"A Perfect Cure," by Stanley Houghton (Apollo Theatre, June 17), recalls "The Mollusc," for the here is a self-indulgent humbug. This Mr. Cray is a widower who allows his daughter to put on his boots and will not allow her to marry her Jack, for what, then, would become of him? His cousin, Miss Scandrett, also middle-aged, but charming, enters the household, puts life into the Mollusc, brings him to a sense of his selfishness and finally marries him. "The story is a gentle, harmless one, not very original, and toward the end rather artificial." One critic was shocked because the daughter said to her father: "You used to be great friends, didn't you?" Charles Hawtrey took the part of Cray.

When "Jim the Penman" was revived, (Comedy Theatre, June 18), the play seemed thoroughly stagey, and its appeal to only the ingenuous type of playgoer. Yet it was revised, and the language somewhat modernized. The author "combined forgery with heart disease * * * Our only doubt is whether the medical gentleman who so obligingly detected the heart disease in James Ralston from the start really made an exhaustive diagnosis, for James did so much forging, early and late, night and morning, that we think he must surely also have suffered from writers' cramp. * * * The imagination reels at the thought of what would happen without the heart disease. You fasten, with a sense of relief upon that. You watch it gradually getting worse and worse—Nemesis, as you might say, 'swellin' wisibly'—till the moment when the daughter's wedding bells are ringing, and then you know that this is the moment for the disease to claim its victim. And the behavior of the victim in articulo mortis leaves nothing to be desired; Mr. Norman McKinnel gives you each particular gasp and tremor with the most conscientious exactitude. A capital drawing room melodrama, then, this 'Jim the Penman'; 'drawing room melodrama'; delicious phrase of a quarter of a century ago! And how dull and didactic our stage drawing rooms have since become! * * * The play is vastly amusing (in the grand sense of the term as Mr. Henry James would say)." Thus the Times.

The Shakespeare Festival at His Majesty's opened on its fourth and last week on June 30 with a revival of "Romeo and Juliet." The Pall Mall Gazette published this entertaining review. "Some of the stage 'business' introduced on that occasion is also retained, including the acting of the lovely parting scene between the husband and wife on the lady's bed instead of at the window, with the result, among others, that the allusions to the pomegranate tree, the clouds, the stars, and the morning's eye are less easy than usual to understand, as both the speakers appear unable to see any of these objects. It is pretty obvious that if Shakespeare, who had rather a practical knowledge of the stage, had intended his scene to be acted on a bed he would have written it rather differently, and not have stated that it was to be acted 'at a window.' Once more, too, a good deal of confusion results in the last act from scenes, arranged to be acted outside the tomb, being enacted inside. To mention one only, we see Paris mortally wounded at the foot of Juliet's bier and then imploring Romeo to 'lay him with Juliet.' We had a new Mercutio last night in the person of Sir Herbert Tree, who will no doubt quicken and brighten his impersonation when he has become more certain of his lines. As a jocular and high-spirited gentleman he was entirely put into the shade by the new Romeo, Mr. Philip Merivale, who, after he had heard the story of Juliet's death, chatted to the apothecary in the pleasantest fashion, and, in the tomb, spoke his 'Death's pale flag is not advanced here' very much as he would have remarked that the lady's hair was parted in the middle. He also had a rather disagreeable way with ladies of thrusting his face forward till a collision seemed imminent. He did it with Rosaline at the ball; he afterward did it with Juliet. It seemed scarcely to lead up to the divine apostrophe commencing 'If I profane with my unworthy hand.' No doubt it was all very breezy, but, after all, Romeo is not a breezy person but a haunted man, dreading consequences hanging in the stars, and ready bitterly to believe himself Fortune's fool. The breezy rendering has to suppress all this. The Juliet of Miss Neilson-Terry seems much the same as when we saw it at the New Theatre, except that her speech is surely much slower than before and her energy in the potion scene more elaborate. It is a slowly effective performance, but it leaves us quite unmoved, save to admiration of the lady's beauty."

And thus the reviewer seems to adopt the theory of Maginn that Bottom, the Sky, is opposed by Shakespeare to Romeo, the unlucky.

Montmartre The Paris correspondent of the **On the Stage** graphic reported the farewell of artists to Montmartre last month:

Montmatre is dying. The gardens are going, and skyscrapers are being built on the top of the Butte. A committee of artists is bidding farewell to Montmartre tonight. It will be a more amusing than touching farewell, to judge by the first of the fetes of the "Adieu a Montmartre" last night at the Theatre des Arts. The artists themselves had written, composed and staged, and themselves acted or sung, two perfect parodies, one of grand opera and the other melodrama. "Gerard et Isabelle, ou la Vengeance d'Esteban" is all the operas of Gounod, Meyerbeer and others rolled into one act. The chorus of cutthroats singing fortissimo "Hush, hush; we must not wake the lady." The villain Esteban, a very nice Mephistopheles, the tenor Gerard, the Lady Isabelle, were all perfect. The tenor and the villian had just the right operatic duel, while the band played to the proper agitato rhythm. The villain lunged in the air fiercely, and the tenor dropped dead. The tenor thereupon began to sing for half an hour. The Lady Isabelle appeared, sang over the dead body, and then dropped dead also.

An ancient mariner with long gray hair had appeared at intervals. The stage manager had previously informed us that he was the most famous Russian baritone of his time, and could only sing in Russian. He sang "Russian" to a rhapsodic rhythm at intervals during the piece, and finally also dropped dead. It was a very good parody of Moussorgski, as well as of Meyerbeer and Gounod. There had also been a ballet, in which three stars tried to distract the tenor's thoughts from the coy Lady Isabelle, and in which a young French artist played at being Nijinsky with beautiful skill. In the audience were M. Chaliapine and Mme. Nijinska, both enjoying it enormously.

The music composed by Mlle. Morhange, MM. Jourdan and Charpentier, is delicious musical humor. The scenery, a perfect burlesque of ordinary grand opera staging, was by M. Abel Truchet, who was one of the cutthroats in the chorus. The burlesque was all the better because the music really is music, and the singers really did sing.

Melodrama, popular in London, is not dead, or even slumbering, in Paris; witness "The Secret of the Mortigny; or, From Honor to Shame, and Vice Versa," by M. Bagnolet, was a credit to Montmartre. There was a marchioness, who for 15 years was the mistress of an Apache and then became a marchioness again; the much enduring marquis in sporting clothes; also the faithful game keeper, who, dying, said: "I will tell you the secret of my life. I am not the marquis's illegitimate brother; I am not the son of the Polish count; I am not the father of the marchioness; I am" * * * and then he died. There were also Prof. Jackson, the innocent maiden, two Apaches and a mysterious masked man. The last named appeared toward the end of every act and said, "I am the man you expect." He was killed at the end of each act except the last, when, having come to life for the fourth time, he became best man to the hero who married the innocent maiden. M. Bagnolet took the part of the marquis. The game keeper was played by a famous lady's tailor, the inventor of the hobble-skirt.

Other News from Paris. "Tartarin sur les Alpes," produced at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre, is based on Daudet's story. Leon Marches has arranged several scenes from the book.

Jean Richepin is completing a play entitled "Le Tango."

"La Marchande d'Allumettes," an opera by Rosamond Gerard and Maurice Rostand, with music by Tiarka Richepin, will be produced at the Opera-Comique next December.

The performances of the Comedie Francaise will be held at the Opera-Comique until Aug. 25.

Of summer "shows" is "La Demoiselle de Magasin" at the Vaudeville. It is delicious, if one excepts the rather forced note of the third act. The shop-proprietor, as played by Jacque, is an admirable portraiture of a Belgian tradesman of the old school, jovial and honest and a little vain. The "demoiselle" makes his fortune by rejuvenating his business and, incidentally, introduces capital through an elderly admirer. The latter magnanimously effaces himself when Andre, the proprietor's son, appears as suitor. The whole atmosphere is charming in its freshness and gayety. Who said Parisians could not be moved by the "blue flower" of innocent sentiment? The courtship of the "demoiselle" by her lovers, youthful and elderly, is followed with deep sympathy by the house, and the quaint little touches, the honest philosophy and the air of domesticity raise laughter and cheers.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Berlin Theatres. "Das Allwoerdens" in five acts, by Lehne and Rade, produced at the Luisen Theatre, is adapted from a serial story in a Berlin daily newspaper. Count Allwoerden, married twice, has a son by each wife. Ottakar, the elder, is unmarried. He is a man of violent passions. The younger son, Ruediger, is the husband of two children. Ottakar [illegible] to [illegible] with Maria [illegible] she wakes up [illegible] Ruediger. He leaves his [illegible] and makes a row, but he and Maria are reconciled "for the sake of the children," and Ottakar turns a kindly eye on a young countess.

"The Man with the Green Mask" ran well at the Nollendorf-Platz Theatre. It is half burlesque, half vaudeville. The authors are Julius Horst and Arthur Lippschitz, and the music is by two or three composers. A valet nightly hypnotizes his master, a high government official, and thus makes him give a performance at a variety theatre. As mind-reader and clairvoyant, the official, known as "The Man with the Green Mask," is the chief attraction at this theatre. His wife, who is travelling about with a male friend, visits the Orpheum and recognizes the clairvoyant. Of course it all comes out well in the end.

"Kaiserliche Hoheit," a comedy in three acts, produced at the German Chamber Playhouse, has been adapted by Else Otten and Rudolf Lothar from a Dutch play. The "Imperial Highness" is a pseudo Russian grand duke. A vain newspaper man, one Dolf von Erkelenz, goes to a hotel at Cannes where Prince Boris of Russia is expected, but Boris does not come, and the hotel manager in despair begs Erkelenz to pose as Boris, for the two look alike. The newspaper man is easily persuaded. His vanity leads him to make an ass of himself, and he is found out by his wife, who follows him to Cannes. Finally Boris comes.

July [illegible] 1913

How silly, when one is well and cool, to gad abroad in the vain hope of making what is really best, better.

A Famous City.

Editorial writers and paragraphers have been saying disagreeable things about Lisbon apropos of Mr. Meredith Nicholson's refusal to be the minister to Portugal. Mr. Nicholson himself, who as a novelist has been largely instrumental in making Indianapolis the "literary centre" of the United States —and publishers in that city are prepared to submit sworn affidavits to the effect that it is the literary centre of the Universe—said openly some weeks ago that he thought Lisbon not a wholly desirable city for his children.

But turn to the admirable encyclopaedia edited by Jeremy Collier and see what was thought of this famous city in 1701—the date of the second edition; and if any one should say that the information contained in this important work is by this time stale, or antiquated, the answer is that in eternity the years 1701 and 1913 are practically one and the same. We are told that Lisbon, or Ulysippo, is "one of the Fairest and Richest cities of Europe, the Royal seat of their Kings and an Archbishop's see." It has a "large, safe and convenient harbor, and secured by many Towers, where the greatest gallions and ships may ride securely, because of the high Mountains which are on the Banks of that river from whence this city shews like a theatre with its stately buildings and spacious places or squares," and "the Beauty of this City is every day increasing" so that there is this popular saying: "Qui no ha visto Lisbon, no ha visto cosa bona" (He that has not seen Lisbon has not seen a fine thing).

Food for Novelists.

Mr. Nicholson is a novelist, and this city should be full of suggestion to an imaginative writer. We do not allude to the earthquake of 1755 or to the Great Armada that "rendezvouzed" there. The Moors once conquered Lisbon; Vasco da Gama embarked there; the Duke of Alva seized it; the French held it for a time. The greatest of English novelists is buried there and we know Henry Fielding's brave and noble character from the account of his voyage to that city rather than from the sour remarks of Lady Mary Wortley Montague and the sneers of Horace Walpole, the legendary essay of Thackeray, the life by Murphy, a biographer in buckram, or the brilliant and aggressive sketch of W. E. Henley. Is there no material for a romance in Col. Wingfield's account of Sir Francis Drake at Lisbon and the expedition of the English? Are not Don Juan de Luna—possibly a relation of our old and esteemed friend the Count di Luna in "Il Trovatore"—and Don Jeronimo de Mourray names for heroes? Even in 1589 the invaders noted that Portugal afforded "the best water that may be, and much more healthful than any wine for our drinking." The list of Portuguese "commodities" was then a generous one.

A Sour Observer.

Perhaps Mr. Nicholson was deterred by the remarks of the splenetic William Beckford, Esq., in his "Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal." The author of "Vuthek" was a young man when he visited Lisbon in the summer of 1787. He missed the green hills and copses of England. Nothing in Lisbon pleased him, nor was he happy in other European cities. He spoke of the blinding dust and excessive sultriness of Lisbon, the stings of the fleas and mosquitoes, the "human ephemera" that disturbed him by frisking and dancing and tinkling guitars. "The dogs, too, keep yelping and howling without intermission; and what with the bellowing of litanies by parochial processions, the whizzing of fireworks, which devotees are perpetually letting off in honor of some [illegible] saint [illegible] is [illegible] rakes [illegible] wo[illegible] search [illegible] there is no getting a wink of sleep, even if the heat would allow it." While the city had a magnificent appearance from the river, the traveller in the town traversed a succession of villages awkwardly tackled together. Beckford's description of the social life, the parties, concerts, excursions is constantly amusing.

Anti-Tuberculosis.

Lady Macdonnel, the widow of Sir Hugh Guion Macdonnel, at one time British minister to Portugal, has published a volume of reminiscences. In it she speaks enthusiastically of Queen Amelie: "She inaugurated a great crusade against the dreadful ravages of tuberculosis, building sanatoria and organizing dispensaries equipped with every modern appliance, and anti-tuberculosis laboratories, 'to try and save the children,' as she said with much earnestness and feeling."

This reminds us of an extract from "New England Rarities," by John Josselyn, sent to us by Prof. Edward S. Morse of Salem. "The Turtle or Tortons of which there are three kinds. I. The land turtle; they are found in dry, sandy Banks, under old houses, and never go into the water. They are good for Ptisick and Consumptions, and some say the Morbus Gallicus." Is it possible that our German visitor, now denied by many of his colleagues in Berlin, had read this page, the 73d?

Anecdote for the Day.

A few days ago Mrs. Elsie Nich[illegible] of Hewertson street, Newport, Mon[illegible]shire, England, at 2 o'clock on a Sunday morning heard her husband calling her at the front door. Thinking he had returned earlier than usual from his work at [illegible] newydd coke-ovens, about seven [illegible] away, she went down from bed, but found no one at the door. An hour later she again heard him calling, and went down again. This time a cyclist was at the door to say that her husband had sunk in a tank of small coal about 2 o'clock and had been suffocated.

Lethal Tumblers.

Mr. A. Cameron Shore has added another terror to life. He has discovered that tumblers placed upside down on counters and tables, not only become "unpleasantly scented" with wood, varnish, tablecloth, but collect "no end of micrococci, to be swallowed with whatever drink may be put into them." This is even more disturbing than the warning of the Lancet against the door-knob.

July 15, 1913

The piquancy of life does not [illegible] having a large wardrobe [illegible] ing several souls.

Eaten Long Ago.

We are indebted to a correspondent for a bill-of-fare of the United States Hotel, Saratoga Springs, Aug. [illegible] a dinner bill-of-fare, and dinner then served at 3 o'clock. Breakfast was from 8 till 10, and tea was ready at [illegible] P. M. This bill-of-fare is of the old-fashioned, extravagant sort that once appealed to the American stomach and excited wonder or dismay in visiting foreigners. Some months ago we described a dinner at the Revere House when Alfred Bunn, Esq., the opera manager and the inspired librettist of "The Bohemian Girl" visited Boston. That dinner was more pretentiously elaborate than this one at Saratoga Springs, which we shall now discuss.

Very Filling.

Soup: Rice and tomatoe (sic). Fish: Halibut, boiled, egg sauce. Boiled: Chicken with pork, leg of mutton, caper sauce, ham, tongue, corned beef and cabbage, a la mode beef. Roast: Beef, lamb with mint sauce, veal [illegible] turkey, venison, saddle mutton. Entrees: Chicken salad, fricandeau of veal, a la jardinier (sic), Turkey wings and oyster sauce, calves' head with brain sauce. Pigeon, stuffed with [illegible] poulet grille a la maitre d'hotel, baked macaroni. Vegetables: Mashed potatoes, boiled potatoes, string beans, turnips, green corn, boiled onions, new potatoes, rice, beets, squash, peas, corn and beans. These vegetables were probably served in soap dishes. Pastry: Indian pudding, almond lady cakes, glace, charlotte de russe, eau de fleurs d'orange, fancy kisses, sponge bisquits (sic), cream a la glace, vanilla flavor, whortleberry pie, green apple pie. Dessert: Muskmelons, almonds, raisins. And there were heroic souls, who, visiting the Springs for the sake of the liver, ate their intrepid way from soup to raisins. They had faith in the waters.

What They Drank.

But it was not necessary for them to drink Congress water at table. There was a formidable wine list. There were 10 varieties of Sherry and eight of Madeira; five of hock, 11 of claret, five of Burgundy, three of Moselle, two of Sauterne, four of port, 20 of champagne, one of Catawba, four of brandy, two of rum—St. Croix and Jamaica—New England was ignored; two of whiskey. A pint of stout was sold at the [illegible] price of 31 cents, a pint of Scotch ale at 38 cents.

The most expensive wines on the list were "Old Newton" Madeira, and "Way Putt" Madeira, bottled in Calcutta in 18[illegible]. A bottle of either one cost [illegible] highest priced was a quart of [illegible] pagne [illegible]